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ALFRED HOLMAN, EDITOR

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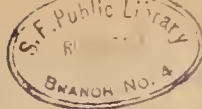
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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Counsel of Moral Subserviency.

Good Brother Rader is the second local reverend within the month to counsel young men to "take some man for your ideal." Worse advice could not be given. It is neither wise nor safe to take any man, particularly any living man, for an ideal. An ideal is in its nature a thing above personality, above the chances of passion, weakness, failure. Anybody who takes a mere man for his ideal first of all confesses his lack of moral imagination and runs the risks which inevitably attach to human frailty. The old-time counsel to "hitch your wagon to a star" may have had in it an element of spiritual extravagance, but as a moral and even as a practical suggestion it is vastly better than Mr. Rader's counsel of imitation and moral subserviency. He who takes some man for his ideal becomes an imitator, and no imitator ever yet came to any real worthiness of moral stature. A truer counsel to youth

is to make the everlasting principles of truth and right and justice an ideal, and to work under its inspiration along the lines of individual propensity and suggestion. No man ever yet got out of himself the best that was in him without working the vein of individual propensity and character.

The Prize-Fight in San Francisco and Elsewhere.

Whether the action of Governor Gillett in estopping the Johnson-Jeffries prize-fight—and incidentally putting California "off the map" as a centre of quasi-criminal "sport"—proceeded from one cause, or from another, or from a combination of causes, it is hardly necessary to inquire. Possibly it was a case of inward prompting of conscience; possibly it had its inspiring motive in suggestions gathered by the governor in the course of his recent visit to the East in the interest of the Pacific-Panama Exposition. Wherever the "hunch" came from, the effect in its relation to public morals already justifies the act. Even the fact that action came late turns out an element of advantage, since it has furiously angered the sporting element, set their ever ready tongues loudly a'wagging, thereby emphasizing the utility of the incident as related to the repute of California. Possibly it has saved the exposition. Most certainly it has stimulated community self-respect—even though it has not gagged the vulgar daily press—at the same time giving the world a new basis for consideration of San Francisco and California. There is a tremendous value, moral and material, in this achievement. And Governor Gillett, to whom it is due, deserves all the approval that the Eastern press and other agencies of public opinion are pouring in upon him.

The legal aspects of this matter are worth attention: Section 412 of our Penal Code declares it to be a felony for anybody to engage in a "fight commonly called a ring or prize-fight . . . or who engages in a public or private sparring exhibition," etc. And then, studiously, by proviso, the same act countenances and authorizes the holding of "sparring" exhibitions, not to exceed a limited number of rounds with gloves of not less than five ounces in weight." The only conditions attached to the holding of such "sparring exhibitions" is that they shall be held under the auspices of "a domestic incorporated club" upon "prepayment of an annual license fixed by the board of supervisors." The boxers, prior to such "exhibitions," must be examined by a physician, who shall determine whether or not they are in "perfect physical condition"; and the "exhibitions" must comply with "the rules and regulations of the supervisors prescribed by ordinance."

It will be noted that no limit is put upon the number of rounds, no inhibition against referees and decisions, no check of any kind upon brutality. In short, the legislature of this State imitated a famous instance in which Congress "gave the law to the North and the nigger to the South." They sought to satisfy moral elements by prohibiting prize-fighting and sparring exhibitions in terms of stern denunciation, at the same time placating the sporting element by a proviso which under an easy interpretation would permit fights and exhibitions if held under certain well-oiled conditions.

Ordinarily the extraordinary civil remedy of injunction will not operate to restrain crime, the very natural answer of the man sought to be enjoined being that he contemplates no crime, and, if he does, the criminal law is adequate for his prevention by arrest. The futility of endeavoring to stop one of these sparring exhibitions becomes apparent when it is considered that the principals and participants may come forward with the Penal Code in one hand and their fight contract in the other and show to the court that they not only contemplate no crime, but on the other hand only contemplate the doing of that which the law by express terms says they may do; for the language of the pro-

viso in Section 412 is that such "sparring exhibitions . . . may be held."

The application of the attorney-general to our superior court for an injunction, which application was refused, as the attorney-general must have known that it would be refused, was interesting enough to the uninformed public, but ridiculous to any man familiar with the statute. Governor Gillett, who is a lawyer and a good one, must have known that there was no power in ordinary processes to restrain a prize-fight or sparring exhibition, and that the one method of doing this was that which he ultimately threatened, namely, to employ the military force under his command upon the general authority invested in him as governor of the State and upon the basis of that part of Section 412 which penalizes the "ring or prize-fight." In this view we are forced to the conclusion that Governor Gillett was quite unjustifiably harsh in his reflections upon the course of Prosecuting Attorney Fickert, who was apparently right in his conclusion that the law in at least one of its phases gave him no power to interfere. It was a case where force in the hands of the supreme executive only could be effective. The governor had in his own hands the essential element of force in the State militia. Mr. Fickert had no such resource. These being the facts, it appears quite unnecessary and ungenerous to stigmatize Mr. Fickert as having "failed in his duty."

As usual when corners are sharply turned, somebody gets "caught out," and in this instance the victim appears no less a personage than the attorney-general of the State. Section 413 of the Penal Code declares that any person "wilfully present as a spectator at any fight or contention mentioned in the preceding section [Section 412 of the Penal Code] is guilty of a misdemeanor." Now for years past there has been "pulled off" in California scores of fights identical in kind and character with the Johnson-Jeffries affair and differing from it only at the point of notoriety. If we may believe the testimony of the prize-fight people, Attorney-General Webb, who made the application for injunction in the recent case, has not only once but many times sat at the ringside as a guest, invited by complimentary ticket, at these affairs. If they were felonious, then the attorney-general himself must under the provisions just quoted be guilty of numberless misdemeanors. Mr. Webb may answer effectively that one would better be right in the end than not at all, nevertheless the joke appears most decidedly to be on him.

The public may judge the sharpness of the corner turned by Governor Gillett's action by referring to local statistics in the matter of the prize-fight game in California. In the year 1907 twelve notable prize-fights were fought in San Francisco and San Mateo counties. In the year 1908 twenty-three fights were fought in the same counties. In 1909 thirty fights were fought in these counties. In the five months of January, February, March, April, and May of the current year seven fights were "pulled off." Within the period covered by the above figures sixteen notable fights have been fought at Vernon, a suburb of Los Angeles, with many others of which no record has been made. For the past few years the fights at Vernon, large and small, have averaged about three per month. During the same period there have been upward of twenty fights at Sacramento, the capital of the State, the number in that city being greater in proportion to population than in any other city of California. Likewise there have been frequent contests at Coalinga, Bakersfield, Point Richmond, Redding, Marysville, Nevada City, Crockett, Vallejo, Pinole, San Diego, Eureka, Santa Rosa, South San Francisco, Salinas, Hollister, Taft, Fort Bidwell, and even in Fruitvale, just outside of Oakland. In Oakland the number of fights during the past

years has been many, all the ring-fighters of note having appeared there from time to time.

Let it not be imagined that California is the only State where the prize-fight has been tolerated, even in recent years. New York nominally taboos the prize-fight, but there are eight clubs in that city in which "boxing bouts"—in all essentials prize-fights—are held at least once each month. Five clubs are continually operating in Brooklyn. Staid old Philadelphia has several such clubs; and the same is true of Pittsburg and all the coal and iron towns. New Orleans, Milwaukee, most of the larger cities of New York State, Grand Rapids, Kansas City, Denver, Dayton, Ogden, Portland, Boston, Lowell, Chelsea, and even Cambridge—these and many others have clubs which if severely scrutinized would be found to be associations in support of prize-fighting.

Likewise the prize-fight is quietly tolerated widely in Europe. The National Sporting Club of London sustains regular ring contests supported by the English nobility. The late King Edward as Prince of Wales was for many years a regular attendant upon the events given by this celebrated club. A well-known San Franciscan informs the *Argonaut* that only a few months back he was a guest at Rehearsal Hall, Maiden Lane, Loudon, where "the best blood in England" looked on at six twenty-round bouts with manifest appreciation. Not only in England, but in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Russia, Germany, Austria, and other countries of Europe the "boxing bout," in other words the prize-fight, finds quiet toleration.

In San Francisco the prize-fight has become an especial abomination largely through the vulgar and criminal sensationalism of our daily newspapers. Elsewhere newspapers of assumed respectability treat the prize-fight as they do the other aspects of low life. They leave it alone as a thing outside the lines of legitimate and wholesome interest. If the "pugs" want to pummel each other in the presence of those who like that sort of thing, they are left to do it unobserved and unexploited by the newspapers. Regarded as a species of prostitution, it is abandoned like other phases of debauchery to its secluded haunts. It works no very grievous mischief to public morals because its operations are in restricted spheres and among those who seek it out. It consumes its own smoke, so to speak. But in San Francisco the habit of our newspapers has been to treat the prize-fight as a subject of preëminent importance. Whoever any time this past three months has taken up a San Francisco daily paper has found it loaded up with fight talk and fight pictures *ad nauseam*. The very atmosphere is loaded up with it. All this has wearied and disgusted respectability and decency at home; abroad it has given the impression that San Francisco is abandoned to low and criminal things—given over to gross vices. Even those agencies of opinion which tolerate the unexploited prize-fight at home make it a point to heap censure on us. Mainly all this grows out of the want of seriousness, want of taste, want of dignity, want of decency of the newspapers which shamefully and shamelessly misrepresent us to the world.

It was high time to put a stop to a noisy and offensive business. A point had been reached where nobody could avoid the atmosphere which it created. There was but one way to correct this evil and that was to put the "kibosh" upon the whole dirty game. And assuming that the governor has found enough law to sustain him, the *Argonaut*, in common with all who value public morals above any and all other considerations, is mightily pleased with what he has done.

Age and Efficiency.

The announcement that L. E. Lomax (born in 1852) has been called from the service of the Union Pacific Railroad at Omaha to that of the Western Pacific, with headquarters at San Francisco, brings to mind a number of promotions in the local railroad world quite out of harmony with a theory, very popular not long back, that men past forty are "out of date." It is only a few years ago that Charles S. Fee, long and prominently connected with the Northern Pacific, and a man in middle life, was brought by Traffic Manager Stubbs to the head of the passenger department of the Southern Pacific at San Francisco. When George Gould undertook the construction of the Western Pacific Railroad he put the work into the hands not of some "up-to-date" fledgling, but of that veteran

railroad constructor Virgil Bogue. And when Mr. Bogue chose a collaborator he did not seek some young man fresh from academic studies, but Harry M. McCartney, like himself a veteran. It is only the other day that Mr. Shoemaker, who likewise is no longer in his first youth, was drawn into the service of the Western Pacific and from there to the headquarters of the Harriman traffic department. Mr. Stubbs, the Harriman traffic manager, must have been well towards sixty when he was selected by the late Mr. Harriman for his present great post. Likewise Mr. Kruttschnitt, when he was called from the Southern Pacific to his duties at Chicago, was no longer very young. When Mr. Harriman undertook the great engineering feat of bridging Salt Lake he chose William Hood, grown gray in the doing of big things. The lesson has been learned in at least one great department of affairs that experience and the judgment which grows out of experience are tremendous, even paramount, elements in administrative efficiency. The very young man, however great his talents, appears not to be in favor in the sphere of transportation as against the man who has been "through the mill," who knows from the actual doing of things how things should be done and how they should not be done. In other days and in older countries a man was hardly thought to be "ripe" until he had passed fifty; and while in personal instances this rule may safely be relaxed, it still stands as a fair working principle. Judgment in a sense is born in men; he who has it probably got the germ of it by gift of God. But experience is a mighty support to it, and the man never lived to whom experience was not a tremendous practical aid. There comes a time to every man, undoubtedly, when he is more cautious than in his earlier years, but on the whole caution, especially in the handling of large affairs, is a valuable quality. The one sphere which youth appears to have claimed for its own is that of electrical exploitation, but even here when it comes to wide applications of known principles experience and trained judgment is a mighty aid, as illustrated by the case of Mr. Edison.

Mexico and Its Ruler.

Porfirio Diaz was fifty-four years old when he was made the head of the Mexican government; he will be eighty next September. For more than a quarter of a century he has directed national affairs, and he has now been reëlected president of the republic for another term of four years. Among the rulers of the world there are only four or five who have seen an equal period of service. Historians of the future who write of Mexico in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will find a great accumulation of conflicting evidence to sift and weigh for the certainties of their story. Should they accept as truth current expressions of the time, they will set down widely divergent opinions of President Diaz, his principles and methods, and his influence on the people. Yet it would seem that a just characterization of the executive must place him high among those who have served their country well.

Mexico is a great possession. The republic has twenty-seven States and three Territories, an area of more than seven hundred and fifty million square miles, and a population exceeding fifteen million. Its natural resources are wonderful in diversity and extent and practically undeveloped. Its people include many native races, some of them still savage, though the descendants of their conquerors from Spain are the dominating class. Its ruler, however, is of native blood. Undoubtedly this fact is important in his power as in his character. President Diaz has faced many perplexing situations, many grave problems. Economic difficulties of international gravity have tested his ability, no less than domestic administrative concerns. He has been equal to his task. His strength has never failed, his judgments have known few reverses. He has preserved the integrity of his government without danger of outside interference. His steady control and guidance of the state has furnished through all the years an impressive spectacle when contrasted with the turbulence and uncertainty of the Latin republics farther south.

Under President Diaz the advance of Mexico in every respect has been actual and absolute. Out of disorder and inertia have come order and activity. Development and progress have been protected and stimulated. Immigration and foreign capital have been encouraged and not forgotten when secured. Only those who have seen with their own eyes the growth of enterprise in almost every part of that wide domain

can realize the variety and value of the projects there, individual and corporate, already established or in their beginning. That this progress will continue so long as President Diaz remains at the head of the government there is no reason to doubt.

There is, nevertheless, much criticism of Mexican methods and conditions—more, the criticism is informed, exact and widely published. Unfortunately, there are few governments of the time that are above criticism. European readers of American muck-raking publications have sufficient cause to believe that moral conditions in the United States are in a desperate condition. Let us hope that they are growing better. Mexico is not yet a paradise. There is poverty and suffering there, slavery, disregard for human rights, official corruption, and other evils. But there is much less of all this wrong than there was before the Cromwell of Mexico carried his sword to the capital.

Off the Map.

San Francisco has been "stricken from the map." John L. Sullivan broke the news abruptly. Nice place, he conceded, and all that; climate fine for roadwork and the people true sports. But look at that anti-fight order! One might as well have expected an anti-saloon law, or a raid on the tenderloin, or a confession from Flannery. And there is no red light of hope anywhere on the line. For a moment or two the ex-champion thought the political conditions would help, and by that token he said, through his interpreter, "some of the old flavor and atmosphere may come back." But he soon dropped all that fragrant dope. It was no good. Noble old San Francisco, the city we had loved to sop our sponges for and rub down, had been ripped from the atlas. "Never again," mourned the old champion. We had our chance and trun it down; and now how can there be any big thing for us? The case is plain enough. If Jeff beats Johnson at Reno he will retire from the ring; and if Johnson bests Jeff who will there be in the champion class for him to fight? Not one gazabo; "nothing no more for nobody"; but if there were, San Francisco couldn't get it. "Stricken from the map!"

It is pleasant to know that San Francisco did not tamely submit to this indignity. Before it would budge an inch the governor had to assemble the militia. The mayor arose from a sick bed, as game as his own ankle, and hurried two thousand miles by rail to save the honor of the city and the State. Like the Arizona hustler whose epitaph is classic, if not classical: "He done his damdest; angels could do no more." One can see him, in the mind's eye, that stern, indignant figure, peering ahead, day and night, as if he thought to read some sign of promise in the western sky. His one, simple appeal was to "Get a move on!" Time was pressing and the governor would not answer a message. There were delays en route; there were steep grades to climb; there were stops to change engines, and the impatient soul of the mayor, waxing wroth, found no relief even in a vocabulary which had rarely failed him before. But it was no use, even though the mayor got here while there was yet time to undo the mischief. His honor hurried from his counsel with San Francisco's best citizens on the back track to Sacramento, but the governor stood pat. Caring nothing for the reputation of this city, nothing for the high name of the State, with no more respect for the manly virtues and the fighting edge of this community than if he had never heard of Roosevelt in his life, he let San Francisco go from the map with as much nonchalance as he would drop the ashes from his cigar.

Off the atlas as the old town is, we had hoped to keep some of our livewire citizens on the site to start a new one, but even that solace is denied us. Men whose names are barroom words, whose signs are worth a thousand customers to any saloon, are going to leave. "Eddie" Hanlon's sign is down already, and the furniture upstairs, which has helped to give a domestic flavor to the visits of so many transient guests, is offered for sale. Surely the other signs and the rest of the household gods and goddesses will follow. Can "Spider" Kelley, "Eddie" Graney, and "Young" Mitchell be expected to stay on the map after San Francisco has been wiped out from under them? They would go thirsty first.

Sullivan is right. The old town and the old ways are, as he tells us, "on the bum." People make a mock now of the Paris of America. The boys with the square shoulders, the cauliflower ears, and the peroxide affinities are going to some better town. A more fortu-

nate place, a Reno, a New Orleans, or a Havana will squeeze the revenue out of them—not us. What great civic conceptions have shrunk to this little measure. Think of all the Parisian dreams which took form when the mayor, Flannery, the whole Dam family and Jerome Bassity burned their midnight tobacco over plans for a San Francisco where any seeker for innocent pleasure who had the price could come and no questions asked. Now where are they? Just as the "new political conditions" were showing what they were made for; just as the mayor and his friends were cheered by the sight of an oncoming army of ringsters bound to help Jim Johnson and Jack Jeffries initiate this place as the metropolis of gentlemanly sport, then the governor lumbered in with his pocket full of night messages from the Eastern gospel joints and shooed them all away. There's civic pride for you! There's the new California spirit for you, the kind that makes a true man want to fill the vacant place on the map where good old San Francisco used to be with Mrs. Winslow's celebrated aid to domestic quiet.

Bureaucracy versus Efficiency.

Four years ago the German emperor called to his counsel a virile man of business named Bernhard Dernburg. The son of a journalist, and a descendant of Hessian-Rhenish scholars, rabbis, writers, and lawyers, Dernburg as a youth of nineteen came to the United States to study American banking methods. Returning to Germany at the close of his three years' apprenticeship in New York, he became a bank clerk in Berlin, and a few years later, when the Deutsche Bank formed a trust company for the purpose of salving several tottering financial and industrial concerns, he was made managing director. In that position he quickly manifested unusual constructive gifts, and when the crisis of ten years ago threatened to overwhelm so many commercial interests in Germany, Dernburg was invited to the presidency of one of the greatest banks in Berlin. Given full freedom, he speedily evolved order out of chaos, and by daring efforts of financial genius restored credit to many an enterprise in danger of collapse. He was still engaged in this work when the Kaiser appointed him secretary of state for the colonies.

From the first the bureaucratic official class resented what they deemed the intrusion of a mere business man into their charmed circle. His appointment was specially opposed by the old school of Prussian Agrarian Conservatives and other reactionaries, and for many months he was practically ostracised by the men who should have been his friendly colleagues. So pronounced was the boycott that the Kaiser took personal means to put it at an end, going with the Kaiserin on a formal visit to the minister's home. Dernburg had increased the animosity of bureaucracy by his attack in the Reichstag on the Roman Catholic Centre, an attack which resulted in the Centre party breaking away from the government and so leading to the dissolution of the imperial legislature.

Meanwhile, however, he was administering the colonial office with extraordinary success. He had been called to that work for the express purpose of reorganizing antiquated methods, and for the further end of introducing an up-to-date business system in the management of colonial affairs. This task was entirely to his mind. He reveled in his work, sparing no pains or labor to justify the Kaiser's confidence. It was a great shock to officialdom to have their select circle invaded by so pronounced a business element, but the secretary kept steadily on his way. It is true he ruled with an iron hand, but he was the first to arouse the interest of business men in the colonies, which he accomplished by lecturing before chambers of commerce and devising methods of diverting German immigrants to German colonies. He paid several visits to those colonies to study their problems at first hand, returning from each tour with a rich harvest of ideas and a renewed supply of enthusiasm. A year ago he made a long journey through the cotton belt of this country, still intent upon giving his experience a German colonial application.

Of course all this alertness, this application of an American training in business methods, has had a notable result. His enemies being witness, the colonial department of the German empire has never been so efficiently administered. The monthly reports of American consuls bear eloquent witness to the same fact. Dernburg is admitted to have solved the problem of German colonial administration, to have dissipated the

old apathy and cynicism, and to have made his countrymen "colonial mad."

Yet Dernburg has been obliged to resign! Not because either the Kaiser or the chancellor has lost confidence in him, for both still regard him as the ideal man for his position. Nor is it because there has been a popular outcry for his dismissal; on the contrary, he has never stood so high in the esteem of his countrymen. He has been forced to resign because his plans and activities have been thwarted on all sides by the reactionaries. In short, he is the latest victim of bureaucracy. The ruling caste has never forgiven the advent of this self-made business man, one who had no university, and was not even an ex-officer. He belonged to the same class as the hated Dr. Schücking, who had been too bold in his exposure of the abuses incident to the power exercised in the state by the military and noble caste, the bureaucrats, and the rich student bodies. He was a danger to red-tape administration. "I am not in sympathy with the predominant features of our present régime," is the only explanation Dernburg has given, but behind that phrase lies the spectre of bureaucracy writ large. So a man of admitted efficiency is relegated to private life, only to be at once offered the directorship of several leading commercial enterprises.

Why point the moral? It must be obvious to every student of American affairs. Dernburg learns efficiency in this country and when he applies his lesson to the good of his native land, his path is blocked by the stonewall of bureaucracy. Mr. Pinchot goes to Germany and imbibes the principles of bureaucracy, and returns to America to thwart business activity. The German learns in America how to open up new avenues for trade; the American learns in Germany how to paralyze industry. Just as surely as Dernburg is the product of American freedom from convention and cultivation of initiative, so Mr. Pinchot is the embodiment of German bureaucratic ideals.

Congress and President.

Nobody at this time and at this distance from the seat of government knows exactly what Congress has done in its acceptance in various modified forms of the several administrative measures. The new railroad legislation, the postal savings bank legislation, with the legislation relating to "conservation," reclamation, and of other things, must be studied and carefully interpreted before they can be spoken of with intelligent assurance. But this much is plain, namely, the President has had his way. He has gotten practically all that he asked for, modified only by changes acceptable to him. In the language of the street he has won out, and won out right handsomely.

It goes without saying that this complete and striking success greatly augments Mr. Taft's personal and official prestige. It puts him before the country not only as a man who knows what he wants, but as one who knows how to get what he wants. And he has succeeded without bluster or any other exhibition of personal feeling. He has made no assaults upon any citizen high or low; he has stigmatized no man as wanting in patriotism; he has neither stamped the floor, nor gritted his teeth, nor swung the big stick. Nevertheless the work has not been easy, since he came into office under circumstances of very special political difficulty. For it is perfectly well known that despite the calm appearance of things the President's party had been seriously demoralized for months prior to his inauguration. The seeds of factional discord had been planted and well watered. It was inevitable that discord should come, and when it came it required self-control, courage, and real strength to handle it quietly and successfully. Mr. Taft has undoubtedly made mistakes. He has at times seemed to lack purpose and plan. Perhaps in spite of his success it may still be said of him that he has the judicial rather than the administrative mind. Nevertheless he has demonstrated himself a strong man and a practical man, alike in the spheres of administration and constructive statesmanship. His strength, too, is of the right kind; it is based on moral courage and the powers which grow out of it. There is in the man no deception, no pose, no demagoguery. Even where considerations of diplomacy suggested silence he has been outspoken. He has not been afraid to declare his judgments about anything even though they may not at all times have been popular. He has been straight, open, and above board, never a shirk, never a mincing neutralist.

In addition to his success with Congress, the Presi-

dent has achieved another success, great or even greater, although from the necessities of the case it has been a quiet procedure. Mr. Roosevelt's talent is for public effects. As an administrator of the affairs of the government he was rankly inefficient. The personalism of his pose was reflected clean down the administrative line. Every little bureaucrat vied with him in spirit and imitated his habits of reckless extravagance. In a business sense the affairs of the government during the seven and more years of Roosevelt's rule were literally 'at sixes and at sevens. There was arbitrary action, universal extravagance and waste at every point in the system. It has taken a steady purpose and a firm hand to correct all this without making revolt in the administrative sphere. But difficult as the task has been, quietly as the work has had to be done, Mr. Taft's success has been pronounced. Not yet is the internal reformation complete, for it will take time to overcome tendencies and habits so demoralizing and so fixed. But the end is plainly in sight. If the work shall go on during the next two years and a half as it has during the last year and a half, March, 1913, will witness a change amounting to revolution in the spirit and order of the purely administrative affairs of the government.

On the whole Mr. Taft deserves the good opinion of the country as he most certainly merits the cordial support of his party.

Editorial Notes.

Misfortune does not come singly. Not only has the town lost the fight, but its public life is not going to regain the Hon. Henry P. Flannery. He will not go back to the police commission. Proud and sensitive, this persecuted citizen is not willing to replace himself where a stray scrap of paper or an undestroyed telegram may again expose him to the heartless usages of a grand jury. It is not for him to stand at his bar, with "a conscience as clear as crystal," and yet have to start and hold his breath, strong as it may be, whenever he sees a man come in who looks like a sheriff. Naturally he will have no more of this, as he assures the mayor, and being "a merchant of large responsibilities," Mr. Flannery will stay hereafter in his field of private usefulness. What the city loses the saloon interest will gain; and how great, not to say unique, that gain will be can only be measured by the feeling words of the mayor in accepting the Flannery ultimatum. "You now stand," he writes, "premier among the most responsible and esteemed business men of San Francisco," a point, we trust, that the Chamber of Commerce will no longer overlook. "I did not sign your certificate of appointment," adds his honor, "until I had duly reflected upon your long and honorable career, the exalted honor which the Democracy of California had bestowed upon you as a mark of confidence in naming you as its choice for the United States Senate, your ideal home life, your spotless reputation in the commercial world, your personal sympathy in the propaganda for a better city government, and your intense and consistent loyalty to the cause of union labor, which cause was vindicated and made triumphant by the people on November 2d last." What citizen can read this just tribute to one of our most eminent practitioners at the bar without bitter regrets over the unkind fate which compels us, not only to lose him from the conduct of affairs, but to confess that we never fully appreciated him in the past? But blessings brighten as they take their flight.

A great point was gained for the security and prosperity of the extreme southern region of California when Congress in its closing hours made an appropriation of a million dollars for controlling the flow of the Colorado River. The advantage lies not more in the immediate appropriation, important though it be, than in the assumption by the government of responsibility for this particular work. That the Colorado River, despite its vagaries, may be held in its course has already been demonstrated. The work done by Mr. Harriman under direction of President Roosevelt solved that problem. It is a mere matter of vigilance and investment. And now that the government has declared its responsibility in the matter the development of the Imperial Valley country is bound to be rapid and important.

The report that Mr. Roosevelt will attempt to persuade Mr. Hughes to recall his acceptance of a superior justiceship for the sake of again being a candidate for

the governorship of New York is probably the invention of some over-enterprising reporter. Likewise the report that Mr. Hughes is likely to be moved from his fixed purpose is probably another and similar invention. Whatever else may be said about Hughes, he is a man who knows his own mind and determines upon his own policies. No man in the country is less dependent upon the judgment and the appeals of other men. Therefore all the talk about a possible change of purpose on his part is sheer nonsense.

The stalwart, broad-shouldered young chap in the latest Googenheimer "suitings," the one who strikes attitudes in the back pages of the magazines, has made a hit with the younger members of the Barnard College alumnae. They met the other day and decided that the typical young fellow whom they can love and marry must be six feet tall, have large, expressive eyes, straight nose, firm chin, curly hair, be a perfect gentleman, enjoy an income of at least \$2000 to start with and prospects of much more. Any one known to meet these modest requirements may propose by mail or telegraph; but the lack of answers since the proposition was made has prompted the fear that the well-tailored Googenheimer youth may have already thrown himself away on the back-page girl in the C-shaped Langtry corset or the peekaboo hose.

The Papacy, with its Bourbon habits, can not be expected to make peace with modernism now any more than it could in the time when that term stood for the speculations of Galileo or the theses of Luther; but it might wisely yield a point to the growing liberal spirit of Spain and let that country develop its mild plans of religious freedom without protest. The policy of reaction has not worked so well in France and Italy as to suggest a churchly advantage from it in any other Latin state; and Spain is as firmly bent on toleration in public worship as is France on the secular control of her schools. Why not let her alone in a matter that is not prejudicial to Catholic doctrine, however distasteful it may be to Vatican prejudices? The fact that the Catholic church flourishes best in tolerant countries ought to have its wholesome admonition to the Pope and particularly to his evil genius, Cardinal Merry del Val, in their present undiplomatic relations with the Spanish ministry.

Cuba has found the national lottery such a source of gain that the government is considering plans to make Havana the American Monte Carlo. If the scheme is carried out, the method of the great European gaming resort will be closely followed, except that provision will be made for bull-fighting and, possibly, for pugilism. There can be little doubt that Havana, under such circumstances and barring interference from without, would draw upon surrounding countries for their adventurous classes with results, pecuniary and otherwise, of a kind to recall the legends of old Port Royal, the West Indian metropolis of the buccaneers. Spain used to be importuned, when it owned Cuba, to turn Havana into a gambling capital, but beyond chartering the Royal Havana Lottery it did nothing. Another effort was made to locate a Monte Carlo at Honolulu, and it was the Queen's acquiescence in the earlier steps which contributed to her downfall. Now, under Cuba Libre, the opportunity seems to be at hand, although Cuba, if she accepts it, must prepare to lose a large measure of the American sympathy which won her independence and has steadfastly protected it. We shall look, if the Monte Carlo plan takes concrete form, for an eruption of the American conscience of which the national campaign against the projected prize-fight here gave but a superficial hint.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Curious, Truly!

OAKLAND, June 27, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Not the least curious aspect of Governor Gillett's action in taboing the prize-fight is the attitude of certain reverend gentlemen who publicly declare that their prayers have been answered, that the Lord has saved California from disgrace. They have not explained why the Lord who is so good to California has transferred the disgrace upon the innocent State of Nevada, which but for their prayers would have remained unsmirched and stainless. Nor do they seem to appreciate that it is not the fight which should appal the moral sense, but the public sentiment which makes such a thing profitable and possible—the sentiment which, for example, prompts the newly wedded Theodore Roosevelt to buy a ticket (as he did) for the front row at the "exhibition." Apparently they fail to perceive that their work should be regenerative and not suppressive, that merely to stop such a contest is no more effective than to put a cloth over an ulcer and declare that it is healed because it is hidden from sight.

W. F.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Goethe declared it as his belief that the Reformation put back the cause of culture in Europe for three centuries. It seems, however, that Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg has forgotten that dictum. Questioned in the Prussian Diet as to the Encyclical issued by the Pope in commemoration of the canonization of Saint Charles Borromeo, the premier said: "The Encyclical contains opinions on the Reformers and the Reformation and the princes and people favorable to the movement which grievously offend the religious, political, and moral feelings of our Protestant population."

By a coincidence which is at least notable the Reformation was being derided in a British court of law at the time it was in the spotlight of the Prussian Diet. Lord Alfred Douglas, the helligent editor of the *Academy*, raised an action for libel against a London minister who had asserted that the *Academy* had passed into the pay of Roman Catholics. Under cross-examination the titled editor admitted that his paper had criticized the way in which the Reformation had been distorted and used for improper purposes, after which the following questions and answers edified the court:

Do you call yourself a Protestant?—Certainly not. I strongly object to the use of the word "Protestant." The word is not to be found in the Prayer Book. The word is unsentient.

It is a horrible word?—It is a horrible word. And you don't hesitate to insult people who call themselves Protestants?—I do not insult people.

Mr. JUSTICE DARLING—Sir Edward, you seem to have investigated this matter a bit. Where does the word "Protestant" come from?

SIR E. CARSON—It has been used since the time of the Reformation as a protest against the doctrines of the Catholic Church at the time.

An article which appeared in the *Academy* on December 7, 1907, was produced by counsel, who said that in it Mr. Machen wrote:

"I cursed the Protestant Reformation then with heart and soul, and still do I curse it and hate it with all its works and all its abominable operations, internal and external. I loathe and abhor it as the most hideous blasphemy."

Those are the views of the man you employed to write the review?—Yes.

Are they not disgraceful words?—Certainly not. Offensive words?—You may take them to be offensive.

Such quibbling, however, had no influence with the jury, which gave a verdict for the defendant. They evidently remembered the case of the Jackdaw of Rheims, and the Prussian premier might do worse than shape his policy by the lessons of that famous episode. At this late day it does not become sober-minded men to heed the fulminations of either Lord Alfred Douglas or the strictures of he whom Matthew Arnold called the "amiable old pessimist in St. Peter's chair." Besides, apart from all questions of theology, there is Goethe's opinion to be reckoned with. If the Vatican is up in German literature, it has an answer ready to hand.

Hardly a week passes without the newspapers making copious "copy" out of a remarkable case of longevity, but the wonders of centenarians are dealt with in a cold and critical fashion in the ninth report of the mortality statistics of the United States. Despite the stories of fabulous ages, extending, we are assured, to 110, 116, and even 150 years, it appears that the ratio of deaths of centenarians has markedly decreased in most European countries from the earlier years shown to the latest period of observation. This is enough to give one pause. Seeing how great has been the advance in sanitation and other improvements tending to the prolongation of human life, it can not be that there has been an actual decrease of centenarians, but that the decrease in the ratio is due to greater accuracy in reporting. Where facts of record are beyond question, the crop of centenarians is exceedingly small. According to the report, it may be admitted that the age of one hundred years is occasionally attained, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether the age of one hundred and ten has ever been reached or exceeded. This is to rob us of Thomas Parr and Noah Rahy at one stroke, and make absurd Haller's hope of living two hundred years, to say nothing of the case of Methuselah. Yet who will complain? Now that the human race appears to have given up as hopeless the search for the *elixir vitae*, the inevitableness of an end at some time maintains the equality of all. All that can reasonably be asked of science is that it hestir itself to insure that senility of brain does not precede senility of the body.

Thousands of Americans who have visited Westminster Abbey have learned to their chagrin and when it was too late that they overlooked one of the most unique sights of the famous minster. No such disappointment is in store for future visitors. It seems that the ancient Norman Undercroft of the abbey has now been cleared of its rubbish, and restored to a semblance closely approaching that it bore in the days of Edward the Confessor. But that is not the only gain; the Undercroft is to be used as a kind of museum of abbey relics, and there for the future are to be displayed the quaint and unique wax effigies which so few American or any other visitors have seen. Hitherto they have been kept in a tiny apartment over Ahhot Islip's chapel, and were unknown to all save those who were familiar with the utmost detail of the abbey's history. There is nothing in the world comparable to those effigies, for several of them are actual survivals from the far-off years when a waxen replica of royal or noble persons was borne in the funeral procession and then placed over the grave. Those which have survived include Charles II, Elizabeth, William and Mary, Anne, the Duke of Buckingham, and Nelson. On the glass door behind which the effigy of the Merry Monarch is preserved is an inscription cut by a diamond ring showing that Nell's protector had an ardent admirer in the United States. Apart from these unique relics, it is probable that few Americans realize as they wander through the solemn minster how much it contains to link the

United States with England. Of course the bust of Longfellow is in too conspicuous a place in Poets' Corner to be overlooked, but how few there are who notice the stone in the nave which shows where the body of George Peabody rested ere it was brought home, and perhaps fewer still are aware that one of the most stately monuments in the abbey was erected at the cost of Massachusetts. Besides, there is the monument to André, which is generally adorned with a floral tribute from an American hand, while in the Chapter House is an exquisite window to the memory of James Russell Lowell. He, by the way, unveiled the bust of Coleridge, the gift of an American to the Valhalla of the English-speaking people.

Talking of Valhallas recalls the fact that the list of names to be submitted to the Hall of Fame electors is now complete, totaling two hundred and twelve candidates for the forthcoming vacancies. One of the latest names to be added is that of William Bradford, the Pilgrim who ruled Plymouth Colony for so many years. He has an undeniable right to one of the vacant tablets at University Heights, for it is beyond question that he was the father of American literature. His "History of the Plymouth Plantation" was the first book written on American soil, the manuscript of which, after devious wanderings in England, now reposes rightfully in the State House at Boston. The birthplace of Bradford, a humble hut, substantial cottage, still stands at Austerfield in Yorkshire, but without anything to mark it out to the passer-by. It would be a delayed but meet tribute to a noble character if this year should see the inscription of his name in the Hall of Fame and the adornment of his lowly birthplace with a suitable memorial.

So many of the Kaiser's reported sayings have proved apocryphal that Pastor Stolte's version of a recent conversation is likely to be read with some suspicion. However, as Wilhelm II is a doctor of divinity he ought to have definite views about the Bible. According to the pastor, they are as follows:

I often read the Bible. I like to read it every night. A Bible lies on a table at my bedside. I find the most beautiful thoughts expressed in it. I can not understand how it is that so many persons pay so little attention to the Holy Scriptures. Can any one read the Gospels and other portions of the Bible without feeling convinced that the words contain a simple truth established on unquestionable facts? Whenever I have to make any decision I ask myself what the Bible would teach me to do in that particular case.

No doubt the Kaiser does not open the Bible at random and put his finger blindly on a passage and then guide his conduct by its exhortation, but, whatever his method, it would be illuminating to learn what text impelled him to drop Bismarck overboard, or set him upbuilding his navy in such hot haste, or prompted the immortal telegram to Kruger. These are the points on which Pastor Stolte should have enlightened the world.

Curiously enough the question of the postal savings bank has reached a definite stage in the United States coincidentally with the centenary of the savings bank in Great Britain. Of course it should not be forgotten that the many-ideaed Daniel Defoe was first in the field with the savings bank notion, which he discussed so long ago as 1697. Then there was Jeremy Bentham with his "Frugality Bank" project, but he and Defoe and others confined their schemes to private associations, leaving the field free for that Scotsman, the Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan, who in May a hundred years ago founded the first actual savings bank in his little parish of Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire. It was an uphill task, as may be imagined. Even a Scotsman is handicapped when he tries to get money out of other Scotsmen. The plowmen of Ruthwell were suspicious of Dr. Duncan; how were they to know that he had not some private end of his own to serve? But the canny Scot was equal to the occasion; for no sooner did the suspicions of his flock come to his knowledge than he had a box made which was provided with three different locks, which could be opened only in the presence of three persons. That created the desired confidence, and at the end of the first year the first savings bank could boast a fund of seven hundred and fifty dollars. The habit of hoarding grew quickly among the villagers, for four years later their treasure in the three-lock box represented a value of nearly five thousand dollars.

Harold Macgrath has observed that the ladies of France and the ladies who sojourn in France know the graceful use of flowers. Hence the pretty scene in his new novel which takes place by the side of Napoleon's sarcophagus. The visitors included a lovely girl who had a bunch of Parma violets pinned in her bosom, and nearby stood a veteran of the French army, with an empty sleeve folded across his breast over which fell the medal of the Legion of Honor. As the girl turned to leave, she unpinned her violets and offered them impulsively to the aged hero. So much for the use of violets in fiction; now for their mission in workaday life. A few days ago as a steamer was making the voyage from Calais to Dover the passengers crowded to the rail and pointed out to each other the scene of the wreck of the ill-fated submarine *Pluviose*. In the crowd was a pretty little French woman, who, overhearing the conversation, pressed to the rail with "Pardon! excuse" as she took a bunch of violets from her bosom and cast it on the waves as near to the wreck as possible. How eminently French in its impulsive recognition of the graceful thing to do, reminiscent of the swift politeness of the Frenchman who, at a banquet where the lady next him had spilt some disgusting condiment on the tablecloth, immediately reached for a vase of flowers with which to cover the blemish.

Believed to be the smallest tugboat in the world that has ever attempted to cross the Atlantic, the *Sogenada*, a five-ton craft, is now on its way from Glasgow to Montreal, where it is to be employed in lake touring.

AN EQUINE FESTIVAL.

Americans Take the Lead in London's Horse Show.

What have four short years wrought? In view of the splendor which has characterized the International Horse Show of nineteen hundred and ten it is difficult to believe that the first of those equine festivals took place so recently as nineteen hundred and seven. Yet dates are stubborn things, and there is no getting away from the fact that the triumph of this year has been attained at the cost of but four seasons' experience.

For one thing the prize money has nearly doubled in value; the seven thousand pounds have grown to thirteen thousand. But the leap forward in the matter of entries has been more phenomenal. Four years ago there were but two British and six foreign officers competing; this year the British contingent has increased to one hundred and twenty-one, while in addition to the twenty-two officers from France and the nine from Belgium, there are competitors from the United States, Sweden, Greece, Norway, and other lands. Thus the function has become truly international.

But the most notable change that has come o'er the scene is in the setting of the show. The vast spaces of Olympia—where countless thousands have enjoyed in past years the greatest of American spectacles—were once more chosen for the arena. Four years back the scheme of decoration was meagre in the extreme, nothing more being attempted than a profusion of flags and bunting with which to hide the more unsightly features of the building and galleries. Twelve months later, however, trees were introduced, giving the effect of a horse show in a forest; and last year Olympia was transformed into a kind of conservatory. For the present occasion the scheme of decoration is far more ambitious. The idea has been to reproduce the beauties of an old English terrace garden, and, as a compliment to Lord Lonsdale, the president of the show, the model followed was that of Lowther Castle, the magnificent country seat of that nobleman. Thus at the main entrance of the arena is a reproduction of Lowther Castle, and all around are such terraces, creepers, and flowers as bring to mind the landscape glories of the old-world pleasaunce. Fifty thousand plants in pots converted the tiers of seats into bowers of fragrance and color, while down in the arena some fifty thousand square feet of turf gave the final touch of park-like verdure. Rock gardens adorned with alpine plants and dainty ferns, and picturesque caves with cascades of tumbling water added to the charm of the picture.

Yet not all the glories of ornamentation were reserved for the human frequenters of the show. Stabling had to be provided for nearly a thousand horses, and not even Swift could have found fault with the accommodations furnished for the noble Houyhnhnms. Walter Winans is responsible for this. He first set the pace in sumptuous stabling, and now is somewhat hard pressed to keep his lead. His horses luxuriate in stables upholstered with boxcloth and bowered with exotic plants and flowers, but the competition in "Millionaires' Avenue" has been severe this year. Judge Moore's horses rejoiced in white enameled boxes of classical design, adorned with silver name-plates, and those which quarter Alfred Vanderbilt's steeds are draped with mauve curtains and fitted with silver handles and hinges. In addition, the Vanderbilt stables had the distinction of electric fans, while the avenue leading from them to the arena was covered with rich Turkey carpet. In fact, to cite the lines of Moore:

Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date),
No nags ever made such a stir in the state.

During the ten days of the show the spectators have been hourly on the alert to recognize and cheer their favorite exhibitors. All Londoners have a warm corner in their hearts for the solid and grimly earnest figure of Judge Moore. They do not forget his enthusiasm for horseflesh, nor the dash of his Gilpin-like drive from Hampton Court to Olympia in the record time of thirty-nine minutes and eighteen seconds. He is a true sportsman, and his enterprise in bringing over from America no fewer than sixty horses and vehicles has increased his hold on popular favor. A worthy rival to Judge Moore is Walter Winans, who, flying around the arena in his goggles and light linen suit, is always sure of a hearty cheer. If he is not in the arena, you may always count upon finding him in his stables, ever ready to show and eulogize his handsome horses. Alfred Vanderbilt is exceedingly popular, too, dressed in scrupulous taste with buttonhole of his colors in red and white carnations. His victory in the Coaching Marathon was begrudged by none, for few have done more to revive road coaching in England. Among other favorites of the arena a special place is due to the president, Lord Lonsdale, who is as inseparable from the show as are a white gardenia and a long cigar from his own person. No navy works harder than he, for he is on the move the entire day to insure the smooth running of everything, and, when occasion demands, he will vault to horseback in evening dress, with top hat and cigar and gardenia complete, to ride round the ring with the most democratic. In the foreign contingent are two idols of the gallery, Lieutenant Dufresne of the Belgian army, a horseman of rare skill and grace, and Baron Morpugo, master of the King of Italy's hounds, and a rider of sterling qualities.

To tell the history of the show day by day would require a volume. The ten days of the meeting have

been packed with spectacle and incident from morning to night, for Olympia has been open from 9:30 a. m. to close on midnight. Some regret has been expressed that no classes were provided for heavy horses, but the entries in the harness horse and hackney divisions are so numerous as to make it difficult to do justice to even those classes. As it is the show has provided a veritable feast for horse lovers. Many victories, and all exceedingly popular, fell to American competitors, Judge Moore's success in the appointment class being especially gratifying to his countless admirers. His pairs, perfect in the attention that had been given to the smallest details, and moving like clockwork together, were vociferously cheered. Perhaps the most picturesque incident of the meeting was provided by the competition restricted to girls under fourteen years of age riding ponies under 13.2 hands. Those dainty little horsewomen made a charming sight, each riding astride, and their costumes ranging from skirtless habits to a Red Riding Hood attire. The show did not lack its touch of pathos, furnished by a procession of hansom cabs which the band was on the verge of greeting with the strains of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot." The exhibit was described by one sad wit as a "funeral procession," but so long as the show can arouse such intense enthusiasm and interest as has been manifested this year, the horse is not likely to abdicate to the motor-car for many a generation.

LONDON, June 20, 1910.

OLD FAVORITES.

Thought.

O messenger, art thou the king, or I?
Thou dallest outside the palace gate
Till on thine idle armor lie the late
And heavy dews; the morn's bright scornful eye
Reminds thee; then in subtle mockery
Thou smilest at the window, where I wait
Who had thee ride for life. In empty state
My days go on, while false hours prophesy
Thy quick return; at last, in sad despair,
I cease to bid thee, leave thee free as air,
When lo! thou stand'st before me, glad and fleet,
And lay'st undreamed-of treasures at my feet.
Ah, messenger! thy royal blood to buy
I am too poor. Thou art the king, not I.

—Helen Hunt.

Anterior Life.

Ages ago, beneath vast porticos,
By ocean sunsets dyed with many a flame,
I lived, where grand, majestic pillars rose,
Which grottoes of basalt at night became;
The billows, mirroring each passing cloud,
Mingled, in solemn and mysterious wise,
The music of their diapason loud
With the rich sunset hues that filled my eyes.
Begin with splendors of the air and waves,
Thus did I dwell amid voluptuous calms,
Tended by naked, perfume-breathing slaves,
Who fanned my forehead with refreshing palms,
Their only duty being to divine
The vague unhappiness that made me pine.

—A. E. Lancaster.

Today.

Each creature holds an insular point in space,
But what man stirs a finger, breathes a sound,
But all the multitudinous beings round,
In all the countless world, with time and place
For their conditions, down to the central base,
Thrill, haply, in vibration and rebound.
Life answering life across the vast profound,
In full antiphony, by a common grace?
I think this sudden joyance which illumines
A child's mouth sleeping, unawares may run
From some soul newly loosened from earth's tombs.
I think this passionate sigh, which, half begun,
I stifle back, may reach and stir the plumes
Of God's calm angel, standing in the sun.

—Mrs. Browning.

Beauty.

O mortals, beauteous as a dream of stone
Am I, whose bosom, where so ill ye fare,
Awakens love in poet-hearts alone.
Deafless and mute as atoms of the air;
Throned in the azure, like a sphinx unread,
My snow-heart white as down of swan I keep,
All change from immobility I dread,
And never do I laugh, and never weep.
Poets, before my attitudes supreme,
Imbued with proud and monumental grace,
Consume their days in a laborious dream.
Since I, to fascinate their docile race,
Pure mirrors show, which make all things more bright,
My wondrous eyes, filled with eternal light!

—Charles Baudelaire.

The Poet.

There was a poet once, within whose heart
The passionate pulse of the world beat at full tide;
But all his love was centred in his bride,
Yet her men knew not, for she dwelt apart
From the loud world in the sweeter world of art,
Where in the peace of love they did abide.
Yet he at times would wander from her side,
To toil for her in traffic's noisy mart.
There, seeing him a lonely man, all men
Spoke ill of him, calling him cold and proud;
(So beasts treat one that with them never herds;)
But when he came back to his bride again,
Her hands smoothed from his brow the gathered cloud;
She loved him more for all his bitter words.

—Albert Roland Haven.

At a lunch given recently to three centenarians—including Dr. Boule, the oldest medical man in France—at Sens, each of them sang a song, and Dr. Boule expressed the hope that the other two, who broke off their engagement seventy-eight years ago, would be married before their next annual lunch.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mlle. Lina Cavalieri, the opera singer, a few days ago in Paris became the wife of Robert W. Chanler of New York. Mr. Chanler is a brother of Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, formerly lieutenant-governor of New York.

Kansas has a State department of agriculture and its head, Foster Dwight Coburn, is not only an enthusiast in his work, but an inspiration to the farmers. Mr. Coburn has written several books on special farming topics, and it is said that he has added immensely to the value of the farm products of the State by his practical advice and encouragement.

Mme. Rejane, the creator of the rôle of Mme. Sans-Gene, is about to give up her managerial career and will surrender the Theatre Rejane in Paris, always a favorite resort of Americans, into other hands. She will join the forces of the Theatre de la Porte Saint-Martin, where she will take the principal part in an important new piece to be produced next autumn.

Miss Jane Addams of Hull House Settlement, Chicago, fame, has achieved remarkable success in a long hand-to-hand grapple with slum conditions. Yale University, at its recent commencement, recognized Miss Addams's work by conferring upon her an honorary degree, and this practical philanthropist becomes the first of her sex to be thus honored by the most conservative of American universities.

For four years Miss Nicoline Zedeler has been studying in Berlin with Theodore Spiering, the concert-master of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. She came to America as a Swedish orphan emigrant while still a child. Her talent attracted Mr. Spiering's attention and he took her into his own home and educated her. She came under the notice of the Kaiser in 1908 as the instructress in Berlin of a trio of violin prodigies who were born in the slums of New York's "Little Italy." The emperor heard of the children's precocity, invited them to appear at the palace with Miss Zedeler, and arranged to contribute for their further musical education. Miss Zedeler has now been engaged by John Philip Sousa to tour the world with his band as solo violinist. She will join the Sousa organization in London in September.

Thomas Fortune Ryan, sailing a few days ago for London, drew the curtain from the future and named the seven men of the younger generation who, in his opinion, will be the kings of American finance. Conceding that J. Pierpont Morgan stood alone as the master of world finance, and that he is likely to hold that place of dominance for many years, Mr. Ryan urged that no fear need be felt for the future, because seven younger men stood ready to divide the realm of money, and jointly to administer it. Here are the seven men picked by the departing financier: J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., Henry P. Davison, Otto H. Kahn, Mortimer L. Schiff, John B. Dennis, George F. Baker, Jr., James Stillman, Jr. Mr. Ryan denied that he is in ill-health. On the contrary, he asserted unusual activity. He pointed to Africa as the field of greatest present opportunity and told of gold mines of fabulous wealth, yet to be developed, in the Congo.

Sir Charles Hardinge leaves the British Foreign Office to assume the responsible position of governor-general of India, in succession to the Earl of Minto, who retires from his office in November next. Sir Charles has had a distinguished and varied career in diplomacy. The second son of the second Viscount Hardinge, he was born in 1858. Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, he entered the diplomatic service in 1880. His first appointment was to Constantinople, where he was promoted to be third secretary after fifteen months' service, and acted as private secretary to Lord Dufferin, then ambassador to the Porte. From Constantinople he went to Berlin, thence to Washington and to Sofia. After three years in Paris he was promoted to be secretary of legation in Teheran. From Persia he went to St. Petersburg, whence, after five years, he was summoned to be an under-secretary of state for foreign affairs. In 1904 Sir Charles went to the Russian capital as ambassador, and in 1906 returned to England once more as the successor of Lord Sanderson at the Foreign Office.

Lewis Nixon, who added a notable achievement to the successes of his career by selling a fleet of torpedo-boats to the Czar, is to go to Buenos Ayres as one of the delegates to the International Conference of American States. Mr. Nixon was born in Leesburg, Virginia, in 1861, and had never seen a body of water bigger than the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal when he was appointed to the Naval Academy in his eighteenth year. Through the courtesy of the British government he had a two years' course at the Royal Naval College, where one of his classmates was the present King of England. Then he returned to the United States, after studying the navies and the shipbuilding plants of Europe, and as a naval constructor was given ninety days in which to prepare drawings for three ships of the *Indiana* class. He delivered the drawings within the time limit—and naval men have said that "the *Indians* never had anything to take back." One of those ships was the *Oregon*, which won lasting fame by its run around the continent at the beginning of the Spanish War. Roach, the shipbuilder, induced him to leave the navy to take charge of the construction of these ships.

THE FOUR DREAMS.

A Curious Little Story Written by Zola Before He Became Famous.

I.

The evening shades were falling over a deserted battle-field. The victory was won, and four soldiers, camped in a lonely corner, were enjoying a tardy meal, seated on the grass in front of a large fire, before which a few slices of lamb were cooking. The red light cast a strange shadow around, and the pale flicker revealed many sleeping their last sleep. The soldiers were laughing boisterously, scarce noticing the glazed eyes fixed on them. The day's work had been severe, and the living were resting, not knowing what the morrow might bring. Death and night were spreading their wings over the blood-stained earth, where terror and silence were standing side by side.

Their feast ended, Gneuss began to sing. His deep voice sounded hoarse as it fell on the desolate and mournful air. The song, so joyous on his lips, echoed but a sob. Astonished at the strange accents, he began singing with redoubled ardor; when a piercing cry, issuing from the shadows, disturbed the little group.

Gneuss was silent, and, with a troubled expression, said to Elberg: "Go see which corpse is awakening."

Elberg went, armed with a sword and a lighted torch. His companions could just perceive the outline of his form as he bent over the dead, but he soon disappeared.

"Clorian," said Gneuss, after a silence, "the wolves are about tonight. Go look for our friend."

And Clorian went, and was in turn soon lost in the darkness. Gneuss and Flem, tired of waiting for the return of the wanderers, rolled themselves in their cloaks and lay down by the smoldering embers. Their eyes were just closing, when the same dreadful cry rent the air. Flem rose, walked silently to the spot from whence issued the sound, and was soon lost in the gloom.

Gneuss sprang to his feet, terrified at the sight of the black gulf where the agonized gurgle rang. He threw a few dried leaves on the burning logs, hoping that the brightness would dissipate his fears. The flame rose, shedding its light in a ghastly red circle on the ground. In this circle the shrubs looked unreal, and the dead seemed roused by invisible hands.

Gneuss's terror increased; he shook the lighted branches and stamped out the flames. As the thick shadows fell around him once more, he shuddered, fearing to be again overtaken by the death-shout. He could not rest. He sat down, then rose again to call his companions, but the sound of his own voice made him shrink, and fear that it had attracted the attention of the surrounding corpses.

Suddenly the moon appeared, and Gneuss trembled to see it shedding its pale beams over the battle-field. Night no more concealed its horrors. The plain, strewn with dead and dying, seemed to extend under the shroud of white light, and this light seemed to give an unearthly touch to the scene. Gneuss, now thoroughly roused, wondered whether he could ascend the mountain and extinguish the pale night torch. In his excitement he thought the dead must rise and speak to him, now that they could see him so plainly. Their perfect calm was terrible; and, expecting every moment to be overtaken by some dreadful catastrophe, he closed his eyes. But, as he was standing there, a strange heat touched his left heel. He stopped, and saw a thin rivulet of blood flowing past his feet, leaping over the stones, and causing a gay murmur. It came out of the shade, meandered in the light of the pale moonbeams, then fled and returned to the darkness, like a snake in its tortuous windings. Gneuss could not remove his eyes from the tide of flowing blood. He saw it swelling slowly and visibly getting larger; the rivulet became a peaceful stream that a child could have easily leaped over; the stream became an ever-increasing torrent, bursting over the ground and throwing up a red foam on all sides; the torrent became an immense flowing river.

The river was ever carrying away the dead, but a cold shiver ran over him as he saw that it was supplied by the blood running from their wounds.

Gneuss kept moving backward from the ever-increasing tide; he could no longer distinguish the opposite bank, and the valley was changed into a lake.

Suddenly he was stopped in his course; a cluster of rocks impeded his flight. He soon felt the waves leaping round his knees, and the dead drifting on, insulting him in their course, each one of their wounds becoming a blood-stained mouth to scoff at his fears. The dreaded sea, ever increasing, now touched his waist. He made a final effort by clinging to the cracks in the rocks; but alas! the rocks gave way, and the tide covered his shoulders. The moon, pale and sad, watched this sea where her rays were not reflected. The light floated heavenward; this immense sheet of shadowy and clamorous blood seemed to be the entrance to some great abyss. The waves, ever ascending, torched and covered with their red foam the lips of the tortured Gneuss.

II.

At dawn, Elberg returned. He woke Gneuss, whom he found sleeping, with his head pillowed on a stone.

"Friend," said he, "I was lost in the shrubs, and sitting down to rest at the foot of a tree, sleep over-

took me, and my soul was troubled by strange visions, the remembrance of which disturbs my waking thoughts.

"The world was in its infancy; the sky was one eternal smile. Earth, a virgin still, was basking in May's rich sunbeams; each blade of grass was ripening and surpassing in beauty the finest oaks; the trees were bursting into gorgeous leaves and fruits totally unknown to me. The sap was ever flowing through earth's deep veins, and in its abundance drifted into the recesses of rocks and gave them life.

"The horizon rose, calm and smiling, in the distance. Nature, waking from its sleep, as a child, knelt and thanked God for His light; it spread out its arms toward heaven to give praise for its songs and perfumes, so graceful and so sweet that my mind was overwhelmed with the divine impression. Earth, gentle and prosperous, engendered without pain. Fruit-trees sprang out of every corner, the roads were hedged with fields of ripe corn, where today plains of thistles and thorns would rise. The air was not laden with the weight of human sorrow. God was alone working for His children.

"Man, like the birds, fed on food sent by God, gathering fruit on his way, drinking the water from the cooling spring and sleeping under a shelter of leaves, whose lips seemed to shudder at the sight of flesh, not knowing the taste of blood, relishing only the dew-sprinkled and sun-ripened fruits.

"So man remained innocent, and his very innocence anointed him king over all living things. Earth had assumed a new touch of purity, and was cradled in supreme peace. Birds fled no more at the sight of man to far-stretching forests; all God's creatures lived together under one supreme law-goodness.

"I was walking with them, enjoying their perfect nature, and feeling myself growing stronger and better under their united influence. I felt the delicious breeze so pure after the laden breath of earth.

"As the angel of my dream watched beside me, my eyes strayed to a forest. I saw two men following a narrow, shady path. The younger took the lead, singing gayly, and smiling at the beauty all around; now and again he turned to smile upon his companion, and the smile made me guess that they were brothers. But the lips and eyes of his companion did not respond; he followed the youth with a look of hatred, and hastened his step to keep up with him.

"I saw him cut down a branch and make it into a rough club; then he hastened his step, fearing to lose sight of the victim, and hiding the weapon behind him. The young man, who had been resting, rose at his approach, and kissed him on the forehead in welcome.

"They set out once again on their walk. The day was drawing to a close. The youth hurried on, as he perceived in the distance the sun gradually sinking behind a hill. The man thought the youth was trying to escape, and lifted his club. His young brother turned with a happy speech on his lips; the club felled him to the ground, crushing his face, from whence gushed a stream of blood.

"The first blade of grass it touched shuddered, and shook the drop upon its mother earth; earth trembled and was startled; a great cry of repugnance was wrung from its breast, and the sand in the road turned into a foaming red current.

"The scream from the wounded youth seemed to scatter God's creatures far and wide; they fled into the deep and dark places, the strong attacking the weak. I saw them in the gloom, polishing their hooks and sharpening their claws. The great work of the brigandage of creation had begun.

"Then the eternal tide passed before me. The sparrow flew at the swallow; the swallow in its turn seized the gnat; the gnat sucked the blood from the corpse. From the worm to the lion was one great insurrection. Nature, touched at this sight, was convulsed. The pure lines of the horizon were effaced, the dawn and sunset gave forth blood-stained clouds, the rippling of the waters seemed one prolonged sob, and the leaves of the trees fell faded to the ground ere they bloomed."

III.

Scarcely had Elberg finished his tale when Clorian appeared, and, seating himself between his two companions, said to them:

"I know not whether what I saw was a reality or a dream, the vision was so like the truth, and the truth so like a vision.

"My steps led me along a road that encompassed the earth; it was studded with towns, and crowds followed its course. A stream of red froth flowed onward, and my feet were soon blood-stained. Careworn, I wandered on amid the mass of human beings, increasing as we went, and cruel sights met my gaze. Fathers offering their daughters in sacrifice to some avenging god, the fair heads bent under the touch of steel, and fainting at death's kiss. Trembling maidens seeking death to escape from hateful kisses, the tomb alone shrouding their virginity. Women dying under passionate caresses, one crying bitterly on the brink of the river that had carried away her love; another killed in her lover's embrace; the blow was a death knell to him, and, locked in each other's arms, they soared heavenward.

"Men vainly seeking liberty and peace that were unattainable here below. Everywhere footprints of kings were marked with a crimson blot: one walking in the road stained by his brother's blood; another enjoying his crown at the cost of his subjects' lives; and

still another wading in God's blood; and the people, standing back and letting him pass on, would say: 'A king has passed this way.'

"Priests massacred their victims, and, open-mouthed over their bleeding entrails, pretended to read therein heaven's secrets. Swords were hidden under their priestly robes, as they preached warfare in the name of God, and, at the sound of their voices, each man turned to slay his neighbor, thinking thereby to glorify his Maker. The intoxicated mass of human beings was hurrying hither and thither, a crushed and seething crowd, brandishing their naked weapons without mercy and felling innocent souls to the ground. A craving for massacre fell on the raging populace. Their cry rang furiously on the still night air, until the last drop of blood was trampled from out the seething wounds, and men cursed their victims for dying so quickly.

"Earth drank unceasingly of the blood-red stream, and seemed insatiable and glutted over the dregs.

"I hurried on, wishing to lose sight of my fallen brothers, but the road lay dark and interminable before me, while the crimson tide drifted ever onward. Darkness increased around me until I could see the barren plains, the forsaken rocks, the mountains towering to the skies, the valleys becoming great gulfs, the stones turning into hillocks, and the furrows into yawning abysses.

"No sign of life was there, no green things visible; nothing but rocks, desolate rocks, whose summits, barely touched by the wavering light, made the gloom appear more terrible in this valley where the road led, and where my footsteps echoed in the deathly silence.

"A sharp turn brought me to a ghastly sight. Four mountains, leaning heavily forward, formed a basin. Their sides, straight and stiff, like the walls of a cyclopean city, formed in their centre an immense well, and this well, where the stream terminated, gradually increased the thick and tranquil sea that rested so peacefully in its bed of rocks, giving a purplish hue to the clouds.

"I knew that this abyss must receive the blood of the murdered; that drops from each wound had gone to swell the surge of this flowing sea."

"Stop," said Gneuss, "the torrent I saw this night went to feed that cursed lake."

"Struck with terror," continued Clorian, "I stepped to the brink, and saw that the tide nearly reached to the summit of the rocks. A voice from the abyss spoke to me: 'The river is ever increasing, and will continue until it reaches the utmost heights; then it will overflow into the plains, the mountains will give way, and tired earth will soon be covered and flooded. New-born babies will be drowned in their fathers' blood.'

"The day is at hand, friend," said Gneuss; "the waves were high last night."

IV.

The sun had risen ere Clorian had finished his tale. The trumpet was sounding to rally the scattered troops.

The three soldiers arose, and, shouldering their weapons, moved away, casting a last, lingering look at the fire—when Flem appeared, footsore and travel-stained.

"Friends," said he, "I know not whence I come, so rapid has been my flight. Long hours did I wander, till the noise of my footsteps rocked me gently, and I fell into a strange and restless sleep, never slackening my speed till I came to a lonely hill. The sun poured down upon it and scorched the ground, while I hurried on to attain the summit.

"As I fled, a man appeared, toiling up the path; a crown of thorns was on his head, a heavy burden on his back, drops of blood were standing on his forehead, and his tottering steps could scarcely reach their goal.

"I grieved to see his agony, and I waited for him. He was carrying a cross; and I saw by his crown and purple robes that he was a king, and I despised him, and rejoiced over his sufferings.

"Soldiers followed him, hurrying his faltering steps. At last, when they came to a standstill on the highest pinnacle of the mountain, they divested him of his garments and nailed him to the cursed tree. The victim smiled sadly as he stretched out his hands and crossed his feet ready for the murderous deed. He turned his face heavenward; tears flowed slowly down his cheeks—tears which he felt not, and which were lost in the resigned smile on his lips.

"The cross was soon erected, and then the weight of the martyr's body enlarged the wounds and broke his bones until he shuddered again and again, and sought strength from above.

"The sight riveted me to the spot, and as I looked I said: 'That man is no king.'

"Then, in my great pity, I cried to the soldiers to kill him.

"A linnet perched on the cross was singing a sad strain, that caught my ear and made me think of the weeping virgin.

"'Blood is feeding the flame,' said the linnet, 'blood colors the flowers, blood shades the clouds. I alighted on the earth and my claws were stained, and as I touched the trees my wings grew crimson.

"I met a just man and followed him, and having bathed in a pure spring, I thought to find rest on his shoulder from the wickedness of earth.

"My only song today is a sob on Golgotha's Heights for one who carried me safely through many dangers. He came to purify, and he is doing it with the crimson tide from his own wounds.

"Oh, Jesus! I cry, when shall I find Thy brother to take me, under his sheltering wings? Ah! when shall Thy son come to wash my wings in Thy sprinkled blood?"

"The victim listened to the linnet's song. Death was hovering over him, but his look was one of gentle reproach, a serene and hopeful smile passed over his face.

"Then, with an unearthly shout, he gave up the ghost; his head sank, the linnet fled, the sky darkened, and the earth trembled.

"I still ran on and on in my sleep; dawn had come, the valley awoke, smiling under the morning mists. The rain of the preceding evening gave a fresh touch to the green leaves, but the road was still hedged with the thorns that had impeded my course the night before. The same hard stones stopped my way as the snakes hissed out their warning note. The just man's blood had flowed in vain for the world.

"The linnet passed on its way, telling its tale as it went:

"In vain have I sought a cleansing stream to wash my blood-stained wings. Look at earth! it is no better for the sacrifice, and I have only to record the burden of one more murder."

V.

The clarion now rang loudly.

"Friends," said Gneuss, "we are driving a wicked trade; our sleep is disturbed by the phantoms of those we have slain. My rest, like yours, was disturbed by a ghastly nightmare; I have been massacring for thirty years, and am tired of it. Let us leave our brothers, and go into the country together and till the ground. I know of a valley where the plows are idle for want of hands."

"Such is our wish," replied his companions.

The soldiers buried their weapons, bathed themselves in the cooling stream, and, arm in arm, they started on their new road.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Dr. Holder Describes Their Countless Attractions.

Americans need not envy Europe its Riviera, for they have a substitute of more than equal charm in those "chalices of emeralds" which are strung along the coast of California. How rich they are in climatic endowment, in attractions for the golfer, the angler, the mountain-climber, the hunter, and the botanist is set forth with infectious enthusiasm by Charles F. Holder in "The Channel Islands," a volume which is notable for its wealth of information and the plenitude of its pictures.

Some of these islands are in the process of decay, are being either blown out to sea or beaten down by the waves, but at present there are about twenty of them to attract the visitor, from Santa Barbara Rock of a few acres to Santa Catalina, which is twenty-two miles in length and has an area of over fifty thousand acres.

The islands are just near enough to the shore to afford an agreeable diversion in reaching them. Several are government possessions, and belong to the people; while others again are private property, the owners of which have a sentimental interest in them, and use them for the primitive purposes of cattle ranching, as Santa Rosa; grape growing, Santa Cruz; sheep ranching, San Clemente and Anacapa. As to Santa Catalina, most of its vast acreage is a sheep ranch and wild goat range, with one cañon at the east end, given over to the public, and literally filled by the attractive town of Avalon, with a summer population of seven or eight thousand, and a good-sized winter permanent contingent, attracted and kept here by the really wonderful climate, the lack of change, and the ideal conditions which prevail, where the elements are at rest and the disagreeable things of life at their minimum.

The islands all differ in some way, and have different climates, and each island has several kinds of climates. Thus, Avalon Bay rarely, if ever, experiences frost. I have seen very fair bananas grown here. The summer is cool, and the winter but slightly cooler; yet in February, in two hours' climb, one may reach Middle Ranch, where there is frost on cold nights. Again, the north side of the island is free from winds—a place of calms, so that its waters have the charm of an inland lake; yet a ride around the island to the southwest coast brings you to a region where the surf piles in, and the strong west wind makes itself felt a part of the time.

At the Santa Barbara Islands somewhat similar conditions obtain. Santa Cruz, in particular, is finely wooded for a California island, and abounds in many attractive features.

Not all the attractions of these islands are of the present; there are remains of bygone man sufficiently interesting to whet the appetite of the archæologist. Dr. Holder has located many ancient townsites on Santa Catalina and the other islands, though he is not able to offer any information as to when they were finally deserted. He tells, however, how rich many spots are in relics of past generations.

When a trench is dug in any part of Avalon today, especially along the north beach, shells, implements, and ancient human bones are often found, and the black earth crops out, telling the story of one of the most interesting ancient archaeological treasure-houses in America. Literally tons of mortars, pestles, and implements of various kinds were taken from here in the 'seventies. Professor Schumacker of the Smithsonian Institution first investigated the island in the early 'seventies, and, with "Mexican Joe" as skilled excavator, found a vast treasure in stone, shell, and bone. English and Germans followed, and many fine collections were secured.

The remains are doubtless nearly all of the fifteenth century, and some possibly thousands of years old. Every cañon having a beach on the north coast, I found, in 1886, had its ancient townsites—some large, some small—the finest being at Cahrillo, or the isthmus, now mostly covered by stables. In 1887 I trenched this with Mexican Joe and Dr. William Channing of Boston, and worked down through four or five

layers of graves. The upper ones dated in all probability from since Cahrillo's time, as in them I found Italian heads, hell clappers, files, mattocks, and copper wire. The iron mattocks were evidently highly valued, as they had been carefully wrapped in cloth and buried with the owners; the cloth had literally turned to iron. This was by far the most interesting deposit on the island, a typical graveyard. The lower graves contained no metal—nothing but stone, bone, and shell implements, showing that the natives had had no hartering with the whites, and antedated Cahrillo.

Although quite impartial, it is evident that Dr. Holder is most in love with Santa Catalina. He gives a spirited description of the approach by sea, noting lovingly the features which may be discerned at a distance, and then offering this pen-picture of a nearer view:

Santa Catalina is a big peak rising abruptly from deep water, the one-hundred-and-eighty-fathom curve lying close inshore. Below land-locked Catalina Harbor, on the southwest coast, there is Little Harbor, then abrupt and precipitous cliffs, with here and there a cañon beach, such as Ben Johnson's, and Silver Cañon Beach, then a long line of colored cliffs which seem to have been painted by the setting sun. Then comes an isolated rock called "The Church"—with its tower—but more like a lion couchant, or like a sphinx, changing its appearance at every turn of the launch. Around this, and we sight the east end, the Sea Lion Rocks, a famous rookery of these animals, where they are so tame that the glass-bottomed boats go within a few yards of them, and the sea-lions have been photographed hundreds of times. Here the water is smooth and green. Turning the east end, a region of calms sweeps away; the cliffs are lofty and precipitous; the deep cañons appear, but fail to break through. Now a long pebble beach slides into view, with radiating cañons, then the Bay of Avalon is passed, and from there, for ten or twelve miles, is the most attractive part of the island. It is the north but lee shore: and winter and summer, for days, the waters, as far as the eye can reach, will be a sheet of glass, while the Bay of Avalon is always smooth—a miniature Naples, unlike anything anywhere else.

Avalon is the one town of Santa Catalina. It is unique in that it has nearly every kind of store, but no bank. There are excellent golf links, tennis courts, and other means of recreation, but its chief attraction is for the angler.

The town of Avalon is unlike any other place in the world. It stands directly on the crescent-shaped bay, at the mouth of a large cañon, which nearly bisects the island here. At the upper end, a mountain ridge, which has withstood the gnawing tooth of time, rises like a grim wall, and gives to this section what is undoubtedly the nearest approach to that anomaly, the "perfect climate." When I first saw this cañon it was a mountain wash, filled with cactus and chaparral. Today it is a grove of stately eucalyptus trees, which shelter the homes of eight or nine thousand people in summer, and of many all the year around. The town climbs the hills and cañons, the homes adapting themselves to circumstances and the physical conditions. On the front are the large hotels, the Tuna Club, a pavilion for concerts; while up in one of the cañons is a Greek theatre where the Santa Catalina band plays all summer. Up the main cañon are the picturesque golf links, and tennis club courts.

Avalon is a remarkable town, inasmuch as it is based on angling with rod and reel. Here yearly is held the greatest convocation of sea-anglers in the world, as they come from everywhere. There are varied allurements, such as the climate and pastimes, but the one thing upon which Avalon is based is the fishing, and everything is subservient to that. The bay is filled with launches and boats of all kinds, devoted to this sport. There is a fleet of glass-bottomed boats; fleets of rowboats and yachts of the owners who live on the slopes of the neighboring hills overlooking the bay.

The angling interest becomes acute at the south side of the bay, where a long pier leads out into the water—a structure absolutely unique. It is the resort of the professional tuna boatmen. Their stands are arranged along each side, and consist of long boxes, holding rods, reels, and all the paraphernalia of a professional fisherman. Over the stand and seat is the name of the boatman. Nearly all of the older boatmen are well known all over this country and England.

While the waters around these favored isles teem with many kinds of fish, including the blue-eyed perch, the blacksmith, rock bass, and many more, Dr. Holder is evidently of the opinion that these are but small fry indeed compared with the lordly tuna which is responsible for the existence of the famous Tuna Club.

The tuna is a pelagic fish, a free lance, an ocean rover, a sort of swaggering musketeer of the sea, the largest of what may be termed the game or hony fishes, attaining a maximum weight of nearly two thousand pounds, and an approximate length of fourteen feet or more. Such a fish is very exceptional, though specimens weighing fifteen hundred pounds have been taken on the New England coast. I once entered a school of such tunas in the Santa Catalina Channel in a big launch. The school divided to port and starboard as we passed through it, and I had a view of one or two fishes that appeared to be more than half as long as the boat. These fishes spend the winter in warm latitudes, and migrate north as far as the mouth of the St. Lawrence. They are found in the Mediterranean, and north to the Lofodden Island; yet so far the efforts of anglers, except at Santa Catalina, have failed to take them with the rod. Even here there is a stretch of but eight miles or so where they can be satisfactorily played and taken with rod and reel. This region lies on the north side of Santa Catalina, from Avalon to Long Point, and to the east as many more, facing the north, and generally smooth—more like a Scottish loch than a fishing-ground twenty miles out to sea.

Even when not fishing or golfing or hunting, the visitor is not devoid of occupation. Nowhere, apparently, are there such admirable opportunities to study animal life at close range.

The feature which will really amaze the wanderer among the Channel Islands is the tameness of some animals. To meet a hulk sea-lion weighing approximately half a ton, on the main avenue of a town, fifty feet from the water, is a possibility of a startling nature, yet I have seen Old Ben, the head of the Santa Catalina sea-lion rookery, on Crescent Avenue, Avalon, surrounded by tourists who snapped their cameras at him with impunity. At that time Ben could be induced to come ashore when the lure was a fat, long-finned tuna; but one day he climbed upon the wharf, coming entirely up the steps, following the man with a fish. Then some unreasonable person made a threatening demonstration; Ben started for the steps, lost his hold, slipped, and fell, smashing them and wounding himself. For a long time he remembered this, but gradually his faith in human beings has returned and the men can call him up on the boat-landing of the float or out upon the beach, by showing a succulent fish.

When very hungry he permitted himself to be touched or patted by one of the fishermen. He is good-tempered and

never attempts to bite. But he is a savage-looking animal, and when he comes leaping up on the boat landing, driving off women and children by mere ferocity of appearance, and seizing their fish, as he did recently, he makes a very clever imitation of a savage and ferocious beast.

The wild quail or partridge of Southern California will enter gardens, and nest there; and in the protected season I have seen a flock standing in an island road, a jaunty male between them and my horse not twenty feet away—moving only when I moved, and then with reluctance. Several years ago some residents on one of the Channel Islands of Southern California introduced a number of black-tailed deer, which were protected to such extent that in time they discovered that they were privileged characters, and assumed nearly the absolute contempt for human beings held by the sacred hells of India, that crowd men and women from the road.

They persisted in entering gardens day and night, destroying the plants, and finally, to locate them, the dwellers on the island had hells fastened to them. One buck made his home near the town of Cahrillo, and walked about the place and over the hills with the freedom of a dog. When a boat landed off the pier the buck ran down to greet the newcomers and share their lunch, and became a welcome guest at barbecues and lobster and clam bakes. As time went on this deer through attention became extremely arrogant, and began to resent any lack of attention; in a word, like many persons, he could not stand prosperity. One day when an old lady refused to allow him to eat her lunch, the buck drew off and howled the lady over. This seemed to open up a new field of pleasure to the deer (and women particularly appeared to be the object of his enmity), which at last became so pronounced that the animal had to be placed in confinement.

San Clemente is a fairly large island, but it is used mainly as a sheep ranch. Here again Dr. Holder came upon traces of ancient inhabitants, and equally interesting was his talk with Chinetti, the Mexican herder in charge of the ranch. He lives alone in a little shanty, not seeing another human being perhaps once a month. But he finds ample compensations in his lot. To Dr. Holder's question as to his being lonely he made philosophic reply.

"Lonely?" repeated the vaquero. "No, indeed. Why, listen, señor."

The sea was pounding on the long sandy beach with a deep and ominous roar that had never ceased since time began.

"Sometime," he said, "he shake the house; he talk, he growl, he get mad. Then my home—" he continued, looking around, "I sweep, I cook, take care of things. I look out for the sheep all day; they come in from five or six miles every morning to drink. I watch them; take care of the stock."

"Pleasure? Ah, there is lots of pleasure if you are alone; it is to have a contented mind, eh? After the work I take my dog and my colt and we go down on the beach and run races; they like it. In the afternoon I take a ride over the range to see if the sheep are all right, then I cook my supper; and my friends, the wild foxes, come around. In? Sure. First they came only near the house and cried; then they came to the door; now they come in and take hits of meat from my hands. Fine little animals."

On the wall hung an olive bottle filled with what I supposed to be gin or gasoline, so clear and crystal-like was it. I asked him what it was.

"Why, water," he replied. "I hang him there, he's so beautiful."

A bottle of clear, pure water! Who hut Chinetti would have thought of using it as a picture? A bottle of water! I began to see that my companion was a poet.

"And what do you do after dinner?" I asked.

"Oh," replied Chinetti, "I go out sometime and look at the stars and listen to the wind and sea. You hear him?"

In addition to describing the miscellaneous trades of the islands, Dr. Holder gives a detailed account of the fishing for black pearls and abalones. Tons of the latter are sold to Germany, there to be turned into all kinds of ornaments and sent back to California for tourist consumption. Dr. Holder can not understand why Americans have allowed the Japanese to monopolize this trade, and he is confident that the laws as to size are often disregarded through lack of efficient oversight. The manner of gathering the abalone is thus described.

Drifting near them, we saw the *modus operandi* plainly. The man by much practice could locate the shell, and swimming down he held onto the rock with one hand, while with the other he pried off the big shell, perhaps two, as they are often found one upon the other. Successful, he swam to the surface; in short, he was for all practical purposes as much at home in the water as a seal. When the little box was filled the collectors swam over to the boat and emptied it, crawled aboard and hovered about the fire with pieces of sailcloth or coats over their shoulders until they got warm, when they again dropped overboard to continue the work. On the forward deck was a pile of shells which must have weighed half a ton; and in another heap were the meats. The shells were to be scraped, dried, and polished; the meat dried and smoked, and sold to the canners and to the markets, as it makes a delicious chowder. The bulk is dried for export to China and India. The men evidently did not wish to be watched, and only when we pretended to fish did they go overboard again, diving like otters and coming up with three or four shells. Few if any shells were missed, as by a systematic arrangement the divers moved down the coast in lines, covering every rock or stone. While the law regulates the size to be taken there was no one in sight to measure them; so it is fair to suppose that every shell possible was taken.

Apart from the information given in the body of the book, there is a useful appendix telling how to reach the islands, giving a list of the game fishes, describing the most effective kind of tackle, and offering many hints on climate and attire and hotel and other accommodation.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS OF CALIFORNIA. By Charles Frederick Holder. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net.

Probably no other spot in the known world has such a death-dealing reptile as has the French island of Martinique, in the Caribbean Sea. It is the fer-de-lance, scientifically known as "trigonecephalus lanceolatus," that can lay claim to being the most deadly serpent of the earth. There are eight distinct varieties, the most common being a dark gray and black species which coloring enables it to conceal itself easily among roots and stumps of trees.

TOURGUENEFF AND WOMEN.

Episodes Described by Francis Gribble.

Much new light has been thrown upon Tourgueneff's relations to women by the publication in Paris of a monograph which gathers up the anecdotes of his friends. He was a frequent attendant at the Diner Magny, but always remained an enigma to the other guests. The fact was that he was out of sympathy with the kind of conversation which took place over the dessert.

The Goncourts and Daudet specialized in chaff, and spicy and cynical anecdotes; Zola, always riding his hobby of naturalism, used to demonstrate that love is only the poetical amplification of a very ordinary physical necessity; Flaubert used to insist that woman is, for every one of us, the pointed arch of the infinite, to refer to his experiences in the East, and recall his memories of negresses and of fantastically voluptuous pleasures. Tourgueneff, too, sometimes ventured to tell a doubtful story, but never failed to subordinate it to some picturesque *mise-en-scène*, or to some story of passionate love.

One example may be cited. His first adventures had been with his father's serfs in Russia, and of one of them he related that she would take no money from him, but asked him once for a cake of scented soap. When the girl had washed with it, she said: "Now you can kiss my hands as you kiss the hands of the grand ladies at St. Petersburg." Of course the other devotees of the Diner Magny laughed at him; they flattered themselves that they were far more men of the world than their Russian colleague. Yet he had explained his view of women in terms sufficiently explicit. "Love," he said, "is the source of all inspiration. For my own part I have never been inspired by anything else. My whole life has been saturated with femininity. There is nothing but love that can make the soul expand."

On the other hand, however, as Francis Gribble points out in the *Fortnightly Review*, there was one episode in the career of Tourgueneff which is not quite so romantic. It was concerned with Feoktista, the maid of his cousin.

Tourgueneff, being attracted by the girl, bought her from his cousin for seven hundred roubles—though the market price of a serf in those days was only from twenty-five to fifty roubles—and carried her off weeping to his country home. He dressed her in rich stuffs and loaded her with jewels, and she in return bore him a daughter; but that was the end of the idyll, if idyll it is to be called. The lover tired of his mistress, and did not stand on ceremony with her. He not only deserted her, but deprived her of her daughter, whom he sent to Paris to be educated. So far as one knows, he never saw the mother again; but the child was the cause of a quarrel between him and Tolstoy.

But the one controlling female influence of Tourgueneff's life was that exercised by Pauline Garcia, the opera singer, who became the wife of Louis Viardot. He made her acquaintance in St. Petersburg in 1846, shortly after his mother had urged him to marry, and had extorted the reply: "Me marry! You are about as likely to see the village church dancing on its spires." Tourgueneff was one of the admirers admitted to Pauline's dressing-room. They were four in all, to each of whom was allotted a corner on a bearskin, and from each of whom a story was expected. Of course Tourgueneff was easily first in such a competition. And one day Mme. Viardot pressed her perfumed handkerchief against his brow. That was his final undoing. The act sealed him a captive for life.

He followed her—and her husband—to Paris; he followed them on tour in the French provinces. His people were their people; and their home was generally his. When they settled at Baden, he settled there with them; when they moved to the suburbs of Paris, he did the same. Sometimes he had an apartment in their house; sometimes he had a house of his own immediately adjoining theirs; save for rare intervals, he continued in attendance on them for the remainder of his days.

Pauline Viardot enslaved Tourgueneff, and yet, so far as one knows, made no sacrifices for his sake. She made him useful without perceiving that she was also making him ridiculous; and he spent his life in rendering her services which would have been more appropriately rendered by a valet or courier. He was sent to the seaside as a sort of agent-in-advance to engage lodgings for her family. He followed her, carrying the music, when she went out to sing; he followed her husband, carrying the game-bag, when Louis Viardot went out shooting. The spectators smiled; but Tourgueneff submitted to his fate. The perfumed handkerchief had thrown him into a trance from which he could not wake.

It seems, however, that he did make one effort to break Pauline's chains. When he was fifty-five he met a Julia Petrovna, who was thirty-three. She visited him at his estate, and they both appear to have regretted that fate had kept them apart so long. But their intimacy does not seem to have come to any definite result, judging from this letter from Tourgueneff:

Ever since I met you, I have not only loved you as a friend, but have also cherished the unavowed desire to possess you.

Only the desire was not so strong (for I was not so young) that I liked to ask your hand in marriage; and there were other reasons that restrained me; and, on the other hand, I knew that you were too good to care for what the French call a "passade." There you have the explanation of my hesitation. You want to assure me that you have written to me "without any *arrière-pensée*." Alas! I was only too certain of that. You write that your "life as a woman is over." When my life as a man is over (and I have not long to wait for that), then we can be excellent friends, without anything to disturb our peace.

So the perfumed handkerchief maintained its potency to the end; the novelist was "saturated with femininity," and, as Mr. Gribble remarks, was also paralyzed by it. Had he been of any other nature than that of the Slav, he would probably have broken his bondage. Pauline outlived him for many years, as it is but a month since she passed away on the eve of her ninetieth year.

Naming the Country Place.

At the close of an interesting article on the names chosen for country homes in America, by Thomas W. Hotchkiss, in the current number of the *Craftsman*, the following helpful suggestions and explanations are given:

"The main fact which the builder of a country house should bear in mind in trying to decide upon a distinctive name for it is the significance of the thought he wishes to express, and even with the best of verbal aids, it is originality, both as to the mental concept and the mode of expressing it, which in the last analysis is the real test of a well-named country place. These are English affixes:

"Beck (as in Villa Beck), a brook with stony bed or rugged course; or the valley or patch of ground adjacent to a brook. Brae (as in Brae Burn), the side of a hill or other rising ground. Burn (as in Glenburnie Farm), a rivulet or brook. Bury (as in Downesbury), a habitation; in England, a lord's seat or castle. Cote (as in Clattercote Farm), a cottage or little house. (Referring to the noisy chicken-coops, dove-cotes, and sheep-folds of a barnyard.) Crag (or craig, as in Craig Royston), a steep, rugged rock. Croft (as in Stonycroft), any small, inclosed tract of land, especially a small farm. Down (as in The Downs), a high, rolling region not covered by forests (as opposed to dale and vale). Garth (as in Cherrygarth), a garden, close or yard. Holm (as in Fairholm), an islet or river island, or meadow; also a hill (a meaning now obsolete). Hurst (as in Farmhurst), a wood or grove; also a sandbank near a river, or a shallow in a river. Inver (as in Invermara), a confluence of a river with another or with the sea. Lea (as in Ellerslea or Fair Lea), open, untitled land; level fields or commons; fallow land, pasture land; hence, any field. Mead (as in Barrymead), a meadow. Mere (as in Wildmere), a pool, small lake or pond; also a boundary, or boundary line; also a private carriage road. Neuk (as in Inglenek or Linden Neuk), a Scotch form of nook. Slade (as in Waterslade), a little dell or valley; also a glade, or a strip of greensward or open space in a wood or between two woods; also a harbor or basin. Strath (as in Strathspey), a valley of considerable size, often having a river running through it and giving it its distinctive appellation, as the river Spey in Scotland. (The word Strathspey is also the name of a Scottish dance.) Thorp (as in Bonnythorp), a group of houses standing together in the country: an isolated farmstead. Tor (as in Torbank), a hill or rocky eminence. Wold (as in Oakwold or Stoney Wold), an open tract of country or down; but, in the Anglo-Saxon, a wood or forest."

"The actors for whom Shakespeare wrote" does not mean, as it would at present (says Eleanor P. Hammond in the *Atlantic Monthly*), the world of English-speaking actors; it means the company of which Shakespeare was a member. His work was done, not as a modern dramatist's, for any company which Heaven and Frohman may please to call together, but for a small united band of men of whom he was one, with whom he lived in close intimacy. The form of words which styles him a professional manager writing for his bread and for the honor of his comrades, quite as much as for the love of the game, is no idle one. He may have turned the pages of Holinshed's *Chronicle* from literary interest, but it is as likely that his trained eye was searching for a story which would hang well upon the shoulders of his close friend and leading tragic actor, Richard Burbage. Lately it has been pointed out that as Burbage grows older, Shakespeare's central figure grows older, that the progress from Romeo and Richard through Benedick and Hamlet to Macbeth and to Lear is a noticeable one.

Accounts of the Queen Mother's retirement since the funeral of King Edward comment on the fact that the first book she took up was the life story of an American woman, "Marion Harland's Autobiography." This book attracted her attention because of the glimpses of life and social customs in the South before the war.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

Sketches from Bill Nye's Memoirs.

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles by way of the river division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. A large number of people from the rural districts had taken advantage of half rates on the railroad, and had been in town watching the conflict in the arena, listening to the infirm, decrepit ring joke and viewing the bogus sacred elephant.

The shouts of revelry had died away. The last loiterer had retired from the free-lunch counter, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The restless hyena in the Roman menagerie had sunk to rest, and the Numidian lion at the stock-yards had taken out his false teeth for the night. The moon piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds tipped the dark waters of the Tiber with a wavy, tremulous light. The dark-browed Roman soldier moved on his homeward way, the sidewalk flipping up occasionally and hitting him in the small of the back.

No sound was heard save the low sob of some retiring wave as it told its story to the smooth pebbles on the beach, or the unrelenting hoot-jack struck the high board fence in the back yard, just missing the Roman tomcat in its mad flight, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. Anon the half-stifled Roman snore would steal in upon its deathly stillness and then die away like a hot biscuit in the hands of the hired man.

In the greenroom of the amphitheatre a little band of gladiators were assembled. The foam of conflict yet lingered on their lips, the scowl of battle yet hung upon their brows, and the large knobs on their profiles indicated that it had been a busy day with them in the arena.

There was an embarrassing silence of about five minutes when Spartacus, gently laying his chew of tobacco on the hannister, stepped forth and addressed them:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met in the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and yet has never squealed. I do not say this egotistically, but simply to show that I am the star thumper of the entire outfit.

"If there be one among you can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my words, let him stand forth and say it, and I will spread him around over the arena, till the coroner will have to soak him out of the ground with benzine. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come, and I will construct upon their physiognomies such cupolas, and cornices, and dormer-windows, and Corinthian capitals, and entablatures, that their own masters would pass them by in the broad light of the high noon unrecognized.

"And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, the savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from Sparta, Wisconsin, and settled among the vine-clad hills and citron groves of Syracuse. My early life ran as quiet as the clear brook by which I sported. Aside from the gentle patter of my angel mother's slipper on the hustle of my overalls, everything moved along with the still and rhythmic flow of goose-grease. My boyhood was one long, happy summer day. We stole the Roman muskmelon, and put split sticks on the tail of the Roman dog, and life was a picnic and a ballelujah.

"One evening, after the sheep had been driven into the corral, and we were all seated beneath the 'Bammylead' tree that shaded our cottage, my grandfader, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and Dr. Mary Walker, and other great men, and how a little band of Spartans at Milwaukee had stood off the police, and how they fled away into the mountains, and there successfully held an annual pass over the C. M. & St. P. Railroad. Held it for a year! I did not know then what war was, but my cheeks burned. I knew not why; and I thought what a glorious thing it would be to leave the reservation and go upon the war-path. But my mother kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go and soak my head and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coasts. They pillaged the whole country, burned the agency buildings, demolished the ranche, rode off the stock, tore down the smoke-house, and ran their war-horses over the cucumber vines.

"Today I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet clasps and looked upon him, behold! he was my friend. The same sweet smile was on his face that I had known when in adventurous boyhood we hatched in the glassy lake by our Spartan home, and he had tied my shirt into one thousand seven hundred and fifty-two dangerous and difficult knots.

"He knew me, smiled faintly, told me always to tell the truth, and to travel by the Milwaukee and St. Paul road, and then as-

cended the golden stair. I begged of the Praetor that I might be allowed to hear away the body, and have it packed in ice and shipped to his relatives at Sparta, Wisconsin, but he couldn't see it.

"As upon my headed knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged this poor boon, the Praetor answered: 'Let the carrion rot. There are no noble men but Romans and Ohio men. Let the show go on. Bring forth the hob-tail lion from Ahyssinia.' And the assembled maids and matrons and the rabble shouted in derision, and told me to 'brace up,' and they threw peanut-shells at me, and told me to 'cheese it,' with other Roman flings, which I do not now recall.

"And so must you, fellow-gladiators, and so must I, die like dogs. Tomorrow we are hilled to appear at the Colosseum, at Rome, and reversed seats are even now being sold at the corner of Third and Jackson Streets, St. Paul, for our moral and instructive performance while I am speaking to you.

"Ye stand here like giants as ye are, but tomorrow some Roman dude will pat your red hawn, and bet shekels on your blood.

"O Rome! Rome! Thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Thou hast given to that gentle, timid, shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron, and a heart of steel. Thou hast taught him to drive his sword through plated mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the stomach of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of a fierce Numidian lion even as the smooth-cheeked senator looks into the laughing eyes of the chambermaid.

"And he shall pay thee back till the rushing Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled. Ye doubtless hear the gentle murmur of my bazoo.

"Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh, but tomorrow he will have gladiator on toast, and don't you forget it; and he will fling your vertebrae around his cage and wipe his nose on your clustering hair.

"If ye are hrutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting the hutter's knife. If ye are men, arise and follow me! Strike down the warden and the turnkey, slide our baggage out the third-story window of the amphitheatre, overpower the public, and cut for the tall timber.

"O Comrades! Warriors! Gladiators! If we be men, let us die like men, beneath the blue sky and by the still waters, and be buried according to Hoyle, instead of having our shin bones polished off by Numidian lions amid the groans and hisses of the populace here in Rome, New York."

The Opium Habit.

I have always had a horror of opiates of all kinds. They are so seductive and so still in their operations. They steal through the blood like a wolf on the trail, and they seize on the heart with their white fangs till it is still forever.

Up the Laramie there is a cluster of ranches, at the base of the Medicine Bow, near the north end of Sheep Mountain. Well, a young man, whom we will call Curtis, lived at one of these ranches years ago, and, though a quiet, mind-your-own-business fellow, who had absolutely no enemies among his companions, he had the misfortune to incur the wrath of a tramp sheep-herder, who waylaid Curtis one afternoon, and shot him dead as he sat in his buggy. Curtis wasn't armed.

A rancher came into town and telegraphed to Curtis's father, and then half a dozen citizens went out to help capture the herder, who had fled to the foothills.

They didn't get back till toward daybreak, but they brought the herder with them. I saw him in the gray of the morning, lying in a coarse gray blanket on the floor of the engine-house. He was dead.

I asked, as a reporter, how he came to his death, and they told me, "opium." The murderer had taken poison when he found that escape was impossible.

I was present at the inquest, so that I could report the case. There was very little testimony, but all the evidence seemed to point to the fact that life was extinct, and a verdict of death by his own hand was rendered.

It was the first opium work I had ever seen, and it aroused my curiosity. Death by opium, it seems, leaves a dark purple ring around the neck. I did not know this before. People who die by opium also tie their hands together before they die. This is one of the eccentricities of opium poisoning that I have never seen laid down in the books. I bequeath it to medical science. Whenever I run up against a new scientific discovery, I just hand it right over to the public without cost.

Ever since the above incident I have been very apprehensive about people who seem to be likely to form the opium habit. It is one of the most deadly narcotics, especially in a new country.

John Corbin, formerly literary director of the New Theatre in New York, caused a good deal of surprise a few months ago when he said that the experience of two years had convinced him that there are 2000 people in this country engaged in writing unactable plays. Charles Frohman hears out the statement.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Education of Uncle Paul.

Paul Rivers reached the age of forty-five without being able to find expression for his deepest longings. On his return to England, after an absence in America of some twenty years, he envied the Irish steamer passenger whose first sight of his native land for half a century brought the tears unbidden to his eyes. Paul felt as deeply, but no tears came. He had had the same experience in America, where his business as a lumber valuer had taken him into a life of solitude, but close to nature. He was thrown in upon himself, "great slabs of him, so to speak, stopped growing up, sinking down into the subconscious region." And now that he was returning home to meet again the widowed sister whom he had not seen for twenty years, and, above all, her young children, the offspring of his college chum, Paul was in a quandary. He felt sure the children would find out that he was an ungrown man, that he was still a child at heart, and so he came to the resolve to disguise his emotions. He determined never to forget, or allow them to forget, that he was a stiff and elderly man, not to be trifled with under any conditions.

But this programme was doomed to failure. It did not take into account Nixie, the spritlike girl who was to prove such an important factor in her uncle's education. Nor the other children, all of whom are depicted by Mr. Blackwood with consummate skill. At first Nixie and the others accepted their uncle at his own valuation, and helped him in his pretense. But there came a day when Nixie resolved to put an end to the farce, which she did in a delightfully childlike manner, convincing her uncle that she and the others were perfectly confident that he knew as much about "real things," that is, the things of the child-world, as they did. From that moment Paul put aside his disguise, and surrendered himself to Nixie's elevating influence. To tell how the transformation was accomplished, to even suggest something of the humor and the poignant tenderness which were brought into the man's life by his dream-child niece, would absorb too much space, but the book which sets all this before the reader in language of rare grace and poetry will assuredly take high rank in the fiction of the present year. It may be that Mr. Blackwood has a thesis to sustain, that he would fain teach his generation something of the reality that lies behind the shows of mortal life, and uncover the relation of the life that now is to that which is unseen, but even so the manner in which it is done places this story apart in an exceedingly select class. It will find its audience slowly; it may never be a "best-seller"; but as a book of the spirit, and a perfect idyll of sweet child life it will be treasured when many "best-sellers" have gone to the dust heap.

THE EDUCATION OF UNCLE PAUL. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

The Street of Adventure.

Journalism in London—Fleet Street is "the street of adventure"—provides the background for this story, against which is depicted the struggles of a clergyman's son of Oxford training who decided to make his living by newspaper work. The early chapters are entertaining reading, giving, as they do, a fairly truthful picture of the inside life of a London newspaper office, and several of the characters—members of the staff—are clearly visualized, notably the editor, and Christopher Codrington and Katherine Halstead. Nor is Mr. Gibbs less successful in his handling of the subordinate hirelings to be found in most London newspaper offices. For a time the reader is interested in the hero's attempts to justify his position on his organ, and will follow with mingled sympathy and amusement his efforts to hunt up particulars of an alleged murder in a low neighborhood. Entertaining, too, is the account of his interview with a titled lady in search of more "copy," but beyond that point the story grows somewhat wearisome. The conclusion is tame and unsatisfactory.

THE STREET OF ADVENTURE. By Philip Gibbs. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Letters to My Son.

Mother-love in anticipation is set forth in this unusual little book with strange wistfulness and poignancy. The first of the letters tells of the "discovery," the assurance of that condition in which women would be who love their lord, and the last is written while the babe is still unborn. Over them all broods the spirit of maternity, a spirit of tender humor, of aiding faithfulness, of abundant forgiveness. "Little son," the musing voice says, "these letters are for you, so that if I should not live to see you grow up, if I should have to leave you before ever your eyes could look at me, or your voice cry to me, you should know how much I had loved you and longed for you." There are wise and affectionate counsels on all kinds of topics, on games, and love, and fathers and mothers, on anger, on religion, on living heartily, and so on, but there is no "preaching," just the outwelling of a mother heart, capable of understanding all sides of life, and holding in reserve a love

which will not fail no matter what may happen. As has been said the book is unusual; it is, indeed, unique, not alone for its subject-matter, but also for the charm of its manner. It should find a home under every roof over which the stork is hovering.

LETTERS TO MY SON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

The Flower of Destiny.

Five stories of Eastern flavor and topic are included in this volume. Margaret Mordecai suggests the Orient in an effective manner, relying upon something more than the use of such words of local atmosphere as "divan," "harem," and the like. Her heroes are of the East in their self-centred calm; her heroines betray the same origin by their sensuous beauty and captivity to superstition. Hence the fascination of these stories, which have a partial foundation in olden legends, but owe far more to the story-teller's gifts. In fact, the original versions are confessedly ignored when occasion demands. Human passions, and especially the supreme passion of love, are ever in evidence, and sprightly dialogue and absorbing incident are not lacking.

THE FLOWER OF DESTINY. Old Days of the Serail. By Margaret Mordecai. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

The Wife of Altamont.

Given on the one hand an illegitimate son and on the other a daughter who is horn of an ill-assorted marriage, the result of a union between the two may well have the issues described by Violet Hunt with such pronounced realism. Perhaps the reader's acceptance of the story would have been more unreserved had the parent on either side received more attention in the early chapters, but the main characters are so vividly analyzed or portrayed by suggestion that the wreck of their marriage is wholly plausible. The story is somewhat sordid in places, not immorally so, but in lowness of taste; yet it has power of a distinct quality and is not lacking in good dialogue and telling situations. Between the lines, too, there is much telling satire of English social conditions.

THE WIFE OF ALTAMONT. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

Lower California.

Once more Arthur W. North makes an important contribution to our knowledge of "Uncle Sam's lost province." The present volume is entirely different from the same author's "The Mother of California," inasmuch as it is a record of adventure and hunting in the first place and deals but incidentally with direct exploration. Of course Mr. North adds greatly to our information as to the cities, trails, and natural resources of Lower California, but all this must be gleaned by the reader by the way, and then classified by himself.

As a narrative of travel and hardships in a little known land the volume is intensely interesting and valuable. It is an account of seven months' journeying, representing an actual distance of three thousand five hundred miles, and gives the reader a vivid idea of the peninsula at many points. Indeed, as Admiral Evans says in his foreword, the book will afford much pleasure to "every man with an ounce of red blood in his veins or any fondness for a dash of excitement or a whiff of fresh air." Mr. North writes in so lively a manner that to read his book is to enjoy almost personal experience of the El Camino Real with all its fascinations. He was in great peril at one stage of his journey owing to the lack of water, but there were compensations, especially at Mulge, where he met some charming Mexican maidens. Asserting, to one who asked him how many daughters he had, that he was a bachelor, the maiden rejoined, "Assuredly, all that have ever come here have stoutly averred that they were bachelors." Mr. North does not think the United States will ever acquire Lower California, at least not by any filibustering methods such as Walker tried. It should be added that the book is provided with a map of the peninsula and is enriched by numerous illustrations from photographs taken by the author.

CAMP AND CAMINO IN LOWER CALIFORNIA. By Arthur W. North. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$3 net.

Our Search for a Wilderness.

Besides learning a great deal of interest to ornithologists, Mr. and Mrs. Beebe by their expeditions to Venezuela and British Guiana were able to acquire impressions which have enabled them to write a fascinating book of travel. Many will be surprised that within a few days' sail of New York there are regions where so much that is new and interesting can be seen, but the secret is, of course, that the travelers had eyes trained to observation, cameras with which to catch unusual pictures, and pens competent to make a pleasant narrative from their experiences.

Much of the exploration of Venezuela was done in a little sloop, enabling a close study of many unique forms of bird life. For the land expeditions the retinue of the travelers included a small native who did not know his age. "He said his grandmother was 'keeping his age.'" A charming idea is that Venezue-

lan custom of having some responsible member of the family keep all the ages. Think of being able to say truthfully that you really do not know how old you are!" By far the larger section of the book is devoted to British Guiana. There is an informing account of Georgetown, the sojourn at which was followed by a launch trip to Hoorie Creek, and other interesting expeditions. Everywhere Mr. and Mrs. Beebe found bird life in abundance, and were able to secure many new specimens for the New York Zoological Park. It will be surprising if this delightful book does not inspire many who are not ornithologists to follow in the footsteps of the authors.

OUR SEARCH FOR A WILDERNESS. By Mary Blair and C. William Beebe. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.75 net.

Briefer Reviews.

An admirable story for vacation hours is Curtis Yorke's "Wayward Anne" (Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.50), for it tells in an entertaining manner the story of an unusual friendship and through an attractive series of incidents leads to that climax of love rewarded which never fails to charm.

Thomas A. Janvier makes a valuable addition to folklore in his "Legends of the City of Mexico" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.30 net), a volume which represents the industrious gleanings of a quarter of a century. The legends "reflect accurately the tone of thought, and exhibit more or less clearly the customs and the conditions of the time to which they belong."

To the admirable new edition of the works of Vernon Lee, "Althea" (John Lane Company; \$1.50 net) has now been added. The "dialogues on aspirations and duties" contained in this volume represent their author at her best, giving, as they do, numerous prose poems of haunting beauty. In typography and binding this edition leaves nothing to be desired.

Somewhat of a departure from the line usually adopted by the Lyman Beecher lecturers is that taken by H. Hensley Henson in his "The Liberty of Prophesying" (Yale University Press; \$1.50 net), the aim of which is to direct attention to the "grave danger into which the Christian preacher has been brought." Speaking from the standpoint of an English Episcopalian, Dr. Henson fears that in America "the worst dangers to the clergyman's liberty are those which arise from the ignorance of congregations, the vagaries of religious individualism, and the 'intolerable strain' of the 'denominational struggle for existence.'" Dr. Henson claims for the Christian preacher the right to think and speak freely within the limits described by personal discipleship and pastoral duty.

Perhaps James Henry MacLafferty's attainments as a poet are best presented in two of his own lines:

There doth not speak the man I am,
But he I long to be.

In "Light Through the Valley" (Paul Elder & Co.; 50 cents net) his theme is taken from the twenty-third Psalm, and he attains that tranquillity of spirit which is characteristic of the Old Testament singer. A similar atmosphere pervades the poems of "My Soul's Cathedral" (Paul Elder & Co.; 90 cents net), which display a facile gift of rhyme and give good promise for future achievements. Mr. MacLafferty is at that stage where the form of his verse counts for more than contents; but here and there one comes upon a poem which embodies a worthy thought artistically expressed, as in "Life's Paradoxes":

Light out of darkness,
Success from pain;
Joy out of sadness,
Out of loss gain.

Strength from our weakness,
Rest from our care,
God recompenses
For all that we bear.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Cambridge History of English Literature.

As has been the case with previous volumes, the latest installment of the Cambridge History of English Literature is really a series of monographs, there being no inherent relation between the chapters and no attempt at a synthetic treatment. The various essays, however, are still contributed by specialists, and perhaps it is no disadvantage that the work leaves the student to trace the development of literature for himself.

In the present volume the field is covered from Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton, the opening chapter being devoted to the translators, of whom the former was perhaps the most distinguished. Among the notable writers dealt with subsequently are Raleigh, Campion, Donne, Burton, and Drayton, the metre of whose "Poly-Olbion" is defended on the plea that "no known form of stanza certainly could have carried the reader on as does this amiable ambling pace, never very fast, but never very slow." Burton of "Anatomy" fame is the theme of some suggestive pages, in which it is stated that "the writer's temperament, matched with his theme, exhibits him not merely as the physician of body and soul, but as a satirist, a humorist, and a social and political reformer." The "Anatomy" was reprinted up to 1676, and then no new edition appeared until 1800. Ferriar's list of Sterne's transferences from Burton's pages is said to be far from exhaustive.

Another great figure included in the volume is Francis Bacon, whose personal character is analyzed with sympathy, and whose influence is summed up in this judgment: "He did more than any one else to help free the intellect from preconceived notions, and to direct it to the unbiased study of facts, whether of nature, of mind, or of society; he vindicated an independent position for the positive sciences; and to this, in the main, he owes his position in the history of modern thought."

A subject of great possibilities and fascination was assigned to H. G. Aldis in "The Book Trade, 1557-1625," but the chapter is not so entertaining or so complete as it should have been. On turning to the bibliography of this chapter the reason for Mr. Aldis's failure becomes partly obvious. There is no reference to the State papers (domestic series) for the period under discussion, and hence Mr. Aldis has deprived himself of the most valuable source of picturesque detail relating to the book trade of England in the second half of the sixteenth century and the first quarter of the seventeenth century. One looks in vain, consequently, for any reference to Michael Sparke, a bookseller of undaunted courage who gave the Star Chamber a world of trouble.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. IV. Prose and Poetry: Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Maurice Hewlett.

Apart from the biographical facts given in the first chapter, this study of the well-known novelist has little to recommend it. It appears that Mr. Hewlett began to read and scribble as far back as his family can remember, and that the "Morte d'Arthur" was one of the first volumes to arrest his close attention. After Mallory, his literary tutors were Shakespeare, Don Quixote in English, Sir Thomas Browne, Carlyle, Keats, Shelley, and Dante. Ill health was the cause of his early visits to Italy, visits which were to have so great an influence over his writing.

Each of Mr. Hewlett's hooks is passed in review in the critical section of the volume, but the appreciations are not particularly illuminating. They give a summary of plots, and here and there an attempt is made to divine the author's purpose, yet the reader's knowledge is not materially increased. Mr. Bronner is too much of a hero-worshiper to attain the judicial mind.

MAURICE HEWLETT. By Milton Bronner. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Indian and His Problem.

In writing about the Indian, Francis E. Leupp can draw upon an intimacy with the red man extending over a quarter of a century. Naturally, too, his term as United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs added materially to his knowledge. Hence the present volume is distinguished for the accuracy of its information. It is also remarkable for its sympathetic spirit.

While not blind to the defects of the Indian, Mr. Leupp is at pains to defend him from many popular charges. Thus, he contends that because he does not open his heart to a stranger or fly into a passion under abuse, it is a mistake to say he is without feeling. On the contrary, "he is one of the most sensitive of human beings. Stolid as a stone under his enemy's tortures, he may be broken in spirit by the death of a child." Again, while the Indian is slow in reaching a decision, "an Indian council is a standing rebuke to the noisy assemblies in which at times our own people debate questions of public importance." Further, he is not to be classed with the negro; he is more than a non-Caucasian, for he has a distinct individuality.

Among the topics which Mr. Leupp discusses with knowledge and impartiality are the working of the Burke law, the Indian at work and as a capitalist, legislation for a dependent race, liberty and discipline, missionaries and their methods, and the Indian territory experiment. As to the future, Mr. Leupp believes that the Indian will be absorbed and merged in the white race. He points to the absence among the red people of those conditions which among the negroes led to the appearance of Booker Washington, and declares that if such a leader were to come forward tomorrow he would receive no response save from the handful of Indians who spoke the same tongue and knew him and his forefathers. But may not such a leader come later? No, is Mr. Leupp's answer, because "there will be no 'later' for the Indian. He is losing his identity hour by hour, competing with whites in the labor market, mingling with white communities and absorbing white pioneers into his own." In fact, all that once made for the racial isolation of the Indian is passing or has passed.

THE INDIAN AND HIS PROBLEM. By Francis E. Leupp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

William Blake, the mystic, is a somewhat unthinkable subject for the pyrotechnics of G. K. Chesterton, but a volume of criticism on the painter and poet is being prepared by G. K. C. for fall publication.

Mrs. Craigie's correspondence is to be published under the caption of the "Letters of John Oliver Hohhes," her father, J. Morgan Richards, having undertaken the editorship of the volume.

"An American Citizen" is the title under which will be published shortly James Graham Brooks's biographical study of William Henry Baldwin, Jr., who was a director in thirty corporations, in addition to being a leader in tenement house reform. The book is to be dedicated to "the men and women of America, in whose keeping lies the civic and business honor of the nation."

For reasons which will be readily appreciated when his agnostic leanings are recalled, John Morley in his monumental life of William E. Gladstone left untouched the religious side of the statesman's life. Now, however, his letters relating to the church and religion have been published in two large volumes. The letters appear to emphasize their writer's verbose style, but contain a reference which proves that Mr. Gladstone was not insensible to a better use of language. Thus he writes of Newman: "I do not know if Newman's style affects others as I find myself affected by it. It is a transporting style. I find myself continually disposed to cry aloud, and vent myself in that way, as I read. It is like the very highest music, and seems sometimes in heauty to go beyond the human."

Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," which was at first published under the title of "A Good Fight," is to be reprinted in the Oxford Library of Prose and Verse. When it appeared in serial form in *Once a Week* it increased the circulation of that periodical by 20,000.

Alfred C. Myers has undertaken the editorship of the complete works of William Penn, which at present are available only in four meagre and antiquated editions dating from 1726 to 1825.

Agnes Laut is said to be the highest paid woman writer on the American continent and holds the position of "advisor" on four leading magazines.

According to the London *Athenaeum*, "there is probably no one living who pretends to keep abreast of contemporary fiction. To do so would be a superhuman task, and would result in the obfuscation of the human intellect. As a consequence it is easier for talent to escape notice now than it was."

Among the hooks announced by the Sturgis & Walton Company for fall publication are: "The Suffragette," by E. Sylvia Pankhurst; "Leopold II, King of the Belgians," by Angelo S. Rappoport; and "Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness," by H. Hesketh-Prichard. The last-named volume will relate experiences acquired in Patagonia and British North America.

Arnold Bennett's forthcoming novel, "Clayhanger," is to be the first of a trilogy devoted to a description of the breaking down of the old spirit in England by sociological development.

Warning is given about "the misrepresentations that are being fathered by the dry goods stores who are masquerading cheap and poorly manufactured standard authors under the guise of standard editions." It is contended that the prices asked are greatly in excess of those at which the sets were originally offered.

An attempt to "draw" a number of English novelists into expressions of opinion on the present condition of fiction has elicited this reply from H. G. Wells: "I don't read many novels, but when I do take up one by a new

writer, more often than not I am surprised by its power and quality. There is, I should think, an extraordinary abundance of admirable work being published now. I know my own game, of course, but whether I'm a reactionary or a leader or merely an eccentric writer I'm unable to say." W. J. Locke says: "The novel of plot and intrigue, with its wonderful architectonic structure, which was brought to absolute perfection by Miss Bradon, is as dead as the epic."

A. Maurice Low's "The American People," which closed with the Revolution, is to have a sequel dealing with "The Harvesting of the Nation" and bringing the history of the development of the American people up to the time of the Civil War. Mr. Low contemplates a third and final volume, to be issued next year.

New Books Received.

A GUIDE TO THE ANTIQUITIES OF UPPER EGYPT. By Arthur E. P. Weigall. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Restricting himself to the district between Abydos and the Sudan frontier, Mr. Weigall provides an invaluable handbook which is distinguished by the fact that "each chapter has been written actually in, or in a few cases a stone's throw away from, the temples or tombs therein described." There are numerous maps and plans.

ESSAYS IN FALLACY. By Andrew Macphail. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.80 net.

Discussions of the American woman, the psychology of the suffragette, the fallacy in education, and the fallacy in theology, addressed "immediately to the woman, the professor, and the theologian—three persons who have much in common, the one with the other."

IN AND OUT OF FLORENCE. By Max Vernon. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Characterized by the author as "a sort of guide-book or introduction to Florence, both for those who actually are coming or have come to it, and for those who can come only in the spirit." Copiously illustrated from drawings and photographs.

HARDY PLANTS FOR COTTAGE GARDENS. By Helen R. Albee. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.60 net.

Not "an ambitious contribution to the subject of floriculture; it is a faithful record of the ignorance, repeated failures, and disheartening losses that have attended" humble efforts to create the best possible garden in a limited area.

OUR GARDEN FLOWERS. By Harriet L. Keeler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

Described as "the outcome of a lifelong search for a volume with which one might make a little journey into the garden, and become acquainted with the dwellers therein." The book is liberally illustrated.

THE ASCENDING EFFORT. By George Bourne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Upholds the thesis that the furtherance of art or science is "but part of the wider effort with which our times are ringing. Neither eugenics nor any other science is everything, nor yet is art."

A BOOK OF THE BLACK FOREST. By C. E. Hughes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

A record of several holidays spent in the Black Forest with the companionship of many books. Twenty-one illustrations by the author and two maps.

GEORGE MEER, BATH CHAIR-MAN. By Himself. With an introduction by H. G. Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An autobiography of singular interest vouched for by Mr. Wells in an enthusiastic manner. He affirms that Mr. Meer has at times "the stark simplicity of literary greatness."

THE WISDOM OF THE APOCRYPHA. With an introduction by C. E. Lawrence. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents net.

An addition to the Wisdom of the East series, reprinting the Wisdom of Solomon, and Ecclesiasticus. Mr. Lawrence contends that the neglect of the Apocryphal writings has meant an unjustifiable loss, inasmuch as they give the link between the Old and New Testaments.

THE CAVE-WOMAN. By Viola Burhans. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

This "novel of today" has nothing to do with prehistoric persons, but is a romance of a real Cave-woman, beginning and ending in a literal cave.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW. By Nanette B. Paul. New York: The Century Company; 75 cents.

A concise presentation of parliamentary law, specially designed for the use of members of college organizations.

WHAT TO DO AT RECESS. By George E. Johnson. Boston: Ginn & Co.; 25 cents.

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ORPHEUM VAUDEVILLE.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Judging from advance notices, the Orpheum is going to have exceptionally entertaining bills two weeks running. Several of this week's holdover numbers still stand as leading attractions; notably that of the two pretty Finney girls in their mermaid act. Strange to say, this is the very first time I ever saw tank swimming on the stage, and, at first sight of the tank, it was to gasp. It looked to me, except for height, about the dimensions of an ordinary bathtub, and how those two pretty things were going to introduce their curvilinear dimensions therein simultaneously was a problem, or looked to be one. However, they did it with ease and grace; actually, with grace. As with the aerial-ballettes their business calls for graceful pose, and the two could swim by each other without collision, their black-clothed bodies—for they were in modestly sombre tights from throat to toes—always maintaining graceful curves, and their hair clouding itself about their heads in a way to throw a painter of beautiful women into an æsthetic ecstasy. Both girls are wonderful divers; that is, in respect to the length of time they stay under water. The paint on their pretty faces is evidently the kind that is warranted not to wash off; but, except for this artificial bloom, the little of their flesh that showed seemed to become alarmingly white during their long submergence, especially that of the tallest—Maud, presumably—who, with her head resting on her hand, sank comfortably to the bottom, and, in an attitude of maidenly meditation, remained there some eighty or more seconds.

Another hold-over act was that of "Clown Zertzo's Canine Comedians," one of the best trained-dog acts I have seen, especially considering the number that the trainer handled. The act was amusing, in spite of evidences of fear and animosity on the part of the less politic of the poor little wage-earners; that red-ruffed black and tan, for instance, who, when his master teased and jeered at him, showed, in every crinkle of his black, fiercely wrinkled muzzle, in every white flash of his wickedly displayed teeth, an almost irresistible desire to snatch a cutlet out of the grinning, tormenting countenance that dared him to let loose. He didn't take the dare. He was a dog of parts, and he forced himself to remember that his head and board depended on obedience.

Zertzo is clever enough, I fancy, to turn the idiosyncrasies of different dogs to account. He allowed Red Ruff to show his emotions because he is naturally an emotional dog, and it tickled the audience to observe the workings of his canine feelings. I also put up a little theory on my own account that the minute scrap of caninity that leaped so unerringly in and out of the basket had, upon some past occasion, fled to a similar receptacle, during the beginning lesson, in order to evade or deprecate his master's displeasure, and that Zertzo immediately turned this funny little action to account.

One thing is sure. We need never fear doing injustice to a kind master with these vague speculations, for it is well known that animals are never trained for public performances by coaxing, petting, and loving them, however brightly they may respond to an affectionate master's injunctions in the after-dinner, indulgent atmosphere around the family hearthstone.

And, anyway, one might as well speculate vaguely in the thought-deadening atmosphere of vaudeville, where dramatic criticism—if such a thing there be—falls dead for lack of drama.

As Mr. Peter Donald remarked at the close of his applauded "comedy of plaids and Highland humor," it's all for the evening's laugh. Mr. Donald succeeds in winning his share of it by his amusing and inoffensive imitation of a cheerful inebriate's sudden variations of expression, from that of profound drunken gravity to impressive drunken wisdom, and also by his prettily comic dance.

De Lion gives a clever exhibition of juggling with billiard balls, and the five Olympians pose in imitation of groups of statuary modeled by famous sculptors.

The "five Olympians," if I am not mistaken, are one of a similar number of posers of statuary that have been here before. I seem to recognize their subjects, their poses, the sinister countenance of one of them, and their

style of drapery. They have hit on a new device, and the classic white purity of the "totosample" has now given place to a rich, gold bronze, which has the curious effect of making the figures look under life size. The poses are admirable in their grace, and wonderful in their immobility. One can see nothing move but the breathing muscles; and strange it is to see a magnificent motionless body, apparently chiseled from gold or bronze suddenly become perceptibly animated, just below the chest, with the faint but unmistakable flutter of life. Their poses are all striking and beautiful, but I register a protest against the ungraceful drapery about the loins of the woman. "The Race," which I remember from their past visit, still remains a masterpiece; a marvel of arrested motion when you consider that the subjects are alive.

The greatest drawing attraction this week is, no doubt, Annabelle Whitford in her "singing novelty," which, sooth to say, is a novelty indeed. Annabelle, however, is just plain, every-day vaudeville. On second thoughts I withdraw the word plain, as Annabelle is decidedly pretty. And she needs to be, to carry her "singing novelty through" to a successful conclusion. If any girl who was not pretty, and alluringly curved, and sinuously and sumptuously gowned, should endeavor to carry on in "The Flirting Girl" as did Annabelle Whitford, she would be regarded with cold disapproval by those hard-hearted masculines who, at present, not having been bathed in her cruel little searchlight, are regarding her as a successful bewitcher.

But once catch her business eye, and be caught by her business searchlight, then commend your soul to heaven and retire behind your hat. There is no other escape. For Annabelle practices the Alice Lloyd trick of throwing a pocket searchlight upon the most promising victim. During her engagement I advise all young men of bashful proclivities to avoid carefully the proscenium boxes, for Annabelle is looking for young men of bashful proclivities.

This terrible young woman, like the ruthless Alice, has got to make good, and if she can cause the victim to writhe publicly, so much the better. If he gasps audibly, seizes the lapel of his coat, passes his hand meaninglessly across his glistening brow, unnecessarily wipes his nose, endeavoring all the while, as his eyes become fixed in a horrid stare and his muscles become rigid with bashful agony, to assume an easy, devil-may-care expression, so much the better.

The cruel audience laughs ecstatically. It is as pitiless as the Roman populace that diverted itself with the amusing agonies of the dying gladiator. A few kind-hearted ones breathe a sigh of sympathetic relief when the circle of light is withdrawn. But the victim need not indulge in the luxury of relief. Rather let him get up and flee instantler, if he prizes his invisibility in a crowd, for, as the cat to the mouse it is torturing, the light is sure to return. As for the fat, hardened citizen who fears nor man, nor devil, nor searchlight, I suggest that he obtain a placard brazenly advertising his business, and give a neat advertising stunt by holding it up to the all-revealing rays when Annabelle favors him with her attention.

I should have mentioned, by the way, that, during the searchlight torture, the pretty singer, bewitchingly gotten up, and, in the midst of prevailing darkness, lighted by a private spotlight of her own, is carried over our heads in a kind of car by some invisible agency which can not be discovered in the dark. Her car gravitates from side to side, while she sings in a fairly agreeable voice, and with a Middle West accent as strong as onions informs various favored ones of her flirts, "If you flirt with me I'll flirt with you," or warbles poutingly of some unresponsive one, "I guess that party's heart's as cold as ice." For she has her verses all ready to fit any occasion that may arise, or to hit off the searchlighted subject, whether he be bold or bashful.

Supervision over European inns of the sixteenth century was far stricter than at present, especially in Italy. At Lucca and at Florence all the inns were in a single street; and in many towns the new arrival was taken before the authorities by the guard at the gates before he was allowed to choose his inn, to which he would be conducted by a soldier. At Lucca, too, was a department of the judiciary, which was specially concerned with strangers; and to this the innkeepers had to send a daily report of each guest. Yet to judge by the tourists' accounts, the supervision might well have been carried further, and reports upon the innkeepers required from the tourists. Such a system of double reports would have been a check on the murdering innkeeper, to whom there are occasional references.

Practically all of the roof gardens of the big New York hotels have opened for the summer. More than a thousand American heavy roses were used to decorate one of the gardens on opening night. The lights over the tables were shaded by glass tulips and lotus flowers in natural colors, and the chairs were covered with flowered chintz.

SIXTY YEARS AN ACTOR.

The Record of Hermann Vezin, an American Who Won His Laurels in England.

There have been few more accomplished actors upon the English-speaking stage during the last fifty years than Hermann Vezin, who died in London June 12, in his eighty-second year. Although an American by birth and education, almost the whole of his theatrical career was passed in Great Britain, his appearances in the States being few and unimportant. Born in Philadelphia in March, 1829, he was educated in that city, and received the degree of M. A. from the University of Pennsylvania. His eyesight failing, he went to Berlin in 1850 for treatment, and thence traveled to England, where he resolved to try his fortune before the footlights. His first engagement was at York and soon afterward he was playing in support of Mrs. Nisbet in Southampton. His progress was uncommonly rapid, for in 1851 he ventured to appear in such characters as Shylock, Young Norval, Claude Melnotte, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Richelieu, in the Theatre Royal, Ryde. That he achieved a creditable degree of success is proved by the fact that Charles Kean engaged him to play Pembroke in his famous revival of "King John" at the Princess's Theatre in London, in 1852. Here, too, he acquitted himself well, Kean especially complimenting him upon his delivery of blank verse. To the last his clean-cut, scholastic, and melodious elocution lent a special distinction to all his performances (says a critic in the New York Evening Post). After leaving the Princess's he returned to the English provinces, where he was on the circuit for seven or eight years, in the course of which he played many of Shakespeare's leading characters, gradually establishing himself in public favor and acquiring a solid reputation.

At last he was emboldened to reënter London, and engaged the Surrey Theatre (long associated with Shepherd and Creswick), where, in 1859, he opened in "Macbeth," with marked success. Next he appeared in Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, King John, Louis XI, and Sir Giles Overreach, winning applause in all. It should be remembered that the Surrey audiences of those days were well versed in the legitimate and romantic drama, and were no mean critics, although their taste was inclined rather toward the robust than the delicate. Influential writers in the press were prompt to recognize in Mr. Vezin an actor of rare intelligence, versatility, and force. At this time he was married to Mrs. Charles Young, a first-class actress, with whom he achieved a triumph in the "Donna Diana" of Westland Marston. After this he made great hits in "The Man o' Airlie" (made familiar in this country by Lawrence Barrett) and in the "Dan'l Druce" of W. S. Gilbert. He also carried off a large share of the theatrical honors when Daniel Bandmann produced Lord Lytton's "The Rightful Heir," by his forceful impersonation of the formidable Sir Grey de Malpas. In 1886, at the Grand Theatre, Islington, he gave a single performance of Count Cenci, in Shelley's tragedy. It was an invitation performance, as the censor had refused a license.

For forty years Mr. Vezin stood in the first rank of his profession, and was the delight of all connoisseurs of artistic acting, but he never succeeded in winning general popularity, and he had the misfortune to be connected with many managerial disasters, for which he, however, was in no sense responsible. But he was acknowledged to be one of the most trustworthy and capable players of his time, and whenever there was special need of an actor of peculiar parts, he was the first to be sought for. His Dr. Primrose in "Olivia," of which part he was the creator, was exquisite in its benign simplicity, its paternal tenderness, its noble indignation, and its unaffected pathos. There were many who thought it far superior to that of Henry Irving, and when the latter fell sick it was Hermann Vezin who was called to fill his place. In the same way, when Irving broke down in Macbeth, it was Vezin who replaced him at a moment's notice and played the part with a power which Irving himself most promptly and generously recognized.

As a performer on special occasions, Mr. Vezin was always in urgent request, and invariably acquitted himself with credit. Trained in the old, thorough, hardworking school, no character came amiss to him. From top to toe he was actor and artist. With absolute genius he was not endowed—there were no flashes of lightning in his play—but his work was always prompted by keen intelligence and executed with abundant vigor and the assured neatness and certainty of the expert artificer. He preserved all his faculties almost to the end. At eighty years he was an efficient Rowley in Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "The School for Scandal."

His reputation as a teacher of elocution and acting was exceedingly high. Nature enriched him with many personal advantages. His figure was graceful and vigorous, his features regular, mobile, and expressive, his dark eyes full of meaning. His voice, although no miraculous organ, was ample in range and

sonority, if somewhat deficient in sympathetic quality, and was in complete subjection to his will. His utterance was charming in its clarity, its varied modulation, and its justness of emphasis. It can not be pretended that his death is premature. He had finished his work. But the loss of so sound a player and accomplished an artist may well be deplored, when so much dies with him.

Mechanical concerts are the latest craze in Paris. A little metal disc, costing two cents, is the talisman that will carry the casual passer-by away from the dusty, paper-littered boulevard to the vast Scala at Milan, to the Albert Hall in London, the Sistine Chapel, the market-place of Tetuan—wherever his fancy draws him—and all for the twist of a shining white knob. Where the boulevards begin to spread out into the theatre district are situated the starting-places for this marvelous trip, and through their plate-glass windows may be seen, immobile, unexpressive, the figures of those who have left their bodies in Paris and sailed away in spirit on the wings of song. That is, at least, how the phonograph concert-rooms—the salons d'audition—which have become one of the most attractive features of the boulevards, impress one. A franc is changed for the glistening pile of discs, a comfortable armchair is waiting, and on a ledge before it, beneath the register with its movable row of three numbers by which the patron is to indicate the record desired, lies the catalogue, a wonderful book, which runs from Caruso to Harry Lauder and from Alpine "yodlers" to Barhary dances. And under the ledge on little hooks are fixed the two receivers, which at one concert-room one can cover with antiseptic protectors provided for the purpose. The number of the desired record found, a turn of the handles signals it on the register, the disc is dropped in, and almost as soon as the receivers are to the ears is heard the delightful grinding whir which suddenly resolves itself into music.

Strawberry-time is prolonged by European tourists to form a considerable little part of the year, by those who begin in Italy towards the end of April and follow the wild strawberry into South German woods, pausing in Venice on the way. There the half-wild, half-cultivated berry arrives in such quantities early in May that it colors the frequent fruit-shops and paints the town red. This half wildness makes the charm of the Italian strawberry. For of the quite wild one you never—like Dr. Johnson with peaches—get quite enough; and the wholly cultivated has not the distinctive flavor, which is as delicate and intense as the scent of a wild rose lost in the gardens. And in California not only the tourists hut all who buy at markets may enjoy the best berry every month in the year.

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Will resume teaching August 1st
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By the Afternoon, Evening or Week, till August 1, 1910
Apply at theatre office daily, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

VANITY FAIR.

Every effort to evolve an evening suit for the male such as shall safeguard him from being mistaken for a waiter seems doomed to failure. The suggestion that black be abandoned in favor of colors leads M. André de Fouquières to remark that this remedy can never be adopted, inasmuch as it would spoil the effect of the bright toilettes of the ladies. Which prompts a London poet to sing:

I thought to bid my tailor cut me out an evening suit

Of the color of the damson, or some other lurid fruit,

Or perhaps a vivid scarlet with a modest dash of pink,

Or a blue with soft reflections, like an advertising ink,

Or perhaps a waspish yellow, or a simple grassy green,

For I meant to have the smartest evening raiment ever seen.

But a certain M. André, whose surname's de Fouquières,

Asserts that vivid colorings are barred for evening "wear";

That men must wear soft, neutral tints, because, of course you guess,

In colors they would interfere with Women's Rights in dress;

So in rage and desperation I have once more fallen back

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reply was: "I had never handled money before. I don't think I realized the value of the money." Perhaps that is so, and the universality of woman's unappreciation of the value of money they do not have to earn ought to give the masculine mind food for comfort in these feminine movement days. A century or two of earning will work wonders for the men of the far-off generation.

Meanwhile, and things being as they are, why do the gushing women who write the home pages of our newspapers trouble their readers with such questions as "Which hand wins"? The question is accompanied by a drawing which depicts a somewhat attractive girl between two men, each offering a hand, but different in that while one is clothed in raiment ornamented with diamond shapes, the other has a costume figured with hearts. A chest suggestive of vast wealth is at the feet of the first; the second has a chubby cupid as his companion. It is a puzzle picture, the point of which is in the question, "What can a poor woman do?" Miss Goldilocks certainly looks perplexed, for she has to decide which hand to take, the one which will give her plenty of money or the one which promises nothing but love. Perhaps the solution most in favor at present is to take the wealth-laden hand first and then turn for consolation to the youth who has Cupid by his side. So Mr. Churchill seems to suggest by the example of his tantalizing Honora.

Timely appeals are being made to the sweet girl graduate, to she who left home as Sally and returns as Sadie, who departed in plaits and is returning with a coronet, who when she went wot not the difference between a suit and a gown and comes back clad in a "creation" and surmounted with a "confection." She is implored to remember that if her mother's taste in furniture and decorations runs to chromos and tidies, the house is hers and she has a right to run it to please herself; and if her father finds comfort in a pipe she should pause ere trying to convert him to cigarettes, just as there may be unkindness in an effort to wean him from shirt-sleeves to a dress suit. In short, Sally, otherwise Sadie, is hidden he as merciful to her parents as she can; and is exhorted to refrain from inflicting the Superior Daughter upon them.

So much has gone on record about the Strenuous One's tennis club that A. E. Thomas's picture of a round of the golf links with President Taft is a welcome relief. The costume of the distinguished golfer is carefully noted:

When the President emerged from the dressing-room he wore a pair of gray flannel trousers with a wide, dark stripe, a striped shirt with its sleeves rolled down, a green Scotch cap with a small visor, and a pair of heavy dogskin shoes that had high tops and many hobnails in the soles. To this equipment he had added for the day, as a concession to a touch of rheumatism in his right leg, a gray waistcoat, through the top buttonhole of which ran a heavy gold watch chain, whose ends disappeared in a pocket.

As a beginner, Mr. Taft rarely drove further than 125 yards; today his tee shot is seldom short of 175 and it may extend to 200 yards. But the narrative sets down matters of far more importance; it reports the presidential language on the links. It is brief and not profane. "Pshaw!" "Ah-h-h-h-h," "Oh-h-h-h-h!" "Oh, fiddle!" Nothing more than that. And now will some one oblige with a verbatim report of tennis-club exclamations.

Charming as the bridesmaids of Miss Drexel must have looked in their "small wreaths of marguerite daisies under tulle veils," their adoption of that novel headgear has created one more difficulty for the male mind intent upon mastering the nomenclature of feminine headdress. The most up-to-date dictionary must include the following: "enlarged sailors," "the cloche," "the cowboy hat," "the brimless toque," "the turban," "the peaked toque," "the lampshade toque," "the sweeping hemp hat," "the lingerie hat," "the mushroom sailor," and "the shirtwaist hat." An earnest ministerial student of the hat problem has instituted a "Millinery Section" in his church, for the special use of those women whose "confections" are aggressive in size and bristling with hatpins. The offenders must either sit together or remove their headdress. That they could sit together is impossible; that they will remove their hats is unthinkable. The only result of the "Millinery Section," then, will be to eliminate the wearer. And the bewildered parson is warned, "when it comes time for the separation of the sheep from the goats, the domine will be charged up with the loss of souls and the dismemberment of his church." From which it appears that the hat question is to follow us to the judgment seat at least. Why hope to be rid of it on earth?

Ancient notions of the American woman linger late in London, as may be gathered from the remark that "Mrs. Nicholas Longworth is in some aspects the most typically American of our visitors from the States." She is, the chronicler continues, "full of the talk that enlivens a dinner party with a suc-

cession of small surprises." In view of that judgment, why proceed to state that Mrs. Longworth was not "the lady who, when asked why she left her soup untouched, answered, 'I never build on a swamp'?"

On the other hand an apologist has arisen for the American woman who defends her on the novel plea that to speak of her as if she were confined to, or even specially characteristic of, the United States, is as if one were to assume that the potato-hug confines its ravages to Colorado. The American woman, we are assured, was a common occurrence long before the United States were discovered. In fact, she is traced back to Rome as early as the close of the Punic War. But the apologist does not like the type; his fancy turns toward a different ideal: "The woman who is happy is she who obeys the law of kindness, who goes quietly. Her husband yields her benevolence. His heart doth safely trust her, and her children call her blessed. The woman who will prevail is the effeminate woman, who overcomes man by the force of continual quietness. She may understand all knowledge and have strength to remove all public grievances; yet she is nothing, if she has not entered into the mystery of gentleness." All of which sounds a little old-fashioned, a kind of late version from the book of Proverbs, but who can say that it does not contain the root of the matter?

"I Am My Own Ancestor."—Junot.

The making famous of the expression quoted above is usually credited to Andoche Junot, for a time a marshal of France. Junot had risen from the ranks and became the Duke of Abrantes, and an important figure at Napoleon's newly formed court. One day a nobleman of the old régime asked him what was his ancestry. "Ah, sir," replied the spirited soldier, "I know nothing about it; I am my own ancestor." Probably he had never heard of the similar remark made by Tiberius about Curtius Rufus: "He seems to me to be descended from himself."

Napoleon's reply to the Emperor of Austria was in a kindred vein. The Austrian, when Napoleon became his prospective son-in-law, would fain have traced the Bonaparte lineage to some petty prince of Treviso. "I am my own Rudolph of Hapsburg," said Napoleon. Under similar circumstance Napoleon silenced a genealogist: "Friend, my patent of nobility dates from Montenotte," his first great victory.

When Epichrates, the Athenian general, had it cast up in his face by a descendant of Harmodius that he was a shoemaker's son, he calmly replied: "The nobility of my family begins with me; yours ends with you."

Almost the same words were used by Alexander Dumas, when asked if he were not descended from an ape (covert sneer at his negro grandmother): "Very likely my ancestry begins where yours ends."

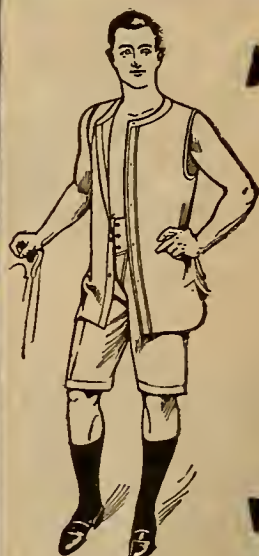
Voltaire, in his "Merope," says: "The first to become king was a successful soldier. He who serves well his country has no need of ancestry."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox characterized in a neat epigram a notorious difference in the world's treatment of the sexes. "To say," she observed, "that everybody is talking about a young man is a eulogy; but to say that everybody is talking about a young woman is an elegy."

A man in Ohio recently sought an expert in oil, because he believed that he had struck oil on his land. He brought a sample in a bottle. Evidently he had been in a great hurry, and had hastily grabbed the first bottle at hand, for when the chemist had duly analyzed the sample submitted, he sent the following telegraphic report: "Find no trace of oil. You have struck paregoric."

The town council of a small German community met to inspect a new site for a hall. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day a member suggested that they should leave their coats there. "Some one can stay behind and watch them," suggested another. "What for?" demanded a third. "If we are all going out together, what need is there for any one to watch the clothes?"

Schopenhauer, when staying in Geneva, used to go every day to a table d'hote at which now and then appeared other distinguished visitors. Once Lady Byron sat next to him. "Doctor," said the host after she had left, with a twinkle in his eye, "doctor, do you know who sat next to you at the table today? It was Lady Byron." "Why the deuce did you not tell me this before?" replied Schopenhauer; "I should have liked to be rude to her." "That was what I feared," said the host; "and for that reason I kept it quiet."

"This is a jury-room secret that has come into circulation in some mysterious way: 'Look here,' said one of the jurymen, after they had retired, 'if I understand aright, the plaintiff doesn't ask damages for lightheaded affections or anything of that sort, but only wants to get back what he's spent on presents, pleasure trips, and so forth.' 'That is so,' agreed the foreman. 'Well, then, I vote we don't give him a penny,' said the other hastily. 'If all the fun he had with that girl didn't cover the amount he expended, it must be his own fault. Gentlemen, I courted that girl once myself.'"

He had run up a small hill at the village store, and went to pay it, first asking for a receipt. The proprietor grumbled and complained it was too small to give a receipt for. It would do just as well, he said, to cross the account off, and so drew a diagonal pencil line across the book. "Does that settle it?" asked the customer. "Sure." "An' ye'll niver be askin' for it agin'?" "Certainly not." "Faith, thin," said the other coolly, "an' I'll kape me money in me pocket." "But I can ruh that out," said the storekeeper. "I thought so," said the customer dryly. "Maybe you'll be givin' me a receipt now. Here's yer money."

At a recent English election two laboring men were discussing politics (and four-ale) in the public bar of the Red Lion. Jones was a true-blue Tory, while Smith was a Radical of the deepest dye. The argument was fierce. "Ah, well," remarked Jones, at length, "yer can't get away from the fact that Mr. Robinson's a puffick genelman. A reel torf, 'e is. Only the other day 'e sent me a rabbit for my dinner." "Oh, 'e did, did 'e?" snapped Smith. "Well, that's wot we calls bribery," Jones hegan to get alarmed. "Well, the rabbit was a trifle 'igh," he replied, deprecatingly. "Wuss still," thundered Smith; "wuss still. That's hribery and corruption."

When the time came for the renomination of a member of a Southern legislature, the member sauntered down to the corner store one night to sound out the opinion of his townsmen as to whether he should be sent back to the capital of his State as a lawmaker. "Well, hoys," he said to the assembled politicians, "what about it?" There was an embarrassing pause. "Speak right out, fellows," he encouraged the meeting. "To tell the truth, Sam," said one of the crowd, "we've decided that, judging from what this hyuh county got out of the legislature while you were there, we mought as well have writ a letter."

The late Professor Sophocles of Harvard was a short but finely built man, with bushy, snow-white hair and heard, olive complexion, and piercing black eyes, and looked like some venerable Arah sheik. Reserved and shy in manner, he was yet full of genial humor. Once, in the class-room, he asked a student, "What was done with the bodies of the Greeks who were killed at Marathon?" "They were hurried, sir." "Next!" "Why, they—they were burned." "Next!" "I—I don't know, professor." "Right. Nobody knows!" He was never married, but lived alone in one of the college buildings, and prepared his own

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Maiden's Bonnet.

My bonnet spreads over the ocean,
My bonnet spreads over the sea;
To merely spread over the sidewalk
Is not enough for me.
—Chicago Journal.

Two Baits

They fished together, he and she,
Beside the hahbling mountain brook,
He used minnows small for bait,
She used a sweet but saucy look.

When they quit the noisy stream
The maiden's home they sought,
He hadn't hooked a single thing,
But a "sucker" she had caught.
—New Orleans Picayune.

He Did.

Said the lady: "Here's a rug to heat;
Also, some pumpkin pie to eat
When you complete it."
The hobo cast a greedy eye
Upon that wholesome home-made pie,
And longed to eat it;
Then thoughtfully he eyed the rug,
And, with a silent shoulder shrug
He straightway beat it.—Brooklyn Life.

Sometimeber.

If I had my way in creation
I'd add a new month to the year,
A season for doing the jobs
Which mock us when now they appear.

The sun should shine brightly for farming,
Sufficient to lighten your load,
But never enough to distract you
With dreams of a spin on the road.

The rain should come down with a patter
While indoors you tinkered with zeal,
But never the drops should engender
A thought of rod and a reel.

Then June, with its riot of roses,
And other months all should be clear.
The patented month of Sometimeber
Would take all the work of the year.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Change on the Range.

Sure one big change has hit this range,
Since the summer of 'sixty-nine,
When I blew West in hopeful quest
Of a lallapalooza mine;
Which I regret, the same as yet
Has eluded my efforts fine.

I weren't no hand at washing sand,
Nor at swinging a single-jack;
The mining game was much too tame
For a lad like your Uncle Mack—
I pulled my freight at a rapid gait
And burned up the homeward track.

But I digress, which I confess
Is a failing I sometimes own;
I'll start again for to explain
Of how modern the range has grown,
Since I punched steers for Wild Bill Speers
And his huddy, Old Ute Malone.

We thought it right to pick a fight,
And your enemy punctuate
With slugs of lead till he fell dead,
But that custom is out of date;
For now they go a liddle slow—
It's the fashion to arbitrate.

In them old days we couldn't raise
On a section of saghrush land
No crop but cows, which same would browse
On the cactus which thrived on sand;
The grub we had, I'll simply add,
Was the kind that's mostly canned.

Now see the crops, from spuds to hops,
That are raised in this arid State;
There aint no rain, but pipe the grain,
Since we learned to irrigate;
The record made with ditch and spade
Is a marvel to contemplate.

In frontier days we sung the praise
Of the skate with the ten-mile gait;
But he's passay—the motor shay
Sent the bronco to hauling freight.
And now I hear, about next year,
All the ranchers will aviate.

We hesitate to punctuate
With a six-gun the foe we hate;
We arbitrate and irrigate—
Soon we punchers will aviate.
Sure one big change has hit this range,
Since I served my novitiate.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The social record for the week shows a repetition of the informality marking all the previous affairs of the month, with even fewer numbers of luncheons, bridge parties, and teas of the unconventional variety that always mark the summer season.

An engagement or two, several out-of-town weddings, the arrival at home of a number of brides and grooms from their honeymoon trips have furnished the only pretext for a manifestation of social interest, and every attempt at entertainment has been desultory.

Invitations to any but small and informal affairs are accepted reluctantly because of the desire of those still remaining in town to avoid even the semblance of interest in things social during this period of suspended animation in the world of society.

Mrs. Rufus Steele has announced the engagement of her cousin, Miss Adair Walden, and Mr. Winfield Lee Howard. Miss Walden is the daughter of Mr. John E. Walden and is a graduate of Miss Head's school at Berkeley. No date has been named for the wedding, but it is expected to take place in the fall.

An interesting engagement of the week was that of Miss Vivian Virginia Blakemore and Mr. Howard M. Holland of Portland. The wedding will be an event of the late summer and the future home of the young couple will be in Oregon.

The wedding of Miss Ione C. Dille and Lieutenant Reginald Heber Kelly, U. S. A., took place Tuesday evening, June 27, at All Saints Church, Palo Alto. It was a large military wedding, followed by a brilliant reception.

The wedding of Miss Helen Sutton and Mr. Henry Edwin Sherman took place Thursday evening, June 30, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Allen McKenzie Sutton. The maid of honor was Miss Barbara Sutton and the bridesmaids were Miss Gladys Wickson, Miss Jessie Clark, Miss Cecil Sherman, Miss Ferguson, Miss Eliza Kline, and Miss Margaret Hayne. The ceremony was followed by a reception at which over one hundred guests were present. The future home of Mr. Sherman and his bride will be in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall entertained at dinner on Saturday evening at their home at Hillsboro, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander S. Lilly of San Rafael, who were their house guests over the week end.

Prior to his departure for the East to attend the commencement exercises at Harvard, Mr. Vanderlyn Stow was made the guest of honor at a dinner at the Bohemian Club. Later he and Mrs. Stow and their son, who is a student at Harvard, will go to Europe.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, who is spending part of the summer at Del Monte, was hostess at a pretty luncheon at Pebble Beach Lodge on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll entertained at a supper party for Miss Margaret Anglin on Friday evening at the Hotel St. Francis, following the performance at the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Marian Marvin entertained her friends at a picnic on Sunday at Blithedale, where she is spending the summer. Among her guests were Miss Florida Hunt, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Edith Treanor, Mr. Franklin Babcock, Mr. Raymond Ashton, and Mr. Henry Ashe Miller.

Mrs. Giles E. Harber, wife of Rear-Admiral Harber, was the guest of honor on board the flagship *California* on Saturday afternoon. Among those present were Mrs. Duncan Gatewood, Mrs. George A. Thorpe, Mrs. Caldwell Turner, Mrs. Mary Turner, Mrs. Henry T. Mayo, Mrs. Randolph Dickens, Mrs. Earl C. Smith, Mrs. Samuel Graham, Mrs. Arthur Dodd, Miss Virginia Dickens, Mrs. Edwin Underwood, Mrs. John Irwin, Jr., and Miss Nina Blow.

Miss Julia Langhorne was hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday given at her Pacific Avenue home in honor of the Misses Cunningham of New York. Her guests included Mrs. Charles Mills, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Janet Coleman, and Miss Merritt Reid.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn entertained a party of friends over the week end at their country home at Woodside. Among them were Miss Linda Cadwalader and Signor Ettore Avenali, the fiancé of Miss Mary Josselyn.

Mrs. Theodore Steele was hostess at a "linen shower" on Friday, which she had planned in honor of Miss Emma Turner, the fiancée of Lieutenant George Rullin, Jr., U. S. A. The home of the hostess at the Presidio was attractively decorated in artillery colors. Among some of those present were Mrs. John Lundeen, Miss Marie Lundeen, Mrs. William Brooks, Mrs. A. V. Falkner, Mrs. Frederick Prince, Mrs. George M. Appel, Mrs. Frederick Stopford, Mrs. Louis Chapelaer, and Mrs. Charles Chubb.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood entertained at a theatre party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham on Saturday evening. An informal supper followed at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Marian Miller entertained at an informal bridge party and tea prior to her departure for the south. The affair took place on Saturday at her home. Among the guests were Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Laura Baldwin, Mrs. Allan McDonald, Mrs. Douglas Fry, and Miss Boericke.

Miss Merritt Reid was hostess on Monday at a luncheon which she gave in honor of the Misses Cunningham of New York.

Miss Florence Hopkins entertained a house party over the week end and her guests attended the dance at the Menlo Golf and Country Club on Saturday evening. Some of those at the dance were Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Edith Treanor, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brezee, and Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer.

Mrs. Wallace Alexander was hostess at a pretty luncheon at the Palace Hotel Thursday, at which

she entertained in honor of her daughter, Mrs. John Waterhouse, Jr., of Honolulu. Among her guests were Mrs. Irving Lundborg, Mrs. Thomas Barber, Mrs. Daniel Belden, Mrs. Fischel, Mrs. Whipple Hall, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mrs. John Valentine, Mrs. Walter Starr, Miss Emma Grimwood, Miss Elsie Marwedel, Miss Mona Crellin, and Miss Lillian Downey.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rickard entertained at a dinner at the Claremont Country Club on Saturday evening. Their guests later attended the musicale and dance at the club at the conclusion of the dinner.

Mrs. Mary E. Huntington entertained Monday evening at dinner, when her guests included Mr. and Mrs. Brockway Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brook Perkins of New York, and Miss Marion Huntington.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mrs. Fiske is to appear at the Columbia Theatre during the two weeks beginning Monday evening, July 4, in her famous characterization of Becky Sharp, and for two single performances as Lona Hessell in Ibsen's "Pillars of Society." Mrs. Fiske's "Becky Sharp" is generally considered the comedy classic of the American stage, and in later years, when the present event becomes history, it will doubtless be placed side by side with Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle." Langdon Mitchell placed the stage under weighty obligations when in making a play of "Vanity Fair" he succeeded so signally where many aspiring dramatists had failed before so dismally. The play has been the most popular ever produced by Mrs. Fiske, and her own work in it has opened wide the floodgates of critical enthusiasm.

In "Pillars of Society," an Ibsen drama which is not one of gloom and depression, Mrs. Fiske is said to give unmistakable evidence of her artistic breadth and generosity by assuming a rôle which has been alluded to by a prominent writer as "the conscience of the play," but one which in any other hands than hers would be of far less than its present significance.

"Becky Sharp" will be presented for all evening performances as well as for the Saturday matinees, while "Pillars of Society" will be the bill at two special mid-week matinees to be given on the respective Wednesdays of the engagement.

The principal member of Mrs. Fiske's Manhattan Company is Holbrook Blinn, who needs no introduction to San Francisco audiences since he is almost as well-known here as is Mrs. Fiske herself. In "Becky Sharp" Mr. Blinn plays that strongly marked character rôle, the Marquis of Steyne, and in "Pillars of Society" Consul Bernick, the character around whom the play revolves.

The programme at the Orpheum next week is remarkable from the fact that it contains four of the best headline acts in vaudeville. Lily Lena, the English singing comedienne who made herself an immense favorite here some time ago, has just returned from London to fulfill another engagement over the Orpheum Circuit and will make her reappearance next Sunday matinee. She will be heard in an entirely new repertory of songs, and the effect of her performance will be enhanced by many beautiful and novel costumes. Loie Fuller's "Ballet of Light" will be one of the big attractions next week, and it is not too much to predict that its colossal success in Boston and New York will be duplicated here. The production has been put on at great expense, thousands of dollars having been spent in superb costuming, sumptuous stage setting, bewildering electrical effects, and novelties of stage mechanism never seen before anywhere. Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne have been secured as a special feature of next week's programme and will appear in Mr. Cressy's sketch of New Hampshire life, "Grasping an Opportunity." It was in this little play that these delightful artists first won the approval of San Francisco audiences. Captain Maximilian Gruber and Miss Adelina's equestrian review, which will be presented, is the latest European importation of the circuit, and is one of the best animal acts ever brought to America, although it includes but three animals, an elephant, a horse, and a pony. Next week will be the last of the Five Olympians, White and Simmons, De Lion, and of Anna-belle Whitford.

Margaret Anglin will close her engagement on Saturday night at the Columbia Theatre, where her production of "The Awakening of Helena Richie" has been a strong drawing card during the past two weeks.

Following Mrs. Fiske at the Columbia Theatre will appear Henrietta Crossman, who has a new farce called "Anti-Matrimony." The piece is from the pen of Percy MacKaye.

Upon—Anyway, young Ardupp is entitled to great credit for his efforts. Downing—Yes, and he gets it, too. He is the most successful borrower I know.—Chicago Daily News.

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The Late Henri Harris.

There has just died in Paris, Henri Harris, lawyer, historian, and Egyptologist. Professor Harris was an American citizen, though he was born in France and spent the last forty years of his very active life in that country. He was born in Paris, 1830, and after graduating in law at the age of twenty-seven, came to this country, settled in the city of New York, and for three years lectured at the New York Law School. During his sojourn here he became a citizen of the United States. In 1866 he returned to Paris and lived there continuously until May 26, 1910, the date of his death, teaching and practicing international law.

M. Harris is known as an authority upon the early history of America, and through long years of investigation in the archives of different European countries he was enabled to collect materials for many contributions to this and germane subjects. Of his works we may cite "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima" (1869): a bibliography of publications about America from 1492 to 1551; "Invaluable to modern students of that period" (Fiske). He prepared a biography of Columbus, made an important collection of the early maps of America, and while shut up in Paris during the siege of 1870, compiled his "Notes pour servir à l'histoire de la bibliographie et de la cartographie de la nouvelle France et des Pays adjacents" (1872).

His principal works upon America were published simultaneously in French, English, and Spanish. M. Harris was a remarkable linguist, and besides his facility in the Latin and Germanic tongues was a profound scholar of the Arabic, Syriac, and Aramaic languages.

Henri Harris never married; he leaves a sister, Mrs. A. J. Ulman, of Baltimore, the mother of Mrs. J. Dennis Arnold of San Francisco. It is understood that the Harris library of Americana, comprising some 2000 volumes and 3800 manuscripts, has been bequeathed to the Johns Hopkins University.

Mosquitoes which swarmed in Panama in millions have been banished by a thorough system of sanitation; by the treatment of all standing pools with a preparation of petrol and kerosene, which kills the larvæ, and by the clearance of grass and undergrowth from likely breeding places. There were days when a good many men thought Colonel Gorgas was a hopeless lunatic; now there are few men connected with the engineering work in Panama who do not understand that if the mosquito lives the canal dies. Colonel Sihert is inclined to think that the French, despite financial and other difficulties, would have completed the canal had they only known the true nature of the mosquito. According to most of the officers in charge of the great canal departments, the foresight, skill, and ability displayed by the French in the Lesseps régime have never received the praise they deserve.

The first of Charles Frohman's long list of attractions that will be interchanged between London and New York will be Henry Miller and his company in "Her Husband's Wife," which is now running at the Criterion Theatre. He plans to send the play to England immediately upon the close of its New York engagement.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Miss Isabel Beaver, and Miss Ruth Casey have returned from Aetna Springs.

Mr. Ogden Mills has joined his mother and his sister, Countess Grannard, in Paris. He will probably come to California during the winter.

Mrs. Alden Anderson, Miss Kathryn Anderson, and a party of friends motored through Lake County during the week.

General John A. Brooke, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Brooke are in Paris, after a long sojourn in Germany.

Mr. Charles S. Aiken, who returned this week from Washington, has joined Mrs. Aiken at Los Altos.

Mrs. George Willcutt and her son will spend July at Castle Crag.

Mrs. E. A. Dohrman, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Eddy, in New York, will return to San Francisco the last of July.

Mrs. Niebling and Miss Rhoda Niebling have returned from a visit with friends in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., are at Santa Barbara, where they will spend two months. They will be joined by Mrs. Henry Lally and Miss Marian Lally next week.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., have returned from a brief visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent Rose (formerly Miss Maud Bourn) are established in their new home in Portland Square, London.

Mrs. Van Vorst and Miss Lillian Van Vorst have just arrived in London and will make a brief stay there before continuing their trip on the continent.

Miss Gertrude Jolliffe is with friends at the Carleton in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, who have been at the Ritz in London, leave this week for Paris.

Miss Christine Pomeroy is in Portland, visiting Miss Genevieve Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Talbot, who are in Korea, expect to return during the year to America by way of India and the Suez.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Zeile and Miss Marion Zeile will spend July at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. George Boyd is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Allen Lewis, at Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, who have been in San Francisco for the past few months, will go to Newport in August, where Mrs. Martin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, have taken the Sargent cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rennington Quick, who are visiting relatives in Minneapolis, will return to San Francisco the last of July.

Miss Dorothy Baker is entertaining Miss Myra Josselyn at the Baker ranch at Keswick.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughters have deferred their departure for New York for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller (formerly Miss Bessie Reinhardt) have arrived from Covington, Virginia, and have gone to their new home at Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Miss Lillas Wheeler, and Miss Olive Wheeler are at their country home on the McCloud River. Miss Henriette Blanding will be their guest there during July.

Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt has returned from a two years' trip to Northern Africa, where she enjoyed the unusual experience of long journeys on the desert.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Miss Marian Miller motored to Santa Barbara this week, and after a brief visit there will continue further south. They will be absent a month.

Mrs. George Boardman, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Ethel McAllister, and Mr. Otis McAllister arrived from the East on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham (formerly Miss Gaylord) sailed on the *Siberia* Tuesday for Honolulu, where they will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron are in London, where they have been joined by Mr. and Mrs. William Burke (formerly Miss Genevieve Walker). They will all make the trip to Oberammergau during the latter part of July.

Mrs. Russell Wilson has been the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt, since her return from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicken and Miss Dorothy Van Sicken will spend the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin, who have been spending several weeks on the Coast, returned Wednesday to their home at Colorado Springs.

Miss Doris Wilshire spent the week end at Blithedale as the guest of Miss Marian Marvin.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin are now in Paris, after an extended continental tour.

Mrs. Benjamin P. Brodie has arrived from her home in Detroit and is at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyman and their son, Edmund, are at present in Paris.

Mr. Felton Elkins, who has been traveling in Italy, has planned to be in Paris on July 4.

Miss Harriett Alexander is the guest of Mrs. Reginald Brooke in London, but expects to return to Paris before coming back to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Ethel Gregg, and Miss Elyse Schultz have arrived in London from Paris en route to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Gordon left this week for Woodside, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall (formerly Miss Ann Scott) were in Paris recently, where they were met by Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd. The Boyds will return this month from abroad and spend the remainder of the summer at their home at Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry have opened their country home at Alta Vista.

Mrs. James Shea and her niece, Miss Kathleen Farrell, have returned from Yosemite.

Mrs. Arthur Geissler of Chicago has arrived here to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore.

Mrs. John Russ left this week for New York

and will sail later for Europe, where she will spend several months.

Mrs. Louise Bee is spending the summer at Skaggs Springs.

Mrs. William C. Ralston and Mrs. Lucie May Hayes are now in Paris, after having spent a month in Berlin.

Mrs. Sherman Stow and her daughter, Mrs. Kate Ealand, are returning to America from the Orient by way of the transiberian route.

Dr. and Mrs. Campbell of Lick Observatory will spend the month of July as the guests of Mrs. Phebe Hearst at Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear will leave next week to spend the summer at Santa Barbara.

Miss Helen Hyde returned from Japan on Saturday.

Dr. J. Wilson Shiels and Mrs. Shiels are at Castle Crag for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft have returned from a trip to Byron Hot Springs.

Mrs. James A. Donohue and her daughter, Miss Katherine Donohue, left Saturday for Yosemite. They will be joined later by Mr. Donohue, who is now in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King are enjoying a trip in Oregon and Washington.

Mr. Douglas MacMonagle has returned from school in the East and is spending the holidays with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle.

Mr. Allan Kittle is at New Haven, where he attended his class reunion at Yale last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones are at Castle Crag. On their return they will go to Ross for the remainder of the summer. Miss Helen Jones is with her sister, Mrs. Webb Ballard, at Portland.

Miss Virginia Newhall is expected home shortly from Boston, where she has been studying for the past year.

Miss Jennie Crocker, who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, in New York, will return to her home at Burlingame in a week or two.

Mrs. Lester Herrick and Miss Barbara Small are still at Yosemite, where they will spend several weeks longer.

Mrs. George Fife is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Shortridge at Pacific Grove.

Mrs. James K. Armsby is visiting friends in Portland.

Among recent arrivals at Aetna Springs from San Francisco were Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Sicken, Mr. H. D. Van Sicken, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Mrs. E. B. Pond and sons, Mr. Harry R. Simpkins, Mr. Clarence R. Ward, Mr. Elish H. Parrish, Mr. K. E. Buttner and daughter, Mr. H. A. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. James Conlin and children, Mr. Stanley W. Morshead, Mr. Frank E. Carroll, Mr. H. M. Goldberg, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Withington and two daughters, Miss Nora McNeil, Mrs. M. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Haven, Miss B. Lenore Gambitz, Miss Faith Gambitz.

Literary Proverbs from "Life."

All that glitters is not Gilbert Chesterton.

People who read Elinor Glyn shouldn't throw stones.

Richard Le Gallienues will happen in the best regulated publishing houses.

When Theodosia Garrison is bliss 'tis folly to be Elizabeth Browning.

Clinton Scollard and the world Clinton Scollards with you; Milton and you Milton alone.

I could not love Frank Danby so much loved I not George Moore more.

Anthony Hope springs eternal in the public library.

The Duchess of Devonshire, whom the queen has appointed Mistress of the Robes, is the elder daughter of Lord Lansdowne and niece of the Duchess of Buccleuch, whom she succeeds in office. The Mistress of the Robes is the only lady of the queen's household who goes out of office on any change of ministry. In earlier days the theory was that all the queen's ladies held political appointments, but Queen Victoria early in her reign succeeded in changing the custom as regards all but the Mistress of the Robes. At the present day the appointment has no political significance. The Duchess of Buccleuch has held it except for two short intervals from 1886. The duties of the Mistress of the Robes are confined to state occasions. She accompanies the queen to any state ceremony and goes behind her in any procession. The post is always held by a duchess, who is technically "mother of the queen's maids." She no longer acts as tiring woman to the queen.

The journalism of Paris is personal (says Henry Watterson), the journalism of London is impersonal—that is to say, the one illustrates the self-exploiting, individualized star-system, the other the more sedate and orderly, yet not less responsible commercial system; and it must be allowed that, in both dignity and usefulness, the English is to be preferred to the French journalism. It is true that English publishers are sometimes elevated to the peerage. But this is no worse than French and American editors becoming candidates for office. In either case, the public and the press are losers in the matter of the service rendered, because journalism and office are so antipathetic that their union must be destructive to both.

The golden fruit of the orange tree has always been considered the emblem of good fortune. It is supposed that the custom of wearing the flower was common among Saracen women and introduced into England by the Crusaders. Some writers consider that it typified the golden apple which figured so prominently in old mythological tales.

CURRENT VERSE.

Distance.

A hundred miles between us
Could never part us more
Than that one step you took from me
What time my need was sore.

A hundred years between us
Might hold us less apart
Than that one dragging moment
Wherein I knew your heart.

Now what farewell is needed
To all I held most dear,
So far and far you are from me
I doubt if you could hear.
—Theodosia Garrison, in *Ainslee's*.

In Exile.

Springtime again in Paris: Laughter and song
and May
From Neuilly Gate to Pere La Chaise, Parnasse
to Rue Riquet!
Springtime again in Paris—and I am seas away!

The conquering sun comes marching henceath the
Arc, and there,
Sharp to the left, adown the Bois, go trotting
pair and pair;
The Tuileries Gardens glitter with ribbon gay
nourrices,
And sculptured Fenelon himself smiles up at St.
Sulpice.
The very pave is merry with all the hurrying
feet
The Faubourg and the Quartier hrush shoulders
on the street,
And down the boulevards again the table chatter
swings,
For it is spring in Paris, and the heart of Paris
sings.

I know the lamps will sparkle soon through all
the capital,
Will light the ways of dark Montmartre, but most
light Place Pigalle;
And, oh, tonight I wonder: Is Pepe Fernan there,
And Cecile and De Bronsky, Nerine and suave
Albert?
Does Concha Mendez sing tonight? Do Dirce
and Clarice
And Eulalie and Nanon Blanc whirl in the mad
matchiche?
Oh, Leonine and Fanchon, Julie, Celeste, Lizette,
My heart is beating with you; my dreams are with
you yet!

Springtime again in Paris! Laughter and song
and May
From Neuilly Gate to Pere La Chaise, Parnasse
to Rue Riquet!
Springtime again in Paris—and I am years away!
—Reginald Wright Kauffman, in *Smart Set*.

O Lyric Master.

Out of the great wise silence, brooding and latent
so long,
Burst on the world, O Master—sing us the big
man-song!

Have we not piled up cities, gutted the iron hills,
Schooled with our dream the lightning and steam,
giving them thoughts and wills?

Have we not laughed at Distance, helting the
earth with rails?
Are we a herd of weaklings? Nay, we are master-
ful males!

We are the poets of matter! Latent in steel and
stone,
Latent in engines and cities and ships, see how our
songs have grown!

Long have we hammered and chiseled, hewn and
hoisted, until—
Lo, 'neath the wondering noon of the World the
visible Epic of Will!

Was it not built as the Masters build, lyric with
pain and joy?
Say, is it less than the twin-built Rome, less than
the song-reared Troy?

Less than an Argive wrangle, warrior and wife in
a fuss?
These you sang in the ancient time—Oh, what will
you sing for us?

Breathless we halt in our labor; shout us a song to
cheer;
Something that's swift as a sabre, keen for the
mark as a spear:

Full of the echoes of hattle—souls crying up from
the dust!
Hungry we cried to our singers—our singers have
flung us a crust!

Choked with the smoke of the hattle, staggering,
weary with blows,
We cried for a goblet of music: they flung us the
dew of a rose!

Gewgaw goblets they gave us, jeweled and polished
and fine,
And filled with the tears of a weakling: Oh, God!
for a gourd—and wine!

O big wise Lyric Master, you who have seen us
build,
Molding the mud with our tears and blood into the
thing we willed—
Soon shall your brooding be over, the dream shall
be ripened, and then—
Thunderous out of the silence—hurl us the Song
of Men!
—From "Man-Song," by John G. Neihardt.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Well, I mortgaged my home yesterday." "What make of auto are you going to get?"—*Houston Post*.

Agnes—Unable to attract men, is she? Gladys—Yes, indeed. She says she's sure that if her house is ever hurgled it will be done by a woman.—*Life*.

"De world owes you a livin', son," said Uncle Eben, "but you's got to do some work to git yohsef identified as de feller it's comin' to."—*Washington Star*.

Maud—So Helen and Jack have made up their quarrel, have they? Ethel—Yes, but only temporarily. They are going to be married soon.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Remember, my boy, there are other things worth while in college besides athletics." "I know. The mandolin and glee clubs aren't half bad."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Casey—Next time Oi pass wid a lady, Mulligan, ye'll take aff yer hat. Mulligan—An' suppose Oi refuse? Casey—Then, he hivins, ye'll take aff yer coat!—*Boston Transcript*.

Janet—Viola says there was only one drawback to her wedding. Fanny—What was that? Janet—She says her father looked too cheerful when he gave her away.—*Boston Globe*.

"Realism on the stage? There is no such thing." "How now?" "Six months elapse between Act I and Act II, and yet they have the same cook."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Browning—Did you sell your automobile for as much as you paid when you bought it? Greening—Well, I sold it for as much as it was worth when I bought it.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"There's a proverb that fits every man." "What one fits me?" "To whom God gives office, he also gives brains." "But I have no office." "Well, don't you see how it fits?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Is your daughter going to get a thesis ready for her graduation, Mrs. Comeup?" "No, indeed, she aint. She's going to have one of them imported gowns, ready made."—*Baltimore American*.

"I am glad to say that I hear no man a grudge." "But the point is this: Are you of sufficient importance to make any man care whether you hear him a grudge or not?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Why do you call your picture 'Dawn'?" "Because," replied the young impressionist, "few people know what dawn looks like, hence they are likely to take my word for it."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"I love you, dear, but I am green and rattled, and I don't know how to propose." "That's all right, honey—you're through with me. All you've got to do now is to ask papa."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Were the commencement exercises interesting?" "Very. The time was divided between advice from public men on the selection of a career and suggestions from graduates on how to run the government."—*Washington Star*.

"They say," Mrs. Oldcastle remarked, "that he has made a study of occultism." "Has he?" replied her hostess, as she straightened the \$900 rug. "He's about the last man I'd pick out for an eye doctor."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Yes, sir, the fish was so big it pulled him in the river." "And he was drowned?" "No, but he might's well have been, fer he lost his grip on his gallon-jug, and it floated down stream, and he lives in a dry county!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"A great crisis always brings forward a great man to meet it." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "but the trouble with some of us great men is that we get impatient and excitable and try to manufacture our crises as we go along."—*Washington Star*.

"Say, paw," queried little Sylvester Snodgrass, "what's a test case?" "A test case, my son," replied Snodgrass, Sr., "is a case brought in court to decide whether there's enough in it to justify the lawyers in working up similar cases."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"The Jaggsions are the most enthusiastic suburbanites I ever came across. They are always experimenting, but are not very practical. Are they doing anything with their place this summer?" "Yes, I believe they are trying to raise everything on it but the mortgage."—*Baltimore American*.

Algernon—What's this I hear about Miss Giltcoin agweeing to mawwy you, and then going back on her word? Percy—That is the stwait of it, I'm sowwy to say. Algernon—Jestly twick, deah boy. Why don't you sue her foh non-support? You've got a clean case, doncher know.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"I see there was a 'swatfest' at the baseball park yesterday afternoon," said Mrs. Cutely. "What does that mean, dear?" "It means," growled Mr. Cutely, "that the local slash artist developed a glass arm at a critical

stage of the game and let the visitors plant hingles all over the lot."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Heard the story about the gas?" "I bite—no." "It hasn't leaked out yet."—*Mill Valley Spectator*.

"Tom is such a stupid." "Why, Felice?" "He says he can teach me to swim in three days."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Bobbie—Pa says you're a self-made man. Visitor (proudly)—Yes, my hoy, I am. Bobbie—Aint you sorry now you didn't let somebody else help you?—*Boston Transcript*.

The Surgeon—What the dickens have I done with my eye-glasses? His Wife—Are you sure you did not perform an operation for appendicitis this morning.—*Pete Mele*.

"How is your wife, John?" John (the waiter)—Well, I don't know, miss. When the sun don't shine she's miserable, and if it does shine she says it fades the carpet.—*Catholic News*.

Belle—But do you think you and he are suited to each other? Nell—Oh, perfectly! Our tastes are quite similar. I don't care very much for him, and he doesn't care very much for me.—*Figaro*.

"I suppose you will soon be giving up your motor and getting an airship." "Not at all," replied Mr. Chuggins. "There's no fun in going away up there and frightening a few eagles."—*Washington Post*.

"So you are going to give a big house party for the pleasure of inviting the people you like." "No," replied Mrs. Cumrox; "for the pleasure of omitting from the list people I don't like."—*Washington Star*.

"We were waiting for the elevator to come down," said a commercial traveler, "after discussing the probability of an aeroplane's crossing the Atlantic within a year, when, just as the cage was about to ascend, one of the party said: 'I'll bet ten thousand dollars that it won't be done'—and the elevator boy took him up."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

A Genuine Surprise.

"We have the surprise beautifully planned," said young Mrs. Westerleigh to the guests, "and Frank doesn't suspect a thing. I think he has even forgotten that today's his birthday. He will get home from the office at about seven o'clock. Then he always goes upstairs to take off his coat and put on his smoking-jacket for the evening. When he is upstairs I will call out suddenly, 'Oh, Frank, come down quick! The gas is escaping.' Then he will rush down here, unsuspecting, to find the crowd of friends waiting for him."

It went off exactly as planned. Westerleigh came home at the regular hour and went directly upstairs. The guests held their breath while Mrs. Westerleigh called out excitedly, "Oh, Frank, come down quick. The gas is escaping in the parlor."

Every light had been turned out, and the parlor was in perfect darkness. There was a rapid rush of feet down the stairway, then a voice said, "I don't smell any gas."

"Better light the jet," Mrs. Westerly suggested tremulously.

There was a sputter, and suddenly the room was flooded with light. Everybody screamed. The hostess fainted.

For there in the centre of the room stood Westerleigh, attired only in a natty union suit, with a fresh pair of trousers over his arm.

Birthday parties still form a forbidden subject of conversation at the Westerleighs.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

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DIVIDEND NOTICES.

SAVINGS UNION BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, whose name was San Francisco Savings Union (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), N. W. corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1. Money deposited between June 15 and Monday, July 11, both days inclusive, commences to earn interest from July 1.
R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, (The German Bank), (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-Second; Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1910.
GEORGE TOURNAY, Manager.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not drawn become part of deposit accounts and earn dividends from July 1. Money deposited on or before July 11 will earn interest from July 1.
WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1910.
H. C. KLEVESAHIL, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 316 Montgomery Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1910, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1910.
FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), corner Market and Mason Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, payable on and after July 1, 1910. Dividends not drawn earn interest from July 1. Deposits made on or before July 10 earn interest from July 1.
JNO. U. CALKINS, Cashier.

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The State View of Gillett.

The anxiety of the New York Times to learn how California regards the policy of Governor Gillett towards the original fight project has been allayed by an interview, telegraphed from a southbound train at Ashland, Oregon, with John L. Sullivan and "Jack" McAuliffe. The Times learns from these noted exponents of local sentiment that the governor's action was "thoroughly condemned," Messrs. Sullivan and McAuliffe reporting California as of one mind on that point. The governor, as the Times has taken such pains to ascertain, is "wobbly"; he is "about as popular as a roach" and is "easily influenced by the joy-killers of society." With the eyes of the world on him he has shown up in the discard; and California, in her shame, finds little sympathy for electing such a man.

There may be those, even among the Times's readers, who cavil at the idea of sounding the public opinion of California on a train in Oregon, and from wholly unprejudiced gentlemen who live somewhere else, but let that pass. We won't be captious over geographical details. With fine prescience the Times knew that Mr.

Sullivan and Mr. McAuliffe would say things likely to meet the full concurrence of their kind, and it seems to be the impression of that paper that it is the only kind of which California boasts. We may venture to suggest that there are still responsible citizens, captains of industry, educators, ministers, judges, and the like, in this State, and even some editors, who find in Governor Gillett's course a satisfactory indication of his moral fitness for public responsibility. But we can hardly expect this to impress a journal which seeks its first interpretation of California ethics from a traveling joy party of gin-soaked bruisers.

The Supreme Bench.

It can not be said of the late Chief Justice Fuller that he added anything to the prestige of the Supreme Court. He was not a man of preëminent talents or of preëminent learning, and perhaps there was never a time in the twenty-two years of his official life in which in a purely intellectual and professional sense he was not outranked in the bench over which he presided. Associate Justice Field was a man of larger mind and a more philosophic lawyer; likewise Associate Justice Miller, Associate Justice Brewer, and perhaps others have by their written opinions illustrated powers of a higher order. Judge Fuller's name will be associated always with the respectable traditions of the Supreme Bench, but he will not become, like Marshall, a historical figure of high repute and continuing inspiration.

It is to the enduring credit of Chief Justice Fuller that he never mixed politics with his judicial views, yet it is an important fact in this connection that for some years he retained the chief justiceship from a sense of loyalty to the Democratic party. Under the law he might have retired on full pay at seventy. Under the conditions of his health he would have done well to retire any time this five years past. But he always cherished hopes of a return of the Democratic party to authority in the government and felt it as a species of partisan duty to cling to the chief justiceship in the chance of such an event. It is possible that his well-known dislike of Mr. Roosevelt had something to do with this determination in so far as it related to the period of the latter's presidency. It was an open secret that Roosevelt was anxious to name a Chief Justice; and it has long been understood that Justice Fuller was not ill pleased to defeat this ambition. A story was current some four or five years ago to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt undertook on a social occasion the not very delicate task of reminding the Chief Justice that he had come to an age and a condition of health when it would be well for him to retire. "How old are you, Mr. Chief Justice," he is reported to have asked with a pointed smile. "I am old enough, Mr. President," the Chief Justice is reported to have said in reply, "to mind my own business." This story may or may not be precisely true, but it is widely believed to be an approximate statement of an actual occurrence, and it certainly fits in with the temperaments and habits of the two men.

It is the universal opinion that President Taft will name Governor Hughes for the vacant chief justiceship, instead of the associate justiceship as already arranged. Taft is known to hold Hughes in high esteem, and the appointment would be a natural one in every way. If, indeed, Hughes shall be named the promotion will be a remarkable one, since only five years ago Hughes was a comparatively unknown lawyer and since he has never held a judicial post. His fitness for it will be conceded; yet there will be many to see a hazard in naming for a responsibility so great and so lasting any man absolutely unproved by previous judicial service.

This vacancy, with that which came some six months ago, gives Mr. Taft his second appointment to the Supreme Bench, and it is a practical assurance that others will fall in upon his administration. Associate Justice Moody is on the eve of retirement, and it is not

likely that Associate Justice Harlan's period of active service will be greatly extended. In the ordinary course of things half the membership of the Supreme Bench will probably be renewed during the Taft presidency; and it is fortunate that the power of appointment lies in such discriminating and interested hands. The bench as a whole needs strengthening. No man knows this better than Mr. Taft; no man is more competent to make judicious selection and none more earnest in recognition of the profound responsibilities involved. His own service on the bench and his well-known propensity for judicial service affords assurance of his solicitude for the dignity and power of the Supreme Court.

The Campaign.

The primary campaign for the governorship tends to sustain the general view which the Argonaut presented at an earlier stage of the contest. There is active competition among aspirants, the methods of each tending to reveal innate qualities of mind and character. Mr. Curry continues to work through a general scheme of vote-getting activities. The headquarters of Curry influence, wherever it exists in the several counties, is invariably in some little group of practical politicians. It is a campaign waged among "the boys" by methods calculated to win support among elements least responsible on the score of character, capacity, or political earnestness. There is nowhere in it any suggestion of fixed political principle or of anything other than political expediency. Mr. Johnson's campaign is industrious and noisy, and in so far as it has any significance at all, destructive. It is a campaign of vituperation waged after the fervid manner and with the familiar stage thunder of the practiced criminal lawyer. If Mr. Johnson knows anything about State affairs, he fails to manifest it; if he has any constructive and worthy aims, he has failed to make them known. He is attempting by vociferous damnation of men better than himself to revive old scandals and to besmirch the party with which he pretends to be affiliated. If he is for anything he has not set it forth. As to his own fitness for the duties of the governorship he furnishes no testimony worth a moment's consideration. Mr. Stanton's campaign is practically a local one; Mr. Ellery's position continues as it began, a mere impertinence.

More and more it becomes evident that the only Republican in the field of gubernatorial measure—the only man of real fitness for the post—is Alden Anderson. His methods of appeal are proper and becoming, and the promise which he holds before the State is a reasonable one based upon character and achievement. Mr. Anderson is essentially a man of affairs, a man who under public responsibilities and in his individual activities has illustrated common sense, integrity, decency, dignity. Every claim made for him is sustained by his record in the legislature, in the lieutenant-governorship, in the bank commissionership, and by his career in business life. No man knows the State better than Mr. Anderson. No man among us in recent years has been more intimately associated with the things essential to community welfare. With the affairs of the State in the hands of Mr. Anderson there will be absolute assurance of business capacity and integrity and of policies at once conservative and constructive. Somebody has said of Mr. Anderson fairly and truthfully that he is "the logical candidate." That he will prove likewise the successful man, the Argonaut has not the first doubt. Most certainly it will be so unless as a community California shall have lost her political and business judgment.

In view of the hazards which lie in faction, the Republican State Committee, we think, is fully justified in putting to the several candidates for the governorship a test question as to their party loyalty. No man has right to ask for votes on the ground of party affiliation.

who will not in any event yield to the party judgment as declared in the primary election. The proposition is so simple, it would appear, that nobody could reasonably object to it, for excepting under some such principle of cohesion there can be no assurance of party integrity. Mr. Johnson has of course the right to reply to this question or not as he pleases, but he has no right to assume character as a Republican, to invite support as a Republican, unless he intends to accept the party determination as it shall be declared at the polls. Let us ask what becomes of the integrity of the primary system itself, if a candidate may use the party name as a mere catch word in support of his own ambitions, at the same time declining to accept any obligation under the party name and authority?

The New Order in England.

Designs are reported to be in preparation for the postage stamps and coinage of George V. Thus the old order giveth place to the new. And, naturally, speculation is busy as to what the new order is to be, what the reign of Great Britain's latest king is to stand for in the domains of social life, and domestic and imperial politics. It is not possible to penetrate wholly the veil which enshrouds the personality and predilections of the new sovereign, yet from his doings and sayings and from the half-revelations of some who have means of knowing, it is possible to attain a certain measure of forecast.

Too much importance may easily be attached to the king's determination to continue the racing stables of his father. That resolve is more a wise concession to popular favor than an expression of personal preference. A striking photograph of a scene on the royal stand at a race meeting reveals at a glance the difference between father and son, for while the face of the late king is wreathed in smiles, the symbol of his keen personal enjoyment in the equine contest before his eyes, the features of the son suggest rather the meditative mood of a man who is wondering why such a scene should cause so much excitement. As, then, George V will patronize horse-racing more in his position as king than in the capacity of a devotee, so he will be unlike his father in his relation to sartorial fashion. He is no fashion-maker in clothes; his preference is for quiet, inconspicuous dressing; and he has no ambition in the direction of ruling a "set." It appears beyond dispute that he is the least formal of monarchs; is quite unkingly in his liking for shaking hands; can laugh with the heartiest; has a seaman's desire to mingle with all sorts and conditions of men; and, up to the time of his accession, found his greatest pleasures with his family or in shooting. One acceptable story credits him with donning a paper cocked hat what time he led a soldierly parade of his little family.

Yet it would seem that these bourgeois characteristics are combined with a strong conservative bent of mind. If the secretary of the king were asked whether George V is a Liberal or Conservative he would undoubtedly reply, as was done on behalf of Edward VII, that the king has no politics. Still it is impossible to forget that before he came to the throne he was a constant attendant at important debates in Parliament, just as it must not be ignored that as, by the terms of his office, he is pledged to defend the constitution, his preferences may be supposed to favor the constitutional party. In his public actions, however, he has tactfully maintained that friendly relation to both parties which has become the traditionally correct attitude of Great Britain's sovereign. If he has, by virtue of the present political position, taken full counsel with Mr. Asquith, it should not be overlooked that he has also paid a prolonged personal visit to Mr. Chamberlain, the veteran and inviolated champion of tariff reform.

So far, then, the attitude of the king has been wholly correct and non-committal. Nor has he failed in attention to those minor matters which count for so much in strengthening the affection of the people for the throne. It was a thoughtful and kindly prompting which made him request that the theatres be reopened lest the poor suffer through lack of employment; and the same spirit was manifested in the order for shortening the period of full mourning, in the pardons which have been granted to numerous prisoners, in kindly messages to the relatives of victims of accidents, and the like. The various proclamations to his people which the events of the past two months have occasioned have been in quiet and excellent taste, and do much to prove that he really does possess that strain of sympathetic emotion with which he has been credited.

Of far greater suggestiveness than all the foregoing, however, is the fact that George V is responsible for the conference which is now taking place between the leaders of the opposing parties relative to the question of the House of Lords. That the initiation of the conference should have come from the king is proof of his resolve to be something more than a royal umpire. The political influence of the British sovereign is sometimes too greatly minimized. Writing as he did before the publication of Queen Victoria's letters, President Lowell made an unintentional error in asserting that the political influence of the sovereign had narrowed during her reign. The letters entirely disprove that assertion. They show that on two notable occasions Queen Victoria intervened with marked success to avert a conflict between the two houses of Parliament, and was specially thanked by Mr. Gladstone for services which had resulted in an "escape from a formidable constitutional conflict." Hence it would be misleading to regard George V as a *roi fainéant*, especially as it must be remembered that at the last resort the key to the situation is in his hands. He alone possesses the power to create the peers who would be necessary to transform the character of the House of Lords, and he might emulate the example of William IV in declining to call those necessary voters into existence. Such a probable factor of the situation must not be lost sight of, for George V in his earlier manhood has had command of a ship-of-war, and can not be supposed to have entirely lost the qualities of rulership which such a position postulates and develops.

So far as the social life of the new reign will differ from that of Edward VII the influence of Queen Mary will probably count for more than that of her husband. One thing is certain; neither divorcees, nor vaudeville stars, nor butterflies of the "smart set" species will be welcome at court. The queen is the antithesis of a society leader, for she has nothing in common with "fast" life. Her training at the hands of her mother, the Duchess of Teck, was wholly domestic, with a strong leaning to philanthropy. No whisper of scandal has ever been heard against the home life of the new sovereigns; on the contrary, their devotion to each other and to their children is a matter of indisputable knowledge.

All this can hardly fail to have a reflex influence on those mercenary Anglo-American alliances which are so keenly resented by reputable Americans and hardly less abhorred by right-thinking English people. To state, as has been done, that the new king and queen are "anti-American" is to strain credulity to the breaking point, but it may well be that George V and his queen reprobate the attempts of British aristocrats to rehabilitate with American dollars, fortunes and estates which have been impoverished by reckless or desperate courses. All thoughtful Americans will rejoice if the British court is closed in future to parties to such alliances, for that way lies the most effective remedy. If the impecunious British peer can not "deliver the goods," that is, insure that his American bride shall have the entrée to royal society, the American mother will probably exert her match-making ambitions in other directions. That will be a gain to both nations; it may teach the dollar-hunting British aristocrat a little self-respect, and the title-hunting American mother that there are worthier uses of wealth than bargain-buying in the marriage market.

Without doubt that devotion to philanthropic movements which has characterized the reign of Queen Alexandra will be worthily sustained by Queen Mary. She has already extended marked favor to the social work of the Salvation Army, and given several proofs that hospitals and charities will find in her a constant and enthusiastic patron. Her view of life is a serious one; she is credited with being deeply religious; but it has yet to be shown that such unusual royal traits may not serve her as well as laxity of morals and absorption in fashion.

For the moment, of course, the problem of domestic politics holds the field of interest in Great Britain. The truce of death is practically at an end. It is true that the politicians on both sides have not resumed their violently partisan orations, and that the opposing editors are penning their articles in a conciliatory spirit, but the fact that a conference is in progress between the two parties shows that the softened mood which came over the nation through the sudden death of King Edward is giving place to the recognition that the conflict will soon be renewed if a solution is not

reached by way of compromise. Even so, however, it should be noted that all wild talk about a "crisis" is wide of the mark. Just as surely as there was not and is not a "revolution" in Russia, despite the heroics of excited journalists whose minds were filled with second-hand reminiscences of the French Revolution, so there has not been and is not a "crisis" in Great Britain. The country has not been stirred to a tith of the extent to which it was perturbed by the reform bill agitation of 1832. Then the action of the House of Lords in that "crisis" led to riots in London and elsewhere, to the calling out of the troops, the tolling of bells, and the printing of the newspapers in mourning. None of these things happened last year or are likely to happen this.

And why? Because, after all, the last general election was wholly indecisive, for the Liberals would not have been able to pass their budget even in the House of Commons had it not been for the support of Irish votes which were cast in their favor not because the budget was approved by the Irish electors, but because the House of Lords stands in the path of Home Rule. Besides, even among Unionists there is general agreement that the House of Lords needs to be reformed, and that the House of Commons should retain its supremacy in finance provided a finance bill is not vitiated by "tacking." Unionists do not claim that the constitution is perfect; they, too, are legislators and not antiquaries; they are willing to join forces in making the constitution better. Out of the welter of discussion has come the admission by Unionists that the existing disparity of party representation in the House of Lords is indefensible, and this may prepare the way for concessions on the Liberal side which will lead to peace. The conference will fail unless each side is prepared to make concessions of moment, and it may be safely assumed that when Mr. Balfour, at the instigation of the king, became a party to the conference he did so prepared to accept the position that the House of Lords should be so reconstructed as to give the Liberal party when in power an equal chance with the Conservatives of carrying their legislation into effect. The chief need of the hour is to evolve some definition of a money bill which shall for the future prevent a budget being turned into a Cave of Adullam for all the outcasts of legislation. This should not be beyond the wisdom of King George's ministry and opposition, and should he have been the instrument of such an achievement he will have begun to build his reign on a stable foundation.

Commercial Future of the Air-Ship.

The career of the Zeppelin air-ship demonstrates that the weather problem is now the vital one in aerial navigation. Three Zeppelins have been destroyed—all by moderate storms. Discouraging as these disasters are, they do not destroy hope; but they do make it plain that for other than military ventures aerodromes, or ports of safety, must always be near at hand.

Under these conditions, are permanent passenger routes after the plan of the Zeppelin scheme practicable? Will running dirigibles as a business pay? When the novelty wears off will there remain a profit-giving patronage? Much will depend, of course, on the relative cost of land and air transportation. With a Zeppelin, eighteen-passenger car, the running expenses are \$375 a day and the passenger charges are \$6 an hour. Travel by rail is from fifty cents to a dollar an hour and by water much less. Ships and cars have freight to depend on, but the dirigible can not meet this competition for want of space and because air is 800 times lighter than water. So it is a question whether the Zeppelins will find any patronage, commercially, more dependable than the public taste for novelty and the needs of travel in high altitudes. Another restriction on their business adaptability will, of course, be imposed by cold weather. One hardly will listen for a loud call for balloon accommodations in winter time.

On these accounts it would seem that the chief value of aircraft of any kind will prove to be military and naval; after that it will be found in exploration, for which there is still an inviting field. If the dirigible can be used 200 days in the year, as Count Zeppelin claims, its military value should be large enough for all practicable purposes of a campaign if not equal to every special occasion. For observation, if no more, a Zeppelin must be of great use; as a machine of this type, it is said, could in good weather cover the length of the French frontier in twelve hours, inspecting the whole strategic deployment of the forces there. As to

facilities of attack, what could not be looked for in a flying machine capable of holding the air all day and carrying ammunition and men equal in weight to that made possible by a surplus lifting power of 44,000 pounds?

Explorers, of course, are supposed to take climatic hardships easily, hence the value of long-distance Zeppelins, starting from a well-furnished base, in arctic, antarctic, high mountain, and Saharan travel. With command of the air, it will be possible with a Zeppelin to visit hitherto inaccessible places and thus solve the last negotiable secret which may have baffled geographers, naturalists, and meteorologists.

A Lesson to the Heathen.

Mayor McCarthy's disappointment over his friends the Chinese has given way to hope now that the district attorney, by breaking up one of their clubs and jailing its inmates, has taught them the folly of ingratitude. The public will recall that McCarthy's racial instincts of fair play prompted him early in his career of office to assure the Chinese of a square deal, expecting a return in kind. They "might gamble their heads off," he said, for all he cared. The Mc's and the O's had been for equal rights since the sandlots came up to Montgomery Street and the gentle haythen should lack for nothing that had a negotiable value. For a time the heathen in their blindness stood apart and seemed suspicious. They were doubtful of a Mc bearing gifts, for such things had generally cost more than they came to. Still there was a chance, and when a police captain who had the nerve to challenge the mayor's humane plans was sent to the cow district, the Chinese came confidently into the open and formed clubs for mutual improvement. These clubs were a success from the start. The mayor, Mr. Flannery, then of the police commission, and Mr. Jerome Bassity, the all-round reformer, had great hopes of them. It was remarked that they had framed themselves up to look as innocent of any intent to break the gambling laws, despite their official reassurances, as the P. H. McCarthy Business Men's Association itself. It was still surmised, however, that the clubs, in their gratitude for equal rights, would feel prompted when the need came of pouring oil on the machinery of better government. But they didn't. Instead, whenever the mayor's new police called by way of reminder, they ran to the courts and got out injunctions to tie the hands of the force. But this was not all. They impudently denied that they had taken any advantage of the mayor's permission to gamble, but were merely engaged in studying morality and civics. They said they owed nothing on the score of gratitude. Both the mayor and Mr. Bassity were aghast. "Thim haythen!" was a remark which included the whole sentiment embraced in Bret Harte's Iliad. "They have no since of honor," said Bassity, who had hoped to be able to get everything cleaned up in time to bet on the fight. Then there was a happy thought. An appeal to the district attorney was made, and it got results. Mr. Fickert would do the raiding himself as the public prosecutor, and let injunctions take the hindmost. And he did. He captured a club en masse. Mr. Fickert explained in the press that "If the Chinese are allowed to gamble, let it be understood that they may do so; but they can not use the courts for purposes of deception." It was a master stroke, and we now trust, with the mayor and other friends of reform, that the Chinese will learn the lesson that it is better to keep in touch with an administration which believes in living as well as letting live, and that they will try no more to affront it by methods which, however inexpensive, are shamefully ulterior.

The Child and the Stage.

That sentimental saccharinity which is cloying present-day literature about children is infecting with its mushiness all phases of child life. Notably is this the case in those States where child-labor laws are being perverted to the detriment of the drama. With the original aim of those laws there can be no quarrel. They are based on Thoreau's principle that the price of an article is what it costs in terms of human life, and their laudable object is to prevent child labor becoming a substitute for the infanticide of savage races. In the modern rage for cheap goods there is need that child labor be protected against all attempts to exploit it in the production of those cheap goods, for no society can have any pretense to morality which allows child life to be used up or stunted in the interests of low-price production.

But to prohibit children from taking a walking or speaking part on the stage on the grounds which apply to child labor in the factory manifests a deplorable lack of clear thinking. The two cases have nothing in common. Especially should it be emphasized that the vital question of cheapening production does not enter into the question. A play does not call for a child actor for the sake of saving the salary of an adult. To eliminate Prince Arthur from "King John" would not relieve treasury-day save by making the grown-up Hubert unnecessary; to apply child-labor laws to that tragedy would throw adults out of work. As a matter of æsthetic interest it will be recalled that where children are necessary in a play the play is thereby heightened in value as a picture of life and a force for good. If there were large demands for children in the modern type of musical comedy an objection to their employment would be well taken, for the associations of such productions are not what children should experience; but the child actor is rarely required save for plays of serious or poetic purpose, and that being the case there can be no reason for prohibiting their appearance. Such juvenile actors always have their educational and moral interests jealously safeguarded. Were that not the case, all that the law should require is that the child's opportunities for education are adequate.

Obstacles to the development of talent in music or the drama must inevitably lower the average of accomplishment in both. In each art the child mind has capacity of an unusual kind which should be fostered from the earliest age. The child-labor laws of some States would have stunted the genius of Mozart, and rendered impossible that early training in the art of acting which has contributed so much to the present eminence of Mrs. Fiske, Miss Adams, several members of the Drew family, and others who now give distinction to the American stage. Hence that "exaggerated prolongation of infancy" which appears to be the ideal of some reformers is a distinct danger to the development of the artistic life of the nation.

The Idyllington.

What heart is not touched with the sockless romance of Margaret Illington? As the wife of Manager Frohman, that lady, during an unobtrusive career on the stage, felt her soul moving toward the kinder seclusion of the nursery. Mr. Frohman, however, refused to bill any new attraction, so he was gotten rid of among the sanctities of Reno and his place given to a Mr. Bowes of Tacoma, whose tastes in ornithology suggested a special appreciation of the stork. It did not take more than a day or two after the passing of Frohman to settle the charming Margaret in a new nest as a happy and hopeful bride. Of the broader details of this romance the public has been informed; for Mrs. Bowes, full of desire for a larger inconspicuity than the stage afforded, lost no time at the start in sending for the reporters. She said she had been in constant fear of the publicity she might incur behind the footlights, and that she had chosen, instead, to sit quietly by a home fire, darn socks, and wait for soft arms and lisping voices. She was tired of the sterile subterfuges of mimic love. She wanted the non-professional aspects of domestic life; and while the reporters waited, entranced, she modestly started to fabricate a lace cap. The revised and reissued bride was indeed very happy in her retirement; and she besought the reporters to reveal as little of her ménage as possible. She would like to see the proofs and then to bask without public remark in the tender sympathy which Mr. Bowes had shown for her new ideals.

The romance had begun, it seems, with a wedding gift of white yarn, knitting needles, some bolts of blue ribbon, a rocking-chair, a rattle, and such other essentials of the simple domestic life as were not deemed too premature. Then came a period of happy restlessness. A few rosy weeks and three or four iridescent months passed. Then there were vague rumors not altogether pleasant. But even this did not prepare the public for the sudden news, officially conveyed through the same reporters, that Mrs. Bowes had again become Miss Illington and would return to the stage, which, it appears, had also been caught napping. The lady had "found her soul," she said, showing that whatever her disappointments, her powers of detection were still good. As for the socks, there was nothing to put them on but the footlights. The only thing the fair lady would undertake to dandle thereafter was the shadowy progeny of the dramatic muse.

As for Bowes, he has never cultivated the reporters,

and his views on the catastrophe can not be learned; so an eager public must be content with the lady's protestation that nothing has happened or failed to happen which has impaired his spiritual value as a soulmate.

The Best Possible Outcome.

Viewing the matter from the standpoint of broad social interest, the best thing that could have happened did happen at Reno on Monday last. If Jeffries had whipped Johnson it would have tended to sustain interest in the pugilistic game, which as it has come to be played is a demoralization and an abomination. The practical failure of the fight as a spectacle, combined with Johnson's success, tends to put the whole business in contempt here and everywhere. Of course there will be ring contests of one sort or another in the future as in the past, but probably we shall not have another "big fight" in a decade. Ring "sport" has lost whatever claims to respectability it may ever have had; it has lost its flavor, lost its vogue. And for this the world of decency should be devoutly thankful.

The assertion that the "white race" suffers a loss of prestige in this outcome is ridiculous. Jeffries represented not the white race, but the spirit of vulgar hoodlumism. Despite the assertions of social and political strenuousness, in some high places as well as in all low places, the white race does not base its claim to ascendancy in the world upon its capacity to hit and to dodge and upon the insensibility which endures punishment. The tests of power among men and races rest not so much upon brawn as upon character, not so much upon heft and density of body as upon weight and force of intellect. Your "best man" from the standpoint of the prize-fighter is by no means the "best man" from the standpoint of civilization. The game of the ring is one in which the lower order of man may have the advantage over a higher order of man. Undoubtedly the least skillful prize-fighter could "knock out" the president of Harvard College in one swift round. But that is far from proving that the ring champion is the better man. The hope of a race is not, indeed, a thing apart from physical hardihood and stamina; but it would be a poor world truly that would accept a physical ordeal as the proof of supreme merit.

The universal sense of disgust which proceeds from the victory of the negro at Reno tends wholesomely to limit the evil after-effects of this most notable of all ring battles. Jeffries, if he had been the victor, would have become a species of hero. Thousands would have flocked to see him; millions would have reveled in photographic reproductions of the scene of his triumph. All this, with its vulgar and demoralizing effects, has been saved by an outcome which tends to nullify popular interest.

The one distressing effect of the triumph of the black man is the stimulus which it gives to a low form of aspiration on the part of the negro race, especially in the South. In benighted minds it tends to sustain lower as distinct from higher standards. Undoubtedly it gives encouragement to pretensions which would better be subdued and stifled. Already we read in reports of so-called race riots all over the country that it has stimulated the worst instincts and passions of the lower element of the black population. However, this is only a transient mischief. Its influence will last but a little while. In a fortnight the incident will be forgotten—and so much the better all round.

Reaction in Hungary.

Diplomacy may sometimes be too successful. No doubt the veteran emperor of the dual monarchy is congratulating himself on his choice of Count Khuen-Héderváry as Hungarian premier to conduct the recent elections, for the government party has been returned with a large majority over all other factions combined, but the methods used in attaining the result are not of a kind calculated to placate the non-Magyars. It appears to be established beyond question that Hungarian soldiers were employed in large numbers by Count Khuen-Héderváry to prevent opposition voters from reaching the polling stations, while, on the other hand, government voters were carefully guarded and liberally supplied with food and drink.

It may be admitted that the various factions of the coalition have been somewhat intolerant and insistent upon national issues, have, in fact, subordinated most matters to their federal propaganda, but that was no excuse for the employment of force in preventing the non-Magyars from voting for their candidates. Owing

to his artificial majority Count Khuen-Héderváry will be able to force through those measures on which Francis Joseph insists, but even he will not be able to allay for long those demands for a separate tariff and the use of Hungarian in the army which no statesman has been able to suppress. One regrettable feature of the situation resulting from the Hungarian elections is the inevitable postponement of electoral reform, which surely is one of the most urgent necessities in a country where less than 25 per cent of the male population possess the vote. By resorting most reprehensibly to the force of arms, Count Khuen-Héderváry has assured for the time the continuance of Magyar supremacy, and no doubt the Magyarization of the Slavs and the rest will be pressed zealously forward. The emperor may see in all this the result of his former threat that if he were compelled to sanction the use of Hungarian in the army he would couple with it the granting of universal suffrage, and he may comfort himself with the thought that he has secured respite for his own lifetime. Yet it is of ominous significance that just as he has been visiting his new territories of Bosnia and Herzegovina events have transpired in Hungary which have in them the seeds of future divisions. A change of dynasty in Austria-Hungary is likely to subvert that German and Magyar dominance which has continued so long, especially as the non-Magyars, who form more than half of the population of Hungary, are being relegated to the position of serfs.

Spain's Hope of Progress.

The Papacy warns Spain that "the basis of her past greatness rested on devotion to the church." This statement must divert the muse of History. Whatever greatness Spain had in the arts and sciences was chiefly Moorish and in literature secular, while in government and war Spain was monstrous rather than great. The one mighty part she played in the march of human progress was in giving Columbus way and room to prove that the earth is a globe, infallible Catholic doctrine to the contrary notwithstanding. Had the Vatican philosophy prevailed, Spain would never have been crowned with this laurel; but after inhabited lands "over the edge of the world" had been found, the church was only too willing to share the profits of the piracy which followed. Both the crown and the tiara divided gigantic plunder; but under the priest-ridden government of the land Spain soon sank from affluence to poverty, from a species of enlightenment, a heritage from the Moors, to the state of squalid ignorance and sloth from which the Liberals under Señor Canalejas are trying to extricate her. Whatever hope they have of success harks back to non-Catholic precedents; whatever apprehension of failure to Papal reaction. But it is a sign of the strength of Spain's modernism that the Vatican has finally found cause to withhold its dubious "blessing" from the royal family, which is the first propitious sign of the strength of the progressive movement. There would be great hope for Spain if a general excommunication would follow.

Editorial Notes.

California pioneers figured in the first two notable prize-fights held in the United States, that of 1853 between John Morrissey and "Yankee" Sullivan and that of 1858 between Morrissey and J. C. Heenan. Sullivan lost the fight, went to California, and ended his career by suicide when in the hands of the Vigilance Committee. Heenan, who fought the winner of the first fight, was known to pugilistic fame as "the Benicia boy." In both these fights there was trouble with the law over a site, the ring for the first battle finally being pitched at Boston Four Corners, a place on the line between New York and Massachusetts, which neither State claimed. The second came off on an island in Lake Erie, seventy-five miles from Buffalo, New York, where there was no county jurisdiction. Morrissey, who won the two fights, afterward represented New York in Congress. It is related of him that he gave a box of cigars to the Speaker on the day he took his seat, which the Speaker accepted because of its high quality, at the same time expressing regret that he could not, in deference to custom, give any new member a good place on committees. Mr. Morrissey said that all the working job he wanted was a place at the tail end of the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions.

In acceptance of a challenge received from Waseda University of Tokyo, Japan, the baseball nine of the University of Chicago will this fall journey to Tokyo to play a series of five games.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Now that our late distinguished visitor, Halley's Comet, has faded beyond the ken of the naked eye and will soon be lost to the gaze of the most powerful telescope, the astronomers are beginning to pluck up courage. But some diffidence is mingled with their efforts to reassert their dominance of the non-astronomical mind. In one breath they speak about the "very great gain" which has accrued to science by the observations taken during the recent visit, and in another they admit that "it is hardly possible it can ever again prove so great an attraction to scientists." Further, on the one hand it is asserted that "the last vestiges of romance" have fallen from the comet, and on the other the admission has to be made that whether the earth did or did not pass through the tail is a mystery "the comet has succeeded in retaining." So honors are still with that vagrant of the skies, even though the men of science are "well content" with the results they have garnered. This is a judicial attempt to rehabilitate the astronomical profession, but a year or so hence the text-books will be replete with their old know-all deliverances. And the public memory is so short that when the return visit of the wanderer is due our astronomical friends will have regained their pontifical supremacy. Which is just as well; for it would be a miserable world if everybody knew everything.

Ex-President Eliot has got the master of Emmanuel College into trouble. This seems an unkind thing for the late head of Harvard to have done to the present head of the institution where John Harvard was educated. And it is all over a question of religion, too. Dr. Eliot, it seems, gave an address on "The Religion of the Future" to a summer school of theology last year, and that utterance so commended itself to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association that it printed it in pamphlet form, and sent a bundle to the master of Emmanuel for distribution among his students. He also appears to have thought highly of the address, inasmuch as he distributed copies to the undergraduates with a letter calling attention to the fact that the author had been invited to accept the office of ambassador to Great Britain, that he had been for forty years president of Harvard University, and was one of the foremost men in the United States. He added an expression of hope that the reading of the address might encourage Emmanuel men to adopt the religion of the future, and discard "the ill-founded and superstitious elements which still survive in popular Christianity."

Now, as may be imagined, Dr. Eliot's address was hardly the kind of milk for babes which Episcopalian undergraduates are in the habit of imbibing. One or two salient sentences will make this clear.

The religion of the future will not be based on authority, either spiritual or temporal. The decline of reliance upon absolute authority is one of the most significant phenomena of the modern world. It is evident that authority, both of the most authoritative churches and of the Bible as a verbally inspired guide, is already greatly impaired, and that the tendency towards liberty is progressive, and among educated men irresistible.

There will be, in the religion of the future, no worship, express or implied, of dead ancestors, teachers, or rulers; no more tribal, racial, or tutelary gods; no identification of any human being, however majestic in character, with the Eternal Deity.

Such flagrant heresy has aroused the orthodox. It has awakened the "indignation of Cambridge men who are loyal Christians," who are specially scandalized that a master of a Cambridge college should have lent himself to the distribution of such iconoclastic teaching. One irate "loyal Christian" demands that the name of the college, Emmanuel "God with Us," be immediately changed. Happily the person who would have been most shocked has been dead quite a time. The founder of Emmanuel, Sir Walter Mildmay, brought the college into existence to be a nursery for Puritans, and as such it was distinguished in John Harvard's student days. Many a "painful preacher" of immaculate orthodoxy went from Emmanuel to New England to keep alive there the austere rule of faith that had been taught them under the roof of Emmanuel, but just as Harvard University has wandered far from the theological fold of its founders, so, Dr. Eliot evidently thinks, it is time the light was passed on to Emmanuel. Like Canning, he has called in the new world to redress the balance of the old.

"Save for Poe, American letters are unknown in Europe." Such is the astonishing statement made by an American visitor to Europe in the columns of a London newspaper. It reads as though Sidney Smith had come back to earth with his "who reads an American book?" That a sentence so wide of the truth could have been written by an American is unthinkable. Yet there it is, and those who are ignorant of conditions in Europe will probably accept it for a true statement. As a matter of fact, the great writers of America, from Franklin onward, are probably as widely read on the other side of the Atlantic as in their native land. No series of classical authors is thought complete which does not include representative works by Washington Irving, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Hawthorne, Whittier, Longfellow, and many more. Statistics are not available at the moment, but it would be safe to assert that the great writers of America are, in proportion to population, as much sought and read in England as they are in the United States. Nay, more. The lists of American and English publishers show every year an increasing exchange in current literature, so that an author who "makes good" in America will speedily find an audience in England, just as an English success is surely followed by prompt recognition in the United States. One of the best proofs of this interchange of literature is found in the fact that while the leading American publishers have branch establishments in London so the principal English publishers have

direct representation in New York. If Poe were the only American author known in Europe the international copyright arrangement would not be in existence.

Rulers all over the world are contributing to the high cost of living. Washington has furnished a recent example, the other day the German emperor got his "rise," and now John Burns, the president of the English local government board, has had his salary increased from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The humor of that last increment consists in the fact that Mr. Burns is a whilom labor leader, and once declared that no public man is worth more than two thousand five hundred dollars a year. But he is a bit of a wit, and when he was derided for his inconsistency in accepting four times that amount he retorted that it is not for him to cut the trade-union rate of wages among cabinet ministers. He did not get his increase of salary without protest, for his former colleagues in the lead of labor chided him with a desire to fraternize with plutocrats and society with a big "S," besides reminding him that it was more becoming to avoid ostentation and live the quiet life of a simple citizen. All appeals to Mr. Burns to "decline" the proposed increase fell on deaf ears, which seems to show that the certain remedy for the conversion of labor leaders is still the gold cure. Meanwhile the leaders who are still in the cold shades of the office-less may console themselves by singing:

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a rihand to stick in his coat—
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!

Race suicide has invaded Wellesley. Two of the sweet girl graduates have hent their intellects to the framing of the following protest:

Since we must keep Tree Day closed to the public for the enjoyment of the alumni, should they be allowed to bring their ostreperous infants to distract their own attention and mar the pleasure of the undergraduates? If it is impossible for these young children to be left at home, we would suggest that one of the society houses be turned into a day nursery, where fond mothers can leave their offspring in charge of an attendant, or, if they prefer, remain to compare Jack with Ruth or to discuss the latest fad in infants' food or clothing. By this plan the children could be duly exhibited to less fortunate classmates and the whole afternoon would be more thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Having failed so signally to coerce the legislators at Alhany, the Strenuous One might try his hand at Wellesley. His duties as "consulting editor" can not be so arduous as to prevent his undertaking a professorship in Bahyolatory. Otherwise the defenders of the higher education for women who stoutly aver that a knowledge of the 'ologies is not detrimental to the mother instinct must get husy at once.

But stay. The suggestion to T. R. must be withdrawn, or at least modified. And the reason is that Mr. H. G. Wells has but the other day perpetrated this example of *lèse-majesté*:

I doubt if all the eloquence of Mr. Roosevelt and its myriad echoes has added a thousand habies to the eugenic wealth of the English-speaking world.

But Mr. Wells has his own axe to grind. He wants Endowed Motherhood. That is, if the modern state wishes children, it must pay for them. And how that is to be done Mr. Wells shall be allowed to explain:

Probably it would be found best that the payment should be made to the mother as the administrator of the family budget; that its amount should be made dependent upon the quality of the home in which the children are being reared, upon their health and physical development, and upon their educational success. Be it remembered, we do not want *any* children; we want good-quality children.

This is getting back to Rousseau with a vengeance. And soon, no doubt, Mr. Wells will further emulate Jean Jacques by providing the world with a manual for the education of state-endowed babies. This would be wholly in keeping with deriving inspiration from a man who abandoned his offspring to the expense of the taxpayer and then lectured his victim on his duties!

Russia, in deciding to annex Bokhara, shows a desire to gain possession of what the Orientals regarded as an earthly paradise (observes the *London Chronicle*). For so the country watered by the Zerafshan or Samarcand River was anciently described. "Zaraafshan" in Persia means what it was supposed to be to the countryside, "the Scatterer of Gold." But the river is the scatterer of gold no longer. The irrigation works of the Russians at Samarcand are drying up the river and depopulating the country. Bokhara in English stands for "Eastland," but in spite of the remoteness which the name suggests, it has played a conspicuous part in the history of the world from the times of Genghis Khan to the announcement of yesterday. The city of that name does not believe in town planning, many of the streets being scarcely wide enough to let a camel through.

Glenn Curtiss points out that the aeronautical sharps have progressed faster than the gasoline engine experts. If the engine of today runs all right, the aeroplane will fly all right. The airship is much nearer perfection than the engine already, though their birthdays are so far apart and there are so many more engines than airships.

James J. Hill began work as a farm hand at fifty cents a day. His income now is estimated at \$6000 a day, and his fortune at more than a hundred million.

THE "SCANDALIZATION" OF ENGLAND.

Divorce Witnesses Are Violating High Church Sentiments.

London, nay, thanks to the newspapers, the whole of Great Britain, is being "scandalized" day by day. This is the church view at any rate, meaning by church view the opinion of the High Church section of the Church of England. The attitude of that division of the English church is voiced from time to time by speakers at meetings of the English Church Union, and it is Lord Halifax who declares that his nation is being "scandalized."

And why? Simply because, by special invitation, all sorts and conditions of men and not a few varieties of women are giving their views on the question of divorce before that royal commission which is seeking to accumulate evidence as to whether there is any widespread desire that the cost of divorce be equalized between poor and rich, and whether other causes than those now recognized should be regarded as grounds on which divorce ought to be granted. It should be remembered that High Anglicans hold divorce of any kind as "immoral"; they certainly are consistent in this, that what they believe has been a curse to the rich they stoutly oppose being extended to the poor. Still, it is not so long since the Rev. Charles J. Shebbeare gently reminded his fellow-churchmen that High Anglican teaching about the doctrine of marriage is more severe than that of pre-Reformation or post-Reformation days. He shows, in brief, that it ignores the "doctrine of consent," which, on the impeccable authority of St. Thomas Aquinas, declares that the validity of a marriage depends upon what has passed in the minds of the bride and bridegroom. That is to say, if their intentions have in any way come short of being a genuine consent unto matrimony, the union is null and void.

But such hair-splitting is not to the mind of the militant High Anglicans. They have a doughty spokesman in the present Bishop of London, who as an unmarried man might be supposed immune from the vexed problems of husbands and wives. But that's all a mistake. The bishop is the most marriage-worried man in his diocese. Such, at any rate, is his own woeful plaint. He declares that marriage is the burden of his life. But why? Simply because the state has made legal unions between a man and a sister of a deceased wife, while the church—that is, the High Church—still clings to that one of the forty-nine articles which says a man may no more marry his deceased wife's sister than he may marry his grandmother. The bishop's "faithful priests" are, he says, "bullied and threatened" because they refuse to admit to communion any couples who take advantage of what the state says is law.

And all the time that royal commission is still sitting and hearing and allowing to be published all kinds of opinions as to divorce, and how it may be made cheaper, and for what new reasons it ought to be granted. Thus is England being "scandalized." At the same time the High Anglicans are getting in much good work on their own account. Many of the witnesses are airing the High Church view with remarkable industry. They have included a judge who dates his view of marriage back to the Garden of Eden and does not believe any human being has any authority to dissolve a marriage once contracted. And several women have testified along similar lines. Thus the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Hubbard, speaking on behalf of the Mothers' Union, said her own position was that the marriage tie is one that can only be broken by death. Divorce of any kind is as taboo to Mrs. Hubbard as to the Bishop of London. That it was made possible by the act of 1858 had "vulgarized and lowered" public opinion on marriage. It had made girls less cautious; one such, urged not to wed a man of bad character, had said, "I don't mind what anybody says, I am going to try it. It is only a trial, because what is the divorce court for?"

Perhaps the most surprising fact brought out by recent meetings is that the women of the poorer classes do not seem anxious that divorce be made cheaper and easier. All kinds of workers among the poor concur in this testimony. In fact the poor are said to "despise" the rich for the readiness with which they seek divorce. Perhaps some light is thrown upon this attitude by the naïve confession of one witness that a woman of the working classes "prefers to take her chance of maintenance under a separation order." On the other hand, it was not lost sight of that the separated woman is in constant temptation to accept the protection of another man and thus start on the downward road.

No discussion of divorce in England can possibly be complete without an appeal to the "horrible example" of America. So the Bishop of London borrowed the "big stick" for oratorical purposes, while two members of the American embassy have given their views to the commission. One, Mr. R. Newton Crane, gave support to the traditional opinion, asserting that in his native land one marriage in every sixteen is ultimately dissolved by divorce. Mr. Crane did, however, contest the widespread English belief that incompatibility of temperament is the cause for divorce in any of the States of the Union. His colleague, Mr. J. A. Barratt, denied the one divorce to every sixteen marriages theory, though admitting that the facility for the dissolution of marriage in the United States tended to unsettle "those who can afford to go and do as they like."

Thus far perhaps the most weighty evidence has been that given by police magistrates whose daily duties bring them into close contact with the matrimonial

problems of the lower and middle classes. The most notable of these witnesses has been Mr. A. C. Plowden, who frankly holds the view that marriage can not hope to be a working success if divorce is not in the background. There is nothing of the High Anglican view about him. To him marriage is a civil contract, which should be legal only when performed before a civil officer, and he regards infidelity, or desertion, or bigamy as a breach of contract. After all, there is no marriage, Mr. Plowden thinks, which is not an experiment, and divorce is simply a policy of insurance.

Out of this "scandalization" of England something entirely different from an alteration of the divorce law is likely to result. And that is nothing less than the disestablishment of the Church of England. Even the Bishop of London has almost made up his mind in favor of having all marriages conducted before a civil authority, and "inviting to receive the blessing of the church those only who accept and obey the church's rule." Hence if the commission should report on liberal lines, it is extremely probable that a movement for severing the connection of the church from the state will have birth in the church itself. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, June 20, 1910.

OLD FAVORITES.

Maskers.

Hope, the great explorer:
Love whom none can hind,
Youth that looks before her,
Age that looks behind,
Joy with brow like Summer's,
Care with wintry pate,
Maskers are and mummings
At Life's gate.

Pow'r with narrow forehead,
Wealth with niggard palm,
Wisdom old, whose hoar head
Vaunts a harren calm;
Haughty overcomers,
In their pomp and state;—
Maskers all and mummings
At Death's gate!

—William Watson.

The Last Word.

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! All stand fast.
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou are tired; hest he still.

They outtalked thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee:
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and he dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!—Matthew Arnold.

Summer's Eve.

Clear had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky,
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.

The flowers, like brave embroided girls,
Looked as they most desired,
To see whose head with Orient pearls
Most curiously was tyred.

The rills that on the pebbles played,
Might now be heard at will;
This world the only music made,
Else everything was still.

And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it received too large a share,
From nature's rich perfumes.

—Michael Drayton.

To a Greek Girl.

With breath of thyme and hees that hum,
Across the years you seem to come,—
Across the years with nymphlike head,
And wind-blown brows unfilleted;
A girlish shape that slips the hud
In lines of unspoiled symmetry;
A girlish shape that stirs the blood
With pulse of Spring, Autonee.

Where'er you pass,—where'er you go,
I hear the pebbly rillet flow;
Where'er you go,—where'er you pass,
There comes a gladness on the grass;
You bring blithe airs where'er you tread,—
Blithe airs that blow from down and sea;
You wake in me a Pan not dead,—
Not wholly dead!—Autonee.

How sweet with you on some green sod
To wreath the rustic garden god;
How sweet beneath the chestnut's shade
With you to weave a hasket braid;
To watch across the stricken chords
Your rosy twinkling fingers flee;
Or woo you in soft woodland words
With woodland pipe, Autonee!

In vain,—in vain! The years divide:
Here Themis rolls a murky tide,
I sit and fill my painful reams,
And see you only in my dreams;—
A vision, like Alcestit, brought
From underlands of Memory,—
A dream of Form in days of Thought,—
A dream,—a dream, Autonee! —Austin Dobson.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Margaret Selenka, widow of the Dutch scholar, Dr. Emil Selenka, has been chosen to lead a scientific expedition that will soon start for the island of Java.

Custis Hidden Page, the poet and essayist, is a Harvard graduate, and has held for some time the professorship of Romance Languages and Literature at the Northwestern University.

But two veterans are left of the gallant six hundred who charged at Balaklava—the octogenarian, Lord Tredegar, who was a subaltern of the Seventeenth Lancers, and the near equally aged Sir George Wombwell, of the same regiment.

J. E. Ralph, director of the government Bureau of Engraving and Printing, is the inventor of the plan and machinery for the new project of washing the soiled redeemed currency for reissue, and thus saving the country a million or more annually.

One of Queen Mary's most valued intimates is the Duchess of Roxburghe, who is an American. Other Americans who were always among the guests "to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales" is Lady Alastair Innes-Ker and her sister, Lady Willoughby de Eresby.

Camille Lemonnier, the leading novelist of Belgium, the author of fifty books, has written stories of war, of nature, of sex, of the labor struggle, that won the admiration of Flaubert and Maupassant a generation ago and are still regarded as supreme in their own field.

Dr. Caleb Williams Saleeby, widely known as a writer on topics related to medical art and science, is still a young man. He was born at Worthing, England, in 1878, and is a graduate of the University of Edinburgh. His wife is a daughter of Alice Meynell, the poet.

H. V. Radford, an American naturalist, who had obtained permission to shoot one of the rare wood bison of Northwest Canada (now almost extinct) has gained new if unenviable distinction by obtaining a magnificent specimen which weighed 2400 pounds, the largest bison ever killed.

Fedor Dostoevsky, the Russian novelist, was born in 1821, the son of a surgeon. According to Maurice Baring, the English writer, Dostoevsky is one of the two great columns which support the temple of Russian literature. Tolstoy is the other. Turgenev is placed by Mr. Baring inside the temple.

Notwithstanding his eighty years, Karl Goldmark continues to compose. He spends the greater part of each year at Gmünden, where he is now at work on a new opera, based on Madach's "Die Tragödie des Menschen." Goldmark's fame was made chiefly by his "Sakuntala" overture and his opera, "The Queen of Sheba."

Gerald Du Maurier, who is coming next autumn to America as a star of the stage, is the son of the late George Du Maurier, famous for his satirical drawings in *Punch* and as the author of "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby." Gerald Du Maurier was born in 1873 and first appeared on the stage in 1894 with John Hare. He made his first success as Captain Hook in "Peter Pan," and since that has gained steadily in reputation.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture, is deprived of part of the power he has been exercising by a clause in the agricultural appropriation bill. Dr. Wiley, who heretofore has issued citations to hearings whenever examinations made in his bureau seemed to justify him in demanding of the manufacturer an explanation of any article of food or drug product which it was thought did not come up to the standard of purity demanded by the food and drug act, will now confine his work practically to his laboratory. His other powers will be transferred to the solicitor of the department.

The recent admission of Eugène Brieux to the French Academy has aroused a tempest of praise and abuse. Bernard Shaw and Laurence Irving both speak of Brieux as the greatest French playwright since Molière. This Frenchman, hardly known in the English-speaking world, is, in the opinion of Laurence Irving, one of his leading interpreters on the stage, "as great a dramatist as the world has produced since Shakespeare." There are, on the other hand, critics who see in Brieux "a kind of maniacal demon ferreting out his characters from the mews and gutters of his native land." His play, "Les Avariés" (The Worthless Ones), proved too strong even for Paris. England has suppressed all but two of his plays.

The Maharajah Sir Nripendra Narayan Bhup Bahadur Cooch Behar, G. C. I. E., C. B., now visiting London from Bombay, is an Indian prince who is well educated. He holds a colonelcy in a British-Indian regiment, is a sportsman and a lawyer. In India he has no rival at tennis, and as a polo player the maharajah is almost unequalled. As a game hunter he has shot tigers and rhinoceri. He owns a fine racing stud, and at one time or another has carried off most of the classic races of India. During his last visit to London he gave a gorgeous supper and dance to stars of the stage and other members of the unconventional fraternity. He is as conspicuous a waltzer at court balls in England as at viceregal affairs at home.

THE "MATERNAL" GEORGE SAND.

A New Study of the Much-Loving French Novelist.

Lucile - Amandine - Aurore Dupin, afterwards the Baronne Dudevant, but best known to the world by her pen name of George Sand, still remains a figure of inexhaustible interest. She wrote for nearly half a century, and for fifty times three hundred and sixty-five days never let a day pass without covering more pages than other writers in a month. She gave to the world her views on love, the family, social institutions, and government, and in the course of her career formed with men other than her husband a series of "alliances" which would have kept her name alive had she never written a line. Hardly is it surprising, then, that she has been the theme of countless volumes, or that another from the pen of René Doumic, entitled "George Sand: Some Aspects of Her Life and Work," should possess features of interest which make it far from superfluous.

What has to be remembered in attempting an appreciation of this famous Frenchwoman is that she came of parents who on her father's side linked her to aristocracy and on her mother's to the people. Her maternal grandmother, too, has to be taken into account, who was "if not a typical *grande dame*, at least a typical elegant woman of the latter half of the eighteenth century." After the accidental death of her father, the future George Sand lived generally with her grandmother at Nohant in the lovely district of Berry. The girl's most outstanding characteristic at this period is thus described:

There was only one marked trait in the child's character up to this date, and that was a great tendency to reverie. For long hours she would remain alone, motionless, gazing into space. She was anxious about her when they saw her looking so *stupid*, but her mother invariably said: "Do not be alarmed. She is always ruminating about something." Country life, while providing her with fresh air and plenty of exercise, so that her health was magnificent, gave fresh food and another turn to her reveries. Ten years earlier Alphonse de Lamartine had been sent to the country at Milly, and allowed to frequent the little peasant children of the place. Aurore Dupin's existence was now very much the same as that of Lamartine. Nohant is situated in the centre of the Black Valley. The ground is dark and rich; there are narrow, shady paths. It is not a hilly country, and there are wide, peaceful horizons. At all hours of the day and at all seasons of the year, Aurore wandered along the Berry roads with her little playfellows, the farmers' children. There was Marie who tended the flock, Solange who collected leaves, and Liset and Plaisir who minded the pigs. She always knew in what meadow or in what place she would find them. She played with them amongst the hay, climbed the trees, and dabbled in the water. She minded the flock with them, and in winter when the herdsmen talked together, assembled around their fire, she listened to their wonderful stories. These credulous children had "seen with their own eyes" Georgeon, the evil spirit of the Black Valley. They had also seen will-o'-the-wisps, ghosts, the "white greyhound," and the "Big Beast"! In the evenings she sat up listening to the stories told by the hemp-weaver. Her fresh young soul was thus impregnated at an early age with the poetry of the country. And it was all the poetry of the country, that which comes from things, such as the freshness of the air and the perfume of the flowers, but also that which is to be found in the simplicity of sentiments and in that candor and surprise face to face with those sights of nature which have remained the same and have been just as incomprehensible ever since the beginning of the world.

At the age of thirteen the child was sent to a convent, which opened to her another world of sentiment, that of Christian emotion. She even thought of becoming a nun. That decided her grandmother to take the girl home again, and for the next year and a half she was constantly in the society of her father's mother.

The eighteen months which Aurore now passed at Nohant, until the death of her grandmother, are very important as regards her psychological biography. She was seventeen years old, and a girl who was eager to live and very emotional. She had first been a child of nature. Her convent life had taken her away from nature and accustomed her to falling back on her own thoughts. Nature now took her back once more, and her beloved Nohant fettered her return.

"The trees were in flower," she says, "the nightingales were singing, and, in the distance, I could hear the classic, solemn sound of the laborers. My old friends, the big dogs, who had growled at me the evening before, recognized me again and were profuse in their caresses."

She wanted to see everything again. The things themselves had not changed, but her way of looking at them now was different. During her long, solitary walks every morning she enjoyed seeing the various landscapes, sometimes melancholy looking and sometimes delightful. She enjoyed, too, the picturesqueness of the various things she met, the herds of cattle, the birds taking their flight, and even the sound of the horses' feet splashing in the water. She enjoyed everything, in a kind of voluptuous reverie which was no longer instinctive, but conscious and a trifle morbid.

Added to all this, her reading at this epoch was without any order or method. She read everything voraciously, mixing all the philosophers up together. She read Locke, Condillac, Montesquieu, Bossuet, Pascal, Montaigne, but she kept Rousseau apart from the others. She devoured the books of the moralists and poets, La Bruyère, Pope, Milton, Dante, Virgil, Shakespeare. All this reading was too much for her and excited her brain. She had reserved Chateaubriand's "René," and, on reading that, she was overcome by the sadness which emanates from these distressing pages. She was disgusted with life, and attempted to commit suicide. She tried to drown herself, and only owed her life to the healthy-mindedness of the good mare Colette, as the horse evidently had not the same reasons as its young mistress for wishing to put an end to its days.

On the death of her grandmother George Sand was taken to Paris by her mother, and shortly thereafter came the meeting with Casimir Dudevant, who speedily asked Aurore's hand in marriage. The union duly took place, without, it seems, any expression of preference on the part of the girl.

She was just eighteen years of age. It is interesting to read her description of herself at this time. In her "Voyage en Auvergne," which was her first writing, dated 1827, she

traces the following portrait, which certainly is not exaggerated.

"When I was sixteen," she says, "and left the convent, every one could see that I was a pretty girl. I was fresh looking, though dark. I was like those wild flowers which grow without any art or culture, but with gay, lively coloring. I had plenty of hair, which was almost black. On looking at myself in the glass, though, I can truthfully say that I was not very well pleased with myself. I was dark, my features were well cut, but not finished. People said that it was the expression of my face that made it interesting. I think this was true. I was gay but dreamy, and my most natural expression was a meditative one. People said, too, that in this absent-minded expression there was a fixed look which resembled that of the serpent when fascinating his prey. That, at any rate, was the far-fetched comparison of my provincial adorers."

They were not very far wrong, these provincial adorers. The portraits of Aurore at this date show us a charming face of a young girl, as fresh looking as a child. She has rather long features, with a delicately shaped chin. She is not exactly pretty, but fascinating, with those great dark eyes, which were her prominent feature, eyes which, when fixed on any one, took complete possession of them—dreamy, passionate eyes, sombre because the soul reflected in them had profound depths.

It is difficult to define that soul, for it was so complex. To judge by appearances, it was a very peaceful soul, and perhaps, too, it was in reality peaceful. George Sand, who knew herself thoroughly, frequently spoke of her laziness and of her apathy, traits peculiar to the natives of Berry. Superficial observers looked no further, and her mother used to call her "St. Tranquillity." The nuns, though, of her convent had more perspicacity. They said, when speaking of her: "Still waters run deep." Under the smooth surface they fancied that storms were gathering. Aurore had within her something of her mother and of her grandmother, and their opposite natures were blended in her. She had the calmness of Marie-Aurore, but she also had the impetuosity of Sophie-Victoire, and undoubtedly, too, something of the free and easy good humor of her father, the breakneck young officer. It certainly is not surprising to find a love of adventure in a descendant of Maurice de Saxe.

Whether there was any love between the couple seems doubtful. At any rate, Casimir did not know how to win the affection of his wife, and when he took to drinking and other excesses the breach between them widened. At length, then, the baronne decided to leave her husband and venture life in Paris on an income of three hundred dollars a year, trusting to being able to add to that by her pen. This was in 1831, when George Sand was in her twenty-seventh year. Soon after reaching Paris she made the acquaintance of Jules Sandeau, with whom she tried the first of her adventures in free love. As she believed she could not live without him, she instructed a friend to find her an apartment where there should be room for Jules too.

A small apartment was discovered on the Quay St. Michel. There were three rooms, one of which could be reserved. "This shall be the dark room," wrote George Sand. "the mysterious room, the ghost's retreat, the monster's den, the cage of the performing animal, the hiding-place for the treasure, the vampire's cave, or whatever you like to call it."

In plainer language, it was Jules's room; and then follows some touching eloquence about the dear boy she worshipped who loved her so dearly.

This is the beginning of things, but later on the tone of the correspondence changes. The letters become less frequent, and are also not so gay. George Sand speaks much less of Jules in them and much more of little Solange, whom she intended to bring back to Paris with her. She is beginning to weary of Jules and to esteem him at his true value. He is lazy, and has fits of depression and all the capriciousness of a spoiled child. She has had enough of him, and then, too, it is very evident from the letters that there has been some division among the lively friends who had sworn to be comrades for life. There are explanations and justifications. George Sand discovers that there are certain inconveniences connected with intimacies in which there is such disproportion of age and social position. Finally there are the following desperate letters, written in fits of irritation: "My dear friend, go to Jules and look after him. He is broken-hearted, and you can do nothing for him in that respect. It is no use trying. I do not ask you to come to me yet, as I do not need anything. I would rather be alone today. Then, too, there is nothing left for me in life. It will be horrible for him for a long time, but he is so young. The day will come, perhaps, when he will not be sorry to have lived."

"Do not attempt to put matters right, as this time there is no remedy. We do not blame each other at all, and for some time we have been struggling against this horrible necessity. We have had trouble enough. There seemed to be nothing left, but to put an end to our lives, and, if it had not been for my children, we should have done this."

The question is, Was George Sand blameless in this matter? It appears that she had discovered that her dear Jules was faithless to her, and that, during her absence, he had deceived her. She would not forgive him, but sent him off to Italy, and refused to see him again.

Failing in her trials of conjugal life and free love, George Sand now devoted herself with zest to her pen. She wrote articles for the *Figaro*, and these led to the first of the many novels that stand to her credit. At this stage of his study M. Doumic pauses to consider the relation of George Sand's early novels to the present-day feminist movement.

What I want to show is that in these first novels by George Sand we have about the whole of the feminist programme of today. Everything is there, the right to happiness, the necessity of reforming marriage, the institution, in a more or less near future, of free unions. Our feminists of today, French, English, or Norwegian authors, and theoreticians like Ellen Key, with her book on "Love and Marriage," all these rebels have invented nothing. They have done nothing but take up once more the theories of the great feminist of 1832, and expose them with less lyricism but more cynicism.

George Sand protested against the accusation of having aimed at attacking institutions in her feminist novels. She was wrong in protesting, as it is just this which gives her novels their value and significance. It is this which dates them and which explains the enormous force of expansion that they have had. They came just after the July Revolution, and we must certainly consider them as one of the results of that. A throne had just been overturned, and, by way of pastime, churches were being pillaged and an archbishop's palace had been sacked. Literature was also attempting an insurrection, by way of diversion. For a long time it had been feeding the revolutionary ferment which it had received from romanticism. Romanticism had demanded the freedom of the individual, and the writers at the head of this movement were Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, and Dumas. They

claimed this freedom for René, for Hermann, and for Antony, who were men. An example had been given, and women meant to take advantage of it. Women now began their revolution.

But George Sand could not live by literature alone. To keep track of the various men whom her "maternal" spirit took captive is a difficult task. There was Mérimée, for example, with Sainte-Beuve as the father confessor and a probable rival, and next Alfred de Musset. George Sand was now twenty-nine; Musset was twenty-three. She feared to meet the poet, so we are assured, but when the two did meet the woman took the next step by asking Musset to call. In the autumn they went "for a honeymoon trip" to Fontainebleau, and soon they were off to Italy together. Then Musset fell ill, and George Sand nursed him, the "maternal" instinct coming to the fore again. But the end of romance was not far off.

And now we come to the pure folly! Musset had been attended by a young doctor, Pietro Pagello. He was a straightforward sort of young man of rather slow intelligence, without much conversation, not speaking French, but very handsome. George Sand fell in love with him. One night, after having scribbled a letter of three pages, she put it into an envelope without any address and gave it to Pagello. He asked her to whom he was to give the letter. George Sand took the envelope back and wrote on it: "To stupid Pagello." We have this declaration, and among other things in the letter are the following lines: "You will not deceive me, anyhow. You will not make any idle promises and false vows. . . . I shall not, perhaps, find in you what I have sought for in others, but, at any rate, I can always believe that you possess it. . . . I shall be able to interpret your meditations and make your silence speak eloquently. . . ." This shows us clearly the kind of charm George Sand found in Pagello. She loved him because he was stupid.

The next questions are, when did they become lovers, and how did Musset discover their intimacy? It is quite certain that he suspected it and that he made Pagello confess his love for George Sand. A most extraordinary scene then took place between the three of them, according to George Sand's own account. "Adieu, then," she wrote to Musset, later on, "adieu to the fine poem of our sacred friendship and of that ideal bond formed between the three of us, when you dragged from him the confession of his love for me and when he vowed to you that he would make me happy. Oh, that night of enthusiasm, when, in spite of us, you joined our hands, saying: 'You love each other and yet you even love me, for you have saved me, body and soul.'" Thus, then, Musset had solemnly abjured his love for George Sand, he had engaged his mistress of the night before to a new lover, and was from henceforth to be their best friend. Such was the ideal bond, such the sacred friendship! This may be considered the romantic escapade.

George Sand soon tired of Pagello. He, however, could not realize that his reign was over; so "he was simply pushed out." Growing temporarily weary of the "maternal" pose, she next sought "a dominator," and thought she found him in Michel de Bourges. He was thirty-seven, but looked sixty, but his bald cranium was double, giving the appearance or suggestion of superior faculties. But Michel grew too despotic, and the "maternal" instinct returned. "I have had my fill of great men," she wrote. Still there came flirtations with Liszt, and then Chopin. In the case of the musician as with Musset, George Sand found opportunity to exercise her skill as a nurse.

We must give George Sand credit for looking after him with admirable devotion. She certainly went on nursing her "invalid," or her "dear skeleton," as she called him, but her infatuation had been over for a long time. The absolute contrast of two natures may be attractive at first, but the attraction does not last, and when the first enthusiasm is over the logical consequence is that they become disunited. This was what Liszt said in rather an odd but energetic way. He points out all that there was "intolerably incompatible, diametrically opposite, and secretly antipathetic between two natures which seemed to have been mutually drawn to each other by a sudden and superficial attraction, for the sake of inexpressible sorrow and boredom." Illness had embittered Chopin's character. George Sand used to say that "when he was angry he was terrifying." He was very intelligent, too, and delighted in quizzing people for whom he did not care. Solange and Maurice were now older, and this made the situation somewhat delicate. Chopin, too, had a mania for meddling with family matters. He quarrelled one day with Maurice. Another day George Sand was annoyed with her son-in-law Clésinger and with her daughter Solange, and Chopin took their side. This was the cause of their quarrel; it was the last drop that made the cup of bitterness overflow.

The following is a fragment of a letter which George Sand sent to Grzymala, in 1847: "For seven years I have lived with him as a virgin. If any woman on earth could inspire him with absolute confidence, I am certainly that woman, but he has never understood. I know, too, that many people accuse me of having worn him out with my violent sensuality, and others accuse me of having driven him to despair by my freaks. I believe you know how much truth there is in all this. He himself complains to me that I am killing him by the privations I insist upon, and I feel certain that I should kill him by acting otherwise."

It has been said that when Chopin was at Nohant he had a village girl there as his mistress. We do not care to discuss the truth of this statement.

Perhaps, however, and in justice to M. Doumic, it is time to turn to other phases of George Sand's unwearied activities. A comprehensive chapter is devoted to the "humanitarian dream" of the writer, the tendency of whose novels from one aspect is thus described:

As to their socialistic influence, it is supposed by many people that they had none. The kind of socialism that consists of making tinkers marry marchionesses, and duchesses marry zinc-workers, seems very childish and very feminine. It is just an attempt at bringing about the marriage of classes. This socialistic preaching, by means of literature, can not be treated so lightly though, as it is by no means harmless. It is, on the contrary, a powerful means of diffusing doctrines to which it lends the coloring of imagination, and for which it appeals to the feelings. George Sand propagated the humanitarian dream among a whole category of men and women who read her books. But for her, they would probably have turned a deaf ear to the inducements held out to them with regard to this Utopia. Lamartine with his "Girondins" reconciled the bourgeois classes to the idea of the Revolution. In both cases the effect was the same, and it is just this which literature does in affairs of this kind. Its rôle consists here in creating a sort of snobbism, and this snobbism, created by

literature in favor of all the elements of social destruction, continues to rage at present. We still see men smiling indulgently and stupidly at doctrines of revolt and anarchy, which they ought to repudiate, not because of their own interest, but because it is their duty to repudiate them with all the strength of their own common sense and rectitude. Instead of any arguments, we have facts to offer. All this was in 1846, and the time was now drawing near when George Sand was to see those novels of hers actually taking place in the street, so that she could throw down to the rioters the bulletins that she wrote in their honor.

A more pleasing picture of the novelist is that presented in M. Doumic's recollection of the esteem in which she was held by the younger Dumas.

George Sand was one of the persons for whom Dumas fils had the greatest admiration. As a proof of this, a voluminous correspondence between them exists. It has not yet been published, but there is a possibility that it may be some day. I remember, when talking with Dumas fils, the terms in which he always spoke of "la mère Sand," as he called her in a familiar but filial way. He compared her to his father, and that was great praise indeed from him. He admired in her, too, as he admired in his father, that wealth of creative power and immense capacity for uninterrupted work. As a proof of this admiration, we have only to turn to the preface to "Le Fils Naturel," in which Dumas is so furious with the inhabitants of Palaiseau. George Sand had taken up her abode at Palaiseau, and Dumas had been trying in vain to discover her address in the district, when he came across one of the natives, who replied as follows: "George Sand? Wait a minute. Isn't it a lady with papers?" "So much for the glory," concludes Dumas, "of those of us with papers." According to him, no woman had ever had more talent or as much genius. "She thinks like Montaigne," he says, "she dreams like Ossian, and she writes like Jean-Jacques. Leonardo sketches her phrases for her, and Mozart sings them. Mme. de Sévigné kisses her hands, and Mme. de Staël kneels down to her as she passes." We can scarcely imagine Mme. de Staël in this humble posture, but one of the charms of Dumas was his generous nature, which spared no praise and was lavish in enthusiasm.

As the years went by George Sand attained to the philosophic mind. She did reach tranquillity and calm. And at that period she becomes, according to M. Doumic, an object of admiration.

George Sand deserves special mention for her science in the art of growing old. It is not a science easy to master, and personally this is one of my reasons for admiring her. She understood what a charm there is in that time of life when the voice of passions is no longer heard, so that we can listen to the voice of things and examine the lesson of life, that time when our reason makes us more indulgent, when the sadness of earthly separations is softened by the thought that we shall soon go ourselves to join those who have left us. We then begin to have a foretaste of the calmness of that Great Sleep which is to console us at the end of all our sufferings and grief. George Sand was fully aware of the change that had taken place within her. She said, several times over, that the age of impersonality had arrived for her. She was delighted at having escaped from herself and at being free from egoism. From henceforth she could give herself up to the sentiments which, in pedantic and harsher jargon, are called altruistic sentiments. By this we mean motherly and grandmotherly affection, devotion to her family, and enthusiasm for all that is beautiful and noble. She was delighted when she was told of a generous deed, and charmed by a book in which she discovered talent. It seemed to her as though she were in some way joint author of it.

"My heart goes out to all that I see dawning or growing . . ." she wrote, at this time. "When we see or read anything beautiful, does it not seem as though it belongs to us in a way, that it is neither yours nor mine, but that it belongs to all who drink from it and are strengthened by it?"

This is a noble sentiment, and less rare than is generally believed. The public little thinks that it is one of the great joys of the writer, when he has reached a certain age, to admire the works of his fellow-writers. George Sand encouraged her young *confidés*, Dumas fils, Feuillet, and Flaubert, at the beginning of their career, and helped them with her advice.

Gustave Flaubert still remained, but with him her intimacy was purely platonic. Her admiration for Flaubert is accounted for by his possession of all sorts of qualities which she did not possess. Thus despite pronounced diversity of view, this friendship contributed not a little to the happiness of the last decade of George Sand's life.

GEORGE SAND: SOME ASPECTS OF HER LIFE AND WORK. By René Doumic. Translated by Alys Hallard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.75 net.

An international congress of all the Indian tribes of the United States and several tribes from Canada and Mexico is planned to be held in Muskogee, Oklahoma, early this fall. The American citizen who has read the history of the aborigines since childhood and who has heard the stories of his forefathers who led the way into the wilderness of the West will have a last chance to study the Apache of Arizona, the Klamaths from Oregon, the Sioux from the Dakotas, the Iroquois from New York, the Seminoles from the Everglades of Florida, the kicking Kickapoos from Sonora and Texas, and the Micmacs from Nova Scotia at this great gathering of chiefs and braves, squaws, and Minnehahas, and papooses.

In the feature event of the regatta at Kiel, June 24, the American schooner yacht *Westward*, owned by Alexander S. Cochran of New York, won the Krupp memorial prize, beating Emperor William's American built *Meteor*, with the emperor at the wheel, by half an hour over a twenty-three mile course. *Westward* was sailed by Captain "Charlie" Barr, the American skipper, and an expert crew. It outclassed the other contestants. The race was sailed in a virtual calm and there was a heavy rain throughout.

All starlings have a very peculiar formation at the extremity of the tongue, which gives the appearance of a piece having been nipped out of it. This fact gave rise to the mistaken idea that a starling's tongue must be cut before it can be taught to speak.

THE ARTIFICIAL MAN.

A Semi-Scientific Story.

Before a bright fire, whose flames cast fantastic shadows on the wall of the laboratory, his emaciated body lost in the folds of a gray, brocaded wrapper, sat a grave, silent, graceful, eccentric Being. His glance was restless, but without vivacity, his mouth scarcely shaded by flaxen down, his lips dry and colorless. Over this mask a waxy, bloodless skin, and, to crown all, scanty, silky, sickly hair, whose dull red color reminded me of German dolls' wigs.

He rose, returned my salutation, and reseated himself. The chilling silence of the vast apartment descended upon us like a pall. Who was this man who installed himself in the chemist's arm-chair, and made himself so completely at home?—who disinclined to speak to me, or glance at the thousand curiosities around him? An upholsterer, a savant, a creditor? An invalid—a madman, perhaps.

I shuddered. Why had not my friend warned me that in this sanctuary of science, where study had so often brought us together, where no profane foot ever entered, I should find this mannikin?

Mannikin! The word reassured me. On seeing me, it is true the nondescript had risen, but slowly, with the mechanical deliberateness of an automaton. I even thought I noticed a creaking like that of a badly oiled spring. And those restless eyes, those blinking lids, the convulsive shiver that occasionally shook his left hand. Terror overpowered me, and, to put an end to these torturing doubts, I said, sharply, to the stranger:

"Do you smoke, sir?"

He declined with a courteous gesture the cigar-case I extended to him, and, in a thin voice, without looking at me, said:

"Not on operating days, thank you."

"I will throw away my cigar if the smoke affects you."

"Keep it, I beg of you. I am not so effeminate. My lungs are not strong enough to admit of my smoking, but yours does not disturb me."

There was no longer any doubt. He was an invalid. I longed to inquire further.

"You spoke of an operation," I insinuated; "are you suffering from any chronic difficulty?"

"Not in the least."

"Some wound, perhaps?"

"None whatever."

"And yet you require the services of a physician or surgeon?"

"Not at all."

"But the operation?"

"My operation, belongs to the department of chemistry," said the mysterious Being. "It is merely an absorption of organic substances—a repast, if you choose—which is repeated every eight days, and which I consume by means of this."

He unfastened his waistcoat, drew aside his shirt, and showed, above the abdomen, like a metal button on the delicate pink flesh, a little silver plug.

"This apparatus," he continued, "is in immediate connection with the cardiac opening to my stomach. Your friend, the chemist, will come to administer the usual dose. Would you like to see the operation?"

The stranger said all this in the simplest manner. I was struck dumb.

"Is this treatment made necessary by a cancer in the stomach?"

"I have told you," said the man of tubes and injectors, "that I am neither an invalid nor a subject. I am, to my sorrow, a product of modern chemistry, a specimen of the miserable race which will soon supersede natural generation; in a word, I represent to you, from head to foot, a systematical, artificial, mechanical Man."

"You should add *paradoxical*," I interrupted smiling; "for, even if I believe that chemistry has intoxicated you, in imitation, alas! of all our contemporaries, decidedly it is not chemistry which originally produced you."

"Assuredly it was nothing else. I have neither father nor mother."

"Good heaven!" said I, half angrily, "let us drop this Mother Goose nonsense, and talk seriously."

"Nothing can be more serious, I assure you. The germ from which I sprang was compounded by a skillful microscopist. It was placed in a little incubator, subjected to a certain temperature, with surroundings conformable to the laws of nature. At the risk of redoubling your amazement, I will add that this germ possessed such vitality that two other beings were developed as well as myself. But the chemist sacrificed them, so as to devote himself exclusively to my miraculous formation."

"So you drew your first breath in a bell-glass or retort?"

"Exactly. My organs developed, my bones knit, my heart beat, my brain thought, my eyes opened. In short, I saw the light, like a chickling that breaks the shell, in the soft atmosphere of an incubator."

"The romance is charming. A little too much in the style of Jules Verne, but—"

My singular interlocutor gathered up all his strength in a movement of his limbs, which made his joints creak. He arose, planted himself in front of me, and said, "Look!"

Before I could grasp the phenomenon, the top of his skull opened like a snuff-box, and the brain, removed from its articulated case, lay palpitating in his hands.

At the same moment his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, his nostrils quivered convulsively, his lips ejaculated incoherent syllables.

I recoiled with horror. But the stranger restored his brain, resumed his former attitude, and said, in an indolent tone: "What do you think now?"

I stood silent. What would he do next? Would this loosely constructed creature expose his lungs, uncoil his viscera, scatter about the room his limbs rent from his body? Leaning against a photographer's brace, where my flaccid arms and quaking legs found a much needed support, I could not take my eyes from this living mechanism.

"Reassure yourself," he said. "The exhibition is over. The brain, that nerve-centre, and the stomach, the nutritive focus, are the only organs whose functions I can suspend at will. The sole advantage of my miserable condition is that if any moral or physical difficulty manifest itself, I can discover the cause and apply the remedy. You are now convinced, I hope. My 'romance,' you said. It will be the romance of your children—of all the human beings that the earth shall bear upon her exhausted bosom. The time is near. Universal decrepitude advances, slowly but steadily. In one century, perhaps in less, indefatigable chemistry will everywhere substitute the false for the true. All things being known, phenomena, until then mysterious, can be produced at will, and man, absolute master of the secrets of creation, will transform inanimate matter into exhaustless sources of life.

"I am, in fact, only the prototype of these chemical creations. Sprung from a successful experiment, I demonstrate the possibility of a human compound or synthesis. You know my origin. It remains for me to explain my development.

"From my infancy, the mechanism to which I owed my life disposed my organization to a completely vitiated food, so the milk that first nourished me was formed of the most composite products; lime diluted in an emulsion of bran; pap of stiffened white of egg; farina dissolved in margaric acid and water. The stomach of a normal infant would have rejected instinctively these fraudulent combinations. Mine thrived on them, and after two years of this régime I was permitted to vary the programme with a preparation of chocolate, or soup made on the pampas of America from old buffalo skins.

"I grew thus, a hot-house plant, without strength or sap. At ten years of age I could scarcely talk. Through my transparent skin the eye could follow the violet net-work of my veins. My breast, placed under the intense light of a lamp, showed the details of the organs and revealed the mysterious functions of circulation, digestion, sensation. Faithful to his theories, the chemist continued to nourish me with adulterated food. It is thus that I consumed, without pleasure and without profit, preparations of artificial meats and hypothetical vegetables. Coffee manufactured in a mold, beer made from nux vomica, vitriolized liqueurs, preserves treated with benzoic or butyric acid, the whole arsenal of succedanea which the imperfect chemistry of our day devises, coöperated in the sickly development of my pitiful organization.

"At the age when the exuberance of youth should give new strength I felt nothing but exhaustion. The generous ardor of virile blood did not agitate my languid frame. All pleasure is foreign to me. My floating thoughts conceived, with great effort, a few coherent ideas, and disconnected dreams haunted my days and nights. Incapable of the slightest exertion, I was happy only near a fire or in the warm light of the summer sun. My almost negative sensibility accepted without revolt the anatomical experiments in which my creator, the chemist, delighted. Last year I underwent trepanning, which permits the savant to follow, day by day, the manifestations of life; and my œsophagus opens to the different tubes of the nutritive preparations by which it is regenerated.

"Such experiments on a subject like you would have produced copious hemorrhages, painful shocks. I endured them with indifference, like a plant. Thanks to this vegetative existence, to these artificial resources, to these successive modifications of my temperament, I have reached the age at which you now see me. Will you guess that age, now that you know the history of my formation?"

"Thirty-two years," I ventured, after a little reflection. He smiled. "I am scarcely eighteen. This senile appearance I owe to the chemical methods of which you and your children will realize the dangerous benefits. Constitutional debility will be the heritage of your posterity, and in a few centuries these miserable but highly perfected races will walk the earth with their families reduced to the lowest degradation, incapable of exertion, of industry, of reproduction. In that mechanical age individuality and free-will can exist no longer. Thought, that secretion of well-balanced organisms, will no more preside over human actions. Scientific analysis pushed to its extreme limits, and the synthesis which completes it, will rule this decrepit world. Then the reaction. Primitive barbarism will reappear among this effete civilization, and nations which were great through courage, learning, nobleness, will sink lower than the brutes and finally disappear in one grand cataclysm, that a new generation may grow upon their ruins, pass through the same phases of infancy, barbarism, progress, enlightenment, death; for such is the law, the eternal repetition of things."

So spake in my startled ears the Artificial Man.

WOMEN WORKERS IN CALIFORNIA.

For a year past investigations have been in progress to ascertain the conditions under which wage-earning women are pursuing their labors in different parts of the United States. Some forty assistants have given their services in gathering first-hand information, and the results have now been edited by Annie Marion Maclean, professor of sociology in Adelphi College. The districts surveyed include New England, New York, Chicago, the Middle West, Oregon, and California. The industry investigated in Oregon was that of hop-picking; in California the field was limited to employment connected with the fruit industries, while the centres chosen for special study were Fresno and San Jose.

A conservative estimate of the number of women employed in those places is fifteen hundred, about 70 per cent of whom are of foreign birth. Among the specific forms of industry investigated was the harvesting of the prune crop.

San Jose is the centre of a great prune country, producing one-half of the entire prune crop of the United States. During the busy season, when the fruit is put on the market, hundreds of women are needed. Their work consists chiefly in "facing" the different sized boxes with the various grades of fruit. In order to do this, the fruit is put into scalding water for a few minutes to soften. Before it has cooled each prune is flattened out as flat as possible by means of a peculiar rolling motion, then laid evenly on a fancy paper lining, sometimes in double rows with a "fencing" around, and sometimes in a single row. The price paid for this work is three or four cents a box. The heat and constant pressure often cause blisters and caloused thumbs, women having to discontinue work on this account.

In addition to the dried-fruit houses, there are several canneries in San Jose. Here the work consists in peeling and packing the fruit in cans. The season opens in June with cherries and is continued till October, when tomatoes are put up. It appears there is a discrepancy as to the amount which can be earned at these occupations.

The first thing one hears on mentioning fruit is the possibility of making large sums in the canneries and drying-houses. Every one tells about some one else who makes \$4 or \$5 a day, but it was not possible to find any such fortunate individuals. There are, however, a few workers of many years' standing who have acquired great speed in a special line, and these under exceptional conditions—that is, when the fruit is of just the right quality—are able to make from \$3 to \$4 a day while these conditions last.

Of course wages depend on several factors, and a rough estimate for an entire season for a worker of average speed gives a sum of about \$2 a day. The work is by no means easy.

Labor in the canneries is likely to be hard and unpleasant. In many places women are not allowed to sit, and the heat and steam from boiling fruit contribute to make the work-rooms extremely uncomfortable. The floor is often covered with a thick layer of slime, and although the women work on slightly raised platforms, they nearly all find it necessary to wear overshoes. In addition to this discomfort, their fingers blister from contact with the hot fruit.

Vineyard work also has its drawbacks. The living arrangements are often of a primitive not to say insanitary kind, and consequently it is found that Russians are the only white people who will pick grapes, the other pickers being Japanese, Chinese, and Indians. It is interesting, then, to learn what class the fruit industries appeal to.

An occupation of this character naturally does not attract the most efficient workers, but rather those girls who must earn their spending money, and married women struggling to help pay for their homes and to secure additional comforts for their families. The fruit industry offers work to a class of women, the housekeepers, who can not find other ways of earning so much. More and more the thrifty, hardy, foreign element is drifting into the industry and crowding back the weaker American sister.

Most of the workers are either Indians, Armenians, Italians, or Russians. The best are the Armenians, most of whom own or rent good cottages, dress well, and are cleanly in their habits. The Russians need some one "to teach them the ordinary laws of hygiene." Another interesting point is made clear by the investigation.

Both in San Jose and in Fresno an attempt was made to discover from the women who work in the fruit industry whether it is possible for a person to earn enough by working steadily from the opening of the canneries to the end of the dried fruit season to live on the remainder of the year. Almost without exception they said, "No," or "I can't say because I don't have to do it," or "I wouldn't like to try." Only one woman was found who thought it would be possible. It takes several seasons to acquire a very remunerative speed; beginners seldom make more than 75 cents or \$1 a day, working up to \$1.50 toward the end of the season.

Still, apart from the Russians, the women and girls are said to present an attractive appearance on their way to work in the early morning. Many go on bicycles, and most are nicely dressed in suitable wash clothes. The

Americans after work may be seen walking about or enjoying some form of amusement in very good clothes, chiefly because the occupation is with them a means of securing spending money. For these, it is stated, greater opportunities for social life and higher forms of recreation are greatly needed. It seems that little or nothing is done by the employers to improve the surroundings of the workers.

The Pony Express.

Perhaps the most picturesque figure on the old trail was the Pony Express rider (says W. C. Jeokins in the *National Magazine*). The overland stage proved too slow for mail and express in its flight from the Missouri to the Pacific. True it had cut down the months of the old ox team to twenty-five days, and still there was a clamor that the East and West be brought closer together—and it was done. The pony cut the time to ten days.

Those who were personally acquainted with the famous Wells-Fargo pony express of those days could never forget the intrepid rider who braved all peril, forgetful of self, intent only on the speedy delivery of his precious mochila to the next hardy horseman. Hard and fast he rode over mountain and plain, across scorching desert and icy snow, through sunshine and rain, past friend, away from foe, to the final achievement—the safe delivery of the charge.

Forty fearless horsemen in saddle riding west, as many more riding east—and this novel but useful enterprise was in motion. For two years the pony express carried messages of business and love across two thousand miles of Western mountains and plains, over a country peopled with a hostile race, destitute of cultivation or development, through a region wild, desolate, and little known.

It was in 1859 that the pony express was established. The route, briefly stated, was due west from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney, up the Platte to Julesburg, thence, by Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger, to Salt Lake City, thence to Camp Floyd, Ruby Valley, the Humboldt, Carson City, Placerville, and Folsom, to Sacramento and San Francisco by boat.

The intention of the pony express was to carry letters only, and not more than ten pounds at a trip. It was decided that the safest and easiest mode of carrying the mail was to make four pockets, one in each corner of the mochila, a covering made of heavy leather for the saddles and generally used by the expert Mexican and Spanish riders. The mochila was transferred from pony to pony, and went through from St. Joseph to San Francisco, the pockets containing the mail being locked and opened only at military posts en route and at Salt Lake City. These precious letters were wrapped in oiled silk to protect them, but even this precaution sometimes failed. Rivers had to be crossed—horse and rider swam together.

It is an odd fact that of the English actors knighted all but one had first to legalize the names under which they had won fame. The question arose with the first proposition to confer knighthood on a gypsy. It would be absurd so to honor one John Henry Brodrih. Yet legally no such person as "Henry Irving" existed. No such obstacle had to be overcome when, on the occasion of Victoria's diamond jubilee, Squire Bancroft knelt before his queen and arose sir squire. However, the three actors knighted by King Edward bore cognomens of their own invention. Sir Charles Wyndham was horn Culverwell, and Sir John Hare, Fairs. As for Sir Herbert Beerhohm Tree, his brilliant wife once put it "Tree" is a fantastic thing we just tacked on. We're all plain Beerhohms—plain as brother Max!"

Tacoma's high school is the only high school in America having an Olympic stadium, if not the only one in the whole world. It is a ponderous mass of steel and concrete, just completed at a cost of more than \$100,000, in a gulch at one side of the high school building. The gulch happened to be just the right shape for the stadium, so but little excavation was required. The structure is shaped like a horseshoe, with the open end overlooking Commencement Bay. It will seat 25,000 people, has a centre sufficiently large for baseball, football, track and field events, and will also be used for outdoor musical concerts and entertainments.

Mrs. William Moore, who for a number of years has had the entry of the highest circles of society in Paris, is becoming famous for the amusement her malapropisms in French are giving those circles. Men and women are said to fairly scream at them. Some are so obvious Mrs. Moore is suspected of having some quiet fun at the expense of her French friends. She formerly was Kate Robinson of New York.

A story which has to do with edibles on the stage used to be told by Joseph Jefferson, who described the incident as happening in the early days of the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. "Camille" was the piece that was being played and all was going beautifully.

Then came a scene between Camille and Armande, in the course of which a servant was to enter with lights. "In those days," said Mr. Jefferson, "Sea island cotton was stage ice-cream, just as molasses and water was stage wine." Armande and Camille were seated at the table and the crowded house was rapturously following their scene. Then in

came the maid servant with the wobbliest sort of a candelabrum, but the scene was so tense that nobody seemed to notice her. However, as she set down her hurden between the lovers one of the candles toppled over and set fire to the ice-cream. That was more than the audience could stand and the curtain was rung down.

STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

OF

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS
AND LOAN SOCIETY

HIBERNIA BANK

(A CORPORATION)

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

DATED JUNE 30, 1910

ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States (\$9,610,000.00), of the State of California and municipalities thereof (\$2,581,875.00), the actual value of which is.....	\$14,397,910.89
2—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks.....	1,658,867.12
3—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is.....	6,428,060.20
	\$22,484,838.21

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" (\$266,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$250,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$108,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$29,000.00), "Southern Pacific Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" (\$1000.00), "Market Street Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$858,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$753,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$185,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$600,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,490,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$474,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00).	
4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is	\$32,304,347.02

The Condition of the said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is	45,670.96
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The Condition of the said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$257,169.38), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$20,987.74), Alameda (\$261.21), in this State, the actual value of which is.....	278,418.33
(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its office, the actual value of which is.....	1,025,901.32

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Contingent Fund—Interest due and uncollected on Promissory Notes	\$139,558.24
Interest accrued but not yet payable on United States and other Bonds	138,006.46
	277,564.70

Total Assets\$56,416,740.54

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation Owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is	\$52,587,758.07
(Number of Depositors, 79,582; average amount of Deposits, \$660.46.)	
2—Accrued Interest—Interest due and uncollected on Promissory Notes	\$139,558.24
Interest Accrued but not yet payable on United States and other Bonds	138,006.46
	277,564.70
3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value.....	3,551,417.77
Total Liabilities	\$56,416,740.54

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco ss.
JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.
JAMES R. KELLY, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1910.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Deposits made on or before July 11, 1910, will draw interest from July 1, 1910.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Devourers.

Dedicated though it is to the author's own "wonderchild," Vivanti Chartres, the little violinist whose fame as a musical prodigy is in all the newspapers, it would seem that this story is designed to warn parents that children of genius are not an unmixed blessing. In fact, seeing that the story opens and closes with a baby's cry, "I am hungry," it is obvious at least that Mrs. Chartres would reach the supremacy of maternal duty. Otherwise why punctuate the musings of Annie-Marie over the fame she would win with her violin with that infant's cry? The mother of Annie-Marie was conscious of what she had missed, realized indeed that there was no room for love in her life, that her whole existence was "full of haste and turmoil, full of kings and queens, full of rushing trains, and shouting voices, and clapping hands." Evidently, then, much personal experience is woven into this remarkable story, but the fact that genius is not a common gift limits its application and appeal. However, its lesson has other applications in home life and for that reason, as well as for the poetry of its style, it is to be wished that it may find a wide circle of readers.

THE DEVOURERS. By A. Vivanti Chartres. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

A German Pompadour.

That Marie Hay's fascinating study of Wilhelmine von Grävenitz should have reached a third edition so soon after its first publication is not surprising. The book has all the attractive qualities of fiction at its best, for its characters are vividly drawn, its descriptions are full of poetry, and incident follows incident in arrestive swiftness.

Remembered to this day in Württemberg as the "Land-despoiler," as a beautiful hut and haughty and elegant woman of the world, and yet as one whose name is to be spoken with a veiled breath, the Countess Grävenitz had a career rich in material for a picturesque writer. As a young woman she longed to "lie soft in sweet linen, to wear rich clothes, to dance," and when her soldier brother urged her to come to the court of the Duke of Württemberg, "convinced that it would be to shine advantage," she needed no further urging. Of course the duke fell in love with her, and she was speedily installed as lady-in-waiting to his wife. And when the duchess banished the new favorite this scene ensued: "The duchess came towards him. She held out her hands in a gesture of appeal: 'Eberhard, be just to me! I bore it as long as I could, but that woman's presence was a daily torment to me. Have a mistress, if need be,' this last bitterly, 'but at least do not cause her to be my companion. It is not fitting.' The blood rushed to the duke's face. 'Made-moiselle de Grävenitz is fit to be the companion of saints, of angels!' he retorted angrily. 'She will return to court, I warn your highness.'" She did, and stayed. The duke even went through a form of marriage with her. In fact, her youthful longings were all more than realized. But days of sorrow came also, which are not less strikingly described than those of triumph. In fact the book is throughout a notable achievement in making the dead past live again.

A GERMAN POMPADOUR. By Marie Hay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

The Burnt Offering.

"A Suffragette in India" would be an excellent alternative title for Mrs. Cotes's new novel, save that it would ignore the father of Joan Mills. That redoubtable politician took his daughter to India on a tour of agitation, and the two earnest reformers quickly saw many things which grieved them to the quick. They saw, for example, a couple of white men arrogating the whole of a first-class railway carriage to themselves, stoutly refusing to allow a Bengali with a first-class ticket to join their society. The incident was witnessed by Miss Mills, who promptly invited the Bengali to the carriage in which she and her father were traveling, and offered him the place of a cigarette. And so the story pursues its way through Indian affairs, to the accompaniment of inflammatory speeches and bomb-throwing. Of course Joan is due to marry the Bengali, but he has to shoot himself to escape hanging for his love of bombs. The novel is written in a fairly interesting style and may be commended to those who are anxious to take a peep at India in the robes of revolution.

THE BURNT OFFERING. By Mrs. Everard Cotes. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The Good of Life.

"Let us hate more," says Mr. Wilkinson, adding, "there is not enough good hating done as a point of duty." Well, he has done something to remedy that defect by perpetrating the present volume.

To characterize all its chapters would be a wearisome task; a few samples must suffice. Here is, then, a placid little Sunday-school essay on "the good of life" for a start, which is followed by "a good word for book agents," this is a gem. It conveys the momentous truth that the book agent has few friends,

and then rambles along through an account of how a book agent called upon Mr. Wilkinson and got, not an order, but a "good word." He even wrote him a testimonial. Next there is a jejune paper on Matthew Arnold as a letter-writer, marked by absurd patronage. In this paper Mr. Wilkinson comments on Arnold's use of the form "oneself" and informs the world—for which many thanks—that "I am afraid that I shall always be conservative enough to write 'one's self.'" Yet on another page he writes "oneself." Evidently his reading of Matthew Arnold has done him some good. If he continues to make so excellent a use of his time he may learn to spare readers such useless books as the present.

THE GOOD OF LIFE AND OTHER LITTLE ESSAYS. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; \$1.25 net.

Government and Social Welfare.

So high a standard has been set for the volumes of the American Social Progress series by the contributions of Professor Patten and President Hadley that the present addition suffers by contrast. Professor Jenks defines, in a loose way, the meaning of social welfare, and then discusses the organization of government in relation to society, the principles of legislation for the promotion of social welfare, the limitations of legislation, and the part taken in the promotion of social welfare by the chief executive, the civil service, the judiciary, and citizens. The plan of the book is good, but the execution is vitiated by diffuseness, and, above all, by a tendency to balance the pros and cons to a wearisome extent. Thus we read: "In times of emergency the executive may often, by his ruling, accomplish results that it would be impossible to secure within a reasonable time by acts of the legislature. Nevertheless, this power may become dangerous in the hands of an executive who might be unscrupulous and who might be willing to usurp power with danger to the liberty of the people." This halting manner, this exposition of the obvious, is in evidence throughout. It would seem as though Professor Jenks had not taken the pains to clarify his thoughts.

GOVERNMENTAL ACTION FOR SOCIAL WELFARE. By Jeremiah W. Jenks. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

Dogs and Men.

Rarely has the faithful dog been set in so pleasing a light as by Mr. Merwin in this attractive little study. He is full of sympathy for those who are living "a dogless life," and has no harder word than "abnormal" for those few who are dog-haters. He maintains, however, and with all reverence, that the mission of the dog is the same as that of Christianity, "namely to teach mankind that the universe is ruled by love." There are few who will quarrel with Mr. Merwin when he claims that the ownership of a dog tends to soften the hearts of men. Our canine friends make a continual appeal to our sympathies, and thus prevent us from becoming hard or narrow. One fault may be found with Mr. Merwin, and that is that in his list of writers of fiction who have eulogized the dog or described him with lifelike pen, he should omit the name of George Eliot. The Gyp of Adam Bede, the Vixen of Bartle Massey, the Yap of Tom Tulliver, the Mumps of Bob Jakin—does the creator of those delightful dogs deserve to be overlooked?

DOGS AND MEN. By Henry C. Merwin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 60 cents net.

The Perjurer.

Life moves in a narrow groove in Mr. Norris's new novel. The people who come and go across its pages appear to live mainly to eat and drink and wear clothes and indulge in small talk; the heroine's ambition in the male line stopped at a man being "simple, athletic, healthy in mind and body"; the hero's horizon was bounded by "three thousand a year, the command of the battalion, the V. C., and my liberty." Perhaps, then, it is not surprising that the novel gives the reader an impression of the surface of things, and that the author does not get more than skin deep into his characters. Within his limitations Colonel Julyan, the "perjurer" in a good sense—for he took upon himself an offense of which he was not guilty in order to placate his feeling of love for the heroine—is an attractive character, but most of the others live an aimless life of petty interests and awaken but faint interest in the reader.

THE PERJURER. By W. E. Norris. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

Health in the West Indies.

Having been requested to proceed to Barbadoes to investigate an epidemic of yellow fever, Sir Rupert W. Boyce extended his tour to other islands, including Grenada, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Trinidad, and British Guiana, and in the present volume he gives a careful account of what has been accomplished in sanitary progress. The book will appeal specially to medical and business men, but it is not without interest for the tourist or those contemplating making their homes in the West Indies. It is shown that the mosquito has had most to do with the spread of yellow

fever and other diseases, and hence sturdy efforts are being made to abolish that pest. In most of the islands there exist wise antilarval measures, which make it an offense to keep stagnant water, and fines are now regularly enforced for breach of that by-law. Such a policy, it is declared, will "have a most desirable educational effect, and will show the people the significance and danger of insect life, and that in practice it is not so difficult as at first sight might be imagined to exterminate it." There are numerous diagrams and illustrations from photographs.

HEALTH PROGRESS AND ADMINISTRATION IN THE WEST INDIES. By Sir Rupert W. Boyce. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

Fruit-Growing in Arid Regions.

Based as it is on eight years' experience of fruit culture in intermountain regions, this volume is of peculiar value to all who follow horticulture in such States as Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, and adjacent regions. It is adapted to the needs of all such, whether they come from the East with preconceived and useless notions, or are new settlers without any notions at all. The authors discuss such matters as location, exposure, soil, the preparation of the land for planting, the actual planting of the orchard, what plants to use, how to bud and prune them, how to propagate the trees, irrigation, and many other related topics. All this invaluable knowledge is conveyed in a readable non-technical style, and there are numerous illustrations to enforce the exposition of the text.

FRUIT-GROWING IN ARID REGIONS. By Wendell Paddock and Orville B. Whipple. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

An opportunity for Americans to see one part of their national life as others see it is afforded by Sir Horace Plunkett's "The Rural Life Problem of the United States" (the Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net). These "notes of an Irish observer" postulate that a reconstruction of rural life is essential to progress and discuss the origin and consequence of rural neglect. The way to better farming and better living, in the opinion of the author, is to insure coöperation and the application of scientific research to the methods of agriculture. Within small compass the book presents many valuable and suggestive lessons.

From Ellen Key's remarkable book on "The Century of the Child" there has been reprinted in handy form the chapter entitled "The Education of the Child" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; 75 cents net). Among other useful lessons it points out that "to suppress the real personality of the child, and to supplant it with another personality continues to be a pedagogical crime common to those who announce loudly that education should only develop the real individual nature of the child. They are still not convinced that egoism on the part of the child is justified."

Tom Gallon's latest novel, "Dead Man's Love" (Brentano's; \$1.50) is a stirring study of an escaped convict who has to assume the name and personality of the murdered lover of a rich and beautiful girl. There are many moments of breathless suspense, but ere the story closes the villain is duly defeated and love amply rewarded.

Walter W. Kenilworth's "Psychic Control Through Self-Knowledge" (R. F. Fenn & Co.; \$2) is an attempt to "present a clear and practical conception of the soul." The author is evidently in earnest, but his conclusions partake of that hazy nature which seems inseparable from such works as this. What, for example, can be made of such nebulous remarks as the following: "Belief is relative. Knowledge is relative. This universe is relative. Infinite is realization. Infinite is Self?"

George Eliot's novels have rarely been presented in a more attractive edition than that published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., the outstanding qualities of which include handiness of size, lightness, clear-cut type, tasteful binding, and exquisite photogravure frontispieces. It is an ideal edition for personal use or for presentation.

Frederick Meakin's "Function, Feeling, and Conduct" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net) is devoted to a statement of "the philosophy of morals as grounded in human nature." The author is convinced that if there be a science of morals it must rest on such a basis. He holds that "as the moral life can not be isolated from the general life of the self, neither can the self be severed from the social body of which it is an element. The self, being a social product, is true to its nature only when it shapes its activities in conformity with general or social ends."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Essays in Fallacy.

Four subjects of unceasing interest are discussed by Mr. Macphail—the American woman, the suffragette, education, and theology. Each essay is a little masterpiece of satirical reasoning, with more than the usual modicum of thought hidden beneath each seeming playful surface. Indeed, Mr. Macphail approves himself once more as an accomplished workman, with a gift of mordant argument and a style of enviable directness and lucidity. There are few using the essay today who are his equal; none who excel.

In the paper on the American woman he proves that the female usually so designated is almost as old as the dawn of history, for he has no difficulty in tracing her back to Apostolic times, or even to those of the prophet Ezekiel. She is synonymous, in fact, with women of all lands and times who have delighted in a life of luxurious idleness. More subtle in its reasoning is the essay on the psychology of the suffragette. Its conclusion is that women have obtained their place in the world "because they are desired by men on grounds which are not of the highest ethical quality," and that all things are working towards making it easy for man to forsake the woman. "The mind of the suffragette appears to possess a peculiar aptitude for that absurdity which makes a man impatient and finally contemptuous of all femininity, and resolute to adhere to his own ideal. A woman may be foolish and yet be charming. She emancipates herself when she becomes an object of aversion."

Special suggestive in view of the chaos of these days is the essay which examines the fallacy of education. Mr. Macphail describes it briefly as "that the information which a child acquires must have in itself some utility apart from the educational value which lies in its acquirement." He shows how the American universities are frankly teaching trades while the English universities are casting away their ideals of learning without the courage to adopt the American example in its entirety. And Germany is thoughtlessly regarded as providing an object lesson in the necessary new education, whereas Mr. Macphail, after recalling the time when that land was an inspiration by its devotion to idealism, reminds us that "shorn of her spiritual strength, Germany sits today, a blind giant, toiling in the mill for the benefit of any Philistine who requires meanness and cheapness." "Forty years of commercial education," he continues, "has wrought this change in character, and made of the Germans the tinkers of Europe, the bagmen of the world, the supple traders who do not disdain the language of the Hottentot, if only a bill of goods may be sold thereby." Not less refreshing for its suggestive viewpoint is the discussion of the fallacy in theology.

ESSAYS IN FALLACY. By Andrew Macphail. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.80 net.

A White-Paper Garden.

For the solace of garden-loving souls pent in cities Sara Andrew Shafer has written twelve chapters descriptive of the passing of the months in a garden of the spirit. "I will have a garden! Reams of paper shall be my acreage, and pen and ink shall be my spade and trowel." The result is a volume mingled of musing and abstracts from garden chronicles. The idea is excellent; the execution only fairly successful. It needs a peculiar gift to make a book of this kind satisfactory; an equipment which includes merely a memory of flowers and what the poets have said about them is not sufficient. No doubt the writer has a genuine love for flowers, but so have a great many more who can pen flowing sentences and yet not catch the inner spirit of garden-love. For most of the illustrations, however, it is possible to accord high praise; they will probably open the vista to dreamland more effectively than the text.

A WHITE PAPER GARDEN. By Sara Andrew Shafer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Cesar Franck.

Lovers of music will find much to interest them in this translation of Vincent d'Indy's affectionate tribute to the memory and genius of his master. As a musician, organist, and teacher Franck exercised a potent influence in France, the extent and value of which have been increasingly revealed since his death in 1890. He stood for the union of traditional faith and artistic liberty; he contributed notably to solving the question of the enlargement and reinvigoration of classical forms without effecting their ultimate destruction.

Two chapters are devoted to biography and appreciation. Franck was designated to the service of music by his father, and while still a youth gave evidences of unusual talent. Yet his life was one protracted struggle, for to the end of his days he was obliged to devote most of his time to teaching the piano to amateurs and giving music lessons in colleges and schools. His one recreation was reading, and there is a story which tells how he found Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"—which he read on a vacation—"very amusing." Winter and summer he rose daily at half-past five, and thus assured himself a couple of hours

for original work. His happiest hours were spent in the organ-loft of Sainte-Clotilde. In the more critical section of the volume the musician's predilections and methods of work are described, and a full and sympathetic account is given of his compositions.

CESAR FRANCK. A translation from the French of Vincent d'Indy with an introduction by Rosa Newmarch. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Goldwin Smith told a friend less than a year ago that he had finished his autobiography, but added that it contained so much provocative of controversy that he thought it best to withhold it from publication until he had passed away.

A bronze tablet, designed and cast in the Tiffany Studios, is to be placed on the new building of Doubleday, Page & Co. at Garden City, Long Island. The money for the tablet was raised by voluntary subscriptions from the employees of the firm.

Excusing himself from attending a dinner in honor of Auguste Rodin in Paris, George B. Shaw wrote: "So far as I am concerned, the banquet is superfluous. I have already taken measures to insure my immortality by binding it to that of Rodin. Henceforth, in every encyclopedia you will find: 'Bernard Shaw, the subject of a bust by Rodin, otherwise unknown.' If the bust is ever lost, broken, or destroyed, so much the better for me. Men will talk of the Bernard Shaw by Rodin that was lost just as they speak today of the lost Athena of Phidias. Nothing is more beautiful than the statues that nobody has ever seen."

Winston Churchill's "A Modern Chronicle" still heads the list of the "best-sellers," and is followed by "The Wild Olive." The other novels most in favor are "The Rosary," "The Illustrious Prince," "Lady Merton, Colonelist," and "The Man Higher Up."

Another British author famous for his modesty is the native of the Isle of Man, concerning whom John Adams Thayer is to tell a story in his forthcoming autobiography. The issue of his magazine in which "Frenzied Finance" began to run "also contained the first installment of a serial which we had arranged to publish long before the Lawson project arose. In the early autumn Mr. Hall Caine performed his pilgrimage to London to call upon his publisher. The latter, having transatlantic cable connections, mentioned to the author that *Everybody's Magazine* had made extraordinary gains. 'Yes,' said Mr. Caine, 'I expected it. That is the American magazine which is publishing my new story.'

As A. G. Bradley's promised volume on "Shakespeare's Avon" is to trace the course of that lovely stream through the Cotswold foothills, the book should have something to say about the idyllic home of Mary Anderson.

One of the countless love letters penned by Robert Burns was sold in London the other day for two hundred and fifty dollars. It was an original draft, with sufficient erasures to show that the poet deliberated long and thoughtfully over such epistles. At the same sale a Sir Walter Scott manuscript fetched two thousand dollars, and two letters of General James Wolfe five hundred dollars.

Sir Walter Scott, the English publisher, left a fortune of seven and a half million dollars, but it does not appear what proportion was earned by his book enterprises as compared with his activities as a railroad builder and ironmaster. There are many generous legacies to servants and charities, but seemingly none to the publisher's authors.

According to the Macmillan Company, a second edition of Mrs. Watts's "Nathan Burke" was sent to press when the demand for the book was of the smallest. But then came a change. While one day the sales were less than sixty copies, on the following day they were over three hundred. The third day saw a jump to seven hundred copies, and the fourth to eighteen hundred. The novel is now in its twentieth thousand.

Eminently suitable for vacation reading should be Frank and Cortelle Hutchins's "Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway," which is to tell the story of a summer spent leisurely on the James River and some of its tributaries.

William Everett, it appears, left among his papers the completed manuscript of a life of his father, Edward Everett, a volume which has long been overdue to fill a remarkable blank in American biography. As an example of William Everett's dislike of new spelling, Mr. Frothingham tells that when he had consented to take Sunday service in a certain church and received a request for the hymns or at least the "meters," Everett replied: "You write about the 'meters'; gas or water, which?"

FICTION.

New Books Received.

BRANCHAMP'S CAREER. By George Meredith. Two Volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 per vol.

An addition to the definitive Memorial Edition of Meredith's novels. The first volume has an

excellent reproduction of Watts's portrait of the novelist, and a view of the estuary from Holly Hill; the second volume contains admirable pictures of Bursledon on the Hamble and the old bridge at Bursledon.

THE WAY UP. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A fictional discussion of capital and labor, the claims of the individual against those of the State, and the "rights of a woman to her own individuality."

OUT OF THE NIGHT. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

Described as "a novel of life, love, and mystery" and considered the best work of the author to date.

DR. THORNE'S IOEA. By John Ames Mitchell. New York: Life Publishing Company; \$1 net.

Published in its original form under the title of "Gloria Victis." Notable for its underlying vein of humor and mystic quality.

THE RUST OF ROME. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Cassell & Co.; \$1.20 net.

An American edition of a novel which is having a great success in England and has been highly eulogized for its vivid character sketching.

THE MONKSLAKE MYSTERY. By Headon Hill. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.50.

A story of English life the interest of which centres in criminal detection.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FIRST BOOK IN PSYCHOLOGY. By Mary Whiton Calkins. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.90 net.

Not a new edition of the author's "An Introduction to Psychology," but an entirely new book with a radical rearrangement of topics. It has been written in the conviction "that psychology is most naturally, consistently, and effectively treated as a study of conscious selves in relation to other selves and to external subjects."

WAGE-EARNING WOMEN. By Annie Marion Maclean. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

Another volume in the admirable Citizen's Library. The volume represents the investigations of forty assistants and deals with women workers in New England, New York, Chicago, New Jersey, the Middle West, Oregon, and California.

AMERICAN POLITICS AND GOVERNMENT. By Charles A. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.10 net.

Designed for college students and citizens desiring a general survey of the political system of the United States. There are three divisions: Historical foundations, the Federal government, the State government.

SOCIAL INSURANCE. By Henry Rogers Seager. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

An addition to the American Social Progress series, presenting "a programme of social reform." It deals with industrial accidents, unemployment, provision for old age, and the next steps in social advance.

IN LOTUS-LAND JAPAN. By Herbert C. Ponting. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$6 net.

Notable for its wealth of illustration from photographs by the author. These include eight in color exquisitely reproduced, and ninety-six in half-tone.

EUROPE SINCE 1815. By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Gives a succinct view of the history of Europe since the downfall of Napoleon, including an account of the great tendencies of the century and the transference of power from oligarchies to democracies. There are fourteen colored maps.

EREWHON. EREWHON REVISITED. By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net each.

New and wholly admirable editions of two books which have already taken rank as classics.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY. By Galen Clark: Yosemite Valley: Nelson L. Salter: \$1.

A readable sketch of the history and characteristics of the famous valley, with a discussion of the theories of its origin. The book also gives the correct name of each flower, fern, tree, shrub, and grass in the Yosemite.

CALVERT OF MARYLAND. By James Otis. Chicago: The American Book Company; 35 cents.

Tells the story of Lord Baltimore's colony in the words of a lad who accompanied the pioneers.

POEMS. By Dorothy Landers Beall. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.50 net.

Sonnets, lyrics, and other verse dealing in the main with sexual matters on an elevated plane.

DON'TS IN BRIDGE. By Bell Bowman Emery. New York: William R. Jenkins Company; 50 cents net.

A revised edition of a handy little manual giving the latest rules and penalties in a condensed and simplified form.

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MRS. FISKE'S BECKY SHARP.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Once more we have applauded a picked squad from the long procession of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." Once more we have seen Becky Sharp brought to life again.

It is a wonderful portraiture that Mrs. Fiske gives us; easily the best and finest the most subtle, the most complete, the most intellectually satisfying of all in her gallery of creations. An actress so essentially modern, so thorough in her delineations of the high-strung women who are the fruit, or rather the flower, of our high-strung civilization, can not always hit it off. Her peculiarly marked individuality does not always prove adaptable. She was never Mary Magdalen at all. She was Tess only in the hour of tragedy, and she was only partly Salvation Nell. But how wholly and completely she is Becky! Becky of the resourceful mind and the valiant heart. Becky the shrewd, Becky the unprincipled, Becky the world-tamer, Becky, who meets every blow of fate save one—the great, crushing blow, when the world of her own making crumbles about her ears—with the smile of one who knows how weak and gullible is man, and how easily conquered. Becky, who is handicapped by neither sentimentality nor sentiment, but who goes on her cheerful way, with the determined, selfish optimism of one who sticks at no deceit that will bend her world to her purpose.

Why do we not hate this Becky Sharp that Mrs. Fiske has given us? For it is a daring thing to place before us on the stage, as the central figure of a great play, a woman who is absolutely devoid of principle and affections. But we do not hate her, and, indeed, she carries our sympathies with her, on her victorious path, for several reasons. One is that she is so dauntless. Who does not admire such? Another, she has an unsleeping sense of humor. Even in the poignant moment of her defeat she casts a thought to the world's dread laugh. She knows how it is herself. Perhaps, too, the fact that Becky is pluckily competing with and surpassing the rich and the great in their own province, daring them single-handed, giving them scorn for scorn, insolence for insolence, perhaps that, too, wins our lawless sympathy.

But last and greatest of reasons, we admire Becky's perfect candor with herself. Never for a moment, in a world of self-deception, does Becky practice any self-hypocrisies. She does her bit of acted emotion neatly, dextrously, as she does everything, and when the moment is past, and the bemused auditor is gone, Becky is herself again, hard, cold, bright, self-reliant, and a relentless schemer.

When, at the Columbia Theatre the curtain rose Monday night, and one by one the familiar figures appeared, it seemed at first as if they were a little too self-conscious of the fact that they were, physically, portraitures from "Vanity Fair." They seemed more like figures in a tableau than in a play. But Becky appeared, and immediately the play was intensely alive. Barring a little too much maturity of appearance in the first act, how admirably Mrs. Fiske's looks fit into the part. Like Becky, she is not beautiful, but arresting. She is little, and blonde, and irregularly featured, but in her small person she seems, Napoleon-like, to carry the potentialities of great victories.

And when Becky blossoms out as a lady of fashion at the hall, the audacity of her old-world fineries heightens a bizarre charm that dims the light of every woman present.

This whole brilliant act keeps one intensely on the *qui vive*. There are so many cross currents, and in a lower deep, such a strong undertow of imminent destiny weaving its web, that the auditor is on a high tension. There is Becky, the brilliant centre of a brilliant throng; Amelia drooping in her corner; the envious, sneering dames of the aristocratic heights which Becky is to storm; and, like an evil, brooding fate, the Marquis of Steyne, whose silent goings and comings attract Becky's quick-glancing, ever observant eyes. Becky, or Mrs. Fiske, which was it? They are interchangeable. One forgets to praise the perfection of the acting, because of the strong impression of reality it gives.

The perfection of the stage management at the famous moment when, the ball being at its height, the cannon are heard and the guests flee in terror, has become a tradition in the annals of the American stage.

Becky is left alone, untrifled. She still

has that little crinkle at the corner of her mouth which tells of her happy confidence in the profitable gullibility of a foolish, credulous world. There follows the horse deal, in which Becky comes off with flying colors, and her neat parting scene with Rawdon, whose manly grief and deep concern for her leaves her utterly unaffected. But she weeps beautifully, and, in the very moment of parting, after Rawdon is safe out of hearing, makes that wonderful transition of tone and bearing which reveals the real, hard, bright Becky, whose sole thought is breakfast for her practical self: Becky, the schemer, who, in her own small hattle-ground, matches in cool-headedness and skillful, conscienceless manoeuvring the coming Napoleon, the thunder of whose guns finds her dauntless and still scheming.

The ensuing act, with its two scenes, can scarcely be surpassed in several qualities; in the fidelity with which Langdon Mitchell has preserved and conveyed the spirit of another author's matchless creation; in the profound truths concerning life and human nature underlying that series of brilliantly amusing pictures of the high comedy of social competition; and finally, in the strength of the irresistible current of motive and action which carries the act to its superbly dramatic climax.

It is in this act that we see Becky lulling the suspicions and deadening the sense of honor—anæmic though it might be—of a man who had within him the possibilities of better things. And here we note again Becky's self poise among marchionesses and duchesses who feared and hated but could not despise her. For Becky was the one who despised. And here was Becky's great weakness—she despised Dohhin, feeling for him the scorn of the unprincipled for those who encumber themselves with principle. Becky lived in a world of petty hypocrisies, and it took time and fading charms before, in common with many light ladies, she realized that the wicked people are obliged more or less to conform to the inconvenient standards of the good.

In the last act—an admirable and truly delightful work of art—Mrs. Fiske's portraiture still glows with the colors of inspiration. From the Becky who, in that horrid moment of discovery, poured into her tones all the desperation of a gambler who foresees defeat following his last, great throw, we are transported to Mme. Crawley, living in a kind of shabby, lower Bohemia. She who, in order to stimulate the marquis's admiration and quicken the currents of gold from Steyne's hand, made herself as "coy as the kingdom of heaven," has had to cheapen herself to compliance with shabby, brawling adventurers. She is still smiling, still parrying, but she thrusts no more. She must "wallow in repentance," and regain the heaven of social rehabilitation.

Which—leaving out the first, which is introductory—of the four great acts would we select as the best? It would be hard to say, each is so perfect of its kind.

Mrs. Fiske, as usual, is well supported, and in consequence there is the fidelity we might expect in the gallery of Thackeray portraits. Sheldon Lewis, as Dohhin, was, however, too handsome and too much of an artist in appearance for the plain, ungainly soldier who passed his life admiring and worshipping the more comely ones of earth.

At first glance Henry Stephenson did not seem to have the physiognomy for Rawdon Crawley, but that qualification became a minor, and a forgotten, one before long. Mr. Stephenson made Rawdon the Rawdon of the book. His fond subjugation under Becky's yoke, his big, bluff laughter over her sallies, the gleams of shamed sentiment and affection which occasionally softened and saddened the features of a man unaccustomed to thought, were all rendered with the skill of a real actor.

And talking of real actors, Holbrook Blinn is the kind of an actor that makes you forget himself. As he was Jim in "Salvation Nell," so was he Steyne in "Becky Sharp." In fact, I utterly forgot that Holbrook Blinn was in the cast. Steyne was in the flesh before us, icy, elegant, depraved to the core. Vice, the deadly, ruthless vice that hungers for companion wickedness and the stimulation of exchange, looked from his cold eyes, made pallid his cheeks.

Steyne and Becky! They were a wonderfully real pair in that wonderful third act, and all credit to the man whose play-writing talent has made them live before us. Langdon Mitchell has revived our belief in the possibility of dramatizing great novels, without melodramatizing them.

* * *

Quite a number of years ago, when they repaired and restored the Greek theatre at Orange, in the south of France, famous writers and illustrators went there to see the opening performance of "Antigone." I remember that I, in common with many others, felt that it was a great privilege to have been there. Yet here, on our far-off Western coast, we have virtually had the same opportunity, with the old Greek classic played in our native tongue.

Naturally and inevitably, a play written for other epochs, and other peoples, can not make to us the same appeal. This is an age of

materialism. Religion cuts very little figure in our plays, while, with the Greeks, it underlay the ruling motives.

Therefore it was as spectators standing a little apart, calmly, dispassionately, and in the academic spirit, that we viewed at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley the revival by modern minds of Sophocles's antique tragedy.

The tradewinds were kind that night. They swooned and died, and the tiniest leaves were motionless. It is a delicious sensation to sit in an outdoor theatre on a mild night, to inhale the sweet air, pungent with the aromatic smell of the trees, and to look up and see overhead a velvet night sky picked out with diamond stars. It predisposes one to pleasant thoughts and gentle judgment. Yet no indulgence was needed, save perhaps for the chorus, which was faulty, and the orchestra, which lacked a little in cohesion.

The actors played their parts well. The adaptability of actors is really wonderful, when one comes to think of it. Here was Miss Anglin, interpreter of the modern type of the woman character, low in stature, and with a difficulty in pronouncing s's which is next door to a lisp, acting the great rôle of Antigone with dignity, with authority, with distinction. Her voice, too, rang out with a volume we had not known it to possess, and in gesture, tone, and bearing she expressed the elevation and exaltation of tragedy. The only criticism to be passed on her performance is on the effect, and not the execution. Miss Anglin's figure is not suited to tragedy and she does not carry the Greek costume with special grace or distinction. Her voice, in the higher tones of Antigone's more passionate apostrophes, more than once fell a little short. In the matter of emotional response one's mental attitude was more that of interest and admiration than of quickened feeling. But, as I have already said, it is not possible to put ourselves on the same plane of feeling as those for whom the play was written.

Eugene Ormonde, who in ordinary rôles has a tendency to slightly melodramatic mannerisms, was dignified and imposing as Creon, and read his lines well, although with far less pliancy of expression than Miss Anglin.

A modern audience of the ordinary kind would grow impatient at the length of the speeches. Yet it was with no mental effort that the story was followed, and in certain scenes, notably that in which the young Prince Haemon, with sweet eloquence and gentle, sad persuasiveness pleaded for the remission of Antigone's doom, it was surprising to find how absorbed one became in the simple, human interest of the theme.

A curious effect was observable in some of the particularly lengthy passages; notably those delivered so well by Eugene Shakespeare as the king's messenger. Their length caused one to lose sight of the personality of the speaker and vest all one's interest in the act of hearing.

No play that is read can ever make the same impression as when it is acted. Therefore in the study and evolution of the dramas, it is well occasionally to revive the famous plays of old, as a matter of academic interest. But, to answer the tacit queries of those not present, although we who saw "Antigone" know it now as we never knew it before, it is impossible for us moderns to thrill with any approach to the fervent response of those who witnessed the plays of Æschylus, of Sophocles, and of Euripides in the Athens of those long dead days when the famous trio reigned as lords of tragedy.

The story of Mascagni's new opera, "Ysobel," which is to be produced for the first time in any country in America next fall by the newly organized Bessie Abbott Opera Company, is taken from the legend of Lady Godiva, the oldest known version of which dates back to the thirteenth century, but which is most familiar through Tennyson's poem. The action is set in the town of Coventry, during the eleventh century. Luigi Illica, the librettist, who was also responsible for the libretti of "Tosca" and several other standard operas, has departed from the original legend in many instances. It is Ysobel, the daughter of the Earl of Chester, who makes the famous ride to save her townfolk. To protect her during her act of sacrifice, an edict is issued condemning any to the loss of eyesight who do not remain behind closed doors, while Ysobel makes her ride. The hero of the opera, a young huntsman who has worshiped Lady Ysobel from afar, takes advantage of the only chance to bring himself to her notice by defying the edict. He remains on a balcony and pelts her with flowers as she passes. Here begins the love story around which the opera is built. A descriptive intermezzo will depict the ride. Signor Mascagni will himself conduct each performance of the new opera.

Lehar is not a one-opera composer, after all. While his "Merry Widow" is by no means a back number yet, his "Prince's Child" passed its two hundredth performance in Vienna some weeks ago.

"Asticolony" is the name of the split bottles of excellent California white or red wine that are offered at all hotels and restaurants at 15c.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mrs. Fiske's engagement at the Columbia Theatre is to continue for a second and final week, commencing with Monday night, July 11. The great actress has two superb productions this season, "Becky Sharp" and "Pillars of Society." Much of the success of the stage version of "Becky Sharp," perhaps most of it in fact, has been due to Mrs. Fiske's realization of the mental picture which so many thousands had drawn of one of fiction's most fascinating heroines. Her current performance of this rôle, which she has made so absolutely her own, seems to possess an even greater charm than ever. "Pillars of Society" will be played on Monday and Saturday nights, and at the matinee on Wednesday. It is a performance in which both Mrs. Fiske and Holbrook Blinn win many honors. "Becky Sharp" will be given at all the other evening performances and at the matinee on Saturday.

The Orpheum announces another fine programme for the coming week, beginning with next Sunday matinee. Marion Murray, one of the popular Murray sisters, who is this season touring with her own company, will appear in a comedy sketch by Edgar Allen Woolf called "The Prima Donna's Honeymoon." Miss Murray, her company, and Mr. Woolf's merry farce won the unqualified admiration of the New York critics. Jolly Fanny Rice, who is "merrily-cheerily-verily yours," will present her original conception of "The Miniature Mimic Stage." In her cabinet, which is a reminder of the good old "Punch and Judy," she presents her characters, all of whom are entertaining and amusing. Aubrey Fringle and George Whiting, who have distinguished themselves separately in vaudeville, have now combined forces and are meeting with success. They will amuse in a skit called "Breaking into Vaudeville." It is an unconventional assortment of comedy and popular songs introduced in a very attractive manner. Signor Travato, styled "The Eccentric Violinist," will give a taste of his skill. Travato is said to be a splendid musician. Next week will be the last of Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, who will appear in another of Mr. Cressy's sketches entitled "One Night Only." It is said to be one of the best of his efforts and has never been played in this city. With this bill will also conclude the engagements of Loie Fuller's "Ballet of Light," Captain Maximilian Gruber and Miss Adelina's Equestrian Review, and Miss Lily Lena, the dainty English singer of dainty story songs.

Henrietta Crosman will follow Mrs. Fiske at the Columbia Theatre, and will bring her latest farce success called "Anti-Matrimony." It is the work of Percy MacKaye, and in it Miss Crosman is said to have the best rôle of her career. In the presentation of the play she is surrounded by a strong cast of players. The production has been brought almost direct from New York.

The principal play of the next season at the New Theatre will be Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," in which Miss Marguerite Clark will be employed.

AMUSEMENTS.

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MARION MURRAY and Company, in their screaming farce, "The Prima Donna's Honeymoon"; JOLLY FANNY RICE, in "The Miniature Mimic Stage"; PRINGLE and WHITING, presenting "Breaking into Vaudeville"; SIGNOR TRAVATO, "the Eccentric Violinist"; Last Week WILL M. CRESSY and BLANCHE DAYNE, presenting for the first time here Mr. Cressy's latest sketch, "ONE NIGHT ONLY"; CAPTAIN MAXIMILION GRUBER and MISS ADELINA'S EQUESTRIAN REVIEW; New Orpheum Motion Pictures; Last Week LOIE FULLER'S "BALLET OF LIGHT," and LILY LENA, the Dainty English Singer of Story Songs.

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Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri. Nights and Sat. Mat.
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VANITY FAIR.

"Emeth Achavah!" looks like a sneeze. In solemn truth it is the name of another new religion. New, that is, comparatively. Its devotees claim that it is twenty-four thousand years old, and has merely been lost sight of owing to the aggressive qualities of other faiths. The Emeth Achavahs have a sacred hook, known as "Oahspe," which is a compilation of the injunctions and revelations given to an American recluse more than twenty years ago. As there are so many religions clamoring for attention in comparison to the number of sauces, it does not seem necessary to tabulate the tenets of this modern-ancient faith. It may, however, be pointed out that the Emeth Achavahs are non everything, and are "praying and laboring for such a change in social conditions as will permit them to live together in a communal state." This should commend the sect to Mr. H. G. Wells, who has been charged with a desire to abolish the family and secure the endowment of motherhood.

Another injustice to Ireland! Mme. de Thebes, the "prophetess" of Paris, hides her sex heware of green, the unlucky color. And here is the explanation:

My reasoning is quite simple. Happiness and success in life depend on the quantity of rays one emits. Happiness depends on light and brightness. That is why the ancients chose white as their mourning color. Women ought to wear as much white as possible. When the world was shaped the trees were given their green to shade men from the sun, so green stands for darkness and is ill-starred. I have gone deeply into all this absorbingly interesting question of the influence of colors, precious stones, and flowers on human destiny. One of my latest successes is to destroy the influence of the pig as a luck-bringer. Not the unclean pig, but the sacred elephant is the real mascot.

Waiving the subtle question whether the pig is to be preferred to the elephant or the elephant to the pig—though in madame's condemnation of the "hoy that pays the riat" another slur on the Emerald Isle seems hidden—it is a genuine relief in these days of the high cost of everything to know that the secret of success lies so cheaply on the surface of things. Besides, madame would appear to have fathomed the reason for Mark Twain's famous suit of white. That, then, was the cause of his humor and wealth.

Anyway, no one need be disturbed as to what he wears in madame's home city. There is not a capital in Europe where eccentric dress excites less attention than in Paris. An American artist once made a hat that he would walk from the Gare Montparnasse across Paris to the Gare du Nord wearing a bath towel and sandals without drawing a crowd. And he won. The Parisian does not care a jot what his foreign visitors wear so long as he can rob them. Only the other day one of those visitors had a mild surprise in the shape of a tailor's bill for exactly one thousand dollars as the price of a single suit of clothes and some repairs to a fur coat. He declined to pay, and was taken into court, when an expert confessed that the tailor had overcharged his customer to the extent of just one hundred dollars, adding, "but this is quite allowable, because the plaintiff is a foreigner." And the court agreed with the expert.

Apparently the day is not far distant when it will be quite unique for a wedding to take place in a church. All kinds of substitutes for the altar have been utilized in recent years, the hallion having become so common that no unconventional couple would dream of pledging their troth amid such a commonplace environment. The latest freak is to be married in a tug, the couple being a Swedish lieutenant and a German lady, who, desiring to wed instantly on their meeting in Edinburgh, discovered that neither of them was qualified with the three weeks' residential equipment necessary under Scottish law. Hence the tug, which hore the party out on the Fifth of Forth just beyond the three miles' limit to which the virtue of the law is supposed to extend. The tug was appropriately named *Confidence*, and no one was seasick.

Literature has its unsuspected uses. In the good old days of smuggling, when a pint of brandy was a big incentive to ingenuity, a clever dodge was to incase a flat flask in the binding of a book, adopt a clerical garb, and then walk ashore with the "volume" under the arm. And now a lady whose needs of lingerie are in excess of her financial resources has revived the book carrying device as an adjunct of shop-lifting. It was a large book she carried, presumably a volume of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and while making a small purchase she contrived to insert "a lady's undergarment" within its pages. Unhappily, however, some of the frilling projected and gave the scheme away. Of course she did not know "how it got there." The *ci-devant* parson probably said the same about the brandy. For the good repute of learning it is fortunate that the book receptacle is not yet in common use, but in view of the device

becoming fashionable a suitable volume for the practice might be that hearing the title "It Never Can Happen Again."

A recent issue of the journal of the International Association of Hotelkeepers, published in Geneva, contained this advertisement:

WANTED—For the Society Zeppelin, at Friedrichshafen, a capable waiter, smart at serving, to take charge of the restaurant in a dirigible hallion. He must not weigh more than 140 pounds.

That was before the latest Zeppelin came to grief, but such a catastrophe was evidently foreseen by the advertisers, for they stipulated that the lightweight waiter must "enter the service at his own risk." The advertisement does not mention the wages to be paid, which suggests that the aerial waiter will probably be expected to recoup himself by tips. They should be generous if at all in proportion to the fares charged on the dirigible, but no matter how low they would still be the highest tips in the world.

Inasmuch as the Japanese woman does not come from her morning bath in a Western half-gown or eat breakfast in a Western afternoon dress, the appeal of Mme. Hanako in behalf of the correct use of the kimono among American women is not unreasonable. It is had enough to have that garment lowered to the uses of a dressing-gown, but if, this authority continues, "American and English women must wear the kimono for a dressing-gown, why don't they have it made to fasten as we fasten it? It should lap over from left to right, not from right to left." Nor is that all. "In Japan," so we are assured, "the older a woman gets the smaller are made the sleeves of her kimono. I have not noticed any small sleeves on the kimonos worn by American ladies, however old they have been! But Japanese ladies are proud of their age; they never want to shorten it by a single month." When Mme. Hanako attains greater insight into the psychology of the Western lady, and learns that she would rather count *hara-kiri* than abandon her modest reticence as to her age, she will understand why the symbolism of the kimono can not be transplanted to these shores.

There is always something pathetic about a sale of household effects. Ghosts are around, the ghosts of lives once radiant and happy and now gone out in darkness; to pass from room to room where none might enter save those who had the rights of friends creates a sense of intrusion; to gaze upon *larses et penates* which have presided over the joys and sorrows of family life and are now nothing more than "lots" distinguished but by the auctioneer's number, is a depressing occupation. All these feelings should have been accentuated at the Morse sale on Fifth Avenue without committing the crowd to an opinion one way or another on the imprisoned banker, but as a matter of record it is distressing to note that the occasion was more notable for an exhibition of snobbery than anything else. The various articles of china, silverware, the rich rugs and tapestries, fell under the hammer at absurdly low prices, witnessing to that decrease of value which is the public tribute to a man under a cloud. Had the same articles been sold for a Fifth Avenue resident under other conditions the competition would have been furious and the prices "records."

A philosopher who has taken the trouble to pierce to the root of suffragette psychology announces to the fairer sex that their choice is limited to two lines of conduct.

Either they must remain within the cave, as "sisters to the flowers," in an environment suitable for the development of such qualities as may be developed from the essentially feminine nature, an easy docility, a pleasurable obedience, meekness, forbearance, long-suffering, patience, silence; as objects upon which men may lavish protection, kindness, benevolence, affection, and so stimulate their own masculine morality, and redeem themselves in virtue of the love which is created thereby; or they must aspire to a perfect freedom; casting aside the curb of sex and freeing themselves from the tyranny of kith and kin, they must come out into the world and remain in the full glare of the sun, ruthlessly exposing their nature to the rough environment whereby its imperfections will be scourged and chastened away.

Like a new Schopenhauer, this trenchant philosopher seems to think women will choose the second line of conduct. And he does not care one jot; on the contrary, he seems to rejoice that things are making it easy to forsake the woman. So the world is to swing round again to the doctrine of the Essenians, who were determined to hazard total extermination rather than be ensnared by the sex, rather, that is, to lose the succession of men that beget one. And then "Votes for Women" will not matter much, for there will be no men to vote for.

The late Dean Buckland is said to have been so intimately acquainted with the properties of all the geological formations of England, that being one night belated, and not knowing where he was, he alighted from his horse, took up a clod of earth, and examined it. He immediately exclaimed, "Uxbridge!" and proceeded on his journey.

Sounding the Toxin.

[Milk from excited or irritated cows is, according to the latest scientific opinion, more harmful than that which contains disease germs. The blood of an excited animal throws out poisonous toxins that are most insalubrious.]

O Milkman, be candid and tell me, I pray,

If your wares are with toxins infected;

If Clarissa the cow, when you milked her today,

Was unruffled, sedate and collected?

Did she wake in a temper and scornfully laugh

At the short-horn who came from Stratheffer?

Did she spurn the advances of Clarence the calf?

Did she quarrel with Harold the heifer?

For, if so, to her produce no time I'll devote,

But rely for my tea upon Gilhert, the goat.

O, my Butcher, please state if Susannah the sow,

Whom you recently turned into bacon,

Wore a look of ineffable peace on her brow,

If her nerves were unstrung or were shaken?

Oh, had Oswald the ox, when you severed his tail,

Been a martyr to mental disquiet?

Was there anything known about Constance the quail

Which would make her unfit for my diet?

Pray explain, ere his ham on my platter I pile,

Whether Peter the pig met his death with a smile.

O, my Dairyman, tell me, I earnestly heg,

Lest my prospects of breakfast be lighted,

Whether Hetty the hen, on evolving her egg,

Was upset, overwrought or excited?

O, my Grocer, bring news about Sam the sardine,

When he swam as a child in the ocean,

Was his character tranquil, his outlook serene?

Was he swayed by blind gusts of emotion?

For, if so, with a grief, that is deep and acute,

I must really confine my attention to fruit!

While the heart of Louisa the lettuce is dead,

And can harbor no poisonous acid,

Clementina the cabbage, though losing her head,

Is by Nature proverbially placid,

And though Bill the banana (whose coat one must strip)

Provides suitable food for the glutton,

And Orlando the orange, though prone to "the pip,"

Is more wholesome than Mildred the mutton,

Without fear of hacilli my tastes I may glut

Upon Percy the pumpkin and Norah the nut!

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Floods made much trouble for the visitors at Oberammergau this season. For two days the town was isolated, railroad communication with Munich being cut off. Fifty English and American ladies, the first refugees, arrived at Munich after a long and tedious journey by railway, motor-car, and partly on foot. When the floods threatened Oberammergau on Tuesday, June 14, there were about four hundred visitors in the village, mostly English and American. Some of the visitors had apartments in houses threatened by the waters and had to leave for houses in higher situations. The position was accepted cheerfully, and the visitors, ladies as well as men, took an active part in saving the furniture in the threatened cottages. The performances of the Passion Play were resumed on Sunday.

Alexander Duer Irving, a great-nephew of Washington Irving, the writer, died a few days ago at the age of sixty-eight years, at Sunnyside, Irvington-on-Hudson, the old home of Knickerbocker. Washington Irving left Sunnyside to two nieces and from them the place descended to Alexander Irving, who had lived there since 1896. He made many additions to the place. Mr. Irving was a grandson of Ebenezer Irving, who lived for many years with his famous brother at Sunnyside.

"Do you think you could identify the hurglar?" asked the detective from City Hall. "Well, I never saw him," replied the victim, "but he was a very small man." "How do you know?" "Haven't I told you he got into our flat without any trouble?"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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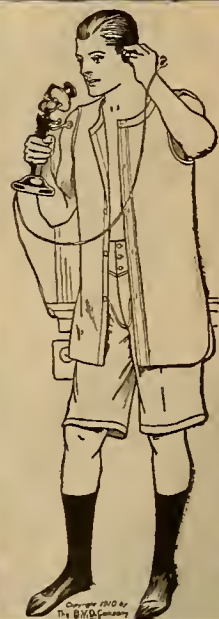
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mario, the illustrious singer, was engaged with Grisi, his wife, at St. Petersburg. Out walking one day with their children they met the Czar. His majesty patted the children on their heads, and remarked to Grisi: "I suppose these are your little Grisettes?" "No, sire," she replied, with ready wit, "they are my little Marionettes."

In North Carolina a white man was arraigned for stealing chickens from a negro. The jury was composed of seven white men and five negroes, and one of the latter was made foreman. They came into court and the clerk demanded: "Have you agreed upon a verdict?" "Yes, sah," "What is it?" "De jury am gone Democrat, sah, and de prisoner am not guilty."

An aeronaut, leaning over the edge of the car as his balloon was slowly passing over a football field, overbalanced himself, and fell plump among the players. When he recovered consciousness he found several of the club officials bending over him anxiously. "Ah," said the treasurer, in a tone of relief, "I'll trouble you for your half-dollar now, old fellow!"

The enthusiastic angler was telling some friends about a proposed fishing-trip to a lake in Colorado which he had in contemplation. "Are there any trout out there?" asked one friend. "Thousands of 'em," replied the angler. "Will they bite easily?" asked another friend. "Will they? Why, they're absolutely vicious. A man has to hide behind a tree to bait a hook."

One day a Scotch and English boy, who were fighting, were separated by their respective mothers with difficulty, the Scotch boy, though the smaller, being far the more pugnacious. "What garred ye fight a big laddie like that for?" said the mother, as she wiped the blood from his nose. "And I'll fight him again," said the boy, "if he says Scotsmen wear kilts because their feet are too big to get into trousers!"

Two men were occupying a double seat in a crowded car. One of them was a long-distance whistler and the other was evidently annoyed. "You don't seem to like my whistling?" said the noisy one, after a five-minute continuous performance. "No, I don't," was the frank reply. "Well," continued the other, "maybe you think you are man enough to stop it?" "No, I don't think I am," rejoined the other, "but I hope you are." And the whistling was discontinued.

Crash! Down the kitchen stairs fell the entire trayful of crockery from the dining-room. Not even the saltcellar remained unbroken. Within the dining-room sat husband and wife, staring blankly at each other. What did it all mean? But this was a time for action, and the mistress rushed to the door. "Jane, Jane!" she cried, "whatever have you done?" Jane smiled. "Oh, mum," she replied, "it's only the dinner things, mum. What a good thing I hadn't washed 'em up!"

An Englishman sat outside a café in a European city and remarked casually to a fellow-Englishman, "Oh, the emperor is a hopeless idiot!" Instantly a man, who proved to be a plain clothes policeman, rose from an adjacent seat, and said: "Sir, I arrest you for lèse majesté. You say that the emperor is a hopeless idiot." "My dear chap," said the Englishman, "I didn't mean your emperor. There are other emperors in the world, surely!" "That may be, sir," replied the policeman; "but ours is the only emperor who is a hopeless idiot! Come with me."

At a French inn a guest was greatly disturbed one night by a series of incessant jumps and bumpings that appeared to proceed from the room directly overhead. In the morning he complained to the hotel manager, and asked to have the mystery cleared up. A little later the manager brought a foreign-looking individual, and introduced him to the gentleman. "This is Baron von Kotchem Sloschen," explained the manager, "who occupies the room above yours. Perhaps you can tell us, sir, what was the noise that this gentleman complains of?" "Why," said the baron, indignantly, "it was the doctor's instructions. He leaf me a bottle of medicine, which say, 'Take the mixture two nights running, then skip the third night.' And so I do it. I haf run the first two nights, and last night I skip!"

Mrs. Murphy, her head swathed in bandages, stood in the witness-box. Her husband, Patrick Murphy, occupied the prisoner's lock, and the charge was that he had brutally assaulted the lady whom he ought to have loved. But Mrs. Murphy was not the woman to say a word against her husband. She insisted that he was the em bodiment of all the

virtues, and accounted for her bruises as the result of "pure accidents." "Now, look here," said the magistrate, angrily, "I must remind you that this is a court of law, and that perjury is a criminal offense. Be careful what you say. Who was it that bit your ear in such a shocking manner?" The poor creature hesitated for a moment—it appeared that wifely loyalty was about to succumb—then she smiled reassuringly at the man in the dock. "Please, sir," she faltered, "I—I bit it myself!"

"Pedro, I owe about three thousand francs," said a Parisian grocer to his shopman. "Yes, sir," "I have two thousand francs in the safe, but the shop is empty; I think it is the right moment to fail." "That's just what I think," "But I want a plausible pretext for my creditors. You have plenty of brains; think the matter over tonight and tomorrow morning." The clerk promised to think it carefully over. On entering the shop next morning, the grocer found the safe open, the money gone, and in its place a note, which ran as follows: "I have taken the two thousand francs, and am off to America. It is the best excuse you can give to your creditors."

A confirmed stutterer went into a restaurant and met a few casual acquaintances, who at once commenced chaffing him most unmercifully respecting the impediment in his speech. At last one of them, a pert little fellow who had been making himself rather conspicuous by his remarks, said: "Well, old man, I'll bet suppers round you can't order them without stammering." "D-d-d-d-d," says Brown, and, to the astonishment of the company and the discomfort of his challenger (all of whom were unaware of his being, as is often the case with stutterers, a first-class singer), he beckoned the waiter and sang the order without the slightest hitch. Then, turning round to his tormentor, said: "N-n-n-now, y-y-y-you c-c-c-can p-p-p-pay."

A quiet, bashful sort of a young fellow was making a call on a Capitol Hill girl one evening not so very long ago, when her father came into the parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about 9:30 o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair straightening a picture over the piano. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned, the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow, said: "Young man, do you know what time it is?" The bashful youth got off the chair nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied. "I was just going." He went into the hall without any delay, and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the door-knob, the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was. "Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good-night!" And he left without waiting to put his coat on. After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to the girl. "What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked. "My watch ran down this afternoon and I wanted him to tell me the time, so that I could set it."

Candy in the Country.

If your supply of candy runs out while on your vacation, you needn't go "Candy-Hungry." Just send a money order to Geo. Haas & Sons' Phelan Building store and the candy will be immediately shipped to you, carefully packed, so as to arrive in perfect condition.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Summer Romance.

She was a winsome lass—"a peach,"—
And more than passing fair;
I strolled one day along the beach
And she was waiting there!

Full soon I sang unto my soul:
"Wed wealth; be free from care!"
For every time I took a stroll
I found her waiting there.

And so I lived in vast delight
A little, I declare!
But ah, alas! I dined one night—
And she was waiting there! —Puck.

Nobody's Song.

I'm thinking just now of Nobody,
And all that Nobody's done,
For I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own;
I bear the name of Nobody,
For from Nobody I sprung;
And I sing the praise of Nobody,
And Nobody mine has sung.

In life's young morning Nobody
To me was tender and dear,
And my cradle was rocked by Nobody,
And Nobody was ever near;
I recounted my tale to Nobody,
For Nobody was willing to hear;
And my heart has clung to Nobody
When Nobody shed a tear.

And when I grew old, Nobody
Gave me a helping turn;
And by the good aid of Nobody
I began my living to earn;
And hence I courted Nobody,
And said Nobody's I'd be;
And asked to marry Nobody,
And Nobody married me.

Thus I trudged along with Nobody,
And Nobody cheers my life,
And I have a love for Nobody
Which Nobody has for his wife;
So here's a health to Nobody,
For Nobody's now "in town,"
And I've a passion for Nobody
That Nobody else would own.—Anon.

An Automobile Tragedy.

They sold their cottage by the sea
To buy an auto—10-h.p.
They drove it near, they drove it far,
They broke the costly handle-bar;
Whereon they sold to make repairs
Their best lace curtains—seven pairs.
Three days, and wrapped in flame and smoke,
The automatic air-pump broke;
A serious matter this—they could
But sell the horse to make it good.
And now a week awheel they spent,
And then the spark and feeder went.
To fix it up they had to sell
The grand piano and petronel.
Colliding next against a tree,
They sold their endowment policy
To pay for hubs, and tires, and brake
The last sad sacrifice they make.
Alas! within another week
That fast express, the "Lightning Streak,"
Destroyed the car and them therein,
Our hero and our heroine.
—Liverpool Mercury.

The New Rest Cure.

If you want to be cured by the cure
That's the latest and snappiest "stunt,"
You must sit on a chair with your feet in the air,
And your toes pointing well to the front.
You must stretch out your muscular arms,
Your mouth like an "O" must be drawn;
Then throw your head back till your collar-studs
crack,
And yawn, yawn, yawn. —The Sketch.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The social trend of the week is along lines of extreme informality, with the scene of action almost entirely out of town.

The week-end holiday was observed by society in general, and those who did not pass it as the house guests at the country home of friends availed themselves of the pleasures of the near-by resorts.

The Marin country places were the scenes of the greatest festivity, as they are in most cases harboring large parties of the younger set, who made merry with dances at Blithedale, Kentfield, and at the Marin Country Club in commemoration of the Fourth of July.

At Del Monte a notable gathering of San Franciscans enjoyed the holiday in congenial fashion, while the colony speeding the summer at Santa Barbara was appreciably increased this week.

At the Presidio an elaborate "at home" which was attended by members of the service set about the bay and a goodly number from town marked the day conspicuously from a social aspect.

A number of weddings took place during the week, and with them (with the exception of the Pike-Simpson wedding on July 12) the last of the nuptial ceremonies scheduled for the summer months have been crossed from the calendar.

Mrs. Fiske's engagement at the Columbia Theatre has furnished an incentive for several large theatre parties, and those still in town are availing themselves of this medium of entertainment as an expression of hospitality.

Rev. Henry Bond Restarick, bishop of the Hawaiian Islands, and Mrs. Restarick have announced the engagement of their daughter, Constance, to Mr. Paul Withington, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Withington of Honolulu. The bride-elect has many friends in society here, who will be interested in the news. No date has been set for the wedding.

One of the pretty weddings of the week was that of Miss Helen Sutton and Mr. Henry Sherman, which took place at the bride's home in Berkeley on Thursday evening. The bridesmaids were Miss Eliza Kline, Miss Gladys Wickson, Miss Cecil Sherman, Miss Margaret Hayne, and Miss Ferguson, who wore gowns of harmonizing tones in soft pastel shades. The maid of honor, Miss Barbara Sutton, was gowned in pale pink messaline, and the bride's gown was of white charmeuse satin with an overdress of lace. Among the San Francisco guests present at the wedding were Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White, Miss Boericke, Miss Nora Evans, Miss Florence Williams, Mrs. Henry Martinez, Mr. and Mrs. George Kline, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weihe, and Miss Joy Wilson. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman are enjoying a honeymoon in the southern part of the State and on their return will live in Berkeley.

The wedding of Miss Lorena Florence Barnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Barnes, and Mr. William Sea took place Wednesday evening at the Mill Valley home of the bride's parents. Dean Gresham of Grace Pro-Cathedral performed the ceremony. Miss Edna Earl of Chico was bridesmaid and Mr. Leland Cutler acted as best man. The young couple are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte, and on their return will make their home at Mill Valley.

Miss Helen Hussey became the bride of Mr. Frederick Adams at a pretty home ceremony on Thursday night at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Hussey. The marriage service was read by Rev. William Rader in the presence of about one hundred friends. The bride's only attendant was Miss Bessie Grant. The best man was Mr. Wallace Hussey, a brother of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Adams have gone to Spokane, which is to be their future home.

The wedding of Miss Elaine Brashear and Mr. Coleridge Ertz was a leading event of the week and took place at the Swedenborgian Church on Wednesday evening. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Colby of Blithedale, as matron of honor. The honeymoon is being spent in the East, but the future home of Mr. Ertz and his bride will be in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Ilma MacGregor Hulen of Plainville, Texas, and Lieutenant Charles B. Meyer, U. S. A., which took place Wednesday, is of local interest, and the young couple will make their home at Fort Baker. The bridesmaid was Miss Marquetta Hulen and Mr. Albert Woolridge acted as best man.

The wedding of Miss Asleigh Turner and Mr. Joseph Seitz took place Tuesday at Mountain View. The officiating clergyman was Rev. Father Kenna. The bride's only attendant was Miss Katherine Oliver, and Mr. Charles Sullivan acted as best man. The church ceremony was followed by an informal reception at the home of the bride's parents after which Mr. Seitz and his bride left for a honeymoon trip in the south. Their future home will be at Mountain View.

Mr. Jack Neville was host at a dinner dance at the Claremont Country Club on Monday evening, which he gave in honor of Miss Harriett and Miss Gladys Stone.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stone entertained at a house party over the Fourth of July at their home at Woodside. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Miss Linda Cadwalader, and Mr. Ettore Avenali.

Mrs. William B. Bourn is entertaining a house party at her country home at St. Helena. Among her guests are Mr. and Mrs. James Potter Langborne.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster were hosts over the week end to a merry house party which included Dr. and Mrs. Laurence Draper and several young friends of the debutante daughter of the household, Miss Louisiana Foster.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a box party at Mrs. Fiske's performance of "Becky Sharp" on Monday night. An informal supper followed at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Clarence Lininger and Mrs. Coleman Leckludts entertained at an elaborate reception at the Presidio on Thursday in honor of Miss Marie Lundeen, who leaves shortly for Minneapolis,

where her wedding with Lieutenant E. E. Pritchett, U. S. A., will take place.

Mrs. George Beardsley entertained at a tea on Thursday at her home at San Rafael, complimentary to Mrs. Jarboe and Mrs. Ralph Hart.

Mrs. H. H. Hart was hostess last Sunday at a reception in honor of Mrs. Daniel Charles Heger. The affair took place at the beautiful Hart home at Claremont.

Mrs. Edgar de Pue and Miss Elva de Pue entertained a house party over the Fourth at their ranch at Sacramento.

Miss Doris Wilsbire will be the guest of friends at Tahoe during the month of July.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at an informal dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Burke. The other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin and Miss Edith von Schroeder.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury entertained at an informal luncheon at the Francesca Club on Wednesday, at which her guests included Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Linda Cadwalader, and Miss Mary Josselyn.

Miss Genevieve Thompson of Portland entertained a large house party over the Fourth in honor of her guest, Miss Christine Pomeroy of San Francisco.

Prior to their departure for Santa Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winslip of Georgia were the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton at San Mateo.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee, who is spending the summer at Del Monte, gave a tea at Pebble Beach Lodge on Tuesday, and among her guests were included Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, and Miss Elizabeth Woods of San Francisco.

Among those who entertained parties at the performance of "Antigone" at the Greek Theatre on Thursday evening were Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Day, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rickard. Among others in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Harris, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, Miss Florence Cluff, Mr. and Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. James Denman, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Zeile, Miss Marion Zeile, Mrs. M. E. Huntington, Miss Marian Huntington, Mrs. Marie L. Walton, Mr. and Mrs. Brockway Metcalfe, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rideout, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Penwick, Mr. and Mrs. William Stotwell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Miss Joliffe, Miss Hazel King, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore, Mr. Willard Barton, Miss Mary Josselyn, Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone, Miss Harriett Stone, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Mr. Richard Hotaling, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathieu, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Allston Williams, Mr. and Mrs. William Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames, Miss Edith Simpson, Mr. Roy Pike, Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, Mr. and Mrs. William Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Dr. and Mrs. Stillman, and Mr. Joseph Redding.

Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorbies and her daughter, Mrs. Kathryn Voorbies Henry, entertained Secretary of War J. M. Dickinson and Mrs. Dickinson at luncheon at the Cliff House during their brief visit to the city. Mrs. James Jordan and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster of San Rafael were among the guests.

It is reported from Dresden that Richard Strauss's next opera, "Cavaliers of the Rose," will be produced for the first time there early in December. The libretto is by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and the subtitle for the opera is a "comedy for music." The plot is the hackneyed one—a young elegant, entrusted with a proposal of marriage on behalf of an elderly, rich suitor, falling in love with the lady, and having his love returned. The scene is laid in the middle of the eighteenth century, in Vienna, at the time of Maria Theresa.

The retirement of Miss Rose Coghill from the New Theatre is announced, with the inference that she and the stage manager, Mr. George Foster Platt, were unable to maintain amicable relations for more than a minute at a time. Arrangements have been made, however, to retain the services of Mrs. Sol Smith, Ben Johnson, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Albert Bruning, Jacob Wendel, and Miss Beverly Sitgreaves. Vanderheyden Fyles, a son of the veteran dramatic critic, Franklin Fyles, will succeed John Corbin as literary director.

Mary Andre was a palmist in Trieste, Austria. When she examined the hands of well-to-do women she generally predicted some impending misfortune, and explained that this was very likely due to their possessing some unlucky jewel. A number of her clients entrusted her with their jewels in order that she might discover which was the offending stone. Frau Andre must have had a large clientele, for she suddenly disappeared from Trieste with \$25,000 worth of jewels, and has not been heard of since.

Motion pictures of King Edward's imposing funeral show a phenomenal moment, at which the nine kings in the procession all turn their heads and appear to be looking straight at the observer of the pageant. It was not that these royalties, like so many actors, desired from vanity to "face the audience." The camera man's foot slipped, his elbow went through a window pane, and the noise of falling glass caused the concerted royal attention.

Open-Air Drama at Carmel.

The project of giving some expression to dramatic art at Carmel is one which has lain close to the hearts of its loyal adherents for some time. That this should take the form of an open-air theatre seemed in a measure predestined, yet the question of a community pageant, a making of the whole village stage-setting for some old-world story has been considered along with other plans more or less feasible. However, a perfect spot for the theatre was found last spring and the plan of putting on a play during the summer was brought forward and put into action with a rush which still leaves the small community a bit dazed.

The dwellers at Carmel are few in numbers, and are generally workers at one or another of the creative arts, so that the undertaking of a drama such as "David," the one selected to inaugurate the Forest Theatre at that place, was a stupendous one for them. Garnet Holme, under whose management "Nero" was a success at the Berkeley Greek Theatre, is managing "David." George Manship, who appeared in "Nero," is the only member of the cast of "David" who is not a resident of Carmel. Mr. Manship plays Saul, and he will have full scope for his talent in his delineation of the half-mad king, at once noble and base, loving and hating with an intensity that rocked his reason to its overthrow.

The night of July 9 is set for the production of the play and rehearsals have been almost continuous for weeks now, while the costumes are being prepared by competent hands. Special music was necessary to get the proper harbaric setting for this Biblical play, and the war-chants, the simple rhythms for the dancers, and a song or two which occur in the course of the drama have all been arranged for this production with a view of holding to such primitive melodies as might belong to a pastoral people of the time of David.

No scenery or curtain will be used in the Forest Theatre, an effort being made to leave the grove as untouched as possible, and give the effect of a natural platform among the pines rather than an artificial stage. The exits and entrances will be managed by means of calcium lights, these latter being in competent hands, and special effects are to be developed by this means.

In the daylight the seats in the Forest Theatre face first the stage, rising between two groups of pines and backgrounded by other trees, and beyond that a narrow valley with the Santa Lucias in the distance. The acoustic properties of this open-air stage are excellent, the voices being heard from it almost as well as in the confined space of a building. The slope of the hill is so abrupt that the seats placed on it are all good so far as seeing and hearing are concerned, and even the standing room at the back will command a fair view and hearing of the play.

Charles Frohman has been given definite promise of new plays for next season by J. M. Barrie, W. Somerset Maugham, Henry Arthur Jones, and Haddon Chambers.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Ferris, Kingswood Manor, Reigate, England, has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Miss Enid Gregg, and Miss Ethel Gregg are in London en route home.

Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, Miss Helene Win, Miss Julia Langhorne, and Mr. Duane Hopson formed a party chaperoned by Mrs. William Irwin, who left in the Crocker private car for Santa Barbara on Thursday.

Miss Alexandra Hamilton, who has been at Santa Barbara for a month, will remain until August.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith are planning to leave the last of this month for Europe, where they will spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and their son, Marion, are established at their ranch at Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Knight-Smith have taken cottage at San Ysidro for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. James Keeney and her daughter, Helen, will leave shortly for the East, where they will stay for a month or two.

Miss Margaret Butters will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Metcalfe at Colorado Springs next month.

Mr. Arthur Page returns this week from the East with her son, who is a student in an Eastern school. They will spend the summer at San Rafael.

Miss McElraith has been the guest of Miss Ella Jones at her father's quarters at the Presidio.

Mrs. Mayo Newhall, who came up from Santa Barbara to meet her son arriving from the East, has returned to the Potter Hotel.

Mr. Frank B. King and Miss Genevieve King, who have been spending a month at Del Monte, enjoyed a motor trip this week to Mt. Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King are expected home from Oregon this week.

Mrs. Martin Kellogg Metcalf is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Menefee, at her home at Marengo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pierson are spending the summer at Blithedale.

Mr. Albert Le Breton, who has been at Del Monte, will leave shortly to join Mrs. Le Breton and Miss Marguerite Le Breton at the Charleston Y. Y.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury will leave this week for a month's visit at Del Monte.

Judge and Mrs. Charles Slack and Miss Edith Slack are en route to Banff, in Canada, where they will remain till August.

Miss Jane Ewell, who has been visiting in Malibu, will make a tour of the world before returning to San Francisco.

Mrs. William Reding, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Lillian Whitney, and Mr. Ernest Stillman of New York have returned from a trip to the semite.

Mr. and Mrs. William Burke (formerly Miss Genevieve Walker), who returned unexpectedly from Dublin last week, will spend part of the summer at their country home, "Laurelwood."

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Hale are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain at their San Mateo home, after having spent a week in town at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd returned from Europe on Monday and are their home at Ross for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schussler are planning to join their daughters in Europe, and will leave in about August 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coryell left Monday for New York and Europe, where they will remain until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilchrist Owen (formerly Miss Leila Shelby), whose wedding took place last week in Portland, spent several days in San Francisco prior to their departure for Europe, where the honeymoon will be spent.

Princess Kalaniana'ole of Honolulu, who has been spending the winter in Washington, returned to Hawaii on the *Siberia* on Tuesday.

Mrs. Richardson Clover and Miss Dora Clover have arrived from Washington, D. C., and joined Captain Clover at their ranch in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and Mr. Albert Brown have gone to Lake Tahoe, where they will spend the month of July.

Miss Jennie Crocker returned from New York Wednesday and is at "Uplands," her home at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Cool entertained at a house party over the Fourth of July holiday at their country home, Dottswood, near Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier have returned from a trip to Australia and the islands of the South Seas. They reached port on the *Manchuria* Saturday and are at the Fairmont Hotel for the summer months.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoncy and her daughter are prolonging their visit in the Yosemite Valley. Mr. Stoncy returned to the city on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and Miss Frances Martin have returned from a lengthy tour of Europe and are again settled in their home at Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Gunn and their sons are now in London, after a tour of England. They will leave shortly for the continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen have opened their country home at San Anselmo and will spend three months there.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Perry, Miss Gertrude Perry, and Miss Julia Wolcott have returned from Yosemite Valley, where they spent the past month.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, accompanied by her sons, Mr. Walter Martin and Mr. Peter Martin, left Wednesday for Portland, where they will remain for a month or more.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., will join the society colony at Santa Barbara for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw have returned from the state Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt are the guests of Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobins at Sobre Vista.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth and Miss Ains-

worth have arrived from the Orient and will visit for a time in San Francisco before returning to their home in Portland.

Princess Kawanakoa will return the last of the month from a visit to her home in Hawaii.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pängst is enjoying a delightful tour of the Orient.

Mme. Etienne Lanet (formerly Miss Amy McKee) has joined Mrs. W. G. Henshaw and Miss Florence Henshaw on their tour of Europe.

Miss Ethel Valentine, who has been abroad for a year or more, is expected home within a month.

Mr. and Mrs. James Castle of Honolulu have been spending the month of June at Del Monte.

Miss Evelyn Campbell of Michigan is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan will spend the month of July at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Donnell Bennett of Chicago have been enjoying a visit in San Francisco.

Captain Louis Chappalear, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chappalear will spend a few weeks in Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Stanford Gwin has returned from Virginia, where he is a student at the university, and is visiting his sister, Mrs. James Pollis, at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas are in Mexico, where they expect to remain till February.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering left Monday for Santa Barbara, where they will remain during the month of July.

Major George McIvor, U. S. A., and Mrs. McIvor, accompanied by Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Helen Ashton, and Miss Cora Smedberg, left on Monday for Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. A. W. Buchanan, Miss Lydia and Miss Gladys Buchanan have returned from Paris, where they have spent the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Wilkins have returned from Paris and are at the Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham and Miss Elsie Clifford are spending the summer at Boulder Creek as the guests of George Porter Baldwin.

Mrs. Ross Ambler Carrau has arrived from Paris and is at the Palace Hotel during her stay in San Francisco.

Mrs. James Denman has reached here from the East and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Denman.

Mr. William R. Wheeler left last week for Tahiti, where he will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Margaret Casey, and Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship left this week for Santa Barbara, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Walter Martin has returned from Del Monte, where she spent the greater part of the month of June.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham will visit Oberammergau this month. Mrs. Graham is entertaining informally at her home in London and was hostess at a dinner in honor of visiting Californians on July 4.

Mr. E. B. Holladay left on Thursday for a three months visit to New York State, going by way of Seattle, Duluth, and the Great Lakes.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the past week included Miss L. M. McDonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cohn, Mr. Julian D. Cohn, Mr. Milton H. Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. S. Abraham, Mr. H. R. Mann, Miss Whitley, Mr. Frank J. Solomon, Miss Olga Eppstein, Mr. Joseph Harris, Mr. L. G. Casad, Mrs. L. G. Casad, Miss Casad, Mrs. S. E. Duncan, Mr. C. E. Greiff, Mr. Alfred C. Skaife, Mr. Walter L. Doyle, Mr. Theo. Peters, Mr. Frank W. Dickson, Mr. George B. Forgý.

Among recent arrivals at Etna Springs from San Francisco were Mr. and Mrs. S. Chenerly, Mrs. W. H. Patton, Miss E. D. Patton, Mrs. E. A. Bresse, Miss Martha McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. Weihe, Miss Marie Tyson, Mr. James D. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Plum, Miss L. Bresse, Miss Loraine C. Plum, Miss Dorothy P. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond, Mr. and Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman, Miss May Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Beedy and child, Mr. John T. Huck, Dr. Martin Regensburger and family, Mrs. W. J. Sterrett, Mrs. C. L. Eschmann, Miss Louise C. Eschmann, Mr. P. D. Mullaney, Professor J. H. Hargens, Mrs. J. M. Hargens, Mr. and Mrs. Hamburger and child, Mr. Bertram Hamburger, Miss Irene Peters, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Rosenfeld, Mr. H. Nathan, Mr. and Mrs. James Higgins, Dr. R. E. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. J. Seeley, Miss Ruth Seeley, Mr. F. J. Cooper, Dr. and Mrs. M. F. Gabbs, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hutchinson, Dr. Roland E. Hauley, Mrs. M. Levinson, Miss Leah L. Levinson, Dr. C. G. Levison, Miss Levison, Dr. E. Schmoll, Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm, Mr. H. A. Wilhelm, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Patrick and daughter, Mrs. J. C. Patrick, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McNecoll.

A little girl of about twelve or thirteen roused the biggest applause at the international horse show in London in the jumping competition, which was open to the world. The course was a particularly difficult one, and most of the competitors left a long trail of damaged or overturned obstacles behind them. British and foreign officers alike, on their high sixteen-hand horses, had failed at the most difficult jumps, and then into the ring rode this little girl on her equally small mount, and amidst tremendous enthusiasm sailed as light as a hubble over the big jumps. Unfortunately, by some unkind twist of fate, she just failed to entirely clear some of the easier ones. But her spirited and determined riding was a treat to see, and she had by far the highest ovation.

Beatrice—George tried to kiss me last night. Muriel—Why, what did you do? Beatrice—I—I sat right down on him!—Minne-ha-ha.

"After I sang to him he proposed to me." "But I thought he was a musical critic."—*New York Evening Telegram.*

CURRENT VERSE.

Serenade.

Have thy Springtime e'er it fade!
Never shall it come again.
What is man but meant for maid?
What are maids but meant for men?

April holds for lovers' play
But her thrice ten days and nights;
Take them, or they'll change to May—
Few at most he'll delight.

Youth's a friend while winks the eye,
Time doth rob the high and low,
Kings must kiss their Spring good-bye,
Princes meet the Winter snow.

Thine and mine be this safe hour!
Thee and me O let it bless
With a memory that shall flower
In tomorrow's wilderness!
—Owen Wister, in *Harper's Magazine.*

The Shell.

And then I pressed the shell
Close to my ear
And listened well,
And straightway like a bell
Came low and clear
The slow, sad murmur of far distant seas,
Whipped by an icy breeze
Upon a shore
Wind-swept and desolate.
It was a sunless strand that never bore
The footprint of man,
Nor felt the weight
Since time began
Of any human quality or stir
Save what the dreary winds and waves incur.
And in the hush of waters was the sound
Of pebbles rolling round,
Forever rolling with a hollow sound
And bubbling sea weeds as the waters go
Swish to and fro
Their long, cold tentacles of slimy gray.
There was no day,
Nor ever came a night
Setting the stars alight
To wonder at the moon:
Was twilight only and the frightened croom,
Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary wind
And waves that journeyed blind—
And then I loosed my ear—O, it was sweet
To hear a cart go jolting down the street.
—From "Insurrections," by James Stephens.

The Wildman.

But still the wildman calls the tameless boy;
Primeval instincts of the cave and tree,
The summons of the years that used to be
Ages before Achilles fought at Troy,
Call him abroad to his ancestral joy
With spear and belt and arrow; and he stands
Out of the rocks and peers with lifted hands
For wolf to flee or wigwam to destroy.

Thus, when I mark in our museums a lance,
A feathered stick, or twisted curio,
I think with pride in my omnipotence:
"I made these things ten thousand years ago,
Where the sun set on plains that now are France,
Upon my ways from Pyrenees to Po."
—W. E. Leonard, in *the Forum.*

To Song.

Here shall remain all tears for lovely things,
And here enshrined the longing of great hearts,
Caught on a lyre whence waking wonder starts,
To mount afar upon immortal wings;
Here shall be treasured tender wonderings,
The faintest whisper that the soul imparts,
All silent secrets in all lonely parts
Where Nature murmurs of her hidden springs.

O Magic of a Song!—here loveliness
May sleep unhindered of life's mortal toll,
And noble things stand towering o'er the tide;
Here 'mid the years, untouched by time or stress,
Shall weep on every wind that stirs the soul
The music of a voice that never died!
—Thomas S. Jones, Jr., in *Harper's Magazine.*

The Good Sister.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF FELIX D'ARVERES.)

My soul has its own secret and my life its quest,
An everlasting love that in a moment grew,—
A love that, final, yet is ever unconfessed,
While she who caused it, nothing guesses, never knew.

How have I followed her unseen the sad days through,
The closest of her service, and the loneliest!—
O my sad days!—I shall not dare, when all the rest
Of them are ended, to have told her, "It is you."

And she, though God has given her a gentle heart,
Yet goes her way, thinking of other things, apart,
And hears no voice of love beseeching, near at hand.

Never unmindful of her reverential task,
Reading these verses full of only her, she'll ask,
Whom were they written to?—and will not understand.
—Walter Bynner, in *Metropolitan Magazine.*

Mrs. Clara Pennoyer, a sister of Roland Reed, died in a Philadelphia street-car recently. Mrs. Pennoyer was the first actress to play the part of Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when Mrs. Stow's novel was dramatized. At the time of her death she was seventy-two years old.


A Boy's Letter from the Country.

"Dear Papa: No good candy up here, send me a box of Geo. Haas & Sons' from San Francisco. An order can be sent by mail or express from any one of their four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market St., near Ferry."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Sir, I should like to work only half-time during the summer." "Keep right on, my boy; you are working only half the time now."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Say, I have an awful pain; I wonder if it is appendicitis? Can you tell me on what side one gets it?" "Why on the inside, of course."—*Columbia Jester*.

"See here, waiter! I found a collar-button in this pie!" "Didn't see nothin' of an umbrella, did yo', boss? Dah was one los' heah las' night."—*Scribner's Magazine*.

Poet—You published a poem of mine last week. You pay according to the kind of verse, don't you? Editor—Yes. George, give the gentleman a blank check.—*Judge*.

Mrs. X—I'm going to an employment agency this afternoon. Isn't it annoying? I have to get a new masseur. Mrs. Q—Why don't you run your own car?—*Cleveland Leader*.

Stubb—In Paris the telephone girls say "I listen" instead of "Hello." Wonder why they don't say "I listen" here? Penn—Maybe they don't listen.—*Chicago Daily News*.

She—Shall I have your lunch brought up to you here, dear? He (feebly)—No, love; have it thrown straight overboard. It will save time—and trouble.—*London Sketch*.

"Is he lazy?" "I would hardly say that. You've heard the expression, 'Unseemly haste'?" "Why, certainly." "Well, all haste looks that way to him."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Why are you talking about a trip to Europe? It would cost your husband a thousand dollars or more." "Quite so. I expect to compromise on a sixty-dollar hat."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Miss Oldham (in bird stare)—I'd like to get a parrot that isn't tricky and doesn't swear or use slang. Dealer—Sorry I can't oblige you, madam. I don't handle stuffed birds.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"You used to say that boy of yours wouldn't amount to anything because he was a poet." I was mistaken. He makes a fine living getting up names for fancy drinks at soda fountains.—*Washington Star*.

The Mistress—Bridget, I must object to your having a new beau every night. The Cook—Thin buy better food! One'll never come again wance he's tackled what I have t' serve him!—*Cleveland Leader*.

"How can you go around," demanded his wife, "with tobacco juice all over your face?" "This isn't tobacco juice," responded the candidate mildly, "it's molasses. I've been kissing babies."—*Washington Herald*.

"We're always careful about these contagious diseases," said Mrs. Lapsling. "When Johnny had got well of the measles we bought some sulphur candle and disconcerted the house from top to bottom."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Lady—What's become of the other clerk who used to be at this window? Ticket Clerk—Oh, he's in a lunatic asylum. Lady—Indeed! Ticket Clerk—Yes; one day a woman got a ticket and went away without asking any questions.—*Tit-Bits*.

"In choosing his men," said the Sabbath-school superintendent, "Gideon did not select those who laid aside their arms and threw themselves down to drink; he took those who watched with one eye and drank with the other."—*Herald and Presbyter*.

"Why have you broken your engagement to Billy Stillwell?" "Oh, I couldn't stand for his slang. I tried to put him wise that father was sore on the phoney talk, but he couldn't seem to get hep, so I pushed the skids under him."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Gunner—Let us wait and hear Harker tell his funny story. Some one is bound to set up the cigars. Guyer—But suppose the story falls flat? Gunner—Oh, in that case Harker will set up the cigars to get us to listen to the story.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"What made that prima donna demand your discharge?" "I wrote an article," replied the press agent, "saying that she sings like an angel. She said she saw no reason for complimentary reference to anybody's singing except her own."—*Washington Star*.

"After all, you know, there is room for both men and women in this world. Men have their work to do and women have theirs." "It is the woman's work to provide for the inner man, and it is the man's to provide for the outer woman."—*Globe-Democrat*.

"See here!" exclaimed the fair maid, angrily, "this is the third time you have proposed to me. Didn't I tell you the last time not to do it again?" "Y-yes, I believe you did," stammered the persistent young man in the parlor scene. "But I—eh—forgot." "Oh, you forgot, eh?" she sneered. "Well, I'm going to teach you a lesson that you won't forget soon. You have proposed to me for the last time." "Why," he queried, after the

manner of his kind, "what are you going to do?" "I'm going to accept you," she replied. "That's what I'm going to do."—*Chicago News*.

Beggar—Please, ma'am, I was not always like this. Lady—No, time brings changes. Last week you had the crutch under the other arm!—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"My boy, I'm busted and shall have to sell the autos." "Horror, dad; I could never walk." "You'll get used to it in time. You can carry a wind shield at first."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"What made you so late?" "I met Jinx." "Well, that's no reason why you should be an hour late getting home to supper." "I know, but I asked him how he was feeling, and the fool insisted on telling me."—*Houston Post*.

"We wish to arrange for an exchange of prisoners," announced the South American dictator. "On what basis?" inquired the leader of the other side. "The usual basis; eight generals for a good, husky private."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Bridegroom (a week after the wedding)—I haven't seen anything of your father's \$5000 check yet. He promised it, didn't he? Bride—Yes, but he heard that your father had already given us one, and he knew we shouldn't care to have duplicate presents.—*Stray Stories*.

"John," asked his wife, who was writing to one of her former schoolmates, "which is proper—to say, 'I differ from you' or 'I differ with you'?" "Tell her you differ from her. I understand that she lets her husband have a part of his salary to have fun with himself."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I'm glad to see you are taking better care of your health." "What do you mean?" "Several times you have said that when you were out playing cards you got cold feet. I suppose these red, white and blue discs I found in your vest are cough lozenges."—*Washington Star*.

Stage Fun Unrehearsed.

Actors and actresses have a good deal of fun among themselves on the stage, though geying is strongly discountenanced by good managers. Generally the fun is quite impromptu, but sometimes a joke is carefully planned beforehand. Once, in a performance of "The Lady of the Lake," one of the principal actors—Roderick Dhu—was known to be in pecuniary difficulties. When Roderick gave the line, "I am Roderick Dhu," Fitz-James responded: "Yes; and your rent's due, too." A piece called "The Spy" was once produced. The

early acts showed that it was going to be a dead failure. At a certain point a character had to rush on and shout, "five hundred pounds for the Spy!" The author, who was concealed behind a rock, arose and cried: "It's yours—copyright, manuscript, and parts!" That was the end of the performance. When eating has to be done on the stage, there is a great temptation to play tricks with the food. During a performance of "Henry V" Pistol had to eat a leek. It was made from an apple. But once the fluellen of the evening gave him a real onion, and he had to struggle with it, though the tears coursed down his fat cheeks. One day, at a matinee performance of "Uncle Tom," an exceedingly tall actor was playing George Harris. When he came to the speech in which he declares that at the worst he can earn six feet of free soil, another actor arose and said, very politely: "Excuse me, sir, seven." "Thank you, seven," returned the first, and went on gravely with his lines.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not drawn become part of deposit accounts and earn dividends from July 1. Money deposited on or before July 11 will earn interest from July 1.
WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1910.
H. C. KLEVESAH, Cashier.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, San Francisco, June 27, 1910. Dividend Notice.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of this society, held on this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-fourths (3 3/4) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1910, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1910. Dividends not drawn will be added to depositors' accounts and become a part thereof, and will earn dividend from July 1, 1910. Deposits made on or before July 11, 1910, will draw interest from July 1, 1910.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), corner Market and Mason Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, payable on and after July 1, 1910. Dividends not drawn earn interest from July 1. Deposits made on or before July 10 earn interest from July 1.
JNO. U. CALKINS, Cashier.

NINETY-SIXTH HALF-YEARLY REPORT

OF

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STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES
SAVINGS UNION BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO
JUNE 30th, 1910.

ASSETS

Loans secured by First Lien on Real Estate wholly within the State of California	\$12,813,365.16
Loans secured by Pledge and Hypothecation of Approved Bonds and Stocks	1,222,654.52
Bonds of the Municipalities and School Districts of the State of California, Railroad Bonds and Bonds and Stocks of Local Corporations, the value of which is	10,225,803.89
Bank Premises	700,000.00
Other Real Estate in the State of California	579,632.53
Furniture and Fixtures	500.00
Cash in Vault and in Bank	1,350,578.52
Total Assets	\$26,892,534.62

LIABILITIES

Due Depositors	\$24,578,737.31
Capital Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,313,797.31
Total Liabilities	\$26,892,534.62
(Signed)	JOHN S. DRUM, President.
(Signed)	R. M. WELCH, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1910.	FRANK L. OWEN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.	

For the half-year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after July 1. Money deposited on or before 11th inst. begins to earn interest from July 1.

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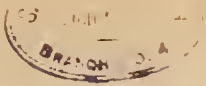
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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Timely Aid for New Orleans.

The New Orleans exposition project has received another glorious boost. What it is, the *Picayune* of July 4 exultingly reveals under these conspicuous headlines: "Mass Meeting Expected to Yield Results—Popular Alexandria Drummer Subscribes After Board Trade Rally." This philanthropic, not to say courageous man, rose to the occasion and subscribed for a share of exposition stock. Something was needed to encourage the drooping hopes of the fair promoters, and at the logical moment Mr. Abe Rubin laid his note on the counter as indifferently as if it had been another man's I. O. U. for a dollar instead of his own for a hundred. He did not even have a string attached to the subscription. Least of all did he suggest a discount or cash. And he was modest about it, too. Addressing the dumfounded committee and ignoring the emotion of the chairman, Mr. Sam Blum, the generous donor said: "It strikes me it is up to every one of us in the State, the South, and the valley to put our shoulders to the wheel and help the good work along. We must get the exposition." And there seems to be no

doubt in the public mind of New Orleans that, if any question arises on that score, Mr. Rubin will give his note for another share rather than have the fame of the Crescent City tarnished. In fact he took several blank notes with him for the benefit of others of the drumming fraternity who might appreciate a like publicity while seeking orders among the New Orleans merchants. It is understood that Mr. Rubin himself booked nearly seven hundred dollars in orders after he had popularized himself with the exposition people, which is a striking illustration of the fact that virtue does not always have to be its own reward.

Party and Government.

Mayor Gaynor emphasizes the point of non-partisanship in municipal affairs, supporting the principle with arguments both old and new. The two parties, he points out, stand practically for the same things, theoretically for the same standards. He sets forth the familiar argument that the "spoils" of a city may keep up a machine which may be used in other and larger fields, etc.

Without seeking to rouse sleeping dogs of political contention, we still venture to say that there is another side to this question. A serious fact in connection with the non-partisan idea in municipal affairs is that practically it produces an official group without definite responsibility anywhere. Under the party system in municipal affairs, men in office are responsible to party, are selected through it and held accountable by it. Under the non-partisan or independent system, officials are chosen without party scrutiny, too often without scrutiny of any kind by anybody. The record, we think, will show that officials thus selected are less dependable than officials chosen under the party system.

Our own record is suggestive. We have long had in California a strong organization of the Republican party. That it has fitted in at all times and at all points with Utopian ideals we will not maintain. But this much can be said with confidence, namely, that it has given to the State a notably efficient administration of its affairs. Since time out of mind we have had no serious scandals in the State sphere. There has been no gross misappropriation of State money; there has been no gross favoritism in legislation. There is no State debt. Even those loudest in condemnation of the party organization have not been able to make a showing worthy of public respect. Mr. Johnson, with all his perfervid denunciations of men and things, puts his finger on no concrete evidence of gross mismanagement in State affairs.

Concurrently with this history, we have had a series of rotten administrations in San Francisco under the non-partisan scheme. There was, for example, the Sutro régime, not dishonest so far as the head of the government was concerned, but unworthy on the score of its rank inefficiency. We had the Phelan régime, which, promising everything, sunk from one degeneracy to another through the want of moral hardihood at its fountain-head. Then we had the Ruef-Schmitz régime, with its unspeakable vulgarities and infamies. Then we had the Taylor régime, sentimentally pure, practically contemptible, through its ignorance, its stiff-necked Phariseism, its subserviency at vital points to a vicious influence. Now we have the McCarthy régime, which it is hardly necessary to characterize.

In view of this history, is there anybody so confiding as to believe that San Francisco has gained anything through the non-partisan idea? Could we have had worse conditions under the authority of either one or the other of the great parties? Would it not, as a matter of fact, have been better, infinitely better, for San Francisco if during the past ten years we had had a municipal government dominated by some definite principle of party authority, responsible in its selection of men and in its general course to some alert political organization, either Republican or Democratic?

Would not San Francisco have profited by the extension over her own affairs of that party supervision which has so promoted working efficiency in State affairs? We ask these questions simply by way of suggestion.

The lesson of our own experience is not without analogies in other commonwealths. The Tammany organization in New York is practically independent of ordinary party authority, but we have yet to learn that it has contributed either to the purity or efficiency of municipal government. The Chicago situation has likewise been controlled for a score of years by an independent municipal organization, and it is not in evidence that any good has come of it. Indeed, we can think of no community where the non-partisan idea prevails, where municipal politics has not degenerated, where scandals have not followed scandals, where infamous and iniquitous standards of administration do not prevail.

Looking over the field of the United States for half a century back, we can discover no sign of any scheme of political administration so generally competent, and so historically justified, as that of the party system. That it is ideal, nobody will maintain. But that it is the best practicable under the general circumstances of American life we believe to be a demonstration. Indeed, there is no other way. Politics, relieved of party authority, becomes politics dissociated from responsibility. Step aside from party and you have nothing better than mere personality in politics, and experience proves personality to be a poor and weak dependence.

It is, of course, always easy to discredit the partisan scheme by arguments drawn from the theories of political Utopia. But in the world of actualities there is no political Utopia. The actual best is the best practicable; and in practice we find that the best practicable has generally, if not uniformly, worked out through that scheme of political organization established under the inspiration of Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. In other words, and even in municipal affairs, the party system in working practice has given better results than the non-partisan or merely personal system.

"Principles not men" is a taking cry. Spoken by a practiced pleader, with one hand over the cigar pocket of his waistcoat and the other lifted toward heaven, it sounds well and always wins applause from the back benches. But there is no such thing as principles without men; and, by the same token, there is no such thing as effective and dependable government under our system without the inspiration and discipline of party organization, party responsibility, party scrutiny, party authority.

The British Coronation Oath.

How persistently the dead hand survives in some British institutions is in nothing more pertinently illustrated than by that fiercely dogmatic declaration which the kings of England are obliged to make at their coronation. There was a time when it was excusable. As the seventeenth century drew to its close the state of England was deplorable. The nation was in a turmoil of discontent. The intriguing of James II with France endangered not alone the religious freedom of English subjects, but also their civil liberty, so that when the nation was finally well rid of a sovereign who boasted that he was "above the law" it was natural that special means should be adopted to safeguard the country from any possible religious vagaries in its new rulers. Hence the Declaration of Rights which, among other things, bound William and Mary to maintain the Protestant religion.

In those rough and ready days there was no mincing of words. Consequently the oath to be taken by the sovereign before the crown could be placed on his head was distinguished for its plain speaking. It declared that in the Lord's Supper "there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine

into the body and blood of Christ"; that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or other saints was "superstitious and idolatrous," and that no Pope had the power to make null such assertions if they should be made with mental reservations. For more than three centuries that oath has remained intact, and been subscribed by all English monarchs up to the present.

Strictly in keeping with the royal declaration, the Roman Catholic was kept in bondage in England for many generations. He was tolerated but not trusted. He could sue in the courts of law, but could never dispense that law. He was obliged to pay taxes, but was debarred from any share in imposing those taxes. He could not enter a university, or take municipal office, or aspire to any service in the state so long as he remained a Catholic. Of course it is different today, but his emancipation was a difficult task. So Pitt found when he proposed to remove many of his disabilities, only to provoke the angry outburst of George III: "I count any man my personal enemy who proposes any such measure."

Happily, however, George V is of a different temper. There is no official in his empire today who is required to make a declaration in any way offensive to Roman Catholics, and it is understood that he objects to being the last solitary victim of the dead hand. In this he is in accord with his late father, Edward VII, who, on the testimony of the prime minister, "found it most repugnant to have this declaration laid upon him by law." Hence the attempt which is now being made to expunge from the coronation oath all traces of theological bigotry. Mr. Asquith proposes that instead of the antique form cited above the sovereign be asked simply to declare that he is "a faithful member of the Protestant Reformed Church as by law established in England" and avow his determination to secure the Protestant succession to the throne. Without doubt this proposal will be adopted by Parliament. A certain amount of opposition will be offered, for there are still a few fighting Orangemen left, and, strangely enough, there are also some radicals who believe that the proposed change will militate against their success at the polls at the next election. How they reach that conclusion is a mystery, for on behalf of the Unionists Mr. Balfour accepts the alteration as a long-delayed concession to the susceptibilities of an important section of the king's most loyal subjects. In fact there was such general agreement in the House of Commons when the bill was read a first time that the majority of over three hundred in its favor may be safely regarded as a forecast of the final decision.

Meanwhile the Vatican preserves silence. It is a suggestive coincidence that in an age when Protestantism is attaining a fine spirit of tolerance Roman Catholicism is manifesting an opposite tendency, that within a few weeks we have had the Vatican issuing an encyclical affronting the Protestant sentiment of Germany and a Protestant prime minister exerting his power to save the feelings of Roman Catholics. The moral will probably be thrown away on the obscurantist Cardinal Merry del Val, but, as Galileo said in another connection, modernism "moves," and will yet carry the Vatican to a standpoint in harmony with the world's growing charity. Otherwise its doom is assured.

The Mayor's Improving Morals.

Mayor McCarthy is improving as he goes along, just as his ancestral tippie does with age. When he first heard, at Chicago, that Governor Gillett had interfered with the plan to hold the prize-fight here, he took a high tone of defiance. "I am running San Francisco. I am taking no orders from Gillett or his attorney-general. You can bet your last dollar that the big fight will be pulled off in my town just as advertised." True, the mayor on sober second thought disavowed this interview; but his friends all believed it of him and they will, we trust, note the moral advance of his honor since, and share our pride in him as a growing exponent of reform. It is a pleasure to see how a misled man of really fine parts readjusts himself when he sees the error of his ways. The teetered boat gets back on an even keel as soon as the teetering stops. Reno and the negro were all that were needed to put the mayor in proper ethical relations with the fight. As soon as the scrap had been won by the black, to the humiliation of the white race, and the loss of its bets, McCarthy became a new man. Located here, the fight proposition had seemed all right. But moving pictures of the ring battle at Reno! Heaven forbid that the innocent youth

of San Francisco should be corrupted by scenes like that! Moving pictures of a woolly senegambian mauling "Our Jeff" in another town than this and taking 60 per cent of the receipts! Such a sight would impest the whole community and be nothing less than a crime. The mayor's higher instincts, now fully aroused, met the issue promptly. He gave notice that he would stop the spectacle. No nickelodeum man would ride over him. "You can bet your last dollar," he might have said, "that no moving picture of that fight will be pulled off in my town." Not with his consent should anything so brutal occur. No "demoralizing slugging match" on the films for the mayor. No "defiance of the spirit and intent of the State law" if he knew it. So the mayor ordered the board of censors to rule the "unlawful and indecent exhibition" out.

It seems a far cry indeed to that Chicago interview, but where there is a moral basis you can count on sudden changes for the better. We would not be surprised now, if moving pictures were shown of Chinese in Reno or over in Oakland, "gambling their heads off," that the mayor would stop the iniquitous show if he had to lame another foot in doing it.

The Case of Oregon.

Senator Jonathan Bourne of Oregon defines "the great issue before the American people" as that of "popular government against delegated government." Mr. Bourne is an ardent champion of the direct primary, the initiative and referendum, the recall, and their associated novelties, and his dictum as above quoted has reference to these innovations. As a beneficiary of the new system and as a man hopeful of favors yet to come, he may perhaps be pardoned for overstating the issue. Yet as he states it the suggestion is preposterous. There can be no such thing as "popular" or "direct" government in a country of 90,000,000 people. Delegated—in other words, representative—government is the only practicable or possible scheme. It is a scheme founded in the genius of our people, defined in our Constitution and statutes, and fixed in our political habit. To change all this, even if it were possible or desirable, would in a practical sense be out of the question. Those who prate about it do not seriously propose it. Even Mr. Bourne, in stating his case, seeks reflection under the plan of "delegated" powers.

Nobody who has observed men and things, nobody who has read anything of the history of the race, nobody with a grain of common sense, expects to see government now or at any future time popularized in keeping with Mr. Bourne's intimations. Mr. Bourne himself does not expect it and would not consent to it. It serves his purpose to prate about it to the end that he may stand as a representative or delegate of the State of Oregon in the United States Senate. He is willing, for the sake of a cheap personal success, to preach any doctrine which has any chance to "go down" with that element which in its chase after political novelty has wrought political confusion in Oregon—even such confusion as is manifest in Mr. Bourne's own selection for the Senate by less than one-third of a full poll of the Oregon electors.

In Mr. Bourne's State—that of Oregon—the "new system" has now been on trial for something like five years. It has in a way had its successes, but it has not been observed that they have led to anything worth commending. It has not advanced one step towards direct government. It has not even approached as nearly to direct government as the old system, since not one man elected to important office under it has ever received so much as a majority of all the votes. It makes government less popular, in truth, than the old system, for inevitably it tends to election by pluralities as distinct from elections by majorities. Under this system the public service of Oregon, including its representation at Washington, is made up of officials nominated by minorities, elected by minorities. It has given a State overwhelmingly attached to Republican principles a Democrat in the governor's chair, and a Populist and a Democrat in the United States Senate. But even this is not the whole story, for the men chosen under the system have not in any sense represented "the people." They have essentially been men self-selected, men who have turned the machinery of the new system to selfish political advantage.

What the people of Oregon think of this new system after five years of trial is now a matter of demonstration. The burning political question in that State is how to nullify a system which tends at every point to thwart rather than promote the public will. The State

Constitution does not permit of an easy backward step there is no immediately practicable way to undo a work done in haste and indiscretion. "The people" would get rid of the whole business quickly enough if they could find a way to do it; and since no way appears they are seeking means of circumvention. Under this motive there has been devised a system of party "conferences," to be attended by delegates chosen under an extra-legal scheme of party representation. "Conferences" are now being held in the several counties to make up party tickets for the coming elections. Later on a State "conference" will be held to select candidates for the governorship and other State offices. All this, in effect, is a revival of the old convention scheme under which the party choice was declared. But there is this difference, namely, instead of one election as under the old scheme there will be two under the new. This means that the turmoil and confusion and the expense of elections will all be multiplied by two. Incidentally it means that candidates for office must be persons well provided with money and prepared to spend it liberally in the promotion of private ambitions. This in summary is what the new scheme has come to in Oregon.

The Portland *Oregonian*, under an unaccustomed lapse of judgment, or under motives which too often affect commercialized journalism, committed the grievous blunder of consenting to the new system when it was proposed. But long since that journal saw its mistake, and it is now doing its best to condone it. In the course of an article discussing this system that journal says:

Men fought through thousands of years of political strife until they learned that representative, constitutional government is indispensable to democracy. In Oregon, however, is a group of "statesmen" who have not read the world's experience. They urge the people to dispense with delegated constitutional government and to take as substitute the "direct" method of legislation—initiative and referendum—and the direct method of choosing officers—non-assembly, non-deliberative primary and election.

Oregon will not go to the dogs through this direct "system," as ancient democracies did. Its intelligent citizenship will not permit . . . to cut loose popular government from the moorings of delegated government. Senator Bourne's mania for relegation of delegated government will not be accepted as the policy of this State, nor will it endure criticism in the older commonwealths. The inevitable outcome . . . will be subordination of initiative and referendum to the time-honored system of representative legislation.

The *Oregonian* speaks the voice of Oregon, where the "new system" has been tried and where it has failed. Oregon is under the handicap of a bad law but it is plain that in one way or another it will be nullified and that the old and tried principle of representative government will be reestablished.

Mr. Johnson's Party Status.

The official body of the Republican party of California—the State committee, in other words—is naturally desirous of sustaining the party integrity. That is its business; that is what it was created for. It is made up of men of all shades of opinion; it includes insurgents as well as regulars; even Chester Rowell, the boss of the so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt League, holds membership in it. This committee has laid down no arbitrary party creed; it has promulgated no rules. But in its effort to sustain the party it has demanded of each candidate who appeals for party support that he pledge himself to abide by the result of the primary election, whatever it may be. That is to say in the case of the governorship, the committee asks of each candidate that he promise to accept the party determination as it shall be declared at the polls pledging himself to support whomever may be the winner. This demand is entirely legitimate and proper, it is based upon the theory that no man has the right to ask for votes as a Republican who is not willing to accept the choice of the party as it may be officially declared.

Mr. Anderson, Mr. Curry, Mr. Stanton, candidate for the Republican nomination, have promptly replied that they will support whatever candidate shall be given the nomination. They are Republicans; they are asking for support as Republicans; they will bow to the will of the party.

But Mr. Johnson takes another tone. His reply is an affront and an insult to the party with which he pretends to be affiliated and whose support he invites. Pretending to be a candidate under the Republican banner, he is in fact a candidate on a platform regardless

of party interest, dissociated from party, wholly personal. Mr. Johnson not only cuts himself loose from the party, but in effect he slaps in the face every man who holds himself in party association and under party obligation.

Mr. Johnson's Republicanism is a pose merely. It goes no deeper than his own ambition to attain the governorship. If he shall succeed in winning the nomination, then he is a Republican; if he shall fail to win it, then he acknowledges no obligation to party. In other words, Mr. Johnson is not a Republican, but an "insurgent" seeking by pretense and artifice to gain Republican support.

Are Americans Mediocre?

English newspaper critics, who find it hard to dismiss the Rough Rider from their thoughts, contend that mediocrity is not only his salient characteristic, but that it is a national trait. One of them, who signs himself "Hubert" and whose vantage ground is a Sunday paper, holds that Mr. Roosevelt is a "monumental figure of the commonplace," and that it is in no sense surprising that he should have been President of the United States. It is the custom, we are told, to make American chief magistrates out of indifferent clay. "For the last half-century," says this engaging writer, "the United States has produced no extraordinary man, and of the few men just a little beyond the ordinary they have produced, not one has achieved the presidency." True, "the United States is the greatest republic the world has ever known and the American nation is the wealthiest, the most rapidly progressing, and altogether the most flourishing nation upon earth at the present moment. But somehow it does not produce first-class men. First-class millionaires it does produce in quantities, but not men first class in science, art, statesmanship, or literature."

Except for the context of his article we should suspect that our English critic had classed Lincoln, Grant, Lee, and Emerson among the nondescripts, but he meant to include only those Americans who have come into notice since the political and moral ferment of the Civil War. It is among them that he finds one dead level of mediocrity. There are, he holds, "no first-class men," though he admits that the millionaires, whom he differentiates from men, possibly out of respect to Hetty Green, are very superior indeed. Perhaps, on reflection, he might have added inventors and laid some emphasis, not wholly expressed in the term "millionaires," upon captains of industry.

It is not strange that this English writer should so far miss the philosophy which underlies this whole subject, because his standards of individual greatness are stereotyped. From the premise that America has, at the present time, no giants in statesmanship, science, art, or literature, he reaches the conclusion that it is populated by intellectual dwarfs and has no power to produce giants of any kind. But this is a perilous argument for a loyal Englishman. It suggests the inquiry, What of Great Britain itself? Because an Asquith is premier now can the people produce no more Gladstones? Because a Balfour is chief of the Conservative party shall there be no more Beaconsfields? Must there always sound a feeble pipe from the lofty choir where Tennyson once sang? Is art dead because Sir Joshua Reynolds has long since gone from the easel? Will no Englishman ever speak again with the authority of a Huxley or a Spencer? Shall we conclude that the Britons are but a feeble folk because certain kinds of world figures are so few among them? because today there is no Britisher of storied heroic mould? When the occasion calls for giants and rewards them, will not the giants arise as they always have? And is it any more of a sign of a nation's mediocrity when it does not forever produce colossi than it is of faulty mechanism in a clock when it does not always strike twelve?

Then there is another aspect of the case. Every set of circumstances in the life of a nation does not necessarily call for greatness of the same kind. When the summons of the people is not for a soldier, or a Bismarckian statesman, or a great artist or poet, and when the rewards are not for such as they, there is no response. But so long as a people can provide the man wanted for big work of any kind, then it is one which may be safely looked to, to provide men for big work of every kind. There was a time in American history when the best brains of the land were needed in Congress to adjust the most perilous of our domestic problems, hence the appearance of Webster, Clay, and

Calhoun, the intellectual equals if not the superiors of any three men then sitting in the British Parliament. When the Civil War came, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, and Charles Sumner arose to grapple with its civil and military problems. Had Europe men who could look down upon any of these? Afterwards the trumpet sounded in America for leaders equal to the tasks of commercial and industrial development, and then were born the captains of industry, whose abilities were equal to those of the soldiers and statesmen who had gone before. What elements of greatness have these captains lacked? The Rothschilds were once the princes of the business world, but what are they now to the Morgans and Rockefellers? What are they as compared with what Edward H. Harriman was? In organization Harriman was stronger than Wellington; in boldness of plan, fertility of resource, and speed of execution Von Moltke was not his superior? He had an empire in his brain as surely as Bismarck had. Such a man in statesmanship would have reached any stature that the work demanded; but it was not statesmanship which called for him; it was business. Harriman had no desire to be President; but if a man of his calibre should occupy that post, there would be no chance for any critic to speak of American mediocrity.

But "Hubert," the London scoffer, spoils his own plea by his testimony as to the greatness of the American republic. "The wealthiest, the most rapidly progressing, and altogether the most flourishing nation upon the earth at the present moment" can not be "at the present moment" in the hands of little and incapable men. One may not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; nor may the magnitude of empire either be acquired or maintained by men whose capacities and ideals are commonplace.

A Man Who Isn't Afraid.

Organized labor got what it had the right to expect of the President when it made its preposterous demand for exemption from prosecution under the Sherman act. This demand, as but part of the public will recall—for our timorous dailies kept the incident dark—was put in the form of an amendment to the Sundry Civil bill prohibiting the use of any part of the money provided by Congress for enforcing the laws against conspiracies in restraint of trade for the prosecution of labor or farm organizations. The House, to its discredit, passed the act at the instance of Gompers, but the Senate made short work of it, with the approval of the President, while the House, on second thought, receded from its earlier attitude.

Of course the labor men became threatening, and one of them, W. S. Carter, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, sent an impertinent message to the President asking him if it were true that he "favored using the people's money to prosecute labor in their effort to better conditions." The President's reply was as firm and candid as his previous declarations on the same general subject had been. He interpreted the rider to the Sundry Civil bill as an affront to equal rights. It meant, he said, that conspiracies in the nature of boycotts to increase wages or shorten hours should be immune from the equal operation of the law and that "no legislation could be more improper." Rich or poor, employers or employees, must stand on an equality in court.

In this case, as is usual with him, especially in dealing with seekers for special privilege, Mr. Taft sat as a chief magistrate and dealt out justice with no thought of politics. Long before then he had put himself on record in regard to labor exactions from which his recent course marks no exception. As a circuit judge he granted injunctions against labor bodies to restrain them from conducting boycotts; and in 1906, in a speech at Bath, Maine, he took up the Gompers plan to exempt labor societies from restraint by injunction, saying: "Such a statute would simply make a privileged class of laborers who break the law by injuring others and would give them immunity from an effective remedy that lawbreakers of no other class enjoy." In speaking of the officers of the Federation, Mr. Taft, who was then Secretary of War and a presidential probability, said: "They are seeking to make the workingmen who violate the rights of others in labor disputes a privileged class and secure to them unequal immunity from the effective processes of the law." After his nomination for President, he spoke to the same text with equal candor and courage.

We can think of few political vexations greater than to have a President who would condone the arrogance

of organized labor, which, in all its policies, seeks to establish a more complete despotism than capital ever sought to impose. The boycott, the forcible interference with non-union labor, the denial of personal liberty in conducting one's own business, only needs an acquiescent President to bring the country to a state of chaos. Happily, the example set by Mr. Taft is one which may long inspire executive courage; while the spectacle of growing arrogance which political labor affords ought to convince the voters that their only safe policy is to continue men in the presidency who will not truckle any more to seekers after special privilege who come in shirtsleeves than to those who come in broadcloth.

A Trick That Can't Be Turned.

Mr. Roosevelt's political activities are incessant. He is at home to everybody in the political sphere, even to the extent of sending for those who do not volunteer to come to see him. He talks with officials, private citizens, regulars, insurgents, and sends them all away smiling. If he does not pledge to each the support of his name and energies, he at least gives them the impression that things will come their way later on.

Plainly, Mr. Roosevelt is attempting to establish himself in business as a party dictator—in other words, a party boss. Just now his scheme is conciliation; he is trying to bring them all together. Ultimately he will set up and pull down after the manner of those who in large ways and small assume the business of party control. We see the beginning of this phase of the game in the candidacy of Mr. Loeb for the governorship of New York.

Those who have imagined that Mr. Roosevelt will ally himself with the insurgent movement are mistaken in the man. He is no insurgent; he is no reformer outside of mere words. He knows the value of organization; he appreciates the power of the machine—no man better. He has been a reformer in the matter of talk since the early eighties, but he has never by any mischance broken with the forces of regular party organization. His method is to talk for reform, dodge the issue when it comes to action, maintain himself at all times in the regular rank. He will do this now. He will talk with the insurgents; he will dine with the insurgents; he will cajole the insurgents; he will slap the insurgents on the back and tell them they are the best fellows going. But when it comes to action he will stand with the regular party organization and will undertake to control it.

No man has ever been able to make himself a national boss. Many have tried it, notably the late Mark Hanna, but nobody has ever succeeded. The issues are too various; the forces are too many and too pronounced; respect for the representative principle is too widespread; resentment on the part of the people to personal dictation is too positive. Mr. Roosevelt, for all his amazing capacity in politics, will not be able to turn this trick. Plan as he may, he will not succeed in subordinating the politics of the country to his personal will. The spirit of the people will not consent to a scheme of personal dictation, however sugar-coated with moral pretensions, however strenuously or persistently urged.

Editorial Notes.

The United States is not likely to heed any protest South America may make, at the instigation of Madrid, against the policy it showed in forbidding the bombardment of Bluefields. England once did the same thing in Central America and, in the Chino-Japanese war of 1894-95, the protest of foreign property-owners in Chefoo against a Japanese attack, backed as it was by their governments, kept Marshal Oyama's army from advancing further than Wei-hai-Wei, twenty miles distant. Bombardments of cities, even fortified ones, have been going out of fashion of late years and might, very properly, be forbidden by agreement at The Hague.

Secretary Knox's note, urging the neutralization of the Manchurian railways, is charged by foreign critics with the blame of bringing Japan and Russia into a partnership which bodes no good either to Manchuria or China. So far as the new pact has been given out, it puts Manchuria wholly at the mercy of two exploiting powers, thus practically closing the open door and depriving China of the control of her greatest province, which was conceded to her in the treaty of Portsmouth. There are aspects, too, of an offensive and defensive alliance which would make pressure for equality of

trade in Manchuria a thing to be cautiously applied. The United States seems to be quite outside the circle of interest now, for, as was indicated in Mr. Knox's note, our trade requires Manchurian railway privileges in common, which since Japan and Russia came together for monopoly of them is out of the question.

The American spirit has so far made its way in Hawaii that the political control of the planting caste is threatened with extinction. For years the planters, many of them alien, have insisted on a land policy opposed to diversified agriculture and small farms. The reason does not lie in any dearth of land, for sugar has called for only 200,000 out of 4,500,000 acres; but in the fear that, if farmers flock into the country, the price of land and its leases will go up and the imported field labor will yield but a divided allegiance. Political troubles are also feared, as white farmers can not be depended on, as native voters can, to sustain a sugar oligarchy. But progress is hard to hold back after it once gets started, and now the island progressives, which include the governor, have, with the aid of Congress and the legislature, achieved a land policy which gives the farmers preference over the planters. This, with the promised building of another railroad, is likely to open up a small principality of rich land where products which this coast demands but does not itself raise will be produced.

Mr. Pinchot, who seeks to destroy the Republican party and create a party of his own upon its ruins, is coming to California to assist Mr. Johnson's candidacy for the governorship. Let us see what Mr. Pinchot stands for: He is a young man of inherited wealth; inspired by foreign models, notably that of German autocracy. The American principle of equality, the American plan of national development, is not good enough for him, albeit his personal fortunes came by and through it. He would like a system founded in personality, proceeding upon the authority of individual initiative as distinct from the law. His notion is that administration, national and State, should proceed upon the will of some man and without respect to the restraints of constitutions and statutes. In other words, Mr. Pinchot seeks to destroy the American system and the great party which has grown up in connection with it in the interest of a reform modeled upon foreign ideas. If there be those among us who like this sort of thing; if there be those who think we would better live under a dictatorship than under the system bequeathed us by the fathers of the republic, then Mr. Pinchot is a good man for them to counsel with. Likewise, Mr. Johnson will be a good man for them to vote for. In the meantime they would do well to read up on political conditions in the Central American States.

Collector Loeb, formerly Mr. Roosevelt's private secretary, is undoubtedly a young man of excellent parts, but as a candidate for the New York governorship he is a far come-down from Mr. Hughes. It would appear from this distance that the Republicanism of New York should be able to find a champion of a more weighty type, one less suggestive in his personal history of the principle of personal selection.

Parisian newspapers take especial pleasure in noting the remarkable increase in the number of foreign students in the University of Paris, which now leads the universities of the world in that respect. Twenty years ago there were 457 foreigners enrolled in this university. Ten years later the number had increased to 1174. There are now 3500 foreigners studying in Paris, of whom 107 come from the United States. Russia has the largest delegation, 1356. South America, as well as Mexico and Panama, Turkey, and the Orient, are well represented. Among the reasons for this affluence of foreign students in Paris are the exceptional library facilities—some sixteen in number, of which at least six contain more than 200,000 volumes each—excellent laboratories, and free tuition to all.

Already in operation two months, there is no question of the success of the railway connecting the capital of the Chinese province of Yun-nan with the sea at Haiphong, Tonkin. The line shortens a journey of a month to two days and brings within reach of the markets of the world a region rich in deposits of coal, copper, and tin.

The Earl of Crewe, British secretary of state for the colonies, goes so far as to admit that Canada's independence now extends to international negotiations and treaties, and this is quoted approvingly in the Dominion as a certain indication that a new stage has been reached in colonial history.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Poetry is looking up. James Oppenheim, who, judging from his photograph, has at least a frenzied look, has sounded the "slogan of the younger poets" in the interests of the rough, the knotty, the loose-jointed, the ugly with blotches verse that is to take the place of the old rhymed kind. He has a scorn for molds; any one, he avers, can pour in new fluid. We must build, he concludes, on Walt Whitman.

But Mr. Oppenheim is not the most encouraging sign of the times. That honor has to be shared between Mme. Réjane and a peer hearing the not unfamiliar name of Coleridge. Ladies first, of course, and so let it be noted that the actress has been holding a series of causeries, admission five dollars apiece. But art is above price. And especially such art. Having surfeited her paying guests with chocolate eclairs and strawberry tarts, madame got to business by explaining that she wanted to "draw all the *jeunes filles*" around her while she discoursed on the poetry of France. Her texts were Theodore de Banville and Paul Verlaine, a somewhat astonishing selection for *jeunes filles*, but then it was explained that in spite of their doubtful reputation they had written "some of the tenderest poems." To prove her point madame recited two or three examples, explaining that the moistening draught which she sipped from a tiny liqueur glass was not kummel, but water, pure water. Such was the programme, and if the *jeunes filles* did not materially add to their poetic knowledge Réjane's purse must have been heavier by many dollars.

My lord Coleridge is more serious, as becomes his descent. He has founded an institution which is to be known as the Poetry Society. Its purpose is to nourish the love of poetry in the heart of man, for in "a material age there is need to keep alive the imaginative side of human life." For the rank and file the annual subscription is to be a dollar and two-hits, but five dollars will make you an "honorary member," while fifty dollars insures life membership. Thus does materialism show its cloven hoof in the world of imagination. But the point is, how will the Poetry Society strive to attain its laudable purpose? Why, the lovers of poetry are to be brought together "by recitals and discussions." With all due deference to his lordship, and without meaning to appear egotistical, is not the *Argonaut's* method preferable? "Old Favorites," and "Current Verse," and "The Merry Muse" constitute a Poetry Society of the first order.

How helpless an air-liner must be in a gale is vividly illustrated by the narrative of a passenger on the *Deutschland* on its fatal journey. It gives the reader a lively impression of an experience which few mortals have shared up to the present.

All afternoon it had been a Titanic struggle between the great white airship and the rapidly rising gale, and even when, a hundred miles from our garage and with the petrol rapidly giving out, it became clear that an accident of some sort was humanly inevitable, we could not help watching the contest with fascination.

Now rocketing upwards, now plunging down to within a hundred feet of the earth, the *Deutschland*, like a sentient thing, sought in vain some level where she might find mitigation of the fury of the wind.

And the swerving, driving, rain-heaten airship fought on inch by inch, sloping steeply first forward and then aft as we rose and fell in the storm. It was very cold. Icy showers fell in torrents around us. Often we hung motionless for a quarter of an hour with the propellers revolving at full speed, powerless against the resistance of the wind.

After that the majority of travelers will probably prefer a Pullman car or a stateroom to an airship saloon for some time to come.

Meanwhile earnest students of aircraft gathered in conference in Paris have been trying to answer the question, "Who owns the air?" No one was able to give a satisfactory answer, but the opinion was general that there should be no proprietary right in the air. But will not the landowner contest such a position? If he may dig down into his land without any limit as to distance, he will probably argue that the same right extends upwards. Only, the important matter is, how is he to prevent "trespassing"? In due time, of course, the airship will be obliged to register and carry some mammoth mark of identification, but even with all safeguards of that kind it seems likely that the world is facing a recrudescence of the romance of smuggling. However, before any regulations emerge out of the chaos of the new conditions the international lawyers will have made their fortunes.

A new and copious supply of capital "I's" would seem to be the most pressing necessity in the typographical outfit of the *Outlook*. For the "Associate Editor" has got under weigh and it is obvious that he has no use for the traditional "we." In an article too brief to fill this column the Strenuous Personality called for the "I" as follows:

"I believe."
"I think."
"I know."
"I know."
"I am well aware."
"I freely admit."
"I freely admit."
"I nevertheless feel."
"I believe."
"I believe."
"I have mentioned."

Still, there are signs of grace to be detected even in such a formidable list. The curious will observe that there are only two "I knows."

Almost without exception recent non-American students of conditions of life in the United States have commented in terms of highest praise on the success with which aliens have

been Americanized in the past. Yet they have not failed to offer the warning that while the present has not been irreparably ruined by the past that is no guaranty that the future may be safely left to take care of itself. In proportion as the country approaches the Old World in its economic structure, it is in danger of losing its capacity to transmute the baser elements of its immigrants. Hence the importance of the reasoned appeal made by R. de C. Ward in the *North American Review*. His plea is that this country rather than England should be the centre of eugenic propaganda.

The ideal selection of our immigrants, from the eugenic point of view, would be possibly only if we could have a fairly complete family history, running back a few generations. . . . The next best plan, which has the advantage of being feasible, although it would require legislation and considerable expenditure of public money (yet would not almost any expenditure, even on a huge scale, be a wise national policy in so important a matter?) would be to insist that each alien, on landing here, should undergo a very thorough mental and physical examination at the hands of our Public Health and Marine Hospital Service surgeons. These examinations would involve a stripping to the skin of each alien; the usual physical and mental examinations: tests for syphilis and similar precautions. Is this too much to demand when the welfare of a whole new race is concerned? The eugenist is ready with his answer; he says, emphatically, No. We certainly ought to begin at once to segregate, far more than we do now, all our native and foreign-born population which is unfit for parenthood. They must be prevented from breeding. But the biggest, the most effective, the most immediate way in which we can further national eugenics is at the ports where this year over half a million alien immigrants will land.

Wives of diplomats are not always so discreet as they should be. There is Mrs. Bryce, for example, who during a recent visit to England had a confidential chat with a Mrs. Byles. And Mrs. Byles has been telling tales out of school. "Mrs. Bryce," the lady says, "gave me some details of the work done by our great ambassador at Washington in healing the differences between the United States and Canada. 'He talks to the Canadians like a Canadian,' said Mrs. Bryce, 'and to the Americans like an American, and they let him say what they would let no one else say.' This is somewhat occult, but perhaps Mrs. Bryce merely intended to suggest that her husband has taken a leaf out of the book of that London tailor who adorned his window with the legend: "American spoken here."

Where are our great pictures, asks an austere ministerial critic who deplores the diabolical power which money possesses today. "Your great artist," he continues, "does not paint the Madonna and Child nowadays. He debases his genius painting the portraits of titled ladies, for that is the only way he can live."

Yet, good sir, the artist might reply, whose fault is that? The Madonnas were painted because the church wanted them; let the church recreate the demand and there will be scores of artists willing to take commissions. But things being as they are the world probably has enough Madonnas to worry along with for some time to come. Most of them are too provocative of George Eliot's reflection: "I have often wondered whether those early Madonnas of Raphael, with the blond faces and somewhat stupid expression, kept their placidity undisturbed when their strong-limbed, strong-willed boys got a little too old to do without clothing." Besides, were not some of those early Madonnas painted from the titled ladies of an older day? And even if ladies of distinction in these degenerate days were willing to pose for Madonna pictures, it is just possible that the supply might exceed the demand.

On the other hand, it may be freely granted that Professor Charles W. Stork is on sure ground when he declares that "the doctrine that art should be governed rather by reason than by the emotions is unquestionably a sound one for America today." How far reason is being deposed from its rightful controlling influence in art is pathetically illustrated by the death from an overdose of sulphonal of an artist who, his wife testified, "took drugs to get ideas for his pictures." Literature as well as painting is being divorced from rational purpose and reduced to the quest of sensation. Hence, as Professor Bahitt remarks, the triumph of the novel is the triumph of diffuseness over concentration. This accounts for "the enormous vogue of fiction in these latter days as well as giving the reason why art and literature are appealing more and more exclusively to women, and to men in their unmasculine moods."

Maximilian P. E. Grossmann is a high-sounding name and its owner endeavors to live up to its requirements. He is probably a disciple of Froebel, but his official occupation is that of director of the National Association for the Study and Education of Exceptional Children. In that capacity he has been enlightening Bostonians on "Danger Signals in Young Children," and incidentally revising the dictionary. Thus, always bearing in mind that it is "the Che-ild" he has in view, we learn that the old definitions are all wrong. For instance disobedience is deafness, aversion to reading and writing is imperfect vision, ugliness is astigmatism, laziness is neurasthenia, fretfulness is indigestion. In fact, generally speaking "the so-called naughtiness of children may be merely danger signals indicating disturbance somewhere." Of course Maximilian P. E. Grossmann scorns to take into consideration such old-fashioned disturbances as used to be attributed to safety pins temporarily false to the adjective. His attitude in short, is wholly that of respect and humility towards "the Che-ild." It is possible to lose all patience with this kind of hair-splitting and sentimentalism cloaked in the garb of pseudo-science. If an ear-trumpet is a remedy for disobedience, and a pair of spectacles will quicken the aptitude for reading and writing, and a dose of medicine abolish fretfulness, by all means let the trumpets and spectacles and medicine be ordered in wholesale quantities. But the fact probably is that parents and children alike would benefit hugely by a return to some of the ancient methods which the Maximilian P. E. Grossmanns think they have superseded.

"TO A POLICE MARTYR."

The "Affair" Liabeuf and Its Socialistic Lessons.

France has been spared another "affair" which threatened to become as acute and as provocative of divided opinion as that of Dreyfus. The guillotine, however, has ended it in a summary fashion.

To understand the situation, it must be remembered that Paris has a body of men known as the Morals Police, who belong to the secret service and are charged with the duty of controlling prostitution. These men are supposed to be selected with great care, but their occupation, in addition to placing despotic powers in their hands, is necessarily of a kind which opens the way to corrupt practices. It is, in fact, a lucrative position, and brings the occupant into close touch with those sordid *souteneurs* or women's bullies or "protectors" who batten on the wages of sin.

A year ago this month one of these Morals Police charged an apache named Liabeuf with being a *souteneur* and living on the shame of the women whom he "protected." Whether he were guilty of that offense will never be known. So potent is the power of the Morals Police that a charge made by one of their number is practically equal to a conviction, and Liabeuf was found guilty and sent to prison. It is not denied either by Liabeuf or his friends that he had been in prison before. He had, he confessed, served two sentences for theft, and been convicted of military law-breaking while serving his army term. But that he was a *souteneur* he would never admit; he had been a thief, yes, but this crime of living on the shame of a woman impugned his "honor" and was false. But the Morals Police can make no mistake; to prison Liabeuf went.

In his cell he nursed thoughts of revenge. And when he regained his liberty he made no secret of his intention to "get even" with his accusers. His plans were laid with extreme thoroughness, for in addition to carrying revolvers and other weapons of offense, he incased his arms with bracelets that bristled with sharp-pointed spikes. It was an exhibition of this arsenal which brought about the climax. While at the bar of a saloon one day last January he dilated with such vigor on his purpose of revenge, showing his preparations to emphasize his threats, that a bystander became frightened and ran for a policeman. At that moment of excitement the sight of a representative of the force which had done him an injustice roused Liabeuf to a frenzy and left him with the charge of murder on his hands.

From the day of his conviction and sentence to death Paris has been divided into two camps. Too many are aware of the despotic methods of the Morals Police not have sympathy with Liabeuf, but on the other hand those members of the community whose weaknesses do not lead them to tenderloin haunts have naturally ranged themselves on the side of what they believe to be law and order. The former have argued that Liabeuf can plead ample extenuating circumstances; the latter that no member of the community has the right to take the law into his own hands. Immense pressure has been brought to bear on President Fallières to grant a pardon, and it is probable he would have given way had not the matter, as is so often the way in France, taken on a political aspect.

For the Socialists could not resist the opportunity to make capital out of the incident. So a meeting was called at Tivoli-Vauxhall. The hall was densely packed with more than six thousand excited people, while thousands more surged around the building in a vain effort to gain admission. The speakers included nine members of Parliament, all of whom laid emphasis upon what they termed the "judicial error" of last July, when Liabeuf was sentenced on the bare word of a policeman. One orator delivered an impassioned protest against present society as the consecration of disorder and injustice; Mistral declared that Liabeuf had been impelled to vengeance by an "unclean police force"; another deputy affirmed that the condemned man was "a victim rather than a murderer"; while Jaurès assured his audience in dramatic tones that "even under the knife the brain of Liabeuf will keep on protesting 'I am not a *souteneur*.'" There was, of course, the inevitable reference to the case of Dreyfus, and especially to the blackmailing which disgraced the trial of Zola. Without a dissentient voice the vast assembly voted that the execution of Liabeuf "would be a crime against the republic and human society."

More significant than anything Jaurès said was the announcement that he held in his hand the signature of Anatole France to head the petition for a reprieve. That recalled to many that there is a book known as "L'île des Pingouins," in which is described a mob meeting not without points of likeness to the gathering at Tivoli-Vauxhall. Practically the only point of difference is that while Liabeuf was charged with murder, Pyrot was deemed guilty of but merely the theft of some trusses of hay. The speech of comrade Larrivière sums up the case for Liabeuf as the Socialists see it:

"I do not believe that the party is bound to embrace a cause as soon as we are told that that cause is just. That, I am afraid, is a grievous abuse of words and a dangerous equivocation. For social justice is not revolutionary justice. They are both in perpetual antagonism; to serve the one is to oppose the other. As for me, my choice is made. I am for revolutionary justice is against social justice. Still, in the present case I

am against abstention. I say that when a lucky chance brings us an affair like this we should be fools not to profit by it. A party like ours ought to be continually asserting itself. We will intervene in the Pyrot (Liabeuf) affair, but we will intervene in it in a revolutionary manner; we will adopt violent action. Perhaps you think that violence is old-fashioned and superannuated, to be sent to the scrap-heap along with stage coaches, hand-presses, and aerial telegraphy. You are mistaken. Today as yesterday nothing is obtained except by violence; it is the one efficient instrument."

As if to show that comrade Larrivière of Penguinia was the voice of modern Socialistic Paris there came a message from Gustave Hervé from that prison cell where he is serving sentence for inciting people to violence. His appeal was for some one to assassinate the president of the republic. Poor Liabeuf! He was indeed unfortunate. Made a political counter in the game of Socialism versus order, he had no escape from the guillotine. There was a riot outside the Prison Sante, but a big force of police with drawn swords and soldiers with glittering bayonets kept the mob at bay while the knife fell. Many were injured, and a policeman killed—a fact which would have comforted Liabeuf more than the wreath the Socialists placed on his grave inscribed, "To a Police Martyr." Cut short by the guillotine, the "affair" Liabeuf will doubtless rankle for many a day in Parisian memory to the detriment of the Morals Police, especially should M. France, as is not unlikely, make the incident the theme of another mordant chapter in a new edition of his satirical study of France.

ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, July 2, 1910.

OLD FAVORITES.

In the Wheat-Field.

When the lids of the virgin Dawn unclose,
When the earth is fair and the heavens are calm,
And the early breath of the waking rose
Floats on the air in halm,
I stand breast-high in the pearly wheat
That ripples and thrills to a sportive breeze
Borne over the field with its Hermes feet,
And its subtle odor of Southern seas;
While out of the infinite azure deep
The flashing wings of the swallows sweep,
Buoyant and beautiful, wild and fleet,
Over the waves of the whispering wheat.

Aurora faints in the fulgent fire
Of the Monarch of Morning's bright embrace,
And the summer day climbs higher and higher
Up the cerulean space;

The pearl-tints fade from the radiant grain,
And the sportive breeze of the ocean dies,
And soon in the noontide's soundless rain
The field seems graced by a million eyes;
Each grain with a glance from its lidded fold,
As bright as a gnome's in his mine of gold,
While the slumorous glamour of beam and heat
Glides over and under the windless wheat.

Yet the languid spirit of lazy Noon,
With its minor and Morphean music rife,
Is pulsing in low, voluptuous tune
With summer's lust of life.
Hark! to the droning of drowsy wings,
To the honey-hees as they go and come,
To the "hoomer" scarce rounding his sultry rings,
The gnat's small horn, and the heetle's hum;
And hark to the locust!—Noon's one shrill song,
Like the tingling steel of an elfin gong,
Grows lower through quavers of long retreat
To swoon on the dazzled and distant wheat.

Now Day declines! and his shafts of might
Are sheathed in a quiver of opal haze;
Still through the chastened, hot magic light,
What sunset grandeurs blaze!
For the sky, in its mellowed lustre, seems
Like the realm of a master poet's mind—
A shifting kingdom of splendid dreams—
With fuller and fairer truths behind;
And the changeful colors that blend or part
Eh! like the tides of a living heart,
And the splendor melts and the shadows meet,
And the tresses of Twilight trail over the wheat.

Thus Eve creeps slowly and shyly down,
And the gurgling notes of the swallows cease,
They flicker aloft through the foliage brown,
In the ancient vesper peace;
But a step like the step of a conscious fawn
Is stealing—with many a pause—this way,
Till the hand of my love through mine is drawn,
Her heart on mine in the tender ray;
O hand of the lily, O heart of truth,
O love, thou art faithful and fond as Ruth;
But I am the gleaner—of kisses—Sweet,
While the starlight dawns on the dimpling wheat!

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

The Hollow Oak.

Hollow is the oak beside the sunny waters drooping;
Thither came, when I was young, happy children trooping;
Dream I now, or hear I now—far, their mellow whooping?

Gay below the cowslip bank see the hallow dances,
There I lay, hegulling time, when I lived romances;
Dropping pebbles in the wave, fancies into fancies;—

Farther, where the river glides by the wooded cover,
Where the merlin singeth low, with the hawk above her,
Came a foot and shone a smile—woe is me, the lover!

Leaflets on the hollow oak still as greenly quiver,
Musical amid the reeds murmurs on the river;
But the footstep and the smile?—woe is me forever!

—Robert, Lord Lytton.

Gleaming buttons for service uniforms were abolished by Uncle Sam years ago, because they made the soldiers fatally conspicuous on the field of battle. Instead of hooks and eyes, as the worthy peace advocate suggested, their garments are united by dull black buttons.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Governor Jared Y. Sanders of Louisiana, just elected United States senator, will be one of the young members of that body—he is forty-one years old. The senator-elect not only lives in New Orleans, but is a law partner of Senator Foster.

James A. Patten, the widely advertised "wheat king" of Chicago, has retired from active business, and though newspaper accounts of his speculative enterprises have asserted that he has met with severe losses, his fortune is said to be not less than ten million.

Dr. Jacques Berfillon, the chief of the finger-print department of the French police, says that of the causes which in France favor the development of tuberculosis the most important is the alcohol in beer and spirits. He declares, however, that the best enemy of tuberculosis is wine.

Mlle. Chenal, famous as the most beautiful woman on the French operatic stage, has just created the principal rôle of Camille in Pienre's opera, "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour," at the Opera Comique. Mlle. Chenal is a great favorite at Monte Carlo, where last season she sang with Chaliapine in "Mephistophele."

Mrs. Ellen Flagg Young, superintendent of the public schools of Chicago, has been elected president of the National Education Association, an organization which is now in its forty-eighth year. Mrs. Young easily defeated her nearest competitor, Z. X. Snyder, of Colorado, in the general vote, though Mr. Snyder had been selected by the committee on nominations.

Ex-Premier Clemenceau of France has sailed for Rio de Janeiro to make a lecture tour of South America. It is possible that he may visit the United States on the way home. M. Clemenceau visited America after the Civil War and lived for some time in New York City. At one time he was a member of the faculty of a girls' school at Stamford, Connecticut, where he taught the French language and literature.

The Honorable A. B. Aylesworth, the Dominion minister of justice, is the Canadian representative at The Hague in the fisheries arbitration. He was born in 1854 and was graduated at Toronto University twenty years later. He soon became eminent as a lawyer, and then entered politics. He is a national Canadian. He was a member of the Alaskan tribunal when it was called several years ago.

Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University, was put at the head of that institution when he was thirty-eight years old, and he has proved his administrative ability as well as his independence of thought in that position. He was born in Prince Edward Island, though he comes from an old New York family. His services on the first Federal commission to the Philippines are still on record as of permanent value.

Miss Anastasia Eberle was born in Ohio, but was carried to Porto Rico by her father in his military career. She continued her studies in sculpture in the island province, and now that she has returned to America and has a studio in New York, she is rapidly gaining a wide reputation for artistic creations. Portrait-busts are her specialty, but her critics find most satisfaction in the fact that her art is national in its quality, rather than a reproduction of classic artificiality.

Ralph M. Pearson and his mother, Mrs. Kate Pearson, of Chicago, have just completed a remarkable river, ocean, canal, and lake trip in a motor-boat, thirty-five feet long. They cruised down the Mississippi, along the Gulf coast, north along the Atlantic coast, up the Hudson, through the Erie Canal, across Lakes Erie and Huron, through the straits of Mackinaw, and down Lake Michigan to the river—a total of 6312 miles. The trip was made in two sections, the boat lying up at Miami, Florida, from July, 1909, when it was necessary for Mr. Pearson to return to Chicago, until March of this year.

At a meeting of trustees of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art a few days ago the resignation of Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, director since 1905, was presented by the president, J. Pierpont Morgan, and reluctantly accepted. Dr. Edward Robinson, who has been acting director in Sir Purdon's absence in Europe, will continue to perform the duties of director for the present. Sir Caspar was for years director of the famous Victoria Albert Museum in London, better known, perhaps, as the South Kensington Museum, before he was induced to come to America. His health has suffered in the rigorous winter climate of New York.

Sir Clements Markham is regarded as the grand old man of British geography and exploring enterprise. His official connection with the Royal Geographical Society has lasted for nearly half a century, and when he retired from the presidency in 1905, he had held that post continuously for twelve years. His interest in the society and in geographical science generally has not abated, in spite of the claims which historical and antiquarian research have upon his time. On the eve of his eightieth birthday he gave the clearest proof of his dauntless energy by giving a remarkably interesting and suggestive lecture on the "Land of the Incas" at a recent meeting.

THE SWEET SINGER OF SIWASH.

How a Musical Career Led to Barbary Coast.

"Pop" Grayson was probably not so ancient as most of us thought. But if his prematurely gray hair testified falsely as to his years, his face was no uncertain record of his habits. It was because of them, I am strongly inclined to believe, that his single matrimonial venture terminated as it did. He never had referred to it, and we who thought we knew him fairly well, believed him always to have led the unwholesome existence we knew as his.

When not in his law office, he usually was to be found at his club, or in one of the numerous cafés he was wont to frequent, invariably alone or with male friends; for romance, it seemed, had cruelly passed him by. Never had he shown resentment; he was not bitter; he seemed disinterested—and lonely. Apparently his law practice was not his main source of income, and in his office histories and books of travel occupied his attention more than the preparation of briefs.

Grayson was little of a talker. His conversation, though seldom of books, had a bookish ring to it, and gave one the impression that it was inspired by something he had read rather than experienced. Apart from a certain, unobtrusive kindness toward every one, and an over-readiness to purchase alcoholic refreshments for his acquaintances on any and all occasions, reticence was his most noticeable characteristic. So one night when he "opened up," as we put it, and told the story of Barbara Munn—which name is undoubtedly fictitious—he surprised us all, and published certain phases of his life and character whereof we had not even dreamed. And he added further to our amazement by vaguely dwelling, during the narration, on that buried chapter of his life that until then we had not known; I refer to that brief period of conjugal bliss which terminated so unsatisfactorily.

Five of us were there that night. Each settled back in his Morris chair, drawn unduly close to the open fire—the room was already overheated by the steam-pipes—we were gazing on the last glowing embers of the Yuletide log. It had outlasted the several days of egg-nog cheer, and, somehow, it was a mute reminder of what was not, rather than what was.

I do not now recall who had last spoken, or what it concerned, but "Pop" Grayson it was who broke the mournful silence by suddenly saying:

Now I don't suppose any of you ever heard of Barbara Munn? Barbara Munn—that's her real name; her home town I'll give a fictitious one. Probably if any of you were telling this story you'd shield the girl and expose her town. I hope my innovation does not displease you. For purposes of concealment I'll call the place Siwash. It's out in the Northwest. I referred to it as a town, but it is a city, as cities go in that portion of the country, and I'll venture that every one whose good fortune it has been to visit it, be he peddler of wares, actor, or tourist, recalls it with a feeling akin to affection.

Siwash is shut out from the rest of the world by vast expanses of wheat and grazing land on one side, and high mountains and forests on the other. In spite of railroad and telegraphic communication, its citizens are only on occasions greatly affected or interested by what is happening in San Francisco or New York. It has wealth and it has culture of its own. As yet, no sculptor, actor, painter, or poet of distinction has given it geographic position on the field of art by announcing it as his birthplace. There was hope once that Barbara Munn would do it.

Imagine those tall, weirdly beautiful women painted by Rossetti and Burne Jones having the warmth of life, and you will have a fair idea of the appearance of Barbara Munn. Right now, her throat is her single physical attribute that I recall distinctly. Perhaps that's because she sang.

She was not quite eighteen when I first came to know of her, an orphan, the protégée of a little German music teacher, named Mossbach, who had fathered the splendid singing society of Siwash and was directly responsible for all that the town had of musical knowledge and taste. And in that, let me tell you, it was not lacking. His almost fanatical enthusiasm was good to see. He loved music; it was his life, and he was wrapped up body and soul in his work—that is, until he discovered Barbara. Then it was not music he lived and worked for; it was Barbara's music. His hopes, his plans, and his dreams all were for her future.

Her voice? I only know that this quaint, lovable old man one day in great excitement dragged me up into his studio, where I heard an angular girl sing the "Swanee River" and "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms"; and it was such singing as I had never heard before, and after, only when Barbara Munn sang.

Otto Mossbach's enthusiasm over his discovery in a lesser degree seized his disciples, and in a short time interest and faith in Barbara Munn's future was general, within the local musical circle, which contained, either as patrons or performers, some of the wealthiest people of the town. Outsiders, too, soon came to take more than passing interest in the young singer. And yet, though Barbara worked like a Trojan under the guidance of the little German, and made splendid progress, when he decided that he could do no more for

her, that the time had come when she should go East to continue her musical training, it was only after insistent effort, extending through a period of several months, that he raised the necessary funds. For though in his pioneering Mossbach had developed a fairly dependable support for his concerts—so long as he did not give them with too great frequency—the atmosphere of Siwash was not yet favorable to the production of an "angel" for a genius. It was a mental limitation, not a lack of money in the town that had to be combated by the little music master.

Well, Barbara left for Boston. As I recall that evening and the scene at the depot, her departure was almost a municipal affair. Half of the town officials, of their own accord, or because of their wives, were on hand. We had come to regard this young vocalist as our special champion going forth single-handed to battle for the glory of Siwash. Mossbach laughed and wept by turns for joy. "Only wait," he said, "and Barbara will be commanded to sing before kings and queens." He believed it—and we believed it, too, for our faith in the professor was as great as his in his protégée.

During the entire demonstration Barbara never so much as blinked. She thanked us for it, and expressed regret that the trip was not for all. When the excitement was at highest pitch, during the final seconds preceding the departure of the train, she came down the car steps, and, reaching out, adjusted dear old sobbing Mossbach's coat collar, which was turned under—as it usually was. At the moment it struck me that nothing she could have done would have been more characteristic of her. She was impulsive beyond all understanding, yet automatic in her movements, deliberate to a degree that was something of a nerve strain, and apparently utterly devoid of emotional qualities or sentiment. Until she sang. Then, with her first note, a metamorphosis took place that was as complete as the change from night to day. No lark in spring was ever moved to greater ecstasy than she. Then one realized what it is to feel, to fear, to love. Hope, faith, trust, longing, and more, were a part of Barbara's song. Then she, herself, seemed alive to great joy, or plunged deep in sorrow. I will never forget the lullabys she sang.

Does it sound foolish to you fellows? Perhaps you can't understand; you never heard Barbara Munn sing.

You will not find it difficult to believe, however, that I was just as certain that her greatness would eventually win world-wide recognition as were the most enthusiastic in Siwash—not excepting old Mossbach himself. And reports that came back from Boston did not tend to lessen my faith in the quality of her art. As a student of brilliant promise she quickly gathered a following there. A great prima donna, famed for her bounty and unselfish interest, when budding singers were concerned, heard Barbara, and a year, at least, of European training was assured. "It could not be different," old Mossbach said.

A year went by and Barbara came home for a brief visit. She was to go to Dresden in the spring. Mossbach arranged a concert which proved a splendid triumph for her, financially, socially, and musically. So far as Siwash counted, the world was already at her feet.

But her triumph was short-lived. Three days after that concert where there had been pride there was shame; joy gave way to sorrow, and Barbara, last night adored, was this morning despised.

For Barbara Munn had married. She had married without telling of her intentions to any of us—not even the little German music teacher—and to a man who came near being as completely helpless as could have been found had the entire West been searched. A weakling physically, he was not even capable of manual labor. Closely following a cruel and sensational newspaper account of the marriage came a telegram from the East, stating that financial backing for the young singer had been withdrawn. While Siwash raged and wept, and talked of temporary insanity, I had a hard time to refrain from saying, "I could have told you so." That would have been untrue, for I could not have, and my surprise was as great as any one's; yet, when I looked back and recalled what had been my estimate of poor Barbara, neither her marriage nor any of the facts associated with it caused me to wonder. Had she not always acted on impulse—impulse pure and simple as a child's—absolutely unaffected by her surroundings or anything else? Without reason, without thought of its effect on others or its consequence to herself, she had married—precisely as a year before she had coolly and deliberately come down from the car platform to adjust Mossbach's coat collar, even after the air-brakes had hissed, and while scores of her friends and admirers were close by and in the various stages and phases of emotion attendant upon her leave-taking. I could see a similarity in the two affairs; in both cases the action had been purely instinctive.

The day following the night of Barbara's marriage I alone bade her and the husband good-by. Mossbach, too, would have been at the depot, but the shock of the disappointment had proved too great a strain for his temperamental nature to withstand, and he was in his bed, almost a mental and physical wreck. He was up and about again, however, two months later, when I left Siwash to live in San Francisco. But he was a much-changed man. His spirit was broken; his enthusiasm was gone, and music was now to him only a means of livelihood which he could not disassociate

from blasted hopes and the bitterest disappointment of his life.

During the ensuing three years my own affairs precluded my attempting to trace the movements of Barbara Munn that was, or, cruel as it may sound, to be solicitous even as to her welfare. Yet I thought of her more than once or twice; when his mother laughed and crooned over her boy, then Barbara's divine air would come back to me, and sometimes, dozing, I would waken with a start, expecting to find myself back again in little Mossbach's studio with that wonderful songster before me. Again, that first hideous night when I went back to the old existence—back to try to find a substitute for home life in billiard tables, a bar, and a grill—all that night, waking or sleeping, Barbara and her song were with me. Ethelbert Nevin's mournful, yet beautiful compositions she seemed to be singing. I wanted less of melancholy and anguish, and tried to call up lively or frivolous tunes, or tried to sleep, but no—Barbara sang as she willed, and I heard no song of joy or triumph. "Why does she come to me, who am already deep in trouble, and sing such songs," I asked myself. Then I remembered that she, too, had troubles—probably had them then. Always I was strongly inclined to scoff at telepathy, but now I'll admit I began to wonder if—but we'll pass that by and I'll tell you what did happen.

Throughout the following afternoon I was extremely nervous—perhaps fear would better describe my state of mind. I could not comprehend it. But when the sundown gun boomed on Alcatraz it did not tell me I had remained late without reason in my office; it told me my nervousness had been due—and still was—the dread of the oncoming night. I wanted no more like the last. I decided not to go to the club for dinner. I do not recall where I dined, if at all. I remember I had no appetite for food. Shortly before midnight I found myself on Kearny Street, opposite the little square on the outskirts of the Mongolian quarter. Ahead the lights of the "Barbary Coast" beckoned to me. In a mental picture, life on the "coast" in all its hideousness and hopelessness rose before me. There was misery; there was pain; others, too, suffered. Mastered by vindictiveness, I started for that hotbed of wretchedness and vice. I would go there and laugh.

I recall that while descending the steps leading down into a music hall there my ankle pained me because of the wad of checks and bills I had placed in my shoe for safety. 'Midst soldiers, sailors, stevedores, and pickpockets I found a vacant table, but the chatter, the ribald laughter, the vile odor of stale beer and other things prompted me to rise almost as soon as I found a chair. Before I could do so, a woman, one of the dozens in the place, seated herself beside me. I could have laughed at her ludicrous costume—she was clad like an infant—had it not been for the pitiful expression of her face, which the mask of grease paint and powder could not hide.

"Hello, sport," she said, by way of opening the conversation.

I looked on her, and turned away. I could not laugh at that.

"Are yeh buyin' or not?" she asked after an interval. "Yeh know a girl can't set around all night, if nothin's stirrin'."

A girl! She was forty—yet I could not laugh. "I'm not buying," I finally said.

"Then you'll pull your freight, double quick, 'cause I'll tip the bouncer to yeh," she snapped out as she angrily rose and hurried away for more profitable trade—or perhaps to take her turn on the stage.

I had thought to leave, but here was inducement to stay; they were going to try to throw me out. I would stay—and I would not "buy"; I would stay and laugh. I felt down to my shoe to reassure myself as to the safety of my checks and currency.

With feigned unconcern—for I must be cunning—I glanced furtively about me; I did not propose to be taken unawares. Fortunately for me, the promised ejection did not materialize. But during my survey of the place my gaze penetrated the heavy maze of tobacco smoke to the stage, and focused there, for, standing in the centre, tall, angular, impassive, was Barbara Munn!

I rubbed my eyes and gaped; was I mistaken? This woman was clothed in a garment reaching to her feet, as were none of the other women in the place. In her hands she held loosely a sheet of music. She smiled. It was the stereotyped smile of the performer, and at the same time not greatly different from the meaningless stare of Barbara Munn which I knew of old. Then I was sure I saw in that figure the one time glory of Siwash—Otto Mossbach's blasted hope. Feverishly, I ran over a programme I found lying on the table. This was number ten. "Number 10" was "Daphne Elroy, Operatic Soprano."

I thought that awful orchestra would never get through with the prelude. At last the singer commenced her song. And I was not mistaken—it was Barbara Munn. There was the same sweet voice I knew as hers, perfect notes of beautiful quality—but the art, the magic, was not there. Barbara's stolid, impassive appearance no longer belied her song.

Almost dazing me, so fast did they come, memories of those days in Siwash filled my mind, and in great excitement I twisted about in my seat until Barbara left the stage. Then I sought one of the half-curtained boxes, rows of which extended on either side the entire

length of the hall. From my retreat I sent my card back to "Daphne Elroy."

She came. Unperturbed, without haste, but with a calmness and deliberation that caused me to almost leap from my chair for nervousness—and yet for which she should have been prepared—she drew back the curtains and entered the box.

"Barbara!" I cried.

"I'm known as Miss Elroy—or Daphne, here," she corrected, taking my hand, which was shaking. A waiter entered almost before she had seated, but she motioned him away. I, knowing the benefits she must derive through commissions, hastily called him back. I was bewildered by it all, and could reach no decision as to the fitness of things—but there was no such thing as fitness there. Haphazardly associating "buy" and benefits to Barbara, I asked for wine.

She did not protest, and pocketed her percentage checks without comment.

We talked, but in the beginning not of personal matters. I had no heart to tell of mine. She was the self-same Barbara of by-gone days. Work in the dives had not changed her manner of speech, nor had she altered physically, as I could see. Now, in her face, in spite of its heavy coat of powder and rouge, I saw the same weird beauty I had seen five years before, when Mossbach dragged me up into his studio to hear her sing that first time. Apparently, there was no change in its contour, not one new line. Barbara had her troubles, but, it seemed, she could not worry; changes had come, yet it seemed she knew no such thing as disappointment. Late hours, long hours, were hers, yet her features told no tales.

"The work here, though undignified, is not arduous," he said. "and the management is very considerate of me. Of course it is not so satisfying as concert work, but it pays much better, and I have no traveling, no railroad fares. I must remain in one place and I must have money; my expenses are heavy."

I could not understand; where was her pride, her ambition, her decency? Had she lost everything? Or had she never anything save her beauty and a marvelous vocal organ? Disgusted, rather than pained, by her apparent self-satisfaction, I questioned her.

"Your singing is as good as ever," I said, lying, for I would not have her think I thought otherwise.

"I know it is," she answered, "though this work is hard on my voice at times, and I'm going to get out of it—going to get back; I have made several starts, but I can not afford to take chances any more. Back in New York is work for me, and in Boston—but it is not steady—always uncertain. Why, last year, Madame relented, and I was advised through a friend—the only one with whom I have kept in touch—that she would send me to Dresden to study with Organi, as originally planned, and later would arrange for operatic work there. But it is out of the question; Jim's condition would not permit of it; besides no provision was made for him."

"Jim?—oh, yes, your husband," I said. "How is he?" "He's getting better," she answered. "I have him out at the Pacific Sanitarium, where he gets the best of care and medical attention, and I can see him every morning. They say they can cure him. This engagement may seem undesirable to you, but I can tell you it's a blessing! My work is all laid out for me; I must keep the pot a-boiling," as he used to say—she undoubtedly referred to Mossbach—"and when Jim gets well—just be patient, Mr. Grayson."

Then I learned of the fight Barbara Munn was putting up. You fellows will find it hard to believe—hard to believe how any girl, or woman, could be a part of that wretched life, live in it, night after night, week after week, and have anything of ideals, sincerity, or hope. Nobility of purpose is a stranger there, and were it any one other than Barbara Munn I could not believe the story she told: of engagements had, only to be lost—unquestionably through her alliance, though he did not say so—of the heart-breaking struggle, of privations and self-denial—all for the sake of a man who knew no such thing as gratitude. But I have no right to judge him, and must not. I believe, though, that I do not overstep the bounds when I tell you that in the three years they had been married "poor Jim" had worked exactly two weeks—and then as press agent or his wife. I learned a lot from Barbara, who did not guess how well I understood all that she told me. Afterwards I learned more.

Did I try to help? Yes; I did make that mistake. Now, I know that this is Barbara's fight, and hers alone.

Will she win out? She might; Barbara Munn is apt to do anything.

JOHN ALFRED GALPIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1910.

Away back in 1527 The Hague became the seat of the Supreme Court in Holland. It was afterwards the scene of many European settlements; a sort of general clearing-up spot for the whole of Europe. The Triple Alliance of 1668 and that of 1717 were held at The Hague. William of Orange, who founded the Twelfth century, was born there. Spinoza, the great philosopher, died there in 1677. Most that America knows about The Hague is that it is the capital of the country which were born the people that founded New Amsterdam, now "little old New York," and that the Czar of Russia selected The Hague as the place of the first meeting of a world's tribunal for the settlement of international disputes without gunpowder.

MARK TWAIN'S SPEECHES.

Remarks on Various Occasions.

No doubt William Dean Howells knows whereof he writes in his introduction to the volume of Mark Twain's speeches which the Harpers have issued with commendable alacrity, but those speeches are so notable for their spontaneity that it is difficult to believe they were all carefully studied down to every word and syllable and then committed to memory. Anyway, the volume affords a unique opportunity of sampling Mr. Clemens's humor on many subjects. But, as the speaker is careful to warn us, these addresses are to be taken at "judicious intervals." As he remarks: "There is no more sin in publishing an entire volume of nonsense than there is in keeping a candy-store with no hardware in it. It lies wholly with the customer whether he will injure himself by means of either, or will derive from them the benefits which they will afford him if he uses their possibilities judiciously."

Californians do not need to be reminded that Mark Twain took to the platform almost before he assumed the pen. He gives this account of his first attempt at lecturing:

I recall the occasion of my first appearance. San Francisco knew me then only as a reporter, and I was to make my bow to San Francisco as a lecturer. I knew that nothing short of compulsion would get me to the theatre. So I bound myself by a hard-and-fast contract so that I could not escape. I got to the theatre forty-five minutes before the hour set for the lecture. My knees were shaking so that I didn't know whether I could stand up. If there is an awful, horrible malady in the world, it is stage-fright—and seasickness. They are a pair. I had the stage-fright then for the first and last time. I was only seasick once, too. It was on a little ship on which there were two hundred other passengers. I was—sick. I was so sick that there wasn't any left for those other two hundred passengers.

It was dark and lonely behind the scenes in that theatre, and I peered through the little peek-holes they have in theatre curtains and looked into the big auditorium. That was dark and empty, too. By and by it lighted up, and the audience began to arrive.

Another reference to his San Francisco days may be found in an address given in July, 1906:

I remember one day I was walking down Third Street in San Francisco. It was a sleepy, dull Sunday afternoon, and no one was stirring. Suddenly as I looked up the street about three hundred yards the whole side of a house fell out. The street was full of bricks and mortar. At the same time I was knocked against the side of a house, and stood there stunned for a moment.

I thought it was an earthquake. Nobody else had heard anything about it and no one said earthquake to me afterwards, but I saw it and I wrote it. Nobody else wrote it, and the house I saw go into the street was the only house in the city that felt it. I've always wondered if it wasn't a little performance gotten up for my especial entertainment by the nether regions.

Several references to the dress both of women and men are scattered through the speeches. "Some civilized women would lose half their charm without dress, and some would lose all of it." There is also an apology for his own famous white clothes, which he adopted because the sight of dark garments had a "depressing effect" on a man of seventy-one. Then he continued:

After all, what is the purpose of clothing? Are not clothes intended primarily to preserve dignity and also to afford comfort to their wearer? Now I know of nothing more uncomfortable than the present-day clothes of men. The finest clothing made is a person's own skin, but, of course, society demands something more than this.

The best-dressed man I have ever seen, however, was a native of the Sandwich Islands who attracted my attention thirty years ago. Now, when that man wanted to don especial dress to honor a public occasion or a holiday, why, he occasionally put on a pair of spectacles. Otherwise the clothing with which God had provided him sufficed.

Of course, I have ideas of dress reform. For one thing, why not adopt some of the women's styles? Goodness knows, they adopt enough of ours. Take a peek-a-hoo waist, for instance. It has the obvious advantages of being cool and comfortable, and in addition it is almost always made up in pleasing colors which cheer and do not depress.

Most of the speeches bristle with good-humored references to Mark Twain's friends and their avocations. In view of the reconstruction of the staff of the *Outlook* the following gentle fun-making is timely. It was occasioned by a dinner to Hamilton W. Mabie:

He appears to be the editor of the *Outlook*, and notwithstanding that, I have every admiration, because when everything is said concerning the *Outlook*, after all one must admit that it is frank in its delinquencies, that it is outspoken in its departures from fact, that it is vigorous in its mistaken criticisms of men like me. I have lived in this world a long, long time, and I know you must not judge a man by the editorial that he puts in his paper. A man is always better than his printed opinions. A man always reserves to himself on the inside a purity and an honesty and a justice that are a credit to him, whereas the things that he prints are just the reverse.

Oh, yes, you must not judge a man by what he writes in his paper. Even in an ordinary secular paper a man must observe some care about it; he must be better than the principles which he puts in print. And that is the case with Mr. Mabie. Why, to see what he writes about me and the missionaries you would think he did not have any principles. But that is Mr. Mabie in his public capacity. Mr. Mabie in his private capacity is just as clean a man as I am.

Equally to the point were the reminiscences related at a dinner to Whitelaw Reid, with their allusions to the early careers of John Hay, Choate, and the guest:

When I first came to New York they were all struggling young men, and I am glad to see that they got on in the world. I knew John Hay when I had no white hairs in my head and more hairs than Reid has now. Those were days of joy and hope. Reid and Hay were on the staff of the *Tribune*. I went there once in that old building, and I looked all around, and I finally found a door ajar and looked in. It wasn't Reid or Hay there, but it was Horace Greeley. Those were in

the days when Horace Greeley was a king. That was the first time I ever saw him and the last.

I was admiring him when he stopped and seemed to realize that there was a fine presence there somewhere. He tried to smile, but he was out of smiles. He looked at me a moment, and said: "What in H— do you want?"

He began with the word "H." That's a long word and a profane word. I don't remember what the word was now, but I recognized the power of it. I had never used that language myself, but at that moment I was converted. It has been a great refuge for me in time of trouble. If a man doesn't know that language he can't express himself on strenuous occasions. When you have that word at your command let trouble come.

Simplified spelling attracted the humorist now and then, and it naturally afforded an appropriate theme at a dinner in honor of Mr. Carnegie, who had got us all "so we can't spell anything." The orator complained that the reformers had begun at the wrong end; they ought to have set to work on the alphabet. "There's not a vowel in it with a definite value, not a consonant that you can hitch anything to." "H's" were distributed too recklessly; the one thing he admired the English for was that they just don't mind anything about them.

But look at the "pneumatics" and the "pneumonias" and the rest of them. A real reform would settle them once and for all, and wind up by giving us an alphabet that we wouldn't have to spell with at all, instead of this present silly alphabet, which I fancy was invented by a drunken thief. Why, there isn't a man who doesn't have to throw out about fifteen hundred words a day when he writes his letters because he can't spell them! It's like trying to do a St. Vitus's dance with wooden legs.

Now I'll bet there isn't a man here who can spell "ptero-dactyl," not even the prisoner at the bar. I'd like to hear him try once—but not in public, for it's too near Sunday, when all extravagant histrionic entertainments are barred. I'd like to hear him try in private, and when he got through trying to spell "ptero-dactyl" you wouldn't know whether it was a fish or a beast or a bird, and whether it flew on its legs or walks with its wings. The chances are that he would give it tusks and make it lay eggs.

More than a hundred speeches are laid under contribution, some being given in full. This is happily the case with the inimitable address delivered on the memorable seventieth birthday. It was an age, the humorist said with a touch of pathos, when "you are become an honorary member of the republic, compulsions are not for you, nor any bugle-call but 'lights out.'"

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER.

Chief Justice Fuller received his early education in the public schools of Augusta, Maine, and later took the full course at Bowdoin College. Like his father, he obtained his legal grounding in the Harvard Law School, and then returned to Augusta to take up practice in partnership with his brother, B. A. G. Fuller. He was admitted to the bar in 1855, when he was twenty-two years of age. Like many another noted man who has come out of Maine, Melville W. Fuller obtained a part of his knowledge of practical affairs in the hard school of journalism. He and James G. Blaine were at one period of their lives rival reporters on daily papers in Augusta, Fuller on the Democratic paper, Blaine on the Republican.

From 1856 until 1888 Fuller lived in Chicago. Always a Democrat, like his father, Fuller was an active advocate of the political principles he espoused, and for many years held a niche in the Democratic machinery of Illinois. He was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of Illinois in 1862, and in the following year he served a single term in the Illinois legislature. As a delegate to presidential conventions he assisted in the nomination of four Democratic candidates for President, and in the last convention which he attended as a delegate, in 1876, he made the nominating speech for Thomas A. Hendricks.

After his arrival in Chicago his abilities and legal acumen were early recognized. He astonished the bench and bar by his masterful argument and the profound knowledge he displayed of ecclesiastical matters when he defended Bishop Cheney against the charge of heresy. His argument of the cause before the Supreme Court of Illinois ever will live as an unsurpassed example of forensic effort.

It was on April 30, 1888, that Grover Cleveland sent to a Republican Senate the name of the Democratic Chicago lawyer as that of the man who, in his opinion, was best fitted to occupy the position of Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. This nomination was referred to the Judiciary Committee of the Senate of the Fiftieth Congress, where it was under discussion for nearly three months before it was reported back to the Senate, indorsed, "without recommendation." The Senate, sitting in executive session, debated the nomination for hours, and it was finally confirmed by a vote of 41 to 20. Chief Justice Fuller owed his confirmation to the fact that nine Republicans voted with the Democrats to sustain the President's appointment.

Only two men in the history of this country were at the head of the Supreme Bench for a longer period than Chief Justice Fuller: John Marshall of Virginia was Chief Justice for thirty-four years and Roger B. Taney of Maryland, who succeeded him, held the position for twenty-nine years. Fuller was the sixth Chief Justice since the creation of the court—the interval between Taney's occupation and Fuller's ascension being filled by Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, who sat for nine years, and Morrison R. Waite, also of Ohio, who held the office for fourteen years. Since Chief Justice Fuller took the oath of office, twenty-two years ago, nineteen justices have been associated with him.

HOW UNCLE PAUL WAS EDUCATED.

Child Influence Depicted in a Remarkable Novel.

After an exile in America of over twenty years, Paul Rivers, the hero of Algernon Blackwood's remarkable novel, "The Education of Uncle Paul," is, at the opening of the story, on his way back to his native land of England. Eager as he is to catch a first glimpse of the shores he left as a young man of twenty-five, he discovers to his amazement that while a returning Irish emigrant is moved to tears when land comes in sight the spectacle leaves him unmoved emotionally. That is to say, while he had inward yearnings, he was unable to find expression for them.

Now this was a perplexing situation for Paul. He was going to the home of his widowed sister, who had a family of young children, and he felt that though he was at heart a dreamer of dreams his inability to express himself would be discovered by those children and make him look ridiculous in a week. What should he do?

He lay on his back an hour thinking out a plan of action. For, of course, he decided that he must go; only—he must go disguised. And he spent hours inventing the disguise, and more hours perfecting it. For the first time in his life he would adopt a distinct attitude, and, having carefully thought out the attitude he intended to adopt by way of disguise, he huddled it on like armor and fastened it very securely indeed to his large person.

From his sister Paul received the kindest of welcomes. She was still pensive from the death of her husband, who had been her brother's closest friend, but she gave him some idea as to the kind of children that had been born to her and Dick. Nixie was specially mentioned, as having all her father's "ideas and strange fancies," and the uncle learned how the child was in the habit of wandering in the woods near the house. And then came the introduction to the little band.

A few minutes later the door opened softly, and a procession, solemn of face and silent of foot, marched slowly into the room. The moment had come at last for his introduction, and, by a single stroke of unintentional diplomacy, his sister did more to winning her brother's shy heart than by anything else she could possibly have devised. She went out.

"They will prefer to make your acquaintance by themselves," she said in her gentle way, "and without any assistance from me."

The procession advanced to the middle of the room and then stopped short. Evidently, for them, the departure of their mother somewhat complicated matters. They had depended upon her to explain them to their uncle. There they stood, overcome by shyness, moving from one foot to another, with flushed and rosy faces, hair brushed, skin shining, and eyes all prepared to laugh as soon as somebody gave the signal, but not the least knowing how to begin.

And their uncle faced them in similar plight, as, for the second time that afternoon, shyness descended upon him like a cloud, and he could think of nothing to say. His size overwhelmed him; he felt like an elephant. With a sudden rush all his self-possession deserted him. He almost wished that his sister might return so that they should be brought up to him *seriatim*, named just as Adam named the beasts, and dismissed—which Adam did not do—with a kiss. It was really, of course—and he knew it to his secret mortification—a meeting on both sides of children; they all felt the shyness and self-consciousness of children, he as much as they, and at any moment might take the sudden plunge into careless intimacy, as the way with children ever is.

Meanwhile, however, he took rapid and careful note of them as they stood in that silent, fidgety group before him, with solemn, wide-open eyes fixed upon his face.

The youngest, being in his view little more than a baby, needs no description beyond the fact that it stared quite unintelligently without winking an eye. Its eyes, in fact, looked as though they were not made to close at all. And this is its one and only appearance.

Standing next to the baby, holding its hand, was a boy in a striped suit of knickerbockers, with a big brown curl like a breaking wave on the top of his forehead; he was between eight and nine years old, and his names—for of course he had two—were Richard Jonathan, shortened, as Paul learned later, into Jonah. He balanced himself with the utmost care in the centre of a particular square of carpet as though half an inch to either side would send him tumbling into a bottomless abyss. The fingers not claimed by the baby traveled slowly to and fro along the sticky line of his lower lip.

Close behind him, treating similarly another square of carpet, stood a rotund little girl, slightly younger than himself, named Arabella Lucy. There was a touch of audacity in her eyes, and an expression about the mouth that indicated the imminent approach of laughter. She had been distinctly washed and brushed up for the occasion. Her face shone like a polished onion skin. She had the same sort of brown hair that Jonah considered fashionable, and her name for all common daily purposes was Toby.

The eldest and most formidable of his tormentors, standing a little in advance of the rest, was Margaret Christina, shortened by her father (who, indeed, had been responsible for all the nicknames) into Nixie. And the name fitted her like a skin, for she was the true figure of a sprite, and looked as if she had just stepped out of the water and her hair had stolen the yellow of the sand. Her eyes ran about the room like sunshine from the surface of a stream, and her movements instantly made Paul think of water gliding over pebbles or ribbed sand with easy and gentle undulations. Flashlike he saw her in a clearing of his lonely woods, a creature of the elements. Her big blue eyes, too, were full of wonder and pensive intelligence, and she stood there in a motherly and protective manner as though she were quite equal to the occasion and would presently know how to act with both courage and wisdom.

And Nixie indeed it was, after this prolonged and critical pause, who commenced operations. There was a sudden movement in the group, and the next minute Paul was aware that she had left it and was walking slowly towards him. He noticed her graceful, flowing way of moving, and saw a sunburnt arm and hand extended in his direction. The next second she kissed him. And that kiss acted like an electric shock. Something in her that was magical met its kind in his own soul and, flame-like, leaped towards it. A little tide of hot life poured into him, troubled the deeps with a momentary sense of delicious bewilderment.

"How do you do, Uncle Paul?" she said; "we are very glad you have come—at last."

In a superficial way Paul and the children quickly made friends, but every moment he was on the alert

lest his tongue should slip. But on the part of the children the one anxiety of the moment was that uncle should see "the animals" before they went to bed. So Nixie and Toby took him by either hand and led the way to a kind of nursery-schoolroom where the menagerie was kept.

"These are our animals, you see, Uncle Paul," Jonah announced proudly from his position by the door. There was a trace of condescension in his tone.

"We have lots of out-of-doors animals as well, though," Toby hastened to explain, lest her uncle should be disappointed.

"I suppose they're out of doors?" said Paul lamely.

"Of course they are," replied Jonah; "in the stables and all about." He turned to Nixie, who stood quietly by her uncle's side in a protective way, superintending. Nixie nodded corroboration.

"Now, we'll introduce you—gradgilly," announced Toby, stooping down and lifting with immense effort the gray Persian that had been sleeping on the window-sill when they came in. She held it with great difficulty in her arms and hands, but in spite of her best efforts only a portion of it found actual support, the rest straggling away like a loosely stuffed bolster she could not encompass.

It was evidently accustomed to being dealt with thus in sections, for it continued to purr sleepily, blinking its large eyes with the usual cat-smile, and letting its head fall backwards as though it suddenly desired to examine the ceiling from an entirely fresh point of view. None of its real attention, of course, was given to the actual proceeding. It merely suffered the absurd affairs—absent-mindedly and with condescension. Its whiskers moved gently.

"What's its name?" he asked kindly.

"Her name," whispered Nixie.

"We call her Mrs. Thompkins, because it's old now," Toby explained, ignoring genders.

"After the head gardener's grandmother," Nixie explained hastily in his ear; "but we might change it to Uncle Paul in honor of you now, mightn't we?"

"Mrs. Uncle Paul," corrected Jonah, looking on with slight disapproval, and anxious to get to the white mice and the squirrel.

"It would be a pity to change the name, I think," Paul said, straightening himself up dizzily from the introduction, and watching the splendid creature fall upon its head from Toby's weakening grasp, and then march away with unperturbed dignity to its former throne upon the window-sill. "I feel rather afraid of Mrs. Thompkins," he added; "she's so very majestic."

"Oh, you needn't be," they cried in chorus.

"It's all put on, you know, that sort of grand manner. We knew her when she was a kitten."

For a time Uncle Paul was able to preserve his disguise intact, but at last there arrived a day when the farce was ended. Nixie came to him late one evening as he was sitting on the lawn smoking, for she had "something" to say to him.

He turned sharply to look at his companion. But first he put the hood back, for she seemed more human that way.

"Well, child!" he said, as gruffly as he could manage, "and what is it you have stayed up so late to ask me?"

"It's something I have to say to you, not to ask," she replied at once demurely. There was a delicious severity about her.

After a pause of twenty seconds she tripped round in front of him and stared full into his face. He felt as though she cried "Hands up" and held a six-shooter to his head. She pulled the trigger that same moment.

"Isn't it time now to stop writing all those reports, and take off your dressing-up things?" she asked with decision.

Paul stopped abruptly and tried to disengage his hand, but she held him so tightly that he could not escape without violence.

"What dressing-up things are you talking about?" he asked, forcing a laugh which, he admitted himself, sounded quite absurd.

"All this pretending that you're so old, and don't know about things—I mean real things—our things."

He searched as in a fever for the right words—words that should be true and wise and safe—but before he could pick them out of the torrent of sentences that streamed through his mind, she had gone on again. She spoke calmly but very gravely:

"We are so tired of helping to pretend with you; and we've been waiting patiently so long. Even Toby knows it's only 'guise you put on to tease us."

"Even Toby?" he repeated foolishly, avoiding her brilliant eyes.

"And it really isn't quite fair, you know. There are so very few that care—and understand—"

There came a little quaver in her voice. She hardly came up to his shoulder. He felt as though a whole bathful of happiness had suddenly been upset inside him, and was running about deliciously through his whole being—as though he wanted to run and dance and sing. It was like the reaction after tight boots—collars—or tight armor—and the blood was beginning to flow again mightily. Nothing could stop it. Some keystone in the fabric of his being dropped or shifted. His whole inner world fell into a new pattern. Resistance was no longer possible or desirable. He had done his best. Now he would give in and enjoy himself at last.

"But, my dear child—my dear little Nixie—"

"No, really, uncle, there's no good talking like that," she interrupted, her voice under command again, though still aggrieved, "because you know quite well we're all waiting for you to join us properly—our society, I mean—and have our adventures with us—"

She called it "adventures." She left out all consonants when excited. The word caught him sharply. Nixie had wounded him better than she knew.

"Er—then do you have adventures?" he asked.

"Of course—wonderful."

"But not—er—the sort—er—I could join in?"

"Of course; very wonderful adventures. That's what Daddy used to call them—before he went away."

After this further pretense was impossible. Capitulating wholly to the new and delightful situation, Paul allowed himself to be initiated into the children's secret society with all due ceremony, and not long after Nixie and Jonah came to his bedroom when he had retired for the night and invited him to go with them out into the woods in search of "the crack."

"Quick!" she whispered, "listen and I'll tell you. We're going to find the crack between Yesterday and Tomorrow, and then—slip through it."

His heart leaped with excitement as he heard.

"Go on," he cried. "Tell me more!"

"You see, Yesterday really begins just after midnight when Today ends," she said, "and Tomorrow begins there too."

"Of course."

"After midnight, Tomorrow jumps away again a whole day, and is as far off as ever. That's the nearest you can get to Tomorrow."

"I see."

"And Yesterday, which has been a whole day away, suddenly jumps up close behind again. So that Yesterday and Tomorrow," she went on, eager with excitement, "meet at midnight for a single second before flying off to their new places. Daddy told us that long ago."

"Exactly. They must."

"But now the world is old and worn. There's a tiny little crack between Yesterday and Tomorrow. They don't join as they once did, and, if we're very quick, we can find the crack and slip through."

"Bless my Timber Limits!" he exclaimed; "what a glorious notion!"

"And, once inside there, there's no time, of course," she went on, more and more hurriedly. "Anything may happen, and everything come true."

"The very region I was thinking about just now!" thought Paul. "The very place! I've found it!"

"Do hurry up, oh, do!" put in Jonah with a loud whisper that echoed down the corridor, for his patience was at length exhausted by all this explanation. "You are so slow getting started."

"Ready!" cried Paul and Nixie in the same breath.

They were off! Down the dark and silent stairs on tiptoe, through the empty halls, past the hat-racks and the stuffed deer heads that grinned down upon them from the walls, along the stone passage to the kitchen region, where the row of red fire-huckets gleamed upon the shelves, and so, past the ghostly pantry, to the back door. This they found open, for Jonah had already run ahead and unlocked it. Another minute and they had crossed the yard by the stables, where the pump stood watching them like a figure with an outstretched arm, and soon were well out on to the lawn at the back of the house. The rain had ceased, but the wind caught them here with such tremendous blows and shouting that they could hardly hear themselves speak, and had to keep closely together in a bunch to make their way at all. It was pitch dark and the stars were bidden. Paul stumbled and floundered, treading incessantly on the toes of the more nimble children. Smoke ran like a black shadow, now in front, now behind.

"We're nearly there," Nixie cried encouragingly, as he made a false step and landed with a crash in the middle of some low laurel bushes. "But do be more careful, uncle, please," she added, helping him out again.

"There's the clock striking!" Jonah called, a little in front of them. "We're only just in time!"

Paul recovered himself and pulled up beside them under the shadows of the big twin cedars that stood like immense sentries at the end of the lawn. He came rolling in, swaying like a ship in a heavy sea. And, as he did so, the sound of a church bell striking the hour came to their ears through the terrific uproar of the elements, blown this way and that by the wind.

It was midnight striking.

At the same instant he heard a peculiar sharp sound like whistling—the noise wind makes tearing through a narrow opening.

"The crack, the crack!" cried his guides together. "That's the air rushing. It's coming. Look out!" They seized him by the hands.

"But I shall never get through," shouted Paul, thinking of his size for the first time.

"Yes, you will," Nixie screamed back at him above the roar.

"Between the sixth and seventh strokes, remember."

The fifth stroke had already sounded. The wind caught it and went shrieking into the sky.

Six! hoomed the distant bell through the night. They held his hands in a vise.

There was a sound like an express train tearing through the air. A quick flash of brilliance followed, and a long list seemed to open suddenly in the sky before them, and then flashed past like lightning. Nixie tugged at one hand, and Jonah tugged at the other. Smoke scampered madly past his feet.

A wild rush of wind swept him along, whistling in his ears: there was a breathless and giddy sensation of dropping through empty space that seemed as though it could never end—and then Paul suddenly found himself sitting on a grassy bank beside a river, Nixie and Jonah on either side of him, and Smoke washing his face in front of them as though nothing in the whole world had ever happened to disturb his equanimity. And a bright, soft light, like the light of the sun, shone warmly over everything.

"Only just managed it," Nixie observed to Jonah. "He is rather wide, isn't he?"

"Everybody's thin somewhere," was the reply.

"And the crack is very stretchy"—she added—"luckily."

Paul drew a long breath and stretched himself.

"Well," he said, still a little breathless and dizzy, "such things were never done in my day."

"But this isn't your day any more," explained Nixie, her blue eyes popping with laughter and mischief, "it's your night. And, anyhow, as I told you there's no time here at all. There's no hurry now."

From that time onward the "education" of Uncle Paul progressed apace. So much so that he resolved to make his home in England, but went back to America for a few weeks to settle his affairs there. Nixie had determined him to devote his life to battling against the wrongs and suffering of childhood.

Then, coming back with the joy of this approaching labor in his heart, the veil of great sadness descended upon his newly opening life and set him in the midst of a dreadful void, a blank of pain and loneliness that nothing seemed able to fill. Nixie went from him. The Hand that gilds the stars, and touched her hair with the yellow of the sands drew her also away. Just when her gentle companionship had justified itself for him as something ideally charming that should last always, a breath of wintry wind passed down upon that gray house under the bill, and, lo, she was gone—gone like the spirit of her little birch tree from the cruelities of December.

He was in time to say good-by—nothing more; in time to see the awful shadow fall silently upon the wasted little face, and to feel the cold of eternal winter creep into the thin hand that lay to the last within his own. Not a single word did he utter as he sat there beside the bed, choked to the brim with feelings that never yet have known the words to clothe them. That cold entered his own heart, too, and numbed it.

Nixie it was that spoke, though she, too, said little enough. The lips moved feebly. He lowered his head to catch the last breath.

"I shall come back," he heard faintly, "just as the trees do in the spring!"

Nixie kept her promise. At any rate, it seemed so to Paul. Through the shadows of eventime her spirit often became visible to the uncle whose soul she had unsealed, and her voice seemed to speak in the old whimsical, poetic way. And so the angel child kept her uncle company for the rest of his life, teaching him that even death was nothing more than "slipping through the Crack" to a fuller life.

THE EDUCATION OF UNCLE PAUL. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Out of the Night.

Literally "out of the night" does the heroine make her entrance into the story. After landing in England from America, Vernon Wilmot set out on foot to find an aunt living in a rural district, lost her way, plodded on wearily through a stormy night and happens to seek refuge at a house wherein her husband-to-be was carrying on a flirtation with a woman who had run away from one man and married another. But there is more to the mystery of the story than this, the unravelling of which will contribute not a little to the reader's interest. For background Mrs. Reynolds has chosen a picturesque countryside of England, with characters of a naturally inquisitive bent and marked individuality. The story moves forward without any halting and has many good episodes. Vernon and Jem are cleverly drawn, while the miserable Laura is a pathetic figure of poignant interest. The dialogue is sprightly, and altogether the novel is an achievement upon which its author may be congratulated.

OUT OF THE NIGHT. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

Dr. Thorne's Idea.

Dr. Thorne with his mystic notions about the revisitation of the earth by Christ is somewhat late in making his appearance in this story. But that was inevitable. Mr. Mitchell has to show the need for Dr. Thorne, to prepare the stage, as it were, and this he does in a thorough manner by his descriptions of the thieving James Wadsworth and his near-criminal son Steve. Those early chapters are the best constructed, and perhaps will most enchain the interest of the reader. The narrative is not wholly sordid, for Mr. Mitchell has a happy gift of quiet humor, and in the case of Steve is able to suggest something of the soul of goodness in things evil. The story makes considerable demands upon the credulity of the reader, for the meetings and remeetings of the principal characters strain the law of probability to the breaking point. However, the resulting influence of the novel is entirely wholesome, even though a suspicion will assert itself that Steve's final redemption is achieved at a somewhat disproportionate cost.

DR. THORNE'S IDEA. By John Ames Mitchell. New York: Life Publishing Company; \$1 net.

The Russian Road to China.

Aside from a tendency to become somewhat too historical in his opening chapter, Mr. Bates has much of interest and value to impart in recording his experiences of a journey over the Cossack path to China. His account of the great Siberian railroad is exceedingly vivid, for this traveler is a "good mixer" and can obtain excellent "copy" from all kinds of people. There is also an admirable chapter devoted to Irkutsk, which holds its charm just so long as its novelties are unworn. Then the visitor is hard put to it for recreation, as its amusements are of the grosser order unredeemed by wit. "The students discuss hotly the rights of man and the Valhalla prepared for all martyrs, and calm, simple, wholesome life seems to be reserved for the workaday world which moves on its slow upward way in silence."

Instead of going into hysterics about "revolution" in Russia, Mr. Bates writes sanely about "evolution." He sees no prospect of a revolution in the empire of the Czar, for "governmental restrictions press rather less than one might imagine upon the plain workaday people," while the much-condemned passport is of no more inconvenience than showing a railroad ticket and "does not come within 'forty sagenes' of the custom-house inquisition which faces every American citizen on his return home." Indeed, Mr. Bates affirms that it is no overstatement to declare that in many matters of individual liberty the Slav enjoys more than the American. Whether for pleasurable reading or instruction the volume may be warmly commended.

THE RUSSIAN ROAD TO CHINA. By Lindon Bates, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net.

The Black Forest.

Perhaps the best test of a travel book is to consider whether the author inspires his reader with a desire to visit the places he describes. Judged by such a standard, Mr. Hughes has written an eminently successful volume. Few will be able to read his pleasant pages without longing to tread in his footsteps. And the more so because he assures us that in the Black Forest there are no rohhers, either on the road or in the inns.

In the opinion of Mr. Hughes the best point of departure is Strashurg, not alone because from the topmost pinnacle of the cathedral one may get a view of all the hills of the Black Forest, but because it is the French gate of entrance and brings the visitor nearest to the Kinzig Valley of many attractions. So the reader is taken at the start to the dizzy height of Strashurg cathedral and shown all the glories of the land he is to explore. That experience will make him eager to keep Mr. Hughes company, for he is an ideal companion, chatting in a bappy manner and with a

keen eye for what is of interest and a gift of droll expression. Thus the statue of Drake in the market-place of Offenbure is noted but not approved: "It is not, I think, the face of an explorer, but still less is it the face of a man who would introduce potatoes into Europe. It is not reckless enough, nor sufficiently scientific." Again, observing that the church at Haslack is large enough to seat the population ten times over, Mr. Hughes notes that "the people of these little Black Forest towns seem to require plenty of room for their devotions." One never loses the sense of companionship in this entertaining volume.

A BOOK OF THE BLACK FOREST. By C. E. Hughes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

Our Garden Flowers.

Having failed in a lifelong search for a book with which "one might make a little journey into the garden and become acquainted with the dwellers therein," Harriet L. Keeler has attempted to supply the want in the present work. Some fifteen pages are devoted to a careful list of genera and species, and then follow admirable descriptions of garden plants, ranging from the najadaceae or pondweed family to the composite. The characters are given in the terms of botany, but in addition there are lucid expositions invaluable for purposes of identification. Sweet herbs are dealt with in a separate section of the volume, and it should not be overlooked that the book is equipped with a good glossary of botanical terms and an excellent index. Also throughout the illustrations are unusually numerous and of high quality.

OUR GARDEN FLOWERS. By Harriet L. Keeler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

The Old Order Changeth.

De Tocqueville would not recognize in the America of today the America he visited nearly a century ago. This is Mr. White's conviction, and he attributes the change to the common use of steam. Having indicated effect and cause, he sets himself the task of telling, "not in the language of a trained scientist, but in the words of an observer in the midst of the life that now is, something about the present status of society in America."

Democracy has become modified, we are told, by the "extra-constitutional government" which began to take charge of America about twenty-five years ago. Mr. White seems to think some change was needed; we have chained the devil to some extent, he believes, but "we have lost somewhat of finesse, somewhat of spirituality, by throwing off considerations of ecclesiasticism and of feudalism. For democracy is crass, and the very palpableness of the thing that moves us must in its nature keep democracy crass and ugly and brutal so long as we are guided chiefly by greed." So the present problem is to make business honest; "we can not hope to socialize the forces of steam in our civilization until we control and socialize ourselves." And how is that to be accomplished? Not by the secret hallot, nor the direct primary, nor commissions and charters, not even by what the courts can do. "The vital question is what will our schools do for us." In short, we must begin low down and see that the sense of justice is taught rightly to those in the sixth grade, who are to be the majorities of the future.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A Publisher's Life-Story.

Whether the present owners of the various periodicals with which he was associated will be pleased with Mr. Thayer for giving away so many tricks of the trade is an open question, but it must be admitted that he has written a lively and interesting though somewhat unreliable hook. It is, in fact, such an autobiography as Franklin might have penned had he lived in these more hustling times. It tells the story of thirty years' hard work, beginning with juvenile efforts as a printer and publisher, and ending with an association with *Everybody's Magazine* which was lucrative enough to enable Mr. Thayer to retire. His connection with the *Ladies' Home Journal* as advertising manager is the subject of a particularly entertaining chapter, while that entitled "A Month and a Day with Munsey" demonstrates that the person named is "a genius in spots." But it matters little to what part of the hook the reader turns, he will find everywhere something to catch his eye, amuse him, or instruct. Mr. Thayer is probably most proud of the fight he made in the interest of clean advertising, resulting in the elimination from the periodical he served of hair-restorer, cure-all medicine advertisements, and the like.

ASTIR. A Publisher's Life-Story. By John Adams Thayer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.20 net.

An American Citizen.

Hardly bad William Henry Baldwin, Jr., passed away than requests were made to his family for some account of his life. They came from playfellows of his boyhood, classmates at school and university, and from business associates high and low in the railroad. According to Mr. Brooks, "the most frequent reason given why a 'life' should be written has been that such an example of

civic usefulness should be preserved for others. The best expression of this is in the words of his wife, Mrs. Ruth Standish Baldwin: 'It has been my hope that Mr. Baldwin's life might be an encouragement to young men to do their best. I had thought more especially of students like himself, going out into the struggle and needing there every inspiration that could give them strength.'"

That these requests were wise is proved by the present volume. It is not a memoir of incident so much as a study of ideals. It is, indeed, an almost abstract picture of a man who abhorred the usual type of business morality. When Mr. Baldwin was told, "Very well, then, you simply pass the business over to your less scrupulous rival," he replied, "I'll take that risk. What I can't do straight, he shall have." It was a strong theory with him that railroads should be regulated in the public interest, but he would hear nothing of public ownership. He was also a conservative in his view of trade unions, the test with him ever being the liberty of the individual. But in all relations of life it was true of him that personal ambitions and advantage were secondary to the accomplishment of beneficial results.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN. Life of William Henry Baldwin, Jr. By John Graham Brooks. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

That knowledge of the East which has stood B. L. Putnam Weale in such good stead in his serious hooks enables him to create in "The Human Cohweb" (Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50) a realistic Chinese atmosphere. The scene of the story is laid in Peking and its theme is concerned with the struggles of Europeans hiding against each other for concessions from the Chinese government. But in addition there is a love episode of absorbing interest.

An admirable child's story is "Little Miss Fales" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.25), which confesses to the joint authorship of Emilie Benson and Alden Arthur Knipe. It tells of a little maiden who is named "John" because of her hoyish traits, which include pluck of an unusual order, to say nothing of a rare good humor. Glimpses of foreign travel play a part in the story, and at the end the little heroine is rewarded for her faithful devotion to her mother.

Among the themes discussed in an earnest manner by Elmer Ellsworth Brown in "Government by Influence" (Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.35) are the self-respect of cities, the development of agricultural education, the relations of religious and secular education, the needs of children in the United States, and industrial education as a national interest. Each chapter contains many useful suggestions, and the hook as a whole is remarkable for its lofty spirit and high ideals.

Edward Breck's studies of animal life in "Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net) make an exceedingly entertaining volume, even though it is designed to "stand as an inspiration to study nature reverently at first hand, and a protest against those baneful results of modern civilization—insensate luxury and false and artificial standards of life." The hook is rich in incident, conveys a large amount of instruction in a pleasant form, and is well illustrated from photographs.

Alice Meynell's graceful pen is responsible for a delightful little volume entitled "Ceres' Runaway" (John Lane Company; \$1.25 net), which gathers up twenty-one dainty essays. There is an excellent study of the painter Haydon, which points the moral that there is no pardon for making mistakes as to one's powers, and another on "The Audience," which has some pertinent views as to theatre-going people. Mrs. Meynell thinks the time may come when "a national school of dramatic audience shall not accept artifices that could not convince the fool among them."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A First Book in Psychology.

As a rule a book about psychology is a forbidding thing. It abounds in technical jargon, and leaves the reader at the close of his ordeal no wiser than before. But Miss Calkins is an ideal expositor, and the present volume is as fascinating as a novel. Its chief charm is that a practical, lucid example is never far away. One example must suffice. In discussing the unhappy emotions Miss Calkins writes: "Every revolt from tyranny and oppression is a living illustration of the contrast between terror or fear and hatred. Why did the French peasantry, who endured the burdens of Louis Quatorze, rebel against the materially lessened impositions of Louis Seize? What is the nature of the emotional contrast between the two generations, only a century apart: in the earlier period, hapless suffering from disease, starvation, and exaction of every sort, without the stirring of opposition; a hundred years later, fierce and furious resentment against oppression and misery? There is only one answer to questions such as these. The peasants of the older period were still bound by the traditional belief that court and nobles were naturally above them, loftier and more powerful than they. . . . Rousseau's teachings of the essential likeness of man to man, once it took root in the mind of the French people, grew of necessity into the conviction that peasants and nobles were no longer separated by an impassable barrier." This is an admirable handbook, whether for college or home use.

A FIRST BOOK IN PSYCHOLOGY. By Mary Whiton Calkins. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.90 net.

Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens.

Disagreeing with those writers on horticulture who give the impression that "in America a successful garden springs from the soil as much as Minerva did from the head of Jupiter," Helen R. Albee adopts the more honest if less attractive policy of setting down a record of the ignorance and repeated failures which have attended her efforts to call a garden into being. This is the way to discount disappointment, and the reader who learns the lessons taught in these pages will be inured to hardships and equipped to make them as few as possible. The various chapters describe an incipient garden, the growth of the garden and its owner's ambitions, seeds, propagation of plants, vices of plants, and various other important matters. Throughout the writer maintains a strain of cheeriness, while the practical advice is of the best because based upon long experience. The charm of gardening is well put: "I feel unified and in harmony with the world about me; I am one of the working forces of Nature. So the real flower of the garden is ever extending onward and upward as a revelation of spiritual insight." Nearly half the volume is devoted to an exceedingly useful list of hardy trees, shrubs, perennials, and annuals. There are many well-chosen illustrations and a capital index.

HARDY PLANTS FOR COTTAGE GARDENS. By Helen R. Albee. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.60 net.

The New Baedeker.

If Mr. Peck could divest himself of his irritating self-consciousness and were less obviously so pleased with his own performances, he would have more admirers. Does he not realize that a man generally gets the waters he deserves, and that that may be the reason why he was served in the Adelphi Hotel at Liverpool by "the most insolent German waiters that can be found in Europe"? He can not describe the voyage without sneering at most of his fellow-passengers, and all through these chapters there lingers the impression of a very superior person on his travels. Which is a pity, for Mr. Peck can be entertaining and has an observant eye. Between the lines, the descriptions of Havre and Trouville, of Berlin, Rome, Rouen, Brussels and Malines, and Liverpool contain much amusing comment, and the chapters devoted to America are bright with anecdote and characterization. Of course Mr. Peck does not like Boston; two of a trade never agree. Hence his delight in telling the story of a Boston lady who asked a distinguished visitor whether he had noticed any difference between the English spoken by cultivated Americans elsewhere and the English he had heard in Boston. No, was the reply, except that "cultivated Americans elsewhere speak easy English, while the same class of Americans in Boston speak anxious English." On ship-board Mr. Peck appears to have been annoyed by couples making love. That seems curious.

THE NEW BAEDERER. By Harry Thurston Peck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50 net.

In and Out of Florence.

Max Vernon's "new introduction to a well-known city" tells of two Florences; the one peculiar to the author and his wife, and the other comprising the churches, galleries, and palaces familiar through so many books.

From the first section of the book the prospective visitor can gain much valuable information. It tells about hotels and pensions in a gossipy way, and then uncovers the secret

of house-hunting and home-life in the famous city. In his pleasant chapter descriptive of the villa he rented, Mr. Vernon tells also of the nearby villa which was the former country home of Eleonora Duse, with its quiet garden full of roses. In one window was wont to stand a vase with a single white rose whenever the actress was at home. Not far away is the farm leased by Gabriele d'Annunzio, but in his absence is "mostly given over to a horde of pampered dogs of a dozen breeds."

Even when Mr. Vernon comes to the Florence and its environs about which so much has been written he maintains his hold on his reader. Thus from every point of view the book is a welcome addition to Florentine literature, and its text attractions are enhanced by generous illustration. The reproductions of photographs are admirable examples of half-tone work, while the numerous dainty pen sketches let into the type are a constant source of pleasure.

IN AND OUT OF FLORENCE. By Max Vernon. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

While it is good news to learn that the "Dictionary of National Biography" is to be supplemented by three volumes which are to deal with the lives of famous people who died during the reign of Edward VII, there are many users of that invaluable work who would be still more pleased to learn that the original edition is to undergo a thorough revision in the light of recent information. And, by the way, when will a firm of American publishers emulate the noble example of Smith, Elder & Co. by undertaking a similar dictionary of the illustrious sons and daughters of the United States?

Jane Addams's own account of her notable lifework in Chicago is to be published in the fall under the title of "Twenty Years at Hull House."

Contrary to reports which have been made in several quarters, Mrs. Charles Barclay, the author of "The Rosary," is not an American despite the fact that her novel is published by the Putnams. Like Lucas Malet, Mrs. Barclay is the wife of an Episcopalian clergyman, and is sister to Mrs. Ballington Booth.

Henry Milner Rideout's latest novel, "The Twisted Foot," has been added to the list of books for crews' libraries in the United States navy.

Arrangements for the celebration of the centenary of Thackeray's birth in July next year are being made by the Titmarsh Club. Of course there will be a public dinner, but in addition the event will be commemorated by an exhibition of pictures, manuscripts, and personal relics of the great novelist.

E. Phillips Oppenheim has given up his business interests to devote his entire time to travel and writing. He is to visit America, the native land of his wife, and make arrangements for future books. His latest novel, "Havoc," is to appear in serial form in the *Smart Set Magazine*.

Dulcet sentences were used by Professor Perrin in presenting John Burroughs for the degree of doctor of laws at Yale. "No living American realizes the sweet dream of Horace better than Mr. Burroughs. He passed from the education of a country academy and from school teaching through a clerkship in the United States treasury and national bank examinership to the undisturbed cultivation of fruit and literature. Our Augustus likes to visit him; our Rome and our Mæcenæ are within easy reach." Augustus we know, of course, and New York may stand for the city of the Tiber, but who is "our Mæcenæ"? Professor Perrin wisely avoided all reference to nature-faking, for that would have ruined his Horatian simile.

Two hundred dollars for a copy of the first edition of "Alice in Wonderland" would have seemed a goodly achievement to Lewis Carroll, otherwise that clerical recluse known to his friends as the Rev. C. L. Dodgson. The creator of Alice has been dead twelve years, but his unique illustrator, Sir John Tenniel, still survives at the patriarchal age of ninety.

Paul Elmer More's editorial duties are happily not so absorbing as to interfere with the annual production of a "Shelburne Essays" volume. That which is due in the approaching fall will discuss, among other nineteenth century authors, Shelley, Wordsworth, Hood, Tennyson, William Morris, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

An exhaustive account of those privateers who preyed on Spanish commerce and sacked Spanish cities along the shores of the Caribbean will be given by C. H. Haring in his forthcoming "The Buccaneers in the West Indies in the Seventeenth Century." The volume will be based on research among contemporary and unpublished documents.

Upwards of one hundred and seventy thousand dollars have been expended by the British government on the four volumes of the official history of the Boer War. So minute was the proof revision that not a single error has been detected, even to the initials of a subordinate officer. Proofs are said to have

been submitted to the private soldiers engaged in the events recorded.

New Books Received.

VERA OF THE STRONG HEART. By Marion Mole. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

In the English competition of which the first prize was won by "A Marriage Under the Terror" this novel was awarded the second place. The judges give it high praise, one declaring that "the power of description is very unusual."

WHEN LOVE CALLS MEN TO ARMS. By Stephen Chalmers. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50. Described as "an autobiography of love and adventure, truthfully set down by Rorie Maclean, laird of Kilellan, in the seventeenth century, and here rewritten from the original MS. into clearer English."

THE GOSSAMER THREAD. By Venita Seibert. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A modern fairy tale, concerned with the doings of Velleda, "who understood about the 'different world.'"

ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER. By A. S. M. Hutchins. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.50.

Not to be read, the author remarks, "by those who in their novels would have the entertainment of characters that are brilliant and wealthy, noble of birth or admirable of spirit."

ELIZABETH DAVENAY. By Claire de Pratz. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.50.

A study of life in France centring in Paris. The characters are vivacious and the situations full of interest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRINCESS HELENE VON RACOWITZA. An Autobiography. Authorized translation from the German by Cecil Mar. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.50.

Frank revelations of a varied life written "not to shock my readers, but to warn them of certain things in life which are better avoided, or maybe to prove to them that, after all, the best thing life contains is courage to uphold truth."

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN. The Life of William Henry Baldwin, Jr. By John Graham Brooks. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

A study of special appeal to young men starting on their career, and to older people who are interested in industrial or sociological problems.

ASTIR. A Publisher's Life-Story. By John Adams Thayer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.20 net.

Described as "the real business story of a real business man." The publishers assert that not since the "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" have they issued so "human" a book.

MARIUS THE EPICUREAN. 2 Vols. THE RENAISSANCE. By Walter Pater. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Three volumes in the collected edition of Pater's works. The typography is admirable, the paper of first rate quality, and the binding tasteful and dignified.

FROM IRISH CASTLES TO FRENCH CHATEAUX. By Norma Bright Carson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

An attractive record of a tour in Europe, with chapters on the Scottish Lake district, Edinburgh, literary London, the homes of Milton, Paris, and Versailles. There are numerous illustrations from photographs.

THE VALLEY OF AOSTA. By Felice Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2 net.

An enthusiastic and picturesque account of the famous Italian valley with sketches of its mountain scenery, castles, forts, etc. The volume is richly illustrated and there are some admirable maps.

THE FUTURE OF TRADE-UNIONISM AND CAPITALISM IN A DEMOCRACY. By Charles W. Eliot. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net.

Two lectures given under the Larwill foundation which reach the conclusion that the establishment of right relations between capital and labor will not prevent the production in every generation of a small number of rich men.

MARK TWAIN'S SPEECHES. With a preface by Mark Twain and an introduction by W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

Mr. Howells says he never heard Clemens speak when he quite failed; "he studied every word and syllable, and memorized them by a system of mnemonics peculiar to himself."

A LABRADOR SPRING. By Charles W. Townsend. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.50.

Describes a cruise along the southwest Labrador coast, gives an interesting account of Indian life, and offers some suggestive studies of natural history. Illustrations from photographs by the author.

THE COMING RELIGION. By Charles F. Dole. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Pleads for tolerance and sympathy toward the men of all forms of faith, and teaches that it is impossible to live the life of religion in the terms of this study without living a "life of hope."

THE HISTORIC EPISCOPATE. By Robert Ellis Thompson. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press.

Represents the study of nearly half a century, and deals with the New Testament age, the Presbyterian Fathers, and comes down to Tudor, Stuart, and modern Anglicanism.

THE REAL ROOSEVELT. Edited by Alan Warner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net.

Devoted to his "forceful and fearless utterances on various subjects." There is a foreword by Lyman Abbott.

STANDARDS OF REASONABLENESS IN LOCAL FREIGHT DISCRIMINATIONS. By John Maurice Clark. New York: Columbia University; \$1.25.

An attempt to "gather from scientific and popular discussions alike the various ideas as to what constitutes reasonableness as between different localities in the adjustment of freight rates."

THE TRANSITION IN VIRGINIA FROM COLONY TO COMMONWEALTH. By Charles Ramsdell Lingley. New York: Columbia University; \$1.50.

A study of the Revolution within the limits of Virginia.

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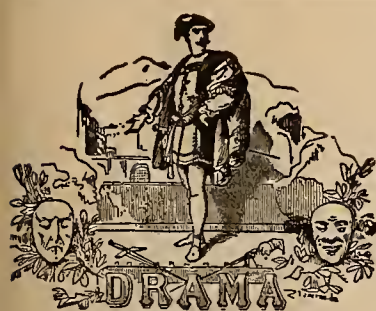
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IBSEN'S "PILLARS OF SOCIETY."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Evidently a new Ibsen play—new, at least, in its acted form—is something of a drawing card to judge by the line in front of the Columbia Theatre, on the occasion of the first "Pillars of Society" matinee. The management evidently took heart of grace, for the piece, billed at first for only two Wednesday matinees, was promptly announced for two additional evening performances during the second week of Mrs. Fiske's engagement.

Ibsen is an iconoclast; and so, although the curtain rose on an attractively simple scene of social engagement, in which the pastor of the little Norwegian town in which the action takes place is reading aloud to a group of ladies gathered around a table employed in useful sewing, well we know that there is a strong individuality somewhere in the background that is going to introduce the element of discord upon the peaceful scene. These ladies, it presently turns out, are members of a society allied together for "the moral regeneration of the lapsed and lost." Each one of them, and the pastor preeminently so, is permeated with a soothing consciousness of respectability, prosperity, and self-righteousness. The pastor is a Chadhand at heart, although mild, apparently harmless, and really well-meaning on the surface. He is infected, thoroughly infected, with the disease of the town. It is the same old disease, the manifestations of which embittered Ibsen's youth, and drove him, in self-exile, from his own land in his maturer years—hypocrisy.

It presently appears that these godly ladies indulge freely in the joys of scandal-mongering. The group dissolves, but several of the guests who remain embark, for the edification of a newcomer to the town, upon a long recital of some discreditable happenings in the lives of several relatives of their host and hostess. This scene is a most taxing one for the auditor, for, cleverly as Ibsen brings it around, so that the audience is informed as to the state of things as they are with the leading characters, it is a desperately difficult task to follow the recital intelligently and keep tab on the relationships and identities of the people involved.

I will therefore say, for the edification of those who will see the play this week, that the story as related by the scandal-mongers is briefly this: Johan Tonnesen, younger brother of Mrs. Bernick—the hostess—has left town some years before for America, under a cloud. He is believed to have been the lover of a woman known as Madame, who died, after he abandoned her, leaving her child Dina, who is at present a member of the Bernick household, having been brought up by Martha Bernick. Martha, a gentle, patient, good soul, worthy of her name, is a school teacher, the sister of Karsten Bernick (Holbrook Blinn), the big man of the town, and master of the house in which the guests are assembled. Lona Hessel (Mrs. Fiske) is mentioned as a highly eccentric woman. She is the step-sister of Mrs. Bernick, and also of young Johan. Lona is the iconoclast. She has in the past flown in the face of all prejudices and ignored the town standards by her eccentricities, her independence, and her laughing jibes at the conventional tenets of the townspeople. The women speak of her with bated breath, as if she were a communist. They infect the audience with their deas, and when, during the moment that a circus parade is passing by, the rigorously closed curtains are thrust apart, and Lona Hessel bursts in, we are thoroughly disposed to regard her as the Scarlet Woman in person.

This, however, is a little joke that Ibsen plays on us. The right hearings of the whole story are presently revealed to us. Lona stands for truth, honor, candor, courage, independence. She flings the closed curtains aside and asks for fresh air, and by that act typifies her place in this drama of warring motives and unwholesome hypocrisies.

Lona is not the protagonist. Him she has come to watch, to warn, to awaken. It is Karsten Bernick, the magnate of the town, the promoter of its wealth, the custodian of its traditions, who is the prominent figure in the play. He has loved Lona in his youth, but had put that love aside, choosing for a wife a woman of more conventional nature and greater wealth. This man occupies the centre of the battle-ground, in the conflict between his baser self and the ideals of honor and

independence to which Lona sturdily clings. He is the hidden sinner who is the unsuspected father of Dina, and he has allowed the story of Johan's financial dishonesty—which existed only in the scandal-loving imaginations of the town—to grow and spread, in order to keep the young man away and thus prevent discovery of his own sins.

The power and interest of the play lie in the development of evil intent and unscrupulous purpose, leading to almost criminal acts of this strong man, who is one of the pillars of the town, in the upholding of falseness and that special brand of Philistine morality which Ibsen so despises.

To maintain his position, to retain his wealth, this man not only lives a lie, but lends himself to deliberately filching away the good name of another. Not only that, but, in his shipyard, he forces his foreman to declare a rotten, unseaworthy ship ready for a voyage that his clerk tells him will never be completed. The man he has wronged is to sail in that ship, and the prospect of release from the fear of discovery paralyzes his conscience.

In "Pillars of Society" Ibsen has accomplished the wonderful feat of placing before us the intimate psychology of a soul, and haring to the view of a theatrical audience its most secret, most desperate struggles. Lona Hessel's purpose in the play now becomes apparent. She has loved the man who gave her up, and, with her brother, she has returned from America to be as a sort of conscience-beacon to him in the terrible breakers in which he is struggling. She hopes, and still hopes even when he seems to have sounded the knell of his dead rectitude.

She is present when the two men have it out. To our amazement, she encourages the wronged Johan to return to America without accusing the other and vindicating his own good name with the self-incriminating letters written by Karsten. She watches Karsten with her bright eyes, dropping continually brief, trenchant utterances to right the wrong that has perverted all his ideas.

Later, she amazes us again by tearing into his letters that are Johan's only defense. But she dares to do it because she has hopes, almost convictions, of his ultimate victory over himself. The victory comes at the last, when Bernick, wrought to a pitch of high exaltation by the safe return of his young runaway son from the ship that was sure to founder, suddenly resolves to confess his faults to his townsmen, who have assembled to do him honor.

The action of the play works up splendidly to this point. Bernick, who has been proud, stiff-necked, and ruthless in his pitiless egoism, has nevertheless been under such a frightful tension that the spectator of this soul-struggle foresees calamity for some one when the tension breaks.

The confession is the result. But, strange to say, the finale of the play is as clear weather after a storm. The only ones who scorn the penitent are his fellow-conspirators in filching money out of the public purse. His wife goes sobbing to his arms. Lona Hessel utters a cry of joy, and clasps his hand, in warm restoration of the friendship and respect long withheld. Presumably the townspeople are at heart weary of hypocritical falsities, and, for the illuminating moment, rejoice in the warm beams of truth. The spectator feels a sympathetic pleasure. Joy, relief is contagious.

It is a most curious feeling to find one's self at the close of an Ibsen play in this sunny atmosphere. When Bernick kissed his wife, embraced his boy, and clasped the hands of his faithful friends while a happy smile drove away the shadows from his pallid, conscience-tortured countenance, it seemed incongruous in an Ibsen play.

But I think I know why. I have never observed that people who confessed their sins courted a large audience. We must not forget that there is a certain luxury in confession. It is a human instinct to avoid placing one's self in a situation in which one must directly and personally confront condemnation and hostility. Therefore it was un-Ibsen-like and scarcely true to nature for Bernick to make so public a confession. And, furthermore, it was made in rather oratorical style, as rendered by Holbrook Blinn, who had, in all else, given a singularly consistent, realistic, and dramatically powerful impersonation of the rapid deterioration wrought in Bernick by egoism and unscrupulous ambition.

In presenting this play Mrs. Fiske should be given credit for having set aside all personal claims to a star rôle, and for sheer respect for serious drama, and for a desire to make the public acquainted with her favorite Ibsen, to have brought out a play in which she plays a secondary part. Probably the rôle of Lona was never better played; Mrs. Fiske constantly, by looks, inflections, gestures, interpreted Ibsen's meanings. Not that Ibsen was in Delphic mood when he wrote this play; there is in it less ground for argument, discussion, and disagreement than in most of his acted plays. But as Ibsen never indulged in forewords, or explanations, it comes to us, when we see Mrs. Fiske acting in his plays, that the great Norwegian iconoclast could rest more easily in his grave if he could see his

under-meanings being brought into high relief by the quickening power of one small woman's brain. But, to give the supporting company its due, the piece was played almost throughout in first-class style. Henry Stephenson, who was Rawdon Crawley in "Becky Sharp," showed his versatility by playing perfectly the conventionally self-deluded pastor of Ibsen tradition. Sheldon Lewis, who was Dobbin in the Thackeray play, gave quite a strikingly good character impersonation of a work-worn, strong-natured old foreman from Bernick's shipyard. His make-up was remarkable in its lines of character, and, in a later scene, still more remarkable in its indication of mental suffering.

The remaining characters were so well done that the play had the appropriate, un-American atmosphere, and the air of reality that helped to hold the interest.

Mrs. Fiske, by the way, has entirely reformed her one great defect. At last one can distinguish perfectly what she is saying. I found myself repeatedly exclaiming inwardly, when Becky Sharp would suddenly burst into a high-pitched, rapidly uttered staccato, "So that's what she said." I had never known before. So let me assure the not inconsiderable number who, in spite of their admiration of her supreme gift of expression, had vowed never to see Mrs. Fiske again, that they are perfectly safe. Her reform is completely brought about, I am convinced, by the press. One can now distinguish every word she utters.

There is one little question remaining teasingly in one's mind after seeing this play. Why, since Bernick was in the confessing business, did he suppress some of his darker evil-doing? Did Ibsen have a movement of benevolence, and wish him to retain the respect of his fellow-townsmen? Or did he wish him to be consistent to the outlines of his character, as previously marked out? And, if so, was it that Bernick, still hopeful and a business schemer by instinct, even in that moment of voluntary self-humiliation, planned to retain enough of the confidence of his fellow-townsmen to carry on the work he had undertaken? We can not know. But this unsettled question leaves a thread in the play dangling loose. For he had not entirely cleared away the stain on Johan's reputation, and thus wholly vindicated himself in Lona's eyes.

Sidney Drew is playing Boh Acres in a condensed version of "The Rivals" in Eastern vaudeville houses. Mr. Drew first played the part of Bob Acres twelve years ago in the old Academy of Music in Montreal, at which time Miss Ethel Barrymore, his niece, made her debut as an actress. Other members of this cast included Mrs. John Drew as Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Sidney Drew as Lydia Languish, Lionel Barrymore as Thomas, a servant; Maurice Barrymore as Captain Absolute, and Charles Erin Verner as Sir Lucius O'Trigger. S. Rankin Drew, who will be seen in the part of O'Trigger, in Sidney Drew's new version, is a cousin of Miss Barrymore, a nephew of John Drew, and a grandson of McKee Rankin and Mrs. John Drew.

Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House" and other sedate entertainments, despite the prosperity resulting from the production of that play, remains embittered over the difficulties he experienced in convincing managers of its worth. So he is employed in writing an article recounting these troubles. Mr. Kennedy says that "The Servant in the House" was refused by more producers than any play ever written. It reached the stage, by the way, through the efforts of one of those gentlemen of unnecessary occupation, the press agent, Henry Miller's official essayist, Sam Weller, having been the promoter responsible.

The latest dramatic triumph in New York is "The Spendthrift," which will be seen at the Columbia Theatre following the Henrietta Crosman engagement. The company will come direct to this city from the Atlantic city engagement, and San Franciscans will be among the first in this country to see the Porter Emerson Browne play.

"Pillars of Society" will be the closing play of Mrs. Fiske's engagement this Saturday night at the Columbia Theatre, where the piece has made a most pronounced bit. The Saturday matinee will be devoted to "Becky Sharp."

The open-air theatre at Carmel was successfully dedicated on Friday evening of last week, and the dramatic company, made up of resident guests, gave the play "David" an impressive presentation.

Charles Frohman has invited Sir John Hare from his retirement to appear next season in the Repertory Theatre in London, and Sir John has accepted. An American tour later is not improbable.

Ada Rehan intimates a desire to return to the theatre. In answer to an interviewer's inquiry in London the other day Miss Rehan sent word that she was "uncertain about it."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

After an absence of three years, during which time she has scored successes in New York, Henrietta Crosman will return to San Francisco next Monday evening, July 18, when she will begin an engagement of two weeks at the Columbia Theatre in "Anti-Matrimony," her newest comedy triumph. This play is from the pen of Percy MacKaye, who contributed to the stage "Mater," "Sappho and Phaon," "Joan of Arc," "The Canterbury Pilgrims," and others. But "Anti-Matrimony," though a gem in its way, is entirely different from any play Mr. MacKaye has hitherto offered. It is of lighter texture and its keynote is hearty laughter. In writing this play for Miss Crosman the author has struck a vein of mirthful gaiety and turned the shaft of light-hearted humor on the serious and morbid minds among the dramatists of the modern school. While the play is rich in hearty fun and humorous incident, it bears a message of interest to humanity. Between the outbursts of laughter which thickly dot the action of the play there will be found a plea for healthful living and common-sense thinking. As for Miss Crosman's acting of the principal rôle, it is said she has never appeared to better advantage.

A programme of extraordinary merit will be given next week at the Orpheum. It will be headed by Edwards Davis, M. A., and his company in his own dramatization of Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray." Cyril Vane, played by Mr. Davis, is a distinguished actor, proud, clever, worldly wise to a point of satiety. Dorian Gray, a beautiful young woman of meagre experience, has had her portrait painted by Basil Hallwood, an artist and a friend of Vane's. She falls in love with the actor and meets him at the studio, where he is disguised as Lord Henry Wotton. Mr. Davis was formerly a clergyman and for four years was pastor of the Central Church, Oakland. James Thornton, one of America's humorists and song writers, will appear in a series of his newest songs and timely sayings. A new military act, "The Imperial Musicians," will be presented for the first time here next week. The company consists of eleven soloists, each of whom is a qualified exponent of his or her instrument. Professor Apdale's trained animals will introduce a "Zoo Circus," which includes dogs, monkeys, cats, ponies, and a little brown bear called Jess. The little bruin is the chief attraction. He performs the most difficult feats of juggling, plays a hanjo, and rides a bicycle. Professor Apdale also presents the only educated ant-eater in the world. Next week will be the last of Pringle and Whiting, Fanny Rice, Signor Travato, and Marion Murray and company in "The Prima Donna's Honeymoon."

"Seven Days," which has been running at the Astor Theatre, New York, for some months past, will be seen here next month. It is said to be provocative of much laughter and is accounted a hit of exceptional note.

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VANITY FAIR.

Having been granted official permission to smoke while at the wheel, the taxicab drivers of London have abused the privilege to such an extent that a storm of protest has arisen from ladies who remember how different were conditions in the days of the hansom. All of which has moved the laureate of the *Daily Mail* to this ditty:

Lord of the throbbing engine, at thy touch
We whirl through giddy mazes of the street
And yet to us thou seemest, daring much,
Wholly unconscious of each breathless feat.
We reverence the nerve that still can guide
Our swifter progress through the roaring tide.

But while the exhaust pants forth an azure haze
That trails behind in the unequal race,
What denser smoke is this that rearward strays?
What funnel fixed in time immobile face
That helches noxious fumes and sparks withal
That on the dainty gown of beauty fall?

A common pipe? Alack and fie for shame!
Is it the absence of thy pacing steed
That renders thee thus careless of thy fame?
For here is lack of chivalry indeed
Since even when the final goal is gained
Thy black and odorous clay is still retained!

Foully heaped, thou takest beauty's tip
(All undeserved because thy ways are vile),
Nor dost clenched teeth or firm prehensile lip
Part in the faintest semblance of a smile.
But, though thou goest thy way unchid,
Remember handsome is as hansom did.

New Jersey, once a veritable Gretna Green for amorous and hasty couples, has become respectable. For the new marriage law has gone into effect, and those complaisant justices of the peace in Jersey City, Hohoken, Bayonne, and Camden who have fattened on fees which were readily forthcoming to realize love's young dream are in despair. It will be a serious business to get married in New Jersey henceforth. There is to be a license from the registrar of vital statistics costing one dollar, and a witness for identification, and a heavy fine for the minister or other person who performs the ceremony without those adjuncts. Besides, both bride and groom must answer questions of this type:

Are you or the person with whom you propose to contract matrimony an imbecile, epileptic, or of unsound mind, or have you or such person ever been an inmate of any insane asylum or institution for indigent persons, and if so have you or such person been discharged from such asylum or institution?

If the registrar is a discerning person he should be able to decide whether the answers are truthful or not, otherwise this attempt to get to the bottom of the well seems as likely to be as successful as the effort to commit an immigrant to his real views on polygamy or anarchism.

New York's purgation proceeds apace. Nothing has been heard of late from that medical gentleman who was going to stop smoking on Broadway and in the cafés, but the hoard of aldermen has got its stern collective eye on the dancing masters of Gotham. Those professors of chaste achievement are in perilous danger, for it is likely that they will be called upon to take out a license in future and give bond for two hundred and fifty dollars to insure their faithful observance of laws and municipal ordinances. They may also be mulcted in an annual license fee of twenty-five dollars. Besides all that, they will be required to show that they are "persons of good repute" and he recommended by at least three business men. And the rehabilitation of dancing is attracting the attention of reformers across the Atlantic. The tide of fashion, we are assured has set in the direction of "a more graceful movement in the ballroom." So the latest creation is said to be a round dance which is a combination of the mazurka, waltz, and old-fashioned redowa, while next in favor comes the "Aero Twostep," which is said to have a "long glissade suggestive of a monoplane." In fact, a dead set is being made against romping in the hall room, against all kinds of horseplay, while incidentally giving fewer excuses for those affectionate embraces which have been the ideal of the past. It looks as though dancing will soon be developed into a condition where the supply of male partners will be jeopardized to the vanishing point.

Congratulations to Santa Cruz on its press agent. He is at once an acute student of human nature and an accomplished economist in advertising space. "Never a dull moment," he declares in full face type, then spreading himself in plain Roman in seductive adjectives. But his most tempting bait consists of pictures. There is a fine impressionistic sketch of the Casino, but the artist has been told to reserve all his gifts for the maiden who is to lure the summer visitor to the sad sea waves. She ought to do it. She is dainty, petite, has a fine, swinging style, and wears a gown or something which is delightfully abbreviated below and truncated above. "Never a dull moment" seems about right.

So birthmarks are also doomed. It seems that carbonic acid gas in the form of snow having a temperature of 100 degrees below

zero will freeze out the most obstinate birthmark and create a babylike patch of skin in its place. Those fashionable faddists who go in for tattooing now and then and afterwards regret the absurd disfigurement will be glad to know such a remedy exists. But the birthmark should not be so lightly dismissed. It had botanical uses for parents with inquiring children, for the color of the tinge often suggested the kind of plant "under which you were born, dear" when the mysteries of creation were pried into too closely.

Americans are being blamed once more for the exorbitancy of the tips which are now in demand on Atlantic liners. They are said to love to "make an impression" and to reward the stewards accordingly. No doubt this is another example of hasty generalization, but there is no getting away from the fact that the tipping nuisance is becoming a worse bane than seasickness. Stewards appear to be expanding in classification every year, for the list is by no means exhausted by the bedroom steward, and the table steward, and the har steward, and the deck steward, and the smoke-room steward, and the library steward. The oft-cited extenuation that they are paid so poorly as to make tips a necessity is not the whole truth. Some of those ocean freebooters can hoast their real estate and are birds of fine feather once the ship is in port. So what is the remedy? The optimist wants one of the big shipping companies to announce that gratuities are forbidden on their vessels, firmly believing that that would end the trouble. He reckons without the seasick passenger, whose wells of generosity are stirred to their depths by a few days on the ocean wave. The real burden of the situation is that so few voyagers know what to give, and hence overdo rather than underdo their rewarding. The shipping company which faces the matter in a straightforward manner, abandoning that furtive winking at the habit which deceives no one, and draws up a scale of extras for the information of passengers, will earn more gratitude than the one which attempts to abolish what can never be abolished. This view will commend itself to all those passengers who spend most of their time on the voyage trying to find out what is the "proper" tip to give to each steward.

At any moment, then, the Panama bat may blossom out in its wonted glory. The least observant must have noticed that it has been but slightly in evidence this year, the explanation being that thousands of Panamas have been "held up" at practically every port of entry owing to the shippers having tried to get the entire consignment in at an average rate. So Uncle Sam has his warehouses full of summer headgear, and the probability is that the stock will be released too late for the season. But why complain? Certainly the wearer should not. The experience will teach him that an ordinary straw will serve him for a season as a change, while the bondage of one year's output will surely have the result of bringing the price down next year.

The disappearance of the famous Café Anglais in Paris means much to the older generation of boulevardiers, whether French or Americans. The house on the Boulevard des Italiens was sold for one and one-half million francs to Charles Martin, acting on behalf of a Belgian syndicate, and its future is still unknown. During the Second Empire, when it had reached its apogee and was sharing with Voisin, Véfour, Bignon, and the Maison Dorée the distinction of being the rendezvous of royalty and of the cream of fashion—and up to the present day—the Café Anglais and Voisin could hoast of more aristocratic patrons than any other place in the world. Kings, in exile and otherwise; grand dukes and royal princes on pleasure bent; smart duchesses and chic "artistes" or demi-mondaines, with a sprinkling of fascinating Americans could be seen there almost daily during the season. The rooms, perfect in simplicity and good taste, had nothing to appeal at first sight to the uninitiated philistine, but after a visit or two the exquisite cuisine, the tact and *savoir-faire* of the personnel and the supreme distinction of the surroundings worked their charm.

Charming and simple as it is now, the atmosphere of the Dongan Hills, on Staten Island, undoubtedly will undergo a rapid change if any new arrivals continue to shake the sylvan quiet as did the family which took up its abode there a month or two ago. (This, according to that alert but seldom discreet New York gossip, *Town Topics*.) The head of this ménage is a retired English army officer, T. Cunliffe Owen, and his wife is the well-known authoress whose hooks, particularly one on the life of the martyred Empress of Austria, astonished the world a few years ago as much as her identity puzzled it. The officer is only a recently attached husband, there being a previous one who left as his heritage a hoy now twenty-one years old. The authoress, Mrs. Owen, is a princess of the blood royal of Austria, and this son has in him the regal strain of the Hapsburgs. He is not permitted to speak to any woman, and his mother declares she is the only one of her

sex he ever has seen. His days are spent with an aged tutor, and his garments, savoring of the East, are of silk heavily embroidered with gems. The entire house and grounds are paroled by powdered footmen—sensations in themselves to the humble isle—who are complemented by a pack of excellent bloodhounds which obey instantly the crack of a whip that their mistress always carries. Since their occupancy of the estate none of this remarkable family has been seen to leave its gates, and all comers invariably are refused admittance. It is said that since the death of the empress this woman has not spoken to any of her sex—the servants, even her personal attendants, all being men.

None the worse for her encounter with two burly policemen, Mrs. Garrud, the athletes' organizer of the Women's Freedom League, was the next night giving a first lesson in jiu-jitsu to a fair-haired suffragette (says the *London Daily Mail*). Mrs. Garrud explained how to safeguard the face from being struck when heading over a fallen combatant to pin her to the ground, then how to pin both hands to the ground. To master the art thoroughly requires about thirty-six lessons, but, of course, people can become efficient in less than a dozen, declared the teacher. After the lessons a student came forward who is nearing the completion of her course. Judging from the light-hearted and easy way in which she threw a man over her head half a dozen times the London police force may well shake in their shoes at the prospect of what the future may hold.

There is not much ancient English plate in the gold pantry at Windsor Castle. Charles I melted down all the plate of his day and coined it into money. But there are some exquisite foreign pieces, among them a great silver flagon taken from the flagship of the Spanish Armada, and the famous Nautilus Cup, made by that master of the art, Benvenuto Cellini. There is a shield by the same great Italian, and the wonderful gold tiger's head taken from Tipoo Sahib's throne after the storming of Seringapatam, in 1799. This tiger's head is a marvelous work of art. It is life size, and its teeth and eyes are cut out of pure rock crystal. Another relic captured at the same time is the jeweled bird called the Uma. In shape it is like a pigeon, with a peacock's tail. Its feathers blaze with precious stones, and a magnificent emerald hangs from its breast. According to an old Indian legend, whoever owns this bird will rule India. Detectives who reside at the castle as ordinary officials guard these vast treasures of plate, and also the jewels, which are locked in another underground safe. These jewels are distinct from the crown jewels, which are kept in the Tower. They are the private property of the royal family. Queen Alexandra's personal jewelry is of immense value. There is an old law, still unrepealed, which enables the reigning sovereign to put to death any person or persons through whose carelessness any of his gems may be lost.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the dedication of a new fire engine in a little town on the Massachusetts coast, the following toast was proposed: "May she be like the dear old maids of our village; always ready, but never called for."

The mayor of a small town had come to Leipzig to see the fair. A stranger who had lost his way asked him: "Pray, good honest man, what is the name of this street?" "I am not a good honest man," said the former, "I am the mayor of Marburg."

They had been sitting in the old parlor talking on different topics and finally the subject changed to pugilism. "Yes," remarked the pretty girl, "father used to be quite a pugilist in his day." "Indeed!" remarked the young man with much interest. "Yes, and even now he is exceedingly clever with his footwork." And she still wonders why the young man called for his hat and cane and vanished.

Roquelaure, the deformed jester of Louis XIV, contrived to get out of many a scrape by his ready wit. One day he went to the king to ask his pardon for having struck off the helmet of one of his sentinels, who had failed to give him the military salute. Louis, who knew his man, wondered that Roquelaure should crave his pardon for so venial an offense, and said to him: "This is a serious matter Roquelaure, but I will pardon you this time." It afterward turned out that the soldier's head was in the helmet, and fell with it to the ground.

At Boulogne, during a royal reception some years ago, a number of English ladies, in their anxiety to see everything, pressed with such force against the soldiers who were keeping the line that the soldiers were forced to give way, and generally were, as policemen say, "bindered in the execution of their duty." The officer in command, observing the state of affairs, called out: "One roll of the drum; if they don't stand back, kiss them all!" After the first sound of the drum the ladies took to flight. "If they had been French," said a Parisian journal, "they would have remained to a woman."

An auction was announced of the library and household effects of a man who had once entertained in a lavish way, and among the persons who went to the sale were many who had enjoyed the fallen family's hospitality. When a set of after-dinner cups was put up one woman said: "There are only five of those, not six." The auctioneer consulted his catalogue and replied: "Thank you; you are right," and proceeded with the sale. Then the woman whispered to the one next to her: "I knew I was right, because my husband dropped one of that set the last time we dined there."

Colonel W. P. Brownlow, secretary of the National Soldiers' Home, said at a dinner in Brownsville, Tennessee: "They were great wags, the old soldiers in our Johnson City home. I heard one of them describe the other day a very fierce and famous action. Two hundred men had been pitted against 300, and after the fighting only sixty brave fellows—thirty on each side—remained alive. The old soldier paused solemnly. 'Of that sixty, boys,' he said, 'there only survive to-day—' Overcome, he blew his nose violently. 'There only survive today, by actual statistics, 417.'"

M. A. Low, general attorney for the Rock Island Railroad, rarely talks any more than is necessary. As a rule, even reserved men will loosen up a little and talk while on a railroad train. But not so Mr. Low. He talks no more on a train than anywhere else. Mr. Low and David Mulvane once made a trip together to Denver. Some days later Dave was in a company of friends and the talk turned to books. "Dave," said one of them, "did you ever read 'David Harum'?" "Yes," replied Mulvane. "I read it recently in a pause in the conversation on a trip which I took to Denver with Mr. Low."

The French comedian Perlet was extraordinarily thin. At last he became such a skeleton that he consulted a physician, who recommended him to try some baths in the Pyrenees. Having obtained leave of absence from his manager, he betook himself to the mineral springs, where he bathed unremittingly, but all in vain; he did not increase in size. "Patience," urged the doctor; "there is nothing like our baths for making people fat." One day, while Perlet was waiting philosophically in his bath for an *embonpoint* which never came, he heard a conversation in the next room, from which his own was divided by only a thin partition, and which was occupied by an enormous woman, fat as the Hotentot Venus. "Doctor," said she, "I am getting tired of this." "Why?" asked the Esculapius. "I have been here two months."

"Well?" "Well, I am as enormous as I was when I came." "A little patience, madame," urged the doctor; "there is nothing like our baths for making people thin." Perlet, hearing these words, sprang out of his bath, dressed, rushed home to his hotel, ordered his bill, and left for Paris by the next train.

Lord Townshend, at the battle of Dettengen, was standing quite near a drummer boy whose brains were dashed out by a cannon ball. His lordship gazed on the horrible spectacle for some moments in silence. At last an old officer spoke up and said: "Why is your lordship surprised? Such things must happen in war." "I know it," was the reply; "but what astonishes me is that a boy with so much brains should be here at all."

It is questionable if there is a better known character connected with baseball than Napoleon Lajoie of the Cleveland team. Fans all over the circuit like to see Lajoie play. He is a big drawing card. A number of years ago, while a member of the Philadelphia Nationals, he asked a couple of friends to see the game. At the pass gate he was informed that Andy Freedman had issued an order that no player had a right to bring in any friends. Larry argued, but all in vain. The only thing he could do was to purchase regular tickets. All this happened in the days before the inauguration of the foul strike rule. The very first time at bat Larry fouled fourteen balls over the fence. Mr. Freedman got \$1.50 of his money at the gate, but Larry burned up about \$20 of Mr. Freedman's money in fouling balls over the fence that never returned.

It was an unconventional manner in which Lord Kelvin "popped the question," and in the doing so won his wife. The question of simplifying the method of signaling at sea was then occupying his attention. His plan seemed simple to him, but to ordinary folk it was rather puzzling. He was staying with friends in Madeira at the time, and one day the subject was under discussion at the dinner-table, but the only person that seemed able to grasp it was his host's daughter, a lady he greatly admired. "I quite understand, Sir William," she said. "Are you sure?" he questioned, half doubtfully. "If I sent you a signal from my yacht, do you think you could read it, and answer me?" "I believe I should succeed in making it out," was the reply. The signal was sent, and the lady did succeed in making it out, and transmitting the reply. The question was: "Will you marry me?" and the answer was: "Yes."

The late Colonel Bob Taylor of Bonham, Texas, once met a woman in the road as he was riding on horseback to hold court in Delta County, he being then district judge. The woman had a jug of water and the judge was thirsty. Being a man with a cheery word for every one the colonel stopped her. "My dear madam," he said, smiling, "if you will give me a drink of cool water from your jug, when you want a divorce from your husband I will see that it costs you nothing." "Are you a lawyer?" inquired the woman, handing him the jug. The colonel explained who he was, and waving a farewell departed, leaving the woman gazing at him. The very next morning the woman showed up in the courtroom and asked for him. She explained that she wanted a divorce. She had been separated from her husband for a long time, and the colonel had put an idea into her head. The colonel was game, however. He procured a lawyer at his own expense and in due course of law the woman was given a divorce.

Professor Hugh W. Ransom of Harvard has been working as a laborer in the Cambridge subway in order to compile certain statistics at first hand. "To do our work well," said Professor Ransom to a reporter, "we must use enterprise. We must ignore the minor conventions. But we mustn't go as far as— But listen: A Boston doctor sat in a front seat in a Tremont Street theatre the other night. In the breathless silence, as the third act neared its climax, there was a commotion near the door, and then a grave voice said: 'Is Dr. Blank in the audience?' Dr. Blank rose calmly. He passed down the aisle with the serious, self-contained air of one on whom the life of a fellow-creature depends. A young man awaited him at the door. 'Well,' said the doctor. 'Well, sir, what is it?' 'Doctor,' said the young man, as he

drew a large wallet from his breast pocket, 'I'm Cash & Payup's new collector. Would it be convenient for you to settle that small account this evening?'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Under-Currents.
Here, sir, is your currant pie,
Alternating currant pie.
First a currant then a fly,
'Neath the crust, alternate, lie.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We Envy Adam.
Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."
—Success.

Those Who Borrow.
Some men, we know, have taking ways,
But O! alas! alack!
There are but few we know of who
Have ways of bringing back.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

Some Coming Book Reviews.
This stirring tale of fearsome beasts
Will fascinate the gentle reader;
The words cost one case note apiece—
It's rich—in that way. —Podunk Leader.

One gets good measure in this book;
He might write "bad" but gives "infernal"—
Five letters more for one small bill—
Which proves his great beat.
—Bingville Journal.

'Tis put aside with much regret;
Word follows word in such a manner
That one in wading through it, seems
Neck deep in money. —Blufftown Banner.

One chapter is quite crowded full
Of verbose stunts, but if you'd slight 'em
At least you'd hear the eagles scream
In suffering protest. —Yaptown Item.

The golden words come thick and fast;
The appendix, so ourselves would judge it,
Was written on that blank device
Which adds up figures. —Rhubedale Budget.

—Charles R. Barnes, in New York Sun.

Discreet.
"May I—may I kiss you, dear?" said he.
"First I want one thing made clear," said she.
"Have you e'er kissed maid before, or tried?"
"No," he answered—she was sure he lied.
Then, with willing lips, she whispered, "Well,
Yes, you may, since you don't kiss and tell."
—Boston Transcript.

To Accompany a Rejected Poem.
The trouble is that in this land sublime
Too many citizens know how to rhyme;
In fact, some ten or twenty thousand can
Write verses that correctly make and scan,
And several hundred sometimes even reach
To no small aptitude of measured speech.
So many scores woo well the fickle muse
That editors dare not their songs refuse:
Thus are our safes so full of pretty verses
We can no more—so, prithee, spare your curses.
—R. W. Gilder.

The Sky-Blue Song.
The Milkman calls at the outer walls,
And many a maid from upper story
Comes down the stairs in the dress she wears
In all her afternoon-tide glory.
"Oh, milk below!" sets the wild echoes flying,
"Oh, milk below!" crying, crying, crying.

Ab me, oh dear, bow thin and clear,
Thinner and clearer daily growing!
I almost deem that I hear the stream
Of water into the milkcan flowing.
"Oh! milk below!" I'm surely never buying,
"Oh, milk below!" lying, lying, lying!

Oh, that is the hue of the pale sky-blue,
That's made from cistern, pump, or river;
No cow in a field such stuff would yield,
The sight of it makes me shiver, shiver.
"Oh, milk below!" thus I send it flying—
Go, Milkman, go! lying, lying, lying!
—Poems from "Punch."

Disjunct.
There was a young girl at a junction
Who was evidently wrung with compunction;
When asked why she cried,
"I was to wed," she replied,
"But can't think where they're holding the function."
—The Metropolitan Magazine.

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SAN FRANCISCO

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The monotonous tone which characterizes society in town in July was agreeably broken this week by the unexpected announcement of an important engagement and the celebration of a wedding which united two socially prominent families.

A wedding in July is always an isolated event, and it is a most unusual thing for an engagement to be announced in mid-summer, so the element of something out of the ordinary added greatly to their importance from a social viewpoint.

Several informal luncheons and teas have marked the return of a number of those who have been spending the early summer months in the Orient and are lingering in town for a brief period before departing for summer homes and resorts for the August days.

The Presidio has contributed its quota of gaiety this week in the entertainments planned for the two brides-elect, Miss Emma Turner and Miss Marie Lundeen.

The theatre continues to furnish a setting for large numbers who are availing themselves of the unusually fine attractions at the local playhouses.

Carmel-by-the-Sea claimed a large number of San Franciscans over the week end. Many of them motored down for the Forest Play on Friday night and remained several days.

The interesting engagement announcement of the week was that of Miss Florence Ives, daughter of Mrs. Jane Lunt Ives, and Mr. O. Scribner, which was made on Saturday. Miss Ives is the sister of Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and Mrs. Loughlin McLaine, and her fiancé is assistant manager of the Associated Oil Company. The wedding will take place within a few months at the Ives home on Washington Street.

The wedding of Miss Edith Simpson and Mr. Roy Pike, which took place Tuesday evening, was of much social importance, though it was quietly solemnized because of the fact that the bride is in mourning for her mother. The ceremony was performed at the bride's home on Pacific Avenue by Bishop William Ford Nichols. The bride's attendants were Mrs. Laurence Harris and Mrs. George Cameron. Mr. Laurence Harris acted as best man. After a short wedding trip, Mr. Pike and his bride will make their home in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Elsa Draper and Midshipman F. L. Kauffman will take place quietly in September at the Draper home in San Rafael.

A wedding of the week that had an interest that extended to San Francisco and the cities in the southern part of the State was that of Miss Alice Nelson and Mr. Jose Mariano Salazar. The ceremony was performed Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Nelson. The bride is the sister of Mrs. G. A. Willard of Stockton and Mrs. John A. Bunting, Jr. An informal reception followed the wedding ceremony, and a motor trip through the South is the nature of the honeymoon journey. San Francisco will be the future home of Mr. Salazar and his bride.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Irene Husing and Mr. Henry A. Cahalan was solemnized at San Mateo on Tuesday evening. About one hundred guests were present at the church and at the reception which followed the ceremony. The maid of honor was Miss Kathryn Feehan and the bridesmaid Miss Rebecca Donahue. Mr. Robert Cahalan acted as best man. The honeymoon is being spent in Seattle, and on their return Mr. Cahalan and his bride will make their home at Burlingame.

The wedding of Miss Emma Turner and Lieutenant George Ruhlén, Jr., U. S. A., takes place today (Saturday) at the chapel at the Presidio. All the glitter and pomp of a service affair will be present in the details of the ceremony. Miss Turner is the sister-in-law of Captain Frederick Stopford and has been the guest of Mrs. Stopford at the post for several months.

Miss Isabel McLaughlin was hostess at a picnic at Burlingame on Saturday. Her guests included Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Frances Howard, Miss Kathleen Finnegan, Miss Eliza McMullen, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. John McMullen, and Mr. Jack Neville. The party was chaperoned by Dr. McEnery and Miss McEnery.

One of the largest affairs at the Presidio this summer was the tea given by Mrs. Clarence Lininger and Mrs. Coleman Nichols on Thursday afternoon. The hostesses were assisted in receiving their guests by Mrs. John Lundeen, Mrs. Frederick Prince, Mrs. George Grimes, Mrs. A. U. Faulkner, and Mrs. A. W. Shunk. Among those who called during the hours of the reception were Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Frederick Stopford, Miss Emma Turner, Mrs. Paul Beck, Mrs. George Appel, Mrs. Charles Chubb, Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Mrs. John Burke Murphy, Mrs. Myron Chrissy, Mrs. J. A. Gaston, Mrs. Benjamin Wade, Miss Andrews, Mrs. Edward Miller, Mrs. Robert Welch, and Mrs. Corey.

Mrs. Andrew Rowan was hostess at an informal tea at the Francesca Club on Tuesday, at which she entertained half a dozen friends.

Mrs. George Cameron was hostess at a luncheon at her Burlingame home on Tuesday, at which she entertained in honor of Mrs. Ross Amherst Curran, who is visiting here from Paris. Mrs. Curran is the sister of Mr. Sterling Postley, who makes his home in the French capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, who are spending the summer at Santa Barbara, entertained at a dinner dance at the Montecito Club on Saturday evening.

On the eve of the Grand Prix in Paris Mr. John Lawson entertained at dinner at the Hotel Ritz. His guests included Mr. and Mrs. Francis Cahalan, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, and Dr. de Marville.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday night and with their guests attended Mrs. Fiske's play at its conclusion.

The captain and officers of the U. S. S. California were hosts at a matinee dance on board

Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham and Mrs. Egbert Stone chaperoned a party of girls which included Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Marian Stone, Miss Elsie Clifford, Miss Eliza McMullen, Miss Madeline Clay, Miss Edith Metcalf, Miss Elsa Draper, Miss Erna Hermann, and Miss Florence Cluff.

Mrs. S. J. Holton was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel Saturday afternoon, at which she entertained Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Miss Louisiana Foster, Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson, Miss Peterson, and Miss McMahon.

Mr. Roy Pike was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Family Club, of which he is a prominent member, on Saturday night.

Mrs. Manly H. Simons entertained at luncheon at her home at Mare Island on Saturday. Among her guests were Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, U. S. N., and Mrs. Osterhaus, Rear-Admiral John M. Milton and Mrs. Milton, Mrs. Edmund B. Underwood, Mrs. Rudolph Dickens, Mrs. Emily Cutts, Mrs. Samuel L. Graham, Mrs. Henry J. Ziegler, Mrs. Arthur W. Dodd, Mrs. Oscar Koester, Mrs. Frank Chambers, and Mrs. Pollock.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McGregor entertained Governor Frear of Hawaii and Mrs. Frear at luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday.

Mrs. Amber Curran entertained at luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday at which her guests were Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Clement Tobin, Mrs. Rooney, Miss Lily O'Connor, Miss Frances Stewart, and Miss Cook.

Giuseppe Campanari's concert tours had taken him at various times to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where the popular haritone invariably met with much success, and also with extremely primitive hotel accommodations. This spring he was bound once more for Ann Arbor, and determined to get at least some spiritual satisfaction out of X's hotel at that time, he resolved to humiliate the proprietor by telegraphing him facetiously from Detroit: "Will arrive at your hostelry tomorrow. Reserve suite with bath. Wish dinner ready, consisting of broiled lobster, spaghetti à la Milanaisa, asparagus with sauce Hollandaise, eggs à la Meyerheer, royal squabs on toast, Romaine salad, and Pêches Melba.—Campanari." When the singer reached Ann Arbor he drove straightway to X's hotel, smiling in anticipation of the joke on that individual. To Campanari's utter amazement, he was shown at once to a comfortable suite with bath (a new system of plumbing and an annex consisting of modern double rooms had just been installed), and when he appeared for dinner he was provided with the meal he had ordered, splendidly served and perfectly cooked. With the removal of the last dish Campanari received his bill, which called for \$28, including railroad fare to and from Detroit, whither X had sent the chef to procure all the delicacies demanded in the telegram. Campanari cheerfully paid the bill and acknowledged that the joke had been reversed very neatly indeed.

Travelers and explorers who wish to add a view of the famous tree houses of Papua (formerly known as British New Guinea) to their experiences will have to hasten. The rapid march of civilization and settlement in the colony is fast destroying this strange survival of past ages. The tree house—a neat and well built habitation placed at an enormous height among the branches of a forest tree, and reached only by a swinging ladder—was primarily intended as a refuge from murderous enemies, a purpose which it served excellently. It was not convenient, however, and now that the government has brought the wild tribes of Papua under control, and murders are surely punished, the native prefers to live in houses that demand less skill in construction. There are still many tree houses to be seen, though few or none are being built. In the northeastern district of Papua (where much valuable sugar, rubber, and coconut land lies ready for taking up) the government officials, on their regular tours of inspection, often sleep at night in the house of some hospitable native village constable, who draws his ladder up at sundown to a doorstep eighty feet in the air. These tree houses are exceedingly cool, clean, and picturesque with their roofs of native-made thatch and walls and floors of wattled boughs, and their threatened disappearance is certainly a loss to the traveler in search of things curious and unique.

The descendants of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, duly organized as such, met in old Independence Hall in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July. After several speeches, the secretary read the roll of the original signers. As each name was called the signer's descendants rose and faced the portrait of his ancestors. The Philadelphia Press records that "hursts of applause greeted the seven descendants of John Hart of New York, and the eight descendants of Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania."

A Cossack girl has started to ride from Harbin to St. Petersburg, a distance of a bit more than 5400 miles. Her mount is a small gray Mongolian pony and she is riding on an ordinary Cossack saddle. The girl is accompanied by a huge St. Bernard dog. She did a good deal of scouting for Russia during the war with Japan and was given a medal for bravery.

NEW ORPHEUM AFFILIATIONS.

English, Scotch, and Parisian Music Halls Join in a Community of Interests.

News comes from London that Morris Meyerfeld, president, and Martin Beck, general manager of the Orpheum Circuit, have recently consummated a most important deal in the history of vaudeville and one that will be far reaching in its effects. They have concluded with the recently formed Variety Theatres Controlling Company, and of which Alfred Butt is the chairman and Walter Gibbons and Walter De Frece are members of the board of directors, negotiations for the affiliation of the Orpheum Circuit with it. The properties acquired by the Variety Theatres Controlling Company include the Barrasford Circuit and also the hooking arrangements in connection with the De Frece Circuit and the London Theatres of Variety (limited). In addition to this the company has secured the Alhambra, Paris.

Messrs. Meyerfeld and Beck are also associated with the Variety Theatres Controlling Company in the construction and equipment of a first-class vaudeville theatre in the capital city of Berlin.

The advantages which will be derived from the new state of affairs by vaudeville artists and the public are innumerable and will result in causing the Orpheum Circuit to be the most powerful organization of its kind in the world. By next year, when the Berlin Theatre is ready for occupation, it will be possible for the Orpheum to give artists a month's engagement in Berlin, a month in Paris, a month at the Palace in London, a subsequent tour of the English provinces, and thereafter to send them across the Atlantic to make the Orpheum Circuit tour from New York to San Francisco. The effect of this lengthy engagement will result in the eagerness of the most famous vaudeville stars to engage with the Orpheum management, and consequently the programmes will reach the highest possible standard attainable and the amusement public will be great gainers.

The news of this deal caused much remark in London and enabled Messrs. Meyerfeld and Beck to sign a number of the foremost vaudeville artists, among whom are several feminine stars of celebrity.

Among the English music halls with which the Orpheum is now affiliated are: Palace Theatre, London; Victoria Palace, London; Alhambra Theatre, Paris; Alhambra Theatre, Glasgow; Hippodrome, Liverpool; Hippodrome, Brighton; Hippodrome, Leeds; Hippodrome, Hull; Hippodrome, Birmingham; Hippodrome, Portsmouth; Hippodrome, Bedminster; Hippodrome, South End; Hippodrome, Margate; Hippodrome, Boscombe; Hippodrome, Southampton; Hippodrome, Sheffield; Hippodrome, Colchester; Hippodrome, Bolton; Hippodrome, St. Helena; Hippodrome, Nottingham; Hippodrome, Blackburn; Pavilion, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Palace, Manchester; Empire, Wolverhampton; Opera House, Tunbridge Wells; The Grand, Bristol; The Empire, Aberdeen, Scotland.

Mr. Beck arrived by the Kronprinzessin Cecilie in New York a few days ago, and Mr. Meyerfeld is expected shortly to follow him and may be looked for in this city about the end of next month.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Murphy and Mrs. Eugene Murphy are now in Paris, as is also Mrs. Walter Hobart and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Dender Stott, who have been in the East for the past four months, returned to San Francisco Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Chickering are at Tahoe Tavern for the month.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Brinegar and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat have returned from Del Monte.

Mr. Isaac Upham returned Friday from the Orient, where he has been traveling for the past five months.

Mr. Northbert Shorh returned this week from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sea, Jr. (formerly Miss Lorena Barnes) are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Mrs. Laurence Pool has joined her sister, Mrs. Harry Babcock, at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters has gone to Del Monte for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Martyn Haenke (formerly Miss Marie Churchill) sailed on the *Sierra* on Saturday for Honolulu, where they will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro, accompanied by Miss Helen Sullivan, motored to Carmel-by-the-Sea and spent the week end.

Mr. Samuel Russell Bogue left Saturday morning for New York to join Mrs. Bogue, who preceded him. They will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Bogue.

Lieutenant James Abbott, U. S. A., and Mrs. Abbott sailed this week for the Philippines, where Lieutenant Abbott will be stationed for the next two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette returned from the Orient this week, and after remaining a few days in San Francisco motored to Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl during the month of August at their country home, Idlewild, at Lake Tahoe. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman and Miss Carol Coleman will also enjoy the hospitality of the Kohl country home for several weeks.

Judge and Mrs. Leib of San Jose entertained at an elaborate garden fête at their home at San Jose in honor of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution.

Mrs. Egbert Stone and her daughters spent the week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Queen, Mrs. Frederick Woods, and Miss Maude Woods left Monday for a motor trip through Lake County.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst will go to her country home, Wynton, on the McCloud River, this week and will remain about two months.

Mrs. Robert McMillan spent several days last week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer at their home at Fair Oaks. Captain McMillan, U. S. A., will arrive on the coast the last of the month on a month's leave.

Colonel Oscar Fitzallen Long and Mrs. Long will spend the month of August as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Haven at their country home at Sag Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter and their son, Hugh, left Saturday for Santa Barbara, where they will remain for a month.

Mrs. Sidney Ashe is expected this week from the Ashe ranch in Stanislaus County, and will spend the remainder of the summer in San Francisco.

Miss Susan Watkins has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark at their home at Burlingame.

Miss Sara Collier will visit Mrs. Edward McCutcheon at Lake Tahoe in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weihe (formerly Miss Jean Tyson) have been enjoying a motor trip through Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Etienne Lanet (formerly Miss Amy McKee) will join Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Black (formerly Mrs. Orestes Pierce) in London, and in company with Mrs. William Henshaw and Miss Florence Henshaw they will tour the continent.

Mr. Frederick Tillman has returned from a brief trip to New York and has joined his family at their ranch at Aptos.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Randolph King are spending the summer in Connecticut.

Mrs. Clarence Kempff is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. B. Brigham, at her country home at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Walter Newhall has been visiting friends in Portland, and during her stay has been extensively entertained. She was the guest of honor at a dinner and theatre party given by Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Hamilton (formerly Miss Ethel Lincoln), who have been traveling in Europe since their marriage, are expected home this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore are spending the summer at Belvedere, where they will be joined after by Miss Sidney Davis, who is now the guest of Mrs. Joseph Sefton, Jr., at San Diego.

Miss Lolita Burling, who has been visiting friends in town and at Mare Island for the past month, will return to her home at Santa Barbara next week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness sailed last week from New York and will spend several months on the continent.

Mrs. Pedar Sather Bruguiere and her son, Louis, have come over from Paris and are occupying a cottage at Newport, where they will spend the summer. Mr. Emile Bruguiere remained at Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. William Laurence Breeze will go last the last of the month to be present at the wedding of Mrs. Breeze's sister, Miss Emily Rosand Fish, and Mr. John Cutter, which will take place in August at Rocklawn, the country home of the bride on the Hudson.

Miss Dorothy Chapman and Miss Clara Allen, accompanied by Miss Mary Gamble, are at present at Venice.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg and her daughters and

Miss Elyse Schultze sailed Friday for New York and are expected in San Francisco by the end of the month.

Miss Ethel Cooper, who has been enjoying the pleasures of Del Monte, will join the Misses Newhall at the Hotel Potter this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith were recent visitors at Del Monte. Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and Miss Lily O'Connor motored back to town with them. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will leave in a few weeks for Kentucky, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Brutus Clay for the Lexington horse show.

Mrs. James Keeney and her daughter, Helen, will leave Monday for Philadelphia, where they will visit Mrs. Keeney's sister, Mrs. James Harding.

Miss Mary Keeney will spend the summer with friends at Santa Barbara and San Mateo.

Mrs. Prentiss Selby and her son have reached home from New York and will spend the summer here.

Miss Jane Crellin is spending the summer months in Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Shafter Howard are enjoying a tour of the continent and on their return will spend a month at Newport before coming to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Monteagle and Mr. Paige Monteagle have concluded a motor trip in the Swiss Alps.

Miss Mabel Gregory, after spending several months in Chicago, has gone to New York.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding is entertaining her aunt, Mrs. Amsden, a sister of the late Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, at her home at Belvedere.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is at present at Monte Carlo and plans to attend the aviation meet at Cairo before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dahlgren of Washington will spend part of the summer at the Colton place at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Gustave Sutro will spend the month of August in British Columbia.

Mrs. Charles Fee and Miss Marcia Fee have returned from Del Monte.

Captain Conrad Babcock, U. S. A., and Mrs. Babcock have arrived from the East and are stationed at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli H. Wiel were last heard from in Paris. They expect to return home early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. H. Ferguson returned from their European tour last week. They are now in Montreal and will visit the Canadian cities en route home.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado included Mr. Frank I. Towle, Mr. C. W. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Gordon, Mr. P. M. Moise, Miss Hazel Moise, Miss Clarice Moise, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Doyle, Mr. A. G. Galt, Miss Lillian Deacon, Mr. T. G. McMahon, Mrs. J. M. Hewitt, Miss J. Armer.

Among recent arrivals at Etna Springs from San Francisco were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hendricks, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Godley, Mr. G. Ord McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. V. Bernstein, Mr. C. D. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Gay and daughter, Mr. E. L. Case, Mrs. J. G. Harney, Mr. Charles Harney, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Westphal, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Neidhaum, Mr. E. Neidhaum, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mr. Raymond Jackson, Mr. L. E. Clawson, Miss Josephine Clawson, Mrs. M. J. Sheehan, Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Rohner.

Has it ever occurred to young composers (asks the critic of the New York *Evening Post*) that the shortest road to fame and fortune lies in writing good wedding music? In no other department of the art does the supply fall so lamentably short of the demand. There are hundreds of thousands of weddings in America and Europe every year, and at nearly all of them appropriate music is wanted, yet there are barely half a dozen that have been universally accepted as suitable. In nine cases out of ten the Mendelssohn Wedding March is played, or the Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin," or both. Here are the two great models of what is wanted: music which is simple, tuneful, sentimental, stirring, exultant. The exultant strain is missing in the "Lohengrin" bridal chorus, but it is all the more conspicuous in the introduction to the third act, which expresses the wedding festivities within, and which should be played more frequently at marriages.

Whitechapel in London, a place of not particularly fragrant reputation, has an art gallery—has had one for the last nine years—which has been so great a success that in those nine years nearly three million persons, of which the costermonger and his "donah" have made a large part, visited it. Last year 300,000 persons went to the five exhibitions, and this year there was a great rush to view the collection of modern paintings by English artists which was made for Johannesburg, of all places in the world. The success of the Whitechapel gallery is ascribed to the policy of change. It is continually offering something new, but that something is always designed to develop an interest in what is beautiful.

The battleship *South Carolina*, our newest and most effective ship, is under the command of Captain A. F. Fechteler, son-in-law of Judge W. W. Morrow, of the United States Court. Under Captain Fechteler's command the *South Carolina* has made the record which justifies the hopes of the Navy Department in her construction. She has met all the tests required of her with margins to the good. Incidentally, the firing of her big guns has made a new record for work of this sort by a new ship.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Memory.

Down the little crooked street that went to meet the sea,
The torn nets were drying on the grass,
She was mending at the old nets; she never looked at me—
On a blue September morning, with the west wind blowing free;
She never raised her head to watch me pass.
'Tis all I took away with me—a blue September morning.
The little street, the green grass and one girl's scorning.

I've forgot my father's house, the house that saw me born,
Forgot my mother's blessing at the last;
There's nothing but the old nets, tangled-like and torn,
And the head that bent above them, yellow-colored as the corn,
That never raised to watch me as I passed.
I wish I'd be forgetting it—a blue September morning,
The blowing grass, the torn nets and one girl's scorning.
—Theodosia Garrison, in the *Smart Set*.

The Long Lane.

All through the summer night, down the long lane in flower,
The moon-white lane,
All through the summer night,—dim as a shower,
Glimmer and fade the Twain:
Over the cricket hosts throbbing the hour by hour,
Young voices bloom and wane.

Down the long lane They go, and past one window, pale
With visions silver-hurled;
Stirring the heart that waits,—the eyes that fail
After a spring deferred.—
Query, and hush, and Ah!—dim through a moon-lit veil,
The same one word.

Down the long lane, entwined with all the fragrance there;
The lane in flower somehow
With youth and plighted hands, and star-strewn air,
And muted "Thee" and "Thou":—
All the wild bloom and reach of dreams that never were,
—Never to be, now.

So, in the throbbing dark where ebbs the old refrain,
A starved heart hears.
And silver-bright, and silver-hurled again
With moonlight and with tears,
All the long night They go, down the long summer lane,
The long, long years.
—Josephine Preston Peabody, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Hymn to the Sun, from "Chantecler."

Thou who dost kiss away the dew that lies
Like hidden tears on each small grassy blade,
Who with ethereal colors canst disguise
Into a host of golden butterflies
The almond blossoms fluttering as they fade;
O gracious sun, to whom each darling flower
Doth owe the ripened honey of its cup,
Who find'st the way to every peasant's bower,
Dividing in a trillion parts the dower
That still in one great sphere is treasured up!

Accept me for thy priest, and I will sing
How on a Monday thou dost not disdain
To paint the soapy bubbles glistening,
And oft at eve thy last farewell doth fling
Against some humble cottage window-pane.

My golden brother on the clock-tower shines
Through thee; to thee the sunflower turns her head,
And thou dost weave such delicate designs
When glancing through the lindens or the pines
That on the lawn one hardly dares to tread.

Thou mak'st enamel of the kitchen ware,
And banners of the rags hung out to dry;
The hayricks through thy grace have golden hair,
And all the beehives in the garden wear
Upon their caps a gold one can not buy.

Glory to thee, O Sun, upon the lawn,
On portal and on meadow and on vine,
In eye of lizard and on wing of swan!
O thou who hast with magic pencil drawn
Each fine detail and every sweeping line!

Beside each shining object thou dost throw
A sombre sister stretching on before;
The image traced by thee doth oftentimes grow
So delicate and strange we hardly know
If shadow or if substance please us more.

To deck the air with roses, make us see
Flames in the springs, in every hush a Lar,
To apotheosize a garbled tree,—
Is thine, O Sun, without whose alchemy
Things would indeed be only what they are!
—Edmond Rostand, translated by Margaret Franklin.

The Royal British Automobile Club is much alive to the rights of its members and has now requested all motorists to send in photographs of any signs by the roadside which give false information about speed reduction.

Rich Indians in Oklahoma talk of building towns which shall be for Indians only.

Candy Sent to the Country.

A box of candy is always welcomed by friends in the country. Easily sent by mail or express from any one of Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Knicker—What is your idea of municipal government? **Bocker**—First provide an auto and then create an office to fill it.—*New York Sun*.

"I hear Blubud has got the stage-fright." "Why, he isn't an actor." "No, but he married the homeliest girl in the 'Girl from Yonkers' company."—*Town Topics*.

The Man in the Chair—I enjoy a quiet smoke. **The Other**—Well, you'll never be troubled with crowds while you smoke cigars of that brand!—*London Opinion*.

"Yes, I read poetry, but only the humorous kind. I notice that when you buy a magazine, you always read the serious verses!" "Yep—they're so much funnier."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"A million dollars seems a trifle high, daughter." "But he has a patent of nobility, dad." "Well, let's be a bit cautious. When does this patent expire?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Who was it that said, 'Be sure you're right and then go ahead'?" "I don't know," replied Mr. Chuggins. "But he doesn't belong to the chauffeurs' union in our town."—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Peckem—Henry, what punishment should be meted out to a man who proposes to a woman and then refuses to marry her? **Peckem**—He should be compelled to marry her.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"And have you told your father, my own?" inquired he. "Well," she replied, "to a certain extent, yes. I told him that I was engaged, but I did not tell him to whom. Poor father is not strong."—*London Globe*.

"I see you employ a number of old men." "I do." "How old are they?" "Too old to be interested in canoeing, or mandolins, or race horses, or girls, or tennis. That makes them fine for work."—*Washington Herald*.

Maudie—That horrid old cat told Claudie that I was forty years old! **Mamie**—The mean thing. But she might have done worse. **Maudie**—How? **Mamie**—Well, she might have told some lie about you.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Do I have to exchange wedding presents in the department from which they were purchased?" "Not at all," said the floorwalker. "Thank you," said the June bride. "I want to trade a china vase for a frying pan."—*Pittsburg Post*.

Subbubs—What struck you most forcibly about your visit to the city, Uncle Hi? **Uncle Hi**—Wall, when I cum to the hospital I couldn't remember whether it was a trolley car or one o' them automobiles.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"There's a fellow out in Chicago who has written a book to prove that a college education ruins a man's career." "He's an ass. Why, many of the best ballplayers we have were signed right out of college."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Captain Kidd—What's the trouble? Can't you make the prisoner walk the plank? **Lieutenant**—No, cap; he absolutely refuses to be a part of the spectacle unless we guarantee him a percentage of the moving-picture receipts.—*Puck*.

"Came into a fortune, didn't he?" "Yes, a big one." "What's he doin' these days?" "He has become interested in settlement work." "Well, that ought to keep him occupied for awhile; he owed everybody."—*Houston Post*.

"Why do you take so much interest in French literature?" "Because," replied Mrs. Cumrox, "there are so many French authors you can claim to have read without being expected to discuss them in polite society."—*Washington Star*.

"Cheer up, my little man," said a passer-by to the small newsboy; "what's the use of worrying? You may be President some day." "S-say," sobbed the little fellow, "it s-sure do l-look as if I was h-headed dat way; somebody's allers a-roastin' me!"—*Chicago Daily News*.

Fervid Teetotaler—I object to the custom of christening ships with champagne on principle. **Facetious Friend**—I don't see why you should; why, there's a temperance lesson in it. Immediately following her first taste of wine the vessel takes to water, and, what's more, she sticks to it ever after.—*Scraps*.

"What great wandering body," asks the teacher, "which is largely composed of gas, and which travels at terrific speed and puzzles the scientists while amazing and alarming nearly all its beholders, is now attracting the attention of the entire world?" "Teddy Roosevelt," yawns the fat boy at the end of the row.—*Life*.

"I want a mourning hat, as I am in mourning," said the Indiana lady to the milliner. "But my daughter here," waving her hand in the direction of her companion, "is a widder of two years' standing, and she is in light

distress. You might show her a hat with some red feathers on it."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"How do you know they're married?" "Can't you see? He's making her bait her own fish hooks."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Do you find the cost of living any higher than it was, say, five years ago?" "Yes, sir. Two of my daughters have got married since."—*Washington Herald*.

"But will your father give his consent?" "Don't worry about that. Father is not going to waste his time opposing a summer engagement."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Do you believe that music prevents crime?" "To a certain extent," replied Mr. Sinnick. "When a man keeps both hands and his breath busy with a cornet, you know he can't be picking pockets, attempting homicide, or slandering his neighbors."—*Washington Star*.

Strange Guest—I don't know half the people in the room. Just look at that woman over there—the cross-eyed, red-headed one. And some one told me she was married. Don't you think the fellow was a fool? **Other Guest** (meekly)—I know he was. I'm him.—*Baltimore American*.

FROM BILL NYE'S MEMOIRS.

Bill Declines the Bulgarian Throne.

SLIPPERY ELMHURST,

Hudson, Wis., Nov. 25.

TO THE ALLIED POWERS, CARE LORD SALISBURY—Gentlemen: Your favor of recent date regarding my acceptance of the Bulgarian throne, which is now vacant and for rent, in which note you tender me the use of said throne for one year, with the privilege of three, is at hand. You also state that the allied powers are not favorable to Prince Nicholas and that you would all prefer a dark horse. Looking over the entire list of obscure men, it would seem you have been unable to fix upon a man who has made a better showing in this line than I have.

While I thank you for this kind offer of a throne that has, as you state, been newly fitted and refurnished throughout, I must decline it for reasons which I will try to give in my rough, unpolished way.

In the first place I read in the dispatches today that Russia is mobilizing her troops, and I do not want anything to do with a country that will treat its soldiers in that way. Troops have certain rights as well as those who have sought the pleasanter walks of peace.

That is not all. I do not care to enter into a squabble in which I am not interested. Neither do I care to go to Bulgaria in the capacity of a carpet-bag monarch from the tented counter, wearing a hoiler-iron overcoat by day and a stab-proof corset at night. I have always been in favor of Bulgaria's selection of a monarch *viva voce* or *vox populi*, whichever you think would look best in print.

I hate to see a monarch in hot water all the time and threatening to abdicate. Supposing he does abdicate, what good will that do, when he leaves a widow with nothing but a second-hand throne and a crown two sizes too small for his successor? I have always said, and I still say, that nothing can be more pitiful than the sight of a lovely queen whose husband, in a wild frenzy of remorse, has abdicated himself. Nothing, I repeat, can be sadder than this picture of a deserted queen, left high and dry, without means, forced at last to go to the pawnbrokers with a little plated, fluted crown with rabbit-skin ear tabs on it.

We are prone to believe that a monarch has nothing to do but to issue a ukase or a mandamus and that he will then have all the funds he wants; but such is not the case. Lots of our most successful monarchs are liable to be overtaken any year by a long, cold winter, and found as late as Christmas reigning in their summer sceptres.

I am inclined also to hesitate about accepting the Bulgarian throne for another reason—I do not care to be deposed when I want to be doing something else. I have had my deposition taken several times and it did not look like me either time.

I think that you monarchs ought to stand by each other more. If you would form a society of free and independent monarchs there in Europe, where you are so plenty, you could have a good time and every little while you could raise your salaries if you worked it right.

Now you pull and haul each other all the time, and keep yourselves in hot water day and night. That's no way for a dynasty any more than any one else. It impairs your usefulness and fills our telegraphic columns full of names that we can not pronounce. Every little while we have to pay the operator at this end of the cable ten dollars for writing in a rapid, flowing hand that "meanwhile Russia will continue to disregard the acts of the Sobranje."

Why should a great country like Russia go about trying to make trouble with a low-priced Sobranje? I think that a closer alliance of crowned heads, whose interests are identical, would certainly relieve the monotony of many a long, tedious reign. If I were to

accept the throne of Bulgaria, which is not likely, so long as my good right arm can still jerk a fluent cross-cut saw in the English tongue, I would form a syndicate of monarchs, with grips, passwords, explanations, and signals; every sceptre would have a contralto whistle in the butt end which could be used as a sign of distress, while the other end would have a cork in it, and then steering a tottering dynasty down through the dim vista of crumbling centuries would not be so irksome as it now is.

As it is now, three or four allied powers ask a man to leave his business and squat on a cold, hard throne for a mere pittance, and then just as he begins to let his whiskers grow and learns to dodge a big porcelain bomb, those same powers jump on top of him and ask him for his deposition. That is no way to treat an amateur monarch who is trying to do right.

If you want to rear your children to love and respect the monarchy industry, you must afford them better protection. I say this as a man who may not live to be over one hundred years of age, and with my feet thus settling into the boggy shores of time, let me beg of you, monarchs and monarchesses, to make your calling an honorable one. Teach your children and their children to respect the business by which their parents earned their bread. Show them that it is honorable to empire a country if they do it right. Teach them that to do right is better than to fraudulently turn a Jack from the bottom of the pack. Teach them that it is better to be a popular straight out-and-out partisan king, who is sincere about it, than to be a mug-wump monarch who dares not leave his throne, night or day, for fear that somebody will put a number of bombs under it or criticize him in the papers.

I would like to empire Bulgaria this winter first rate if I could get back in time to remove the counterpane from my asparagus bed, but it would hardly pay me to do so. If Nicholas will do it, and do it at living rates, I would tell him to go ahead.

If you furnish reigning tools and palace, he ought to do it at twelve hundred dollars a year, or say fifteen hundred dollars and find himself.

Yours sincerely,

1,500 Collect. BILL NYE.

Cincinnati.

The first person to inaugurate the baneful theory that the office should seek the man, a theory which has caused more unhappiness than any other ever advanced in the great realm of politics, was a party called Lucius Quintus, or Cincinnati, because he wore his hair in curls; also because he had at one time resided in Cincinnati.

It was the fall of 458 B. C., after a long, dry season and a prolonged and futile hull movement, in which Cincinnati went forth to summer-fallow the west field, hoping by that process and a judicious rotation in crops to head off the chinch-bug and the bears. He was a good deal depressed mentally and physically. He had been trying to break a new pair of wild and fractious four-year-old steers, and it had required a good deal of firmness and perspiration to accomplish this. He had not yet fully succeeded, in fact, for every little while the steers would light out for the marsh at a high rate of speed, and Cincinnati would have to follow them through the dewberry patch in his hare legs, for Cincinnati did not wear trousers winter or summer.

Cincinnati was the man who first advanced the doctrine that the office should seek the man, and ever since that time it is no uncommon thing to see a man, holding on by the plow-handles and looking over his shoulder, expecting that a good office will climb the fence pretty soon and kidnap him.

The day came at last when a dark horse was needed, and the Chairman of the Roman Central Committee went to Cincinnati to seek out the great man. The chairman got over the barbed-wire fence and addressed the eminent Roman agriculturist.

It was but the work of a moment to unyoke old Brin and Bally and accept the office of dictator. Putting on his toga, the great man began to dictate in less than forty-eight hours. He went to the house, washed his hands in a tin basin of cistern water, with soft soap, put some fresh fine-cut in the inside pocket of his toga, and was drawing a salary on the following Monday at nine o'clock.

The first thing he did was to call for more troops. He then marched against the enemy and captured everybody. He then returned, having been dictator sixteen days at two dollars per day. He drew his pay and resigned to accept the portfolio of buck-wheat on his own property.

We have no American today who could accept the command of our regular army, whip the Apaches, and be back on the farm in sixteen days. And yet Cincinnati conquered a hostile nation, paid the public debt, and got home in time to do his fall plowing.

If we read the history of Cincinnati carefully we are forced to admit that he was either one of the greatest men of whom we know or that he wrote the matter up himself for one of the Roman magazines.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Assault on McLaren.

Mayor McCarthy's politics has not in anything shown so bad a face as in the attempt to besmirch John McLaren, superintendent of Golden Gate Park. McLaren is not only a man above reproach, but a man above suspicion. He belongs to that little group of rare spirits in which John Muir and William Keith are notable figures. He is a man characterized not merely by the finest integrity, but by a fine insight and fine love for the beautiful, a fine appreciation of what is good and noble. His taste and devotion have turned sand waste into the most beautiful park in the world. Of course, such a man could no more give himself into the hands of the McCarthy type of politician than do any other shameless and disreputable thing. He is too genuine, too true, too absolutely a man in every aspect of his mind and character. McCarthy can no more bend him to his purposes than could any of the others who have tried to do it this twenty years and more. And since McLaren can not be bent, there is an effort to break him. It will fail, of course, because there is a moral resistance in the man which will protect him

against all machinations and assaults. It is, however, possible to embarrass and to annoy him; this is all that can be done, and apparently it is going to be done. Mr. McLaren hardly needs to be assured that every decent man, woman, and child in San Francisco who knows anything about him and his work discredits and resents the charges made against him; that the brutality and vulgarity of the whole business only adds sympathy to the respect in which he is universally held. It is an interesting fact that another man of the same type in a similar situation was similarly assaulted a generation ago. Frederick Law Olmsted, the creator of Central Park in New York, had an experience with the Tweed régime almost identical with that which Mr. McLaren is undergoing in San Francisco. The end was precisely what everybody knew it would be. Olmsted came out of the ordeal unscathed, while his persecutors and tormentors suffered the contempt which all decent men feel for conscienceless and shameless conspirators. It will be the same here.

A Counsel of Destruction.

The intrusion of Gifford Pinchot into the California campaign serves one useful purpose, namely, that of clarifying and defining an issue which hitherto our local "insurgents" have sought to dodge. Mr. Pinchot puts it plainly enough. "The insurgent movement," he said in his speech in San Francisco on Tuesday night, "stretches from sea to sea. I truly believe that the swing of it is going to carry into the governor's chair Hiram W. Johnson. We are in a great fight, that is not limited to any State or any city or to any kind of political belief. *We are in a fight which cuts through all political subdivisions.*"

The meaning of this is clear enough. Mr. Pinchot does not come as a Republican or with any thought of sustaining the efficiency or the honor of the Republican party. He comes in promotion of a movement "which cuts through all political subdivisions." He comes to help an assault against the Republican party, aimed at its life, seeking its destruction. He asks support for Hiram Johnson as a man likewise enlisted in this movement—a movement which cuts through and tends to the disintegration of Republicanism in California and elsewhere. But this statement was hardly needed to define Mr. Pinchot's position. It had already been sufficiently marked by his course as an official in the Department of Agriculture. Only a few months back, while holding the post of Chief Forester, and therefore under every obligation to sustain the policies of the administration or get out of it, he secretly set himself against President Taft, even going so far as to attempt to discredit his course through an open letter which he adroitly caused to be read in the United States Senate. It was a piece of unrelieved arrogance, a gross impertinence, a damnable disloyalty. The indignation of the President burst out in a stinging rebuke still fresh in the public mind. Mr. Pinchot, forced into the open by the President's righteous severity, now stands a vindictive enemy of the administration, as a man seeking to discredit the head of the government and the head of the Republican party, one giving his energies to a movement which "cuts through all political subdivisions"—in other words, aims at the destruction of the Republican party. It is this man who comes to California to counsel the election of Mr. Johnson to the governorship.

In the course of his remarks on Tuesday night Mr. Pinchot uttered one of those sentimental half truths which "ring" so well in the saying and which are so utterly meaningless under analysis. "I think," he said, "it is better to be a good citizen than to be a good Republican." Now, let us ask what are the aims of good citizenship? If integrity of the State government be one of them, surely the Republican party may demand approval, for it has given California a government free from extravagance, free from legislative

favoritism. That we have no State scandals, that we have no State debt—this is a record which justifies and which should commend the Republican party to every good citizen. Again, if it is the aim of good citizenship to promote the material welfare of California, the Republican party may confidently claim approval. Under Republican policies, domestic and foreign, we have peace and security with all their blessings, we have a sustained commerce, we have respect at home and abroad. In California we have protection for those interests with which the welfare of the State is especially bound up. Is it not an obligation of good citizenship to recognize these facts, and to sustain the political agency through which they have been promoted? And, let us ask, is there any reason to hope for better things—or as good—under the indefinite, half-hatched, wholly personal scheme urged by Mr. Pinchot?

To sum up, Mr. Pinchot comes as an enemy of the Republican party, as an enemy of President Taft, by invitation of a group of political agitators who have nothing better to offer than a scheme of detraction and destruction. The candidate for the governorship whom Mr. Pinchot in his fine knowledge of Californian affairs commends—he having arrived in California the day before yesterday—and in whose election he "truly believes," is a man in sympathy with this movement, a man whose whole political idea is to break down and destroy—the Republican party among other things.

Mr. Pinchot, taking his cue from Candidate Johnson, "scores," "flays," "denounces." Men and brethren of California, we have had too much of this sort of thing here and throughout the country. There have been so many scorings, and flayings, and denouncings, as to have weakened that faith in the ultimate integrity of things which has been the prime factor in American patriotism. The people have been so lectured, badgered, and hectorred by muckrakers, so over-impressed with the demoralizing idea that dishonesty is universal, that they find it difficult to sustain that confidence in the worthiness of American life and in the stability of American institutions, which has been so powerful a support of representative government. It is indeed time to bid malcontents, detractors, destroyers of patriotic faith, men of the Pinchot and Johnson type, to cease their revilings, to leave the people free to pursue normal courses of judgment in political and in other spheres.

Oslerized from Office.

Colonel John S. Mosby, the most interesting Confederate veteran now alive, finds himself out of office in his old age, ostracized by the friends he made in the Civil War, and having outlived most of those whom he served politically after that event. For some years past he has been an attaché of the Department of Justice at Washington, but early in this month he was dismissed for disabilities of health and age, and will hereafter undertake to support himself by his pen.

Colonel Mosby's services to the Confederacy were those of a partisan ranger, commanding a few hundred men, whose business was to annoy the Federal commanders in northern Virginia by attacking wagon trains, outposts, and lines of communication. So rapid and bold were his operations, especially in breaking railroads, that it came to require forty thousand Northern troops to guard points which Mosby threatened, thus reducing by that number the offensive strength of the Union armies. Efforts were made to capture the "guerilla," as he was called, but neither he nor his command suffered any serious reverses, and Mosby was still in the field when Lee surrendered. He did not capitulate. He simply drew up his command and told the men to scatter to their homes, accept the new order of things, and become good citizens.

In the next few months, finding President Andrew Johnson intent on doing him such mischief as he could, despite the fact that he had taken the oath, Colonel Mosby obtained a safe-conduct from General Grant, and

reentered the practice of the law. But he had become, meanwhile, a Republican, while his Virginia neighbors were all Democrats. He believed that the South would be better off acting with the party in control than with the party in opposition, but the Southern men, in their hatred of the North and of the politics of their conquerors, would have none of it or of him. After reconstruction he stumped his native State for Grant, and more than once was mobbed. Soon he had to leave Virginia, and it was not long before Grant, appreciating his sacrifices, made him consul-general at Shanghai.

The Republican party looked after Colonel Mosby as it did after General Longstreet, who had also been politically reconstructed, until the 'eighties, when he fell out of employment. But General Grant was still his friend and in his last days at Mount McGregor he asked the late Collis P. Huntington to provide a suitable place in his railroad offices for the ex-Confederate. It was then that Colonel Mosby came to San Francisco in some connection with the Southern Pacific. He remained here for several years, but on the death of Mr. Huntington he went East and engaged in literary pursuits until he was given a special government mission to settle the troubles with cattlemen in Wyoming. The old soldier did his work so well that President Roosevelt kept him in the government service by putting him in the Department of Justice. Now he is out of employment. The statesmen of the war period are dead; Roosevelt is no longer President; Virginia is as implacable as ever, and a new generation has come to Washington to whom the name of Mosby is hardly known.

The case has its pathetic aspects, for Mosby, if he had conformed to the politics of the South, would probably have been in the Senate from Virginia, and would, at any rate, have had a chance to build up a satisfactory legal practice among his old friends. For his devotion to what he believed to be the best interests of the South he deserved better treatment, but it is a truth that admits of few exceptions that the man who makes sacrifices for politics' sake is sacrificed by politics in the end.

A Pettifogging Claim.

The Fresno *Republican* throws overboard a fine and exceptional tradition of journalistic candor in an effort to identify the name and fame of Mr. Roosevelt with the insurgent campaign for the governorship of California. Noting the departure of Mr. Gifford Pinchot for San Francisco to speak in behalf of Mr. Johnson, the *Republican* points out that Pinchot is a friend of the ex-President; that he has very recently visited him at Sagamore Hill; that in fact he comes almost directly from an interview with Mr. Roosevelt. These circumstances the *Republican* construes as proof of Mr. Roosevelt's interest in Johnson's candidacy. "The formal announcement," says the *Republican*, "that Mr. Pinchot would speak in California for Hiram Johnson was made practically from Theodore Roosevelt's front porch. . . . The choice of time and place for the announcement was doubtless intended to be significant. . . . The implied approval of Roosevelt is an added asset of unlimited value." The intent of all this is to impress upon the people of California an indorsement of the insurgent movement in California which Mr. Roosevelt has not in truth declared. This is a sort of pettifogging common to factional organs; it is not the sort of thing we would have expected from a newspaper of the character of the Fresno *Republican*. It would seem that a journal pretending to high standards of character and openly an admirer of Mr. Roosevelt should be the last to accredit that gentleman with a cheap subterfuge in politics. It would seem further the part of reason and friendship to permit Mr. Roosevelt to make his own announcements, to avoid "interpretations" tending to commit him where plainly he has no wish to commit himself.

The effort to connect Roosevelt with the insurgent movement here or elsewhere is not only without justification in anything Mr. Roosevelt has said or done since his return from Europe, but without support in the political history and methods of the man. Mr. Roosevelt, indeed, has been given over at one time or another to special purposes in politics, but the record does not disclose that he has ever permitted his devotion to new causes to impair his party standing. The late Thomas C. Platt relates an incident in his autobiography which reveals the characteristic attitude of Mr. Roosevelt's mind and habit in their inside political relations. Mr. Platt points out that it was the organization—in other words, the machine—that chose Mr.

Roosevelt for the gubernatorial nomination of his party. A representative of the organization sounded him as to his willingness to be a candidate, and Platt himself secured Roosevelt's pledge that he would support the organization in State appointments. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt is shown in the governorship of New York, and in the period which preceded his election, as a man absolutely affiliated with organized politics and in entire accord with the most perfect State organization of which the country has any knowledge.

But his dealings with Platt are by no means, the only proof of Mr. Roosevelt's characteristic policy of party regularity. When he entered public life in the New York legislature he was not long out of Harvard, and like most college youths of his day he was a civil service doctrinaire and a tariff doctrinaire with free trade ideals. Just the man to arouse the spirit of benevolent assimilation in the souls of George William Curtis, E. L. Godkin, Dorman B. Eaton, Sherman S. Rogers, and Carl Schurz, all of whom made much of him and counted him as the legislative champion of reform ideas. For awhile Mr. Roosevelt led what was known as the silk stocking element in the New York legislature and was prolific in essays on "American Ideals," "The Manly Virtues and Practical Politics," and "Machine Politics in New York." All this aroused the scorn of Roscoe Conkling, who described Mr. Roosevelt as "that denticial young man with more teeth than brains." Others, among them Mr. Platt, a keener politician than Conkling, thought differently. They saw that under all the superficialities of reform Roosevelt was of the stuff of which "regulars" are made; that for all his pose as a reformer he had not that kind of political recklessness which deserts the party standard. Mr. Platt was right, as the event showed. Mr. Roosevelt's course in the New York legislature was so emphatically regular that he was soon counted upon as a dependable party man, and as such, when the nomination of Blaine was made, he declined, though that nomination was distasteful to him, to join the bolters, who included many of his independent friends. He was not enthusiastic for the ticket, but was perfectly loyal to it nevertheless, explaining his course to the followers of Curtis, Godkin, and Schurz on the ground that Republican disaster would mean the death of vital policies in which all good men were interested and for which more could be expected from the Republicans than the Democrats.

After Blaine's defeat Mr. Roosevelt went West and stayed there until the party organization in New York recalled him to run for mayor of New York City against Abraham S. Hewitt and Henry George. A man with reform ideas and at the same time a man of party dependability was wanted to pit against George so as to keep the party organization intact and to divide the independent vote upon which the third party nominee was likely to make inroads. The strategy did not elect Roosevelt, nor did he expect it to, but it carried out the organization purpose of defeating George and putting Roosevelt in line for a consolation prize.

In all the offices Mr. Roosevelt has held—assemblyman, police commissioner, civil service commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, governor of New York, Vice-President, and President—he has never countenanced an insurgency. Once when asked why, since he had worked hard against the nomination of Blaine, he had continued to act with his party after the nomination had been made, he replied: "Whatever good I have accomplished has been through the Republican party." One of his biographies says of him: "Mr. Roosevelt is a party man because he believes in using the tools ready to his hand. But he has always striven to make his party an efficient instrument by exerting his influence to lead it to indorse the policies which he favors. On many occasions he has declared that he believes in accepting a partial good rather than in bolting his party when the complete good can not be obtained at once. He has no patience with reformers who refuse to work with an old political organization when that organization is supporting the things in which the reformers believe. 'Let's take what we can get now and when we can get more, let's take that,' has been his political advice."

The one circumstance tending in the least degree to identify Mr. Roosevelt with the insurgent movement is the announcement that he will speak in behalf of his friend Senator Beveridge in Indiana some time during the campaign. And this means nothing when the facts are understood. It is entirely natural that Roosevelt should speak for Beveridge for many reasons. To

begin with, Roosevelt and Beveridge have been close personal friends for a number of years. Beveridge supported Roosevelt during the whole period of his presidency and may fairly claim a return service. Furthermore, Beveridge is the Republican primary nominee for senator. He has no Republican opponent; his fight is wholly against Democratic opposition. As a staunch party man, as a man who always stands by his friends, Roosevelt can consistently and properly make a speech on behalf of Beveridge, for in doing so he is working for the Republican ticket in Indiana and for a political and personal friend. The real significance of this incident, in its analogies with the California case, is that Roosevelt, while openly declared for Beveridge, has said nothing that could reasonably be construed into an expression favorable to the cause of insurgency in California or elsewhere. Still further it is to be remembered that Roosevelt has promised to speak for his friend Lodge, a dyed-in-the-wool regular who is facing a serious insurgent movement in Massachusetts.

Nobody who has followed Mr. Roosevelt's career believes for a moment that he will abandon the party organization to take up the cause of insurgency. He knows how spineless and transient such movements are, how they commonly represent individual motives of sore-headism or personal ambition, how inevitably they come to collapse. Mr. Roosevelt knows the political game too well, he is far too practical a man in politics to separate himself from the forces of regular organization, to forfeit the right to appeal to party motives and to party authority.

Parliament and Woman Suffrage.

Too much importance may easily be attached to the fact that the House of Commons by a majority of more than a hundred has agreed to the second reading of a bill in favor of a moderate form of woman suffrage. What has to be remembered is that a second reading of a measure has little importance in British legislative procedure. The first reading of a bill is always allowed to go by default, and is rarely made the occasion of more debate than the speeches of the proposer and seconder. Two other ordeals at least have to be passed before a measure can be sent up to the House of Lords, these being the second and third readings respectively, each of which is made the occasion of lengthy discussion. If a bill secures a majority on its second reading it may then be referred to either the grand committee or to a committee of the entire house, in which its various clauses are discussed exhaustively and voted upon, but to refer a measure to a committee of the entire house is in most cases equivalent to its destruction.

Now this is what has happened to the woman franchise bill. Despite the majority in its favor, its supporters were not able to command sufficient votes to prevent it being referred to a committee of the entire house, a significant fact in view of the efforts which had been made to avert such a catastrophe. All of which shows that the majority in its favor was artificial, or at least of a compromising nature. In view of the party cleavage which the woman suffrage question has revealed there are many members of the House of Commons who find it safe to profess an academic approval. Hence the majority has included such members of the cabinet as Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Churchill and no less important a member of the opposition than Mr. Balfour, but on the other hand the minority has included the prime minister, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. It will be seen then, that the second reading does not represent a party triumph, and the fact that a majority was secured represents little more than a bit of adroit diplomacy on the part of some members of both parties to placate the suffragist sentiment. The favoring Liberals may be credited with sincere convictions on the subject, but many of the Unionists probably voted for the second reading in gratitude for the assistance of women workers at the last election.

But a further and still more important consideration must not be lost sight of. The bill which has placed a second reading victory to its credit was a private member's measure. The government assumed no responsibility for it whatever. To have done otherwise would have been fatal in view of the divisions which exist among members of the cabinet. All that Mr. Asquith did was to find time for the discussion of the bill, a concession which he thought due in view of the widespread interest in the subject. He was willing then, to afford facilities for a full-dress debate, but

further than that he would not go. As a matter of fact the diversity of opinion prevailing in the two great parties makes it highly probable that no government will be able to bring forward a measure of its own. Now, a private member's bill has practically no chance of becoming law, so that to regard the recent second reading of such a measure as a triumph for woman suffrage is to betray ignorance of British parliamentary methods.

To forecast the next stages of woman suffrage in England is not a difficult task. The promoters of the bill which was the occasion of the recent vote have demanded in that high-handed manner which has characterized all their proceedings that the bill "shall be carried into law in the present session," as otherwise they will resort to "further militant action." What that means needs little explanation. Meetings will be disturbed, "scencs" outside the House of Commons will be frequent, political leaders will be waylaid in the most unlikely places and assaulted by missiles, and ministerial windows will be broken without number. The agitators, in fact, will give the world still further proofs that for women to be associated with politics leads inevitably to a roughening and coarsening of their standards, thus supporting the view of that misogynist who declared that all these things are making it "easy to forsake the woman." Meanwhile the fundamental question of sex offers its solid obstacle. The latest reports from New Zealand, which is so often cited in favor of woman suffrage, show that women voters are controlled by sentiment, are the ready prey of "fads," and have had no steadying effect on politics. Even were it otherwise, it must never be forgotten that New Zealand has no large imperial interests, and hence is no more an object lesson than the State of Colorado, which is safeguarded from the stress of real politics by the Federal government.

The Cult of the American Child.

At last some one has found courage to speak out his mind about the American child—the pert, precocious, omnipresent American child. It was high time. The exploitation of the Very Young Person has exceeded all bounds. Our literature is choked with slushy, gushy child studies, child memoirs, "Emmy Lou" books, and chronicles of the kindergarten. Psychology is busy making cross-sections of child emotions and qualitative and quantitative analyses of child motives. Pedagogy is devising gently persuasive schemes for his mental and moral development that need not jar his precious individuality nor hurt his little dignity. While the all-pervasive young barbarians themselves reign supreme throughout the land and assail the eyes and ears of a long-suffering public with their uncanny cleverness, their amazing egotism, and their total disregard of the rights of elders.

The white glare that beats on the modern child blinds the sense of relative values. He sees himself always in possession of centre-stage, "supported" by an obsequious company of parents and relatives, mere "feeders" who play up to him or simply enact a Greek chorus of appreciation, annotation, and applause. Very much as Music, heavenly maid, was forced to melt into a murmury background for the cavortings of a classic dancer, so parental authority has abdicated and become a mere accompaniment to childhood's rampant self-expression. Is it to be wondered at that the Very Young Person has increased in self-consciousness and self-importance with correspondingly diminished deference to his seniors?

But we are ripe for reaction, and Dr. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, voices our protest when he declares that "American children are not sufficiently spanked. Americans protect their children too much, and it makes them precocious and disrespectful. A little spanking now and then reinforces the moral purpose of the child."

Oh delightful heresy, what responsive thrills you evoke from weary teachers and travelers, and summer resorters and European observers! The tender sensibilities of the child-psychologist may quiver with horror, but we'll warrant there's rejoicing in Heaven among the austere shades of our Puritan fathers. For in their lay the birch-rod wrought with a sad sincerity the decrees of their highest court of appeal—the Holy Bible:

He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.—*Proverbs*, xiii:14.

Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul pare for his crying.—*Proverbs*, xix:18.

Withhold no correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod he shall not die.—*Proverbs*, xxiii:13.

Thou shalt beat him with the rod and shalt deliver his soul from hell.—*Proverbs*, xxiii:14.

Now it is scarcely to be expected that discipline, after a century of humanitarian leavening, should revert to the old-fashioned creed of correction, with its trouncings, pillories, shackles, and other devices of the breaking-down process. Nor are we to take too literally the utterance of a college president suffering from an overdose of infant psychology or a too close intimacy with those imps of sophistication one finds in the homes of Academe. It is not a confession of faith. It is a protest—a sort of righteous "demmit." He has relieved his overcharged feelings—and ours, too. We are grateful.

But the doctor's little burst of spleen has a more important effect in that it forces us to look back to the days of stern and arbitrary discipline and ask ourselves whether the gain in freedom and self-expression wholly compensates for the loss in manners and courtesy. The Spartan severity of the ancients toward their offspring, the iron-clad rules of the monastic schools of the Middle Ages, the rigid Puritanism of colonial days, had this desirable result: it taught self-restraint, deference, and a wholesome respect for authority. Children that did not speak till spoken to, that stood throughout a meal or waited till their elders had been served; children that could sit without fidgeting, walk without rushing, and talk without screeching may have been victims of cruel repression, according to modern views, but they seem to us very pleasing products of civilization compared with the little savages who create scenes in hotel dining-rooms, monopolize the conversation, criticize the food, and interpolate an aggressive self-assertion into all the activities of the grown-ups. Certainly they must have been nicer to have around!

The following extract from the "Life of Cotton Mather" shows how far we have fallen from the colonial standards of deportment:

A boy was early taught a profound respect for parents, guardians, and teachers, and implicit prompt obedience. If he undertook to rebel his will was broken by persistent and adequate punishment. He was taught that it was a sin to find fault with his meals, his apparel, his tasks, or his lot in life. Courtesy was enjoined as a duty. If addressed by older persons, he must respond with a bow. He was to bow as he entered or left school, and to every man or woman, young or old, rich or poor, black or white, whom he met on the road. Special punishment was visited on him if he failed to show respect for the aged, the poor, or the afflicted.

These are the rudiments first to be mastered if we are ever to attain to the fine art of social conduct—"that supremacy of graciousness which is the bloom upon the fruit of the highest civilization." But they never will be mastered under the lax discipline which is a direct consequence of the absurdly extravagant cult of the child.

The Prize-Fight and the Press.

It needed but the negro triumph at Reno to discredit prize-fighting even in the ring itself. The wet blanket which fell on the crowd of sports, ex-champions and all, when Johnson hovered over the inert and stupefied figure of the "hope of the white race" not only dampened individual spirits, but smothered the life of the game. "Aw de business is in de morgue," said the sad Mr. Sharkey. "Who wants to go up against a damned nigger to get back the championship?" was the savage reflection of the veteran John L., who once drew the color line at Peter Jackson. And Corbett, when asked if he thought there would ever be another big fight, expressed his doubts in a phrase so tophetic that it must have coated his tongue with sulphur. But the crowning mortuary touch was given by Nevada legislators when they said that they would soon take Nevada out of the list of prize-fighting States. Surely when pugilism is so dead as that not all the wind power of the daily press can make noise enough to deceive the evil thing into the belief that it has heard the resurrection trumpet.

But we may well believe that the San Francisco daily press would do it if it could. The press may be the sacred prop of our civilization, the palladium of our liberties, and the hope of humankind in the abstract, but so long as it is ready in the concrete to do almost any indecent thing for money, serious men will be ready to dispute the claim. Now and again the daily papers have high pretensions, but always there is a dollar to be made by them. But they never make pretense of respectability when there is a dime to be lost by it. Measure the decency of our daily press by its rela-

tions to the Johnson-Jeffries fight and the characterization will not seem harsh. Was one single voice raised for law and order from the start? Did one daily journal resent having the stigma of the fight affixed to San Francisco? Was there one to protest? Did a single daily applaud Governor Gillett when he headed off the threatening disgrace? Was a word uttered from first to last that would offend the assembled sports? And when the disreputable show with its concourse of brutes and thieves and scalawags and prostitutes of both sexes was driven to Reno did not the most reputable and conservative of our daily journals hire the largest rink in town to show fight bulletins which from twelve to sixteen of its writers, including one woman, had been sent to Reno to report?

From first to last, in all this nasty carnival, to which the daily press contributed the motive power, was seen the underlying and permeating vulgarity of our journalistic ideals. No event of political, commercial, educational, or scientific importance ever had so much attention from the San Francisco press, day by day, for three months. Far less money was spent, when the press was rehabilitated, in collecting the facts about the earthquake. For the descriptive and pictorial indecencies of the bout the local papers were enlarged, their staffs increased, and news of importance was cut to paragraphs. And this went on week by week for three months. A stranger coming into the State possessed of his mind and his morals would have said that the people here lived and moved and had their being about the prize-ring and that their moral education could only express itself in the sign language of upper-cuts and jabs. It was not true of the people of this city, but the daily newspapers made it seem so. The corrupt ideals they brought out of saloons and poolrooms and gambling hells and raked up on corners where men stand to ogle women as they pass they paraded as public opinion, while their tills grew fat with the nickels that paid them for betraying the public trust.

It is a pressing question: Are we ever going to have a situation in San Francisco when the daily press will do its duty, when it will deal seriously with serious things, when it will minimize bad things, when it will tell the truth, when it will strive rather to gain the respect of its decent readers than the nickels of the "unwhipped mob"? Shall we some day have a press that will give the things of good repute at least as much consideration in the news columns as is now given to the coarse, the trivial, and the false? And, fairer conception yet, will there ever be a daily journal that is recognized as kin to the school and the pulpit in service of the humanities? Or is the object of our journalism to be forever one with "specious gifts material"?

Marrying an Oriental.

While marriages between white women and Japanese men are not so common as the Sir Edwin Arnold affairs that go the other way around, they are happening too often in English-speaking countries. Two or three have lately occurred on this coast. Another is reported from Chicago. There have been a few farther East, and England, Canada, and Australia have had their noticeable cases. In Germany, as the public will remember, Viscount Aoki found a flaxen-haired bride. These instances, while not numerous, have been frequent enough to make much talk in the newspapers; more, in fact, than has attached to the marriages of white women with Chinese.

For a certain type of white women a Chinaman, unspeakable though he may be from the racial standpoint, does not make a bad husband, as Oriental husbands go. He provides well for his wife; he is industrious and good-natured; he never goes on short commons by order of a walking delegate; his vices put him to sleep instead of sending him home to smash the furniture so as to prepare his better half for a similar ordeal. On holidays he takes his wife and the children, if there are any, out to see the sights; and being fond of stout beef himself, he does not force his white companion to eat the unhallowed provender of Cathay.

So much for the Chinese husband. But the Japanese Benedick is of quite a different breed. Only a few years ago a self-respecting Japanese had rather been seen in public without his clothes than with his wife. Indeed, it can not be more than twelve years since his sacred majesty, the emperor, astounded the nobles of his court by offering his arm to the empress at a garden party. The affair "made talk," and we do know that the scandal has ever been repeated. Even now, when the imperial pair travel they occupy sep-

rate trains, the empress taking the one which comes a long way after. If they are due to arrive at any distant place on the same day there are separate receptions and escorts. All this, of course, has a confirming effect on the popular idea that a wife is a mere servant or slave; and the common people regard her as one who may be given or traded away or abandoned at pleasure. Japan, in fact, is the place where divorce is commonest and easiest to get. In that land, as in the Japanese settlements of Hawaii, the little brown peasant woman walks behind rather than beside her lord; and she shoulders the family burdens uncomplainingly. However hard her lot, the husband does not try to soften it. Sometimes he beats his wife; betimes he does worse things; always and ever she is made to know her inferior place. As for that, she has known it from girlhood, for was she not taught to kneel and knock her head on the ground in deference to her baby brother, always greeting him with an honorable title as "Mr. Brother?" The poor creature knows nought of women's rights. She could not understand their meaning if they were taught her in the vernacular for a month of Sundays.

Now think of a white American girl in her position, a girl brought up in the public schools, possessed of decent sensibilities and a free habit of life? When such a one, in some moment of obsession, yields to the mysterious charms of a Sakamoto or an Ohashi, she leaves behind her the only atmosphere in which American women may hope to thrive and enters that in which her ideas of what is due a woman must all be reversed. She may then have no way of her own; she can claim no consideration from anybody; she must follow her husband as her master, and may never go with him as his equal; and she must make no complaint over his infidelities or hard knocks. If she does not like Japanese food she must learn to like it; if she can not sleep on a floor mat, that is her misfortune and not her husband's fault; and if she does not like the company given her she must pretend to like it or go without company.

It is needless to say that such marriages are hideous failures; but knowledge of that fact does not serve to stop them. Love is a species of insanity which mates a white woman with a Jack Johnson, and a white man with an Indian squaw, and its vagaries can not be expected to leave the little brown Romeo and the blue-eyed and golden-haired Juliet out. Fortunately, however, the Japanese has not become settled in the habit of seeking a white spouse. The evil is not epidemic, despite the increasing frequency of cases. It is still sporadic, and society, whose stern court is the only one of which Cupid shows any fear, must be depended on, if anything can be, to keep it so.

Editorial Notes.

Those who have followed the procedure in the Ballinger inquiry long ago discovered that there was absolutely nothing in the charges preferred by Pinchot and Glavis. Ballinger's course from the beginning was open, straightforward, clean, above reproach. He found in the Forestry Department a condition which had to be corrected to bring it within the lines of legality and legitimacy. It was an unpleasant task, but he went at it with the same kind of resolution and pursued it with the same kind of thoroughness that in other spheres had won him respect, distinction, and promotion. All this being so, the findings of the majority of the committee are precisely what they were expected to be—precisely what the President found to be the facts in his own investigation previously made. The whole case is regrettable and discreditable. It shows to what lengths of extravagance and vindictiveness men may go when their vanities and whimsies are wounded and when their resentments are aroused. In the contentions growing out of this inquiry the original charges have almost been lost sight of by the public. The case has degenerated into a quarrel between the administration, which insists upon legal and authorized methods and a group of "insurgents" wedded to fads and whimsies and inspired by disappointment and malice.

Tarsus, the ancient city in Asia Minor, where the Apostle Paul was born, is catching up with the progress of civilization and invention, and now is illuminated by electricity. The power is taken from the Cydnus River. There are now in Tarsus 450 electric street lights and about 600 incandescent lights for private use.

It costs eighty-five cents to make a ton of pure artificial ice in Chicago. But the iceman does not deliver it at that price.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Venice is doomed. That "city of the heart" which inspired the verse of Byron and the prose of Ruskin will soon be no more. The Bridge of Sighs, the palaces, St. Mark's, the Lion's marble piles, the gondoliers—all, all are to be huddled into the limbo of the past. This disastrous fate will, in the pages of future history, date from that day a short time since when seven desperate conspirators ascended the clock tower of the Adriatic city and hurled downward no fewer than two hundred thousand copies of this destroying manifesto:

We repudiate the ancient Venice extenuated by morbid secular voluptuousness, though we have loved it long and possessed it in the anguish of a great delightful dream.

We repudiate the ancient Venice of strangers, market to fraudulent antiquaries, magnetical pole for all the snobs and imbeciles of the world, the sunk-in-hed of innumerable caravans of lovers, precious-gemmed tub of cosmopolitan adventures.

We want to cure and cicatrize this rotting town, magnificent wound of the past. We want to enliven and ennoble the Venetian people declined from its former grandeur, moribundized by a disgusting cowardice and abased by small dishonest traffic. We want to prepare the birth of a new commercial and military Venice, able to brave and affront on the Adriatic Sea our eternal enemy: Austria.

Hasten to fill its small tidal canals with the ruins of its tumbling and leprous palaces.

Burn the gondoles, those swings for fools, and erect up to the sky the rigid geometry of large metallic bridges and manufactories with waving hair of smoke, abolish everywhere the languishing curves of the old architectures!

May the dazzling reign of divine Electrical Light at last free Venice from her venal furnished room's moonshine.

Such is the programme of the "futurist painters and poets" of Venice. We are assured that "the affable and home-loving pigeons" were so struck with terror that "they deserted for several days their beautiful marble lace nests." But if that is the case, Venice can not be so terribly decadent. When even the pigeons can read the community must be in a state of high civilization. And the fact that those wise birds so quickly recovered from their shock is an excellent augury. They probably compared the records of their traditions, and were able to recall the fact that other "futurists" in bygone days did actually succeed in turning out the Austrians, only to be ejected themselves shortly after. But perhaps this terrific manifesto is nothing more than a deep-laid plot to boost the glorious city of the sea on the farewell performance principle.

Venice, then, is probably safe for some generations to come, but Pisa does seem to be in a perilous condition. After more than five and a half centuries of reputable departure from a straight line, the leaning tower has grown weary of resisting the force of gravitation and is showing a marked disposition to lie down for good and all. This regrettable tendency has become so pronounced of late that the royal engineers of Italy were called in to diagnose the case, and they report that the patient has made eight inches of an approach to a resting position. And the doctors are not able to suggest any recuperative remedy. The hells in the tower are to ring no more, but even that concession to the weary masonry is hardly likely to postpone for long the complete collapse of the structure. To prop it up would be idle; the tens of thousands of curious tourists who are drawn to Pisa to see a tower which ought to fall and does not would resent paying their money to see a tower which wants to fall and is prevented.

Before long, however, neither Venice nor Pisa will matter much. John Kendrick Bangs is calling on the New World to redress the balance of the Old. His text is that "what Americans need is a little more of self-assertion." Possessed with this idea, he heaved a sigh of relief when recently he saw in an American periodical a photograph which had beneath it the following title:

A HOUSE IN MANCHESTER. (THE ENGLISH PITTSBURG.)

So, Mr. Bangs concludes, it is no longer Pittsburg that stands in need of elucidation, but Manchester, the ancient city of the Britons so long the standard by which Pittsburg and other American industrial communities were measured. While this is an excellent beginning, Mr. Bangs is not satisfied.

We must throw off the mantle of our self-effacement and fight this thing to a finish—aye even unto that day when, if we refer to London as the Brooklyn of the British Empire, or to Paris as the Emporia of France, or to Athens as the Boston of Greece, or even to Berlin as the Cincinnati of Europe, every one will know precisely what we mean.

Even in the days before the "insurgents" ousted him from the rules committee, Uncle Joe must often have envied the lot of his brother Speaker in the House of Commons. Political power is as the dust in the balance compared with that aloofness from the slightest criticism which is the prerogative of the presiding officer of the lower house of the English Parliament. Only the other day an Episcopalian minister ventured to write that dignitary rebuking him for what he called his "partiality" in permitting a certain measure before the house to be obstructed. This was a most serious affront, and the Speaker, through his secretary, returned the offending epistle with the remark that it was "a most improper letter" to have addressed to him, and threatened the writer with "the peril of being brought to the bar of the House of Commons and committed to gaol for a gross contempt and a breach of the privileges of the House of Commons." But the Speaker was merciful; he gave his correspondent the benefit of believing he had written in a moment of irritation and on insufficient knowledge. Nothing daunted, the clergyman returned to the attack, with many brave assertions about being willing to suffer in "a great cause." That saved him from the bar and gaol; the Speaker is too wise a man to cater to voluntary martyrs. When Uncle Joe looks over his mail how he must

sigh for the power to hale his correspondents before the House and commit them to the deepest dungeon.

Surely William Winter's excellent memory is failing him. How otherwise to account for his recent plea in relation to Shakespeare is a puzzle. In perfect harmony with that valiant fight which he has honorably carried on for so many years in the interest of a clean stage, he argues for an expurgated Shakespeare. But the argument is strangely put. In one sentence he declares that in some of the best plays there are "passages which ought to be omitted," and almost in the same breath he notes that they "customarily are omitted" when the plays are acted. That this is the practically unbroken rule among producers today will be within the knowledge of all theatre-goers. Indeed, it is impossible to recall a Shakespearean production of the last twenty which has been marred by the inclusion of any objectionable passage. Mr. Winter defeats his own end when he descends to minute particulars as to where in play, act, and scene passages offensive to modern taste may be found. And for the rest has he not forgotten the estimable Thomas Bowdler, whose curious "Family Shakespeare" must now be close upon a century old? That stickler for a "pure" text, who Bowdlerized Gibbon as well as Shakespeare, is remembered only for the adjective he added to the English dictionary. With the unexpurgated text available in so many editions, a "Family Shakespeare" has little chance of a market, and so long as the plays are edited for stage use their most outspoken passages are not likely to corrupt public morals. At the worst the plain-speaking of Shakespeare is a matter of grossness rather than suggestiveness. Certainly the world has no need for another Thomas Bowdler.

Democracies are not above that human weakness which pines for a "ribbon to stick in its coat." There is France, for example, where substitutes for titles and patents of nobility are being multiplied at an alarming rate. America can not boast more fraternity buttons than the sister republic can show ribbons of all shades of color. And these decorations are being lavished with liberal hand. At least twice each year the nominations to the Violet Ribbon, which was created for the teaching profession, and to the brighter-colored decoration which is the badge of agriculturists cover many pages of the official gazette and include thousands of names. Even the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor is cut off each year in ever increasing lengths. And, such is the cupidity of human nature, that intriguing spirit which plotted for titles and patents of nobility under the old régime is as much in evidence under the new order. In fact, bribes and plotting may lurk as much behind a how of ribbon as behind a title or order. And the abuse is growing to such an extent in France that a motion was recently made in the chamber for the abolition of all decorations save for distinction won on the field of battle, or rescue work, or achievements in scientific research. Montaigne has been dead many years, but he seems to have anticipated the present predicament of his countrymen when he wrote: "Seeing, then, that these remunerations of honor have no other value and estimation but only this, that few people enjoy them, 'tis hut to be liberal of them to bring them down to nothing."

There's nothing surprising about John D. Rockefeller's pronouncement in favor of one religion. From one oil to one faith seems a natural transition. It is a mere accident that Cleveland's most illustrious Sunday-school teacher has had his thoughts turned in the direction of Christian unity by the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, for a man who thinks in "corners" can hardly exclude any subject from the habit. If there were anything to be made out of a religious trust John D. would not have been so late in the field.

Certainly there is something decidedly humorous in an Irish mayor calling upon the fastidious Puritans of Boston to clean up their city in a physical sense, but the New York *Evening Post* does not lose sight of the moral:

Public untidiness is a national fault. It is more noticeable in cities, by its massing there, than elsewhere, but even the roadsides in the "sweet, pure country" are often terribly unkempt and have the air of being made a convenient dumping-ground.

While on the one hand Mr. H. G. Wells while visiting America was struck by the slovenly look of village streets, the American returning from Europe will contrast the neatness of France or Germany with the "slouchy" appearance of his native land. Yet it must not be forgotten that it was one named Benjamin Franklin who first suggested that coöperative street cleaning which has led to the European methods of today.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Wanted—An Automobile Club.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: There are 200,000 automobiles in use in the United States. In 1915 a great world's fair will be held in San Francisco. In 1915 there will be 600,000 automobiles in the United States. How many people will come to the fair in their machines? What reports will they take back with them? How many will come each succeeding year as the result of such reports?

The answers depend on the work of an automobile club. There are 25,000 automobiles in use in California today. The club membership should be 20,000. The annual income of the club would be \$60,000 to \$250,000. The moral power of the club would be great. The work of the club should be:

1. Help all good roads movements, special efforts being directed toward improvements of the main highways.
2. Advertising advantages of State for automobiling.
3. Mapping and road signs.
4. Directory of garages and supply and repair stations.
5. Directory of hotels, resorts, and scenic attractions.
6. Prevention of extortion and unfair treatment.
7. Maintenance of automobile headquarters in San Francisco where visiting autoists can be entertained and so directed as to get the most and best for their time and money while touring.

A. R.

LONDON'S NEW CATHEDRAL.

How It Was Consecrated with Mystical Rites.

London has a new cathedral. Not new in an absolute sense, but ecclesiastically. For seven years past the metropolitan Cathedral of Westminster has been in constant use; every public office of the Roman Catholic Church—Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Compline—has been rendered daily with full music and ritual, yet it was but the other day that the building was finally dedicated to the service of God by the stately ceremony of full consecration.

Nearly half a century has gone by since the idea of rearing a metropolitan cathedral for the Roman Catholic see of London was first mooted. It originated with Cardinal Wiseman, the first Archbishop of Westminster, but at the time of his death in 1865 nothing definite had been attempted. So keenly, however, were his labors appreciated that no sooner had he passed away than the resolve was taken to erect the cathedral as a memorial to his services. Even so it was not until June, 1895, that the foundation was laid, and eight years elapsed ere the building was used for the first time. That its consecration has been delayed for another seven years has been in accordance with that rule of the Roman Catholic Church which prohibits the consecration of a building until it is free of debt. Up to last April a sum of thirty-five thousand dollars was still owing, the last installment of the one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars which the building has cost.

With the last dollar of debt cleared away, no further obstacle to the consecration of the cathedral remained, so the ceremony was duly carried out last Tuesday with that wealth of symbolic ritual which is characteristic of the Roman Church. It was a lengthy process, beginning at eight o'clock in the morning and continuing for seven hours. The most prominent figure in the proceedings was Archbishop Bourne, who was assisted by some twenty bishops and other high ecclesiastics.

As is the invariable rule, the first part of the ceremony consisted in the blessing of the outer walls. At eight o'clock, then, the archbishop started in procession around the building, a spray of hyssop in his hand with which he sprinkled the walls with salt and water. Thrice the circuit was made, each anointing of the walls being accompanied by the repetition of the baptismal formula, a symbol of the cleansing of the human soul preparatory to its entrance into the church of God. Then the procession halted before the main door of the building, at which the archbishop knocked and was given admission. The vast building was empty save for the officiating clergy and their attendants, but from a side gallery a privileged few were able to witness the next and most curious stage of the ceremony.

Gazing downward to the floor of the long-drawn nave, those favored spectators noted that from the right and left of either side of the entrance a broad path had been traced in white paint to the right and left of either side of the entrance to the Sanctuary. These lines naturally intersected each other at the centre of the nave, thus forming a gigantic St. Andrew's Cross. Close to the intersection a faldstool was placed, and there the archbishop knelt in prayer while the choir sang the ancient plainsong of the *Sarum Antiphoner*. As the strains of holy melody reverberated through the building it was observed that the attendants were passing up and down the white lines of the cross. They were placing at regular intervals small heaps of ashes, and opposite each heap was laid a piece of cardboard inscribed with a letter of the alphabet, Greek characters on one line and Latin on the other. When these strange preparations were completed, the archbishop went to the main entrance of the church and passed along the lines, tracing with the end of his pastoral staff in each heap of ashes a replica of the Greek or Latin letter lying by its side. What that ceremony portends is a matter of dispute. Some hold that it is symbolical of the union of the Western and Eastern churches, others that it represents the teaching of the rudiments of Christianity, while contrary theories see therein a survival of the custom of the Roman augurs in drawing their plans for a temple, or a link with the procedure of Roman surveyors when valuing land for the purpose of taxation.

Less mysterious was the ceremony of blessing the interior of the cathedral. The agent of purification used by the archbishop was the Gregorian Water, consisting of water, salt, ashes, and wine, representing respectively pure doctrine, repentance, and the blood of Christ. This was sprinkled on the altar and the walls of the church. More spectacular was the Procession of the Holy Relics, which were placed on four silken-canopied biers and borne round the building on the shoulders of young priests, who were preceded by incense-bearers. The relics include the mitre of Thomas à Becket, a thigh-bone of St. Edmund of Canterbury, and pieces of the bones of other English saints. The most precious possession of the cathedral, however, has been placed in the cross at the summit of the lofty campanile, for there, it is said, is preserved a portion of the true cross.

Although now solemnly consecrated, it must not be supposed that Westminster Cathedral is a completed building. It is far from that. Little may remain to be done to the outside, which, with its soaring campanile that to the top of the cross is two hundred and eighty-five feet high, is a noble and conspicuous addition to the London landscape, but the interior will hardly

take its final form for several generations to come. A few of the tiny side chapels have been nearly completed, but vast spaces remain as unadorned brickwork, and the pious generosity of many years will be needed to hide their nakedness.

Rarely has a great function been so admirably staged as this consecration ceremony; the officials of the church were fully alive to the possibilities of the event as a factor in proselytism. It may have had some influence in that direction, and yet no evidences are available to prove that Roman Catholicism is making headway in England. The influence of the Oxford Movement spent itself some years since. When that was at its height a Catholic bishop gravely expressed the hope that the conversion of England would not come too suddenly, as otherwise the priests would be overwhelmed in the flood of converts. No such danger threatens today, for it seems unquestionable that the English Catholics, instead of gaining in recent years, have lost some two millions of their adherents.

LONDON, July 2, 1910. PICCADILLY.

OLD FAVORITES.

Joy Enough.

Into the caverns of the sea
Shall all at last descend,
Who now press forward gallantly
Unrecking of the end.

And no man knoweth what is there,
Nor when his time shall come
To yield his soul and take his share
With all those gone and dumb.

It may be we shall find our kin
Waiting to grasp our hands,
And lead us glorified within,
Over the shining sands.

It may be we with them shall lie,
While heaven and earth abide,
Swaying silent with sightless eye
There in the sluggish tide.

It matters nothing if today
Beneath the splendid sun,
We hold to the appointed way,
Doing what must be done.—Barrett Eastman.

Brave Love.

He'd nothing but his violin
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long.

And when we rested by the hedge
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play.

The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one—
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done.

But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere
And love and beauty time.

Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear
When you had but your violin
And I a song, my dear.—Mary Kyle Dallas.

Marcelle.

There is no sweeter place to dwell
Than here—Marcelle!
Could angels love you half so well
As I, Marcelle?

There's not in heaven an angel bright
Could match your living eyes of light!
God grant I'll never say good-night
To you, Marcelle!

What stories sweet hath heaven to tell
To you, Marcelle?
What echoes where their anthems swell
Like yours, Marcelle?

There—where Faith makes a gilded dome
For all the shelterless that roam,
What like your kiss when I came home,
To you, Marcelle?

All sorrows which the day befell
Seemed faint, Marcelle!
I only knew you loved me well,
Marcelle—Marcelle!

A cabin door was home to me,
And in your Love's simplicity
Earth sweeter seemed than heaven could be,
Marcelle—Marcelle!

Against God's love I should rebel
If you, Marcelle,
Should break of Love the magic spell
That made Marcelle!

God would have nothing for me there,
Where shine His angels, crowned and fair,
Save your bright eyes and golden hair,
Marcelle—Marcelle! —Frank L. Stanton.

Lightning rods are being raised over the White House, evidently in full confidence that they are at least a measure of protection for the occupants of the executive mansion. They are being placed on the twelve chimneys and points to arrest the lightning and will be placed at intervals of five feet along a cable which runs around the parapet. No rods, however, are to be raised over the executive offices adjoining the mansion.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Earl Grey, the governor-general of Canada, will make an expedition into the foreign fastnesses of his dominions this fall, and will be the first ruler of Canada to see Hudson Bay.

Andrew F. West, dean of the graduate school of Princeton University, is famous in educational circles for his ability in obtaining financial gifts for the college. He has talked millions out of the men who have them to give.

Dr. Joseph Pearson, F. L. S., chief demonstrator and assistant lecturer in the Zoological Department of the University of Liverpool, has been selected as director of the museum at Colombo, Ceylon. This is a notable indication of culture and progress but faintly appreciated in far-away lands.

The Hon. W. J. Hanna, provincial secretary of Ontario, Canada, is noted as an earnest and practical worker for prison reform. His ideas have resulted in the establishment of a prison farm of 800 acres at Guelph, which is a most salutary factor in the movement for the reform of prisoners.

W. K. Kavanaugh, originator of the Mississippi Deep Waterway Association, has long been interested in river projects, ferries, and barge lines. He is a popular man with all classes, as he has built his fortune from small beginnings by hard work. His home, at Selma, below St. Louis, is a handsome stone castle built nearly a century ago.

Captain E. H. Pentecost, commander of the Cunard liner *Saxonia*, has retired from the company's service. Captain Pentecost has had a remarkable and varied career, and his escapes from death have been many and thrilling. Captain Pentecost, who is now in the prime of life, recently married an American woman and intends to make his future home in this country.

Colonel John Stuart Mosby, the famous Confederate guerilla, who was appointed to the post of special agent and later special attorney in the Department of Justice, has resigned. He was appointed to the government service by President Roosevelt. Colonel Mosby is seventy-three years old, and even at the time of his appointment was almost physically unable to perform his duties.

Senator William O. Bradley of Kentucky is prominent among the ex-governors in Congress. He was the first Republican governor of that State after the Civil War. He was elected in 1895, after having received 195 votes for Vice-President in the Republican convention of 1888, and after having been defeated for governor the previous year. The split in the Democratic party over the silver question gave him his real opportunity. He was four times the Republican candidate for senator from that State, and finally, in 1898, was successful.

Sir Weetman Dickinson Pearson, baronet, is one of those recently raised to the peerage by the King of England. He is the head of a famous firm of contractors which seldom undertakes anything less than a "million-pound job." The Blackwall tunnel, Southampton docks, the Milford Haven docks, and the Pennsylvania Railway tunnels are among many of the great works they have undertaken. He is also interested in great works in Mexico. After sitting in Parliament for fifteen years he finally retired this year. He is a large landowner, and was made a baronet in 1894.

The Rev. Anna B. Shaw, who presided over the association of suffragettes who recently hissed President Taft at Washington, is a graduate of Albion College, Michigan, and later worked her way through the theological department of Boston University by preaching Sundays. On account of her sex the Methodist Episcopal Church refused to ordain her, but she was finally given the right to officiate by the Protestant Methodist Church. She was assigned to a little parish at Cape Cod, where she stayed seven years. Miss Shaw gave up the pulpit for the wider activity of the platform some years ago.

Cardinal Merry del Val, who came into unpleasant collision with Colonel Roosevelt, is to some extent a Londoner, for he was born about forty-five years ago in Portman Square, where his father, descended from the Irish family of Merry, was secretary to the Spanish embassy. He also received his early education in England at a private school near Slough, where his propensity for playing practical jokes procured for him the punning nickname of Merry Devil. The cardinal secretary of state is one of the few members of the Sacred College who can speak English with fluency, and is the only cardinal who plays golf.

Major John M. Carson, chief of the bureau of manufactures, and before that a veteran newspaper correspondent in Washington, has been chosen by Secretary Nagel of the Department of Commerce and Labor to go abroad and study general trade conditions, and particularly to inquire into opportunities for American manufactures. This is to be a permanent place, and so Major Carson will give up editing the "Daily Consular and Trade Reports"—a publication of interest, but a good deal less exacting than newspaper work. The job which Major Carson leaves is to fall to Albertus H. Baldwin of Connecticut, chief clerk of the Department of Commerce and Labor.

HELENE VON RACOWITZA.

The Frank Revelations of a Famous Beauty.

All the confessions, it has been said, have men for their authors. The theory is that women, no matter what they reveal in their memoirs, always keep something back. Perhaps that is also true of "Princess Helene von Racowitza," the autobiography of a woman who as a beauty, an actress, and a novelist is well known in this country and Europe, and yet it must be confessed that the volume is exceedingly frank. It is intended not "for timid souls or conventional thinkers, nor those who are prudishly inclined or narrow-minded." That is a fair warning, and not unnecessary. The princess can not have reserved much. Even of her earliest childhood she makes some amazing revelations, which go far to explain the defiant attitude she was to assume towards convention in later life. From her tenth year her friends were mostly older than herself, one being a newly married woman.

I do not wish to defend the lady who thus initiated a young child in secrets usually first known by those of much riper years, but equally I should not like her to be unjustly accused. There was in my earliest youth, and there still survives in me, something that draws women to me, and moves them to intrust me with their inmost confidences. They found in me, although I was then half a child, a ready and complete understanding, that was never shocked, even by astounding revelations, and probably this made it easier to confide in me. I distinctly remember the day when the foundation was laid to all my future life.

This occurred on a clear summer evening in the garden. My intimate friend—a Countess K., about nineteen years old—had told me all the incidents of her wedding night. She suddenly began to weep, and said sadly, "Men are so wicked! I found out I was not his first love. He has loved many other women in the same way."

Hereupon I asked the amazing question, "Why don't you do the same? What he does you can do also!"

"A woman dare not, or the world will ostracize her," said the countess.

"I should like to find any one who would prevent my doing what I wished! And as for the outcry in the world—well, one must pay no heed to that, so long as one does right," I exclaimed.

"Well, I should not consider it right," she said hesitatingly, "unless it were done in secret, and so that none should know about it." (She, poor soul, was since ruined by acting up to this view.)

"No!" I exclaimed indignantly, "I don't mean that at all! On the contrary, one should do it quite openly, to show that a woman has the same right as a man; both are human beings, and if it is in nature, as your husband asserts, then it holds good for man and woman."

It was on that clear summer evening that I was first convinced of the equality of the sexes. My frankness was abnormal, and I had a passion for unmitigated truth which frequently made my actions appear worse than they were.

After this it is possible to agree with the writer that the *milieu* in which she grew up was the least favorable for her moral education. But there were compensations. While yet a girl Helene von Dönniges—for that was her maiden name—met not a few remarkable men. She heard fairy tales from the lips of Hans Anderson, and met Bulwer, and became intimate with Meyerbeer.

Bulwer was already past his first youth; his fame was at its zenith. He seemed to me antediluvian, with his long dyed curls and his old-fashioned dress. He dressed exactly as in the fashion of the 'twenties, with long coats reaching to the ankles, knee breeches, and long colored waistcoats. Also, he appeared always with a young lady who adored him, and who was followed by a man-servant carrying a harp. She sat at his feet and appeared as he did in the costume of 1830 with long flowing curls called *Anglaises*. To me, who hated every kind of pose, the famous author seemed ridiculous, as did later Oscar Wilde with his train of adoring women.

In society, however, people ran after him tremendously, and spoil him in every possible way. He read aloud from his own works and, in especially poetic passages, his "Alice" accompanied him with arpeggios on the harp. If at that time I had had any understanding of the mystical and occult side of the great man who had penetrated so deeply into the mysteries of the unseen world, I should have honored him, and tried to learn from him; but at that age "Zanoni," and all his other works, were looked upon as merely clever fantasies. It was only much later that I developed an understanding for these subjects. At that period all society was deep in materialism. In any case, the author Bulwer was more interesting than the man Lord Lytton.

This was not the case with Meyerbeer. The animated and witty composer was very attractive socially, and my parents were as fond of him as of his operas. I became very friendly with his amiable and clever daughter Cornelia, who later on married the famous painter Richter. Every day she took long walks with her father in the country surrounding Nice and sometimes I was allowed to accompany them. But as Meyerbeer was mostly in the throes of composition during these walks, it was strictly forbidden to utter a word. Cornelia's father really only took her with him to prevent his falling or having an accident, as he generally rushed onwards with wide-opened eyes which beheld nothing but their own imaginary world. This enforced silence for hours did not suit me, and so I soon gave up these walks.

Despite the number and ardor of her wooers, Helene remained fairly whole-hearted until 1862, when she met Yanko von Racowitza and fell partially in love. The only answer she could then make to Yanko's protestations of love was, "If in the meantime I can find no one who I can love better, far better than you, and if I do not go on the stage, then I will marry you." Shortly after, however, her path was crossed by Ferdinand Lassalle, the zealous Socialist with whom her name is so fatally linked. The train was laid at a ball.

I was in my element in the animated conversation that followed, and had made them laugh at one of my unconventional speeches, when Frau Formes was called away and Korff said suddenly, "Ah! You know Lassalle!"

I had never even heard his name, so replied indifferently, "No! Who is it?"

To this question Korff made no reply, and we continued conversing about all sorts of things. Suddenly he exclaimed, "You must know him, for only a woman who knows Lassalle could talk as you do."

I answered almost irritably, "No! Who is this man?"

The baron became suddenly serious and said, "Oh! let all the smaller souls around us deny him; but let us two confess to each other that we both know and admire him."

My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. "I give you my word of honor I do not know him—have never even heard his name. Who is it?"

Korff replied, "Well, then, I can only regret every hour that passes without your knowing each other; you are the only woman I can imagine as a fitting mate for him."

Is it to be wondered at that my curiosity was now aroused to the extreme, and that I exclaimed, "Good heavens! Who is the man?"

"A great revolutionist, and the most interesting man I know, whose extraordinary mind makes him dangerous alike to men and women."

"Ah, to women also!"

He smiled: "Are you jealous already?"

"No! But tell me more," I said.

"Very well, but not here. Let us ask Frau Formes to take us now to her flat [she lived on the same floor]. She knows him well, and we can tell you all about him there."

I gladly consented and we left the ballroom for an hour. Enconced in a cosy corner of Frau Formes's boudoir, I listened intently to all they both told me of him.

The social side of Lassalle's life, and his relations with women, seemed to interest them more than the political; therefore I heard much of the former and nothing of the latter.

First and foremost they mentioned Countess Hatzfeld as a terrible person who smoked huge cigars, wore thick false eyebrows and a red wig, and who—from being his former mistress—had now become an absolute tyrant.

They then spoke of a more recent love affair; the name of Sophie was mentioned, and many others. I was interested, but not more so than I should have been in the adventures of any other unknown person. So at last I stood up saying, "It is getting late; let us return to the ballroom."

Those revelations which were intended to warn Helene did but whet her curiosity, which was soon gratified. Then followed that flaming passion of love which Meredith has immortalized in "The Tragic Comedians." Notwithstanding the opposition of her parents, Helene and Lassalle saw much of each other and were exceedingly frank in their interchange of views.

During these wonderful days we discussed amongst other things his source of income, and I was delivered from a nightmare on hearing he was in no way dependent on the countess. He said in conclusion, "Never come to me with a proposition to earn money by writing. Mostly women look upon this as a way out of perplexity, and so many of them have said to me, 'Why don't you write more, and make money?' but I hate the prostitution of the pen, and would never demean myself by it. I consider it more despicable and more degrading for a man than the prostitution of the body, for my mind is more sacred to me than that which envelops it. Therefore, mark well, nothing will come of that—no authorship, above all no journalism."

The same day he spoke again about his liaison with Countess Hatzfeld. As regards the latter, my feelings towards her were mixed with a little fear, a little jealousy, but most of all childish awe.

Whilst speaking of her, Lassalle showed himself to me in quite a new light, and one that increased my respect for him. He asked me what my opinion was in regard to his connection with the countess, to which I replied that I supposed she had been his mistress when he was quite young, and now that she was old, but, as my friends had told me, extremely clever, no doubt his former love had been turned into a great enduring friendship.

My answer pleased him, and he said, "Then you do not insist on my giving up the countess?"

"Give her up? How could I think of such a thing? I shall be delighted to make her acquaintance, but would she have to live with us, always?" I added, anxiously.

The question amused him immensely. In the highest spirits he caught me in his arms, and repeated my question again and again with laughter and kisses, assuring me:

"No, my gold fox, she would not! Anyhow, she never lives with me. Come under this glorious lime-tree, and listen to what I have to tell you. Jealousy of the good countess [I wondered if any man who had once adored me would ever speak of me as "Good Helene"—horrible!] is quite out of the question. For many years she has been my confidante in all my little love affairs, which, as you know, I have looked upon as an antidote to my serious work."

I nodded, for I knew his reputation. He said, laughing, "I wrote to my sister the other day saying that I consider the greatest relaxation from work is to be amongst pretty women. The countess knows this too—and now my *one* beautiful wife will have to replace all that to me. Seriously, do you not realize that the hold the countess has over me is of quite a different nature?"

But the two were not formally united. All kinds of obstacles arose, and at length Helene, in despair, set to work on a letter which, she hoped, would enable her to escape from her parents.

Whilst I was writing this letter, which might have changed everything—everything, Yanko entered; he approached me in silence, drew my hands away from the paper, and in reply to my questioning look he said softly, "You need not write that letter now. I shall never be able to deliver it. Lassalle has just challenged your father in duel, and I am going to fight instead of him."

Horried, and scarcely understanding what he meant, I looked up at him, but he simply nodded and went out—leaving me alone in my anguish—to join the other men who were consulting with my father as to the best course to pursue.

I learned nothing more.

Great excitement reigned in the household; that was all I noticed.

A strange feeling took possession of me. It never even occurred to me that there could be any question in regard to the duel. I had always lived in a community where the duel was considered the only proper means of avenging an insult to one's honor. During my wretched hours there came a moment when I almost looked forward to it as a possible means of salvation, for I was so convinced (as no doubt was Lassalle himself) that he would kill poor Yanko. I knew that Lassalle was a deadly shot. Once he had said to me, jokingly, "Whoever tries to rob me of my I'll shoot straight in the heart, just as I always hit the bull's eye on a target." Yanko had hardly ever held a weapon.

I now believed my opportunity had arrived. Lassalle will kill Yanko, thought I, and the poor boy will be brought home dead, everything will be in the utmost confusion, I will escape, and at last I will be united to Ferdinand.

My heart in this hour fluctuated between hope and grief. I carefully prepared everything for my flight, burnt all my letters, packed a little bag, hoped, planned, and waited. It is true that during these hours I was coldly indifferent to the suffering and fate of my unfortunate Yanko. Later on, I was able to make up to him for this.

Just now my whole soul winged its flight towards my idolized Ferdinand.

On the morning of the 28th Yanko left me after a brief farewell. I was perfectly certain I should never see him alive again; then followed a few hours of restless waiting, and of listening for the carriage which was to bring home the "corpse."

Suddenly there was a sound of furious driving—and Yanko stood before me.

It was an agonizing moment for me when I beheld him, whom I had hoped and believed as dead, standing alive before me.

Few words were said, although he was kneeling before me as if to beg mercy.

He had hit where he had intended to spare! His very ignorance of firearms had caused the disaster; he had aimed at the ground in order to avoid his opponent; the force of the recoil had jerked his hand upwards, and . . . I hardly heard him . . . he had hit Lassalle! Wounded!!

Was it really possible?

And what now?

. . . Yes. . . What now?

The thought rang in my soul, "How can I get to him? The countess will be there, and all the other men—who hate me—all hate me—all—all!"

I sat cold and apathetic for hours, staring at the trees in the park. I was not in the least moved by the words of sympathy and consolation that the "living" Yanko poured upon me. On the third day he came to me again, and stammered out amidst his sobs, "He is dead."

I pushed him from me. "Go—I hate you," I cried—then the whole world was blotted out.

But Yanko was not dismissed for good. Calmer thoughts came, and eventually Helene fulfilled her promise and married him. In a year, however, he was dead of consumption, and she was free to adopt that Bohemian life for which her early training had fitted her. A good idea of her companions may be gleaned from the following passages:

Among those present during the winter in Nice was the beautiful Princess S., who later ended miserably through gambling, etc. I admired her immensely. She was a magnificently built woman, and had an absolutely innocent and childlike expression, with the complexion of a child of five, and large tender eyes like a doe.

Not exactly childlike stories were told of her love adventures, which were so far noteworthy that she never allowed a lover more than once into her "alcove," pretending afterwards that she did not know him, if by chance they met. This habit has led as yet to no particular consequences, as she chiefly chose her lovers from quite a different class of society from that of the *grand monde* to which she belonged. But once it was otherwise, and this single case spoilt her position once for all in Nice society. At the time I speak of she was the queen of the winter, very rich, with splendid dresses and regal jewels, and her hospitality attracted all who she wished to her house.

The catastrophe which cost the fêted beauty her position in society happened as follows: One of the lovers chosen for her solitary love-meeting was a young engineer, who had really fallen in love with her, and would not obey her command not to see her again. He procured a ticket for a charity ball, of which the princess was patroness, and as she entered the room on the arm of an old Baron W. (her usual chaperon), the young man went up to her and addressed her. She looked up in astonishment at him, with her innocent eyes, and said icily, "Who is that gentleman; I do not know him."

No one in society knew him either. The old baron looked angrily at the intruder, and had opened his lips to utter some insulting remark, when the young man said quite loudly and clearly, "Good heavens, it is quite natural the princess does not recognize me, for she only saw me in *undress*."

There was a dreadful scandal. The young engineer left the ball at once, but the princess felt her diadem totter, and one saw her no more at Nice.

On several occasions Helene interjects protests against those of her critics who charged her with lack of feeling. In one place she avers that to charge her with "iceiness of heart" is beside the mark.

This has assuredly never been remarked by any one who lived in my proximity, but rather the contrary—an extreme tenderness of disposition. Men certainly have reproached me with it, when finding no response to their so-called "love," even after years of wooing. When I laughingly said, "I can not love everybody," I generally received the reply, "But you ought to love me, as I have loved you for so long, and have proved my fidelity."

I must mention now a peculiarity of my nature which is perhaps a little unfeminine. I was never won, or moved in the least, by perseverance of persistent proofs of love in another—hence perhaps the "iceiness of heart."

One of the "persevering ones" once took it into his head to follow me wherever my numerous theatrical tours called me. He crowned his follies by flying one night into the express train between Königsberg and Posen, and appearing at the door of my compartment. I was certainly astonished, but he had to retire with a long face. In the morning I gave him to understand seriously that these follies must end. They would lead to nothing, and even if he continued them for years, he could only provoke annoyance in me, but never love. "Whom I love," I said finally, "has no need to behave so desperately. He soon knows it, for I myself choose, and let myself neither be chosen nor conquered."

In proof of this selective gospel, many unsuccessful suitors figure in these pages one of whom, met in Vienna, is drawn at full length.

One day he returned to my *idée fixe*, as I called it, and once again pressed me to marry him. I said, "Just tell me, dear count, how do you pass your time? For instance, when do you get up?"

"About eleven or twelve o'clock."

"And then?" I asked.

"Well! then I breakfast, that is to say, after I have had my bath, been massaged, dressed, been shaved by my manservant."

"And after that?"

"Well! one lounges about a bit, looks at the newspapers, reads the sporting news, and so forth."

"And then?"

"Then I go for a little walk in the Ringstrasse. I generally meet somebody or other, and—"

"Then, I suppose," I added impatiently, "you have a little chat with somebody?"

"Well—one doesn't exactly *chat*—one looks at the ladies and the girls, then one goes home to change for—"

"For what?"

"To drive out visiting, or to ride in the Prater, or to go to the club—or dine at home or elsewhere."

"Does all this amuse you?"

"Not exactly; but I smoke or stand about."

"What do you do in the evenings, when you do not come and see me act?"

"I go to the club."

"Do you read much there?" I asked, amused at his ridiculous answers.

"Read!" replied the count, as astonished as if I had asked him if he danced on the tight-rope—"read *what*?"

"Do you gamble?"

"No, I never gamble. I promised my late father I wouldn't, and so I don't."

"Then you talk of horses or dogs?"

"No, they don't interest me. I am no hunter and not much of a sportsman."

"Well, then, I suppose you talk of women, or something of that sort?" I asked.

"No! no! Phew! Who would talk of women at the club?"

"Well! what in the world do you do at the club?"

"I just sit there and look about."

"I hardly contained myself any longer, but added, however, 'Don't you hore yourself to death with such a life?'"

"It certainly isn't very amusing, and that is the reason I want to marry you, because you are so amusing and so clever."

"My dear friend," I exclaimed, half laughing, half angrily, "that would be quite a false speculation, for I should either go mad or become horribly dull, or most probably I should run away from you in a few weeks."

He looked quite disturbed, and said forlornly, "Am I then such a miserable creature, in spite of my blue blood and all my money?"

"Not that exactly," I said. "You would make a charming husband for a little comtesse in your own set, but not for Helene Racowitza—any more than I should be the right wife for you. We can be good friends, of course, but nothing more."

In view of all the foregoing it is perhaps hardly surprising that Helene, as she drew toward the sere and yellow leaf, found much satisfaction in sitting at the feet of Mme. Blavatsky, nor that she finds the great art of life to consist in enjoying the scents of the roses "whilst carefully avoiding the thorns."

PRINCESS HELENE VON RACOWITZA. An Autobiography. Translated from the German by Cecil Mar. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.50 net.

In the arrangements for Australian Federation in the last years of the last century, the subject of the location of Parliament and the central administration held a prominent place. New South Wales, for various reasons, was not enthusiastic for union, and had to a certain degree to be placated. Neither Sydney nor Melbourne, the only two possible existing towns which had a reasonable claim, would tolerate the other in a position of superiority. A compromise, therefore, was arrived at by which New South Wales, as the oldest colony and as the one to be coaxed into the Federation, was to have the new city within her borders; but to avoid the danger of either Sydney, or what might become an appanage of that town, being selected, the site was decreed to be not less than 100 miles from it. The district chosen is of elongated irregular shape, about 1000 square miles in area, stretching southwesterly from the town of Yass on the main line from Sydney to Melbourne, to near Queanbeyan on the Goulburn to Cooma branch railway. It is fertile in character and is chiefly devoted to pasture, the inhabitants amounting to about 4000. The capital site within this area is 2220 feet above sea level, indicating a cool climate, and it is largely surrounded by hills. The Molonglo River intersects it, affording by the construction of dams the retention of its waters so as to form an ornamental lake. The neighboring River Cotter, which is within the Federal district, gives an ample and pure water supply. The survey of a railway to be constructed between Yass and Queanbeyan, fifty miles long, touching the site, is in progress, and New South Wales, now completely appeased, has offered a strip of country about 125 miles long to the Commonwealth, which will enable them to construct on Federal territory a railway to Tervis Bay, the nearest port, thus securing to the latter independent access to the city.

Racing in England is a very different affair from what it was when Queen Anne, most sporting of English queens, instituted Ascot races, just 199 years ago, and ran her famous horses, Mustard, Pepper, and Star. Horses intended for racing were always kept tightly girt, with the idea that it rendered them more swift; and as for feeding, the old-time trainer believed in giving them a liberal amount of soaked bread, supplemented a day or two before the race with fresh eggs. And the jockeys, instead of sporting light silk jackets, were incased in full suits of the stiffest taffeta, while, so if the applause of the crowd were not considered sufficient, drums and trumpets greeted the winner.

If a rising tide of tourist travel is evidence of prosperity, then the United States must have plenty of money (observes the Springfield Republican). The folks who have gone to Europe break the record for numbers, and they are inclusive of all sorts and conditions of men. One of the factors in this volume of travel is the organized scheme of an old home week for Ireland, which has appealed strongly to her sons and daughters throughout the country. It would naturally be supposed, in view of this exceptional turning to Europe, that the travel in this country would show the effect of such a drain. This does not appear to be the fact.

After five years, Interlaken has revived its "Alpenzug," a curious and pretty spring festival. It is the recession of the cattle, with their herdsmen, from the low-lying meadows, where they have passed the long winter, to the Alpen, where they will have their summer quarters. "Alps" is used here in the local Swiss sense, meaning a high mountain meadow, not a mountain peak.

THE POACHER'S LURCHER.

A Night Scene in Arden.

The lane where the poachers are now lurking, called "The Black Lane" by the children of the brotherhood of Brookington's suburban courts and alleys, is the favorite meeting-place of the nocturnal tribe (says the London *Spectator*). It is not a black lane. It is green and wide and shady each side with the tall and graceful elms for which Shakespeare's Arden is noted. There is nothing at all black about that lane but the pathway, and that is periodically strewn with ashes—alternately by the farmer and the county authorities. On this slender ground it was christened "The Black Lane" by the roving youngsters, and no doubt will remain so to the end of the chapter. There is a lush grass waste on the south side of it, about two yards in width. Here the Bohemian, or his son or daughter, brings the donkey. Often in passing through that leafy Warwickshire lane, towards the lowlands in which the Red Coomb Farm is placed, one can see the docile creature browsing at his ease; while at a distance is the Bohemian's son, lazily stretched out along the turf, playing at pitch-and-toss with himself and two pennies.

As regularly as the evening comes, the tribe of men who make a profession of poaching can be seen shambling along that lane. It is a motley crew, varied in age as in color and physiognomy. At the eastern end of "The Black Lane" the slouching brotherhood invariably make a halt. The spot at this hour, and in this uncertain light, looks like the entrance to a dark wood. The lane is well timbered, and at this end, where the poachers stand looking over their fruitful hunting-ground, two trees meet in overhanging embrace, casting a dense shadow all along the lane. It is like a narrow wood, with a sweeping curve westward, and the knot of men, halting in the shadowy alcove, would, to the stranger's eye, have the appearance of woodlanders going home from their day's work, axeless and timberless.

But a dog is with them. Not a black-and-white, half-sheep-dog creature like the companion of the woodmen, which curls himself up on the woodcutter's coat and sleeps there happily all day long, with only an occasional bark to the infrequent stranger to show that he is alive. No, not that kind of dog at all. He is a respectable, honest, well-behaved, frank sort of fellow, not at all ashamed to look any one in the face, even if it were a king. The poacher's companion is quite a different creature, although it is of the canine breed and walks on four legs. So far as the now dusky light will permit one to see, there is the lurcher by that stump, which, when this lane was a bridle-path, was the gate-post. It is as dark as the stump itself and quite as motionless. It seldom barks, never would be more correct, and hardly ever moves. One almost wonders whether it can be alive; whether it is not a bronze dog, like some of those on the doorsteps of Brookington mansions. It is only when the poachers move that one can recognize it as a living thing. Then it sidles along between their legs, silently and very stealthily, the most melancholy thing that crawls under the light of the moon.

To me, who have often seen that lurcher, there always seems something unearthly about it—some nameless something which makes me almost creep whenever I look at it. The dog itself appears to be ashamed to have its face scanned by any human creature other than a poacher. A curse seems to be upon it. It appears to writhe under a ban which can not be lifted. It is a doomed, damned dog. Full of elfish, deep craft; more human than canine; more devilish than all. Poor creature; it drops its head and sidles off, goblin-like, when one looks at it. Once only it lifts its face, and that is enough. But that dog's scent is wonderful, and its arts are wonderful. In this respect it has the instincts of the bloodhound, only it does not scent blood. It is the poachers it scents. They may be street lengths from it, but it is sure to find them. Its track is as deadly certain as the Redskin's.

One dark late-autumn night, darker than usual for that time of year, especially in this green dip of the Warwickshire landscape so shadowed over with trees, the crew of poachers shambled on their nightly prowling about ten by the clock. There were no stars in the welkin, not a single glimmer of light with which to enable them to kill their rabbits, or to pluck a partridge on the spinney stile. Orders had been left with the wife of the poacher (gentle lily of a woman to be mated with so rough a master) who owned the dog not to loose the animal until they had been gone from the house for twenty minutes—the time it took them to shamble to the eastern end of "The Black Lane." The poacher was desirous of testing his lurcher in the science of nocturnal geography which he had paid great pains to teach it, and also regarding his scent. The wife of the poacher, sewing in her little wooden hut just upon the skirts of the living greenwood, obeyed her orders to the letter and to the minute. Poor thing: she had painful memories of what disobedience meant to her. There were marks upon her cheeks and brow which even time would never erase. She therefore released the lurcher, panting and struggling to be free to follow, in exactly twenty minutes after the departure of her gentle spouse, and with the words "Find him" sent the animal on its weirdsome errand into the darkness of the night.

Like a thing of evil, with nose to the ground, and

thin body writhing as if disturbed by some hidden emotion, this Warwickshire-bred lurcher's dog made his way down the passage leading from the poacher's wooden hut. Down one silent and naked street, along another, and up a third it went; just in the same position, never raising an eye to the traveler who might be, and was, passing at the time. Sniffing along the bare and arid ground with something of the serpent about it, it pursued its silent and uncanny course over the red hills that bank up Brookington in the east, up the green ones a reach higher, and onwards to the clag-pate leading to "The Black Lane." There the poachers, waiting in the green alcove of the trees, for they could not proceed upon their enterprise without the lurcher, strained their eyes, and saw the creeping, crawling thing wriggling itself towards them at a rapid rate through the dusk, until it groveled in the black dust at its own master's feet and licked his dirty hand. This invaluable member of the poacher's brotherhood having arrived upon the scene and received a pat on its narrow belly from the big, hard fist of every man there, the tribe moved off slowly and silently to their hunting-ground in the green lands of the Red Coomb.

It is not given to many poachers in Shakespeare's Arden to admire nature's aspects at night-time. In the daylight, when time hangs heavy on their hands, they may show, or pretend to show, a half-hearted interest in the beauties of the landscape around them. Sitting on a stile, or lounging against one, in the manner affected by these unkempt sons of Ishmael, they will profess to admire the graceful shape of the hills, the varied coloring of the foliage, such as is left upon the trees, and the square stone tower of the village church peeping up from the verdure of the lovely Coomb. Whether this is a pretense or not it is difficult to say, for the Warwickshire poacher has a way of making you think he is in earnest. At night-time the case is entirely different. He is then on business, and not pleasure, bent. Then he has no time or patience to look upon his native landscapes in their cloudy mantle. The rabbits and hares are out in their hundreds in the Coomb close, and he is anxious to peg the nets and begin killing, and naturally the poacher's lurcher, with its sharp, cunning eyes, stealthy tread, and dumb tongue, is panting to do the same. So in single file, with the indispensable lurcher-dog walking solemnly behind, they stalk across the field of vetches to the grass-land beyond like a column of dark shadows from the darker nether world.

Authentic instances of the hair turning white in a few hours or a night through fear or sudden shock could be multiplied indefinitely (says Orison Swett Marden in *Success Magazine*). It is well known that when Ludwig of Bavaria learned of the innocence of his wife, whom he had caused to be put to death on suspicion of her unfaithfulness, his hair became as white as snow within a couple of days. When Charles the First attempted to escape from Carisbrooke Castle his hair turned white in a single night. The hair of Marie Antoinette was suddenly changed by her great distresses. On a portrait of herself, which she gave to a friend, she wrote, "Whitened by affliction." This power of fear to modify the currents of the blood and all the secretions, to whiten the hair, to paralyze the nervous system, and even to produce death, is well known. Whatever makes us happy, whatever excites enjoyable emotions, relaxes the capillaries and gives freedom to the circulation; whatever depresses and distresses us, disturbs us, worries us; in fact, all phases of fear contract these blood vessels and impede the free circulation of the blood. We see this illustrated in the pale face caused by fear or terror.

The Coalinga district is the leading oil producer of California, and one of the most productive in the world. The district is about fifteen miles wide and fifty miles long, stretching along the northeast base of the Diablo range, and includes a band of productive oil land three miles wide and thirteen miles long at its north end and a narrow strip of oil land along its southwestern boundary. The region includes about 550 producing wells, which range in depth from 600 to 4000 feet and penetrate from twenty to 200 feet of oil sand. It produced more than fifteen million barrels of oil last year, and will greatly exceed that output this year.

Father Seyller, a missionary from the German Solomons, at present in Brisbane, said that cannibalism was by no means a thing of the past in the interior of Bougainville. Not long ago it was reported to the German authorities that the natives near Numa Numa had killed and eaten two of their number. They said they were hungry, could not catch fish, and wanted some meat. White men, however, had little to fear, as, owing to the severe punishment meted out by the authorities, the natives learned to treat Europeans with respect. The natives were very superstitious and averse to work.

"Big Ben," the bell in Westminster clock tower, London, is known the world over, but it is incorrectly named. Sir Benjamin Hall, the first commissioner of works, during whose tenure of office the clock was erected, had far less to do with it than Lord Grimthorpe, who designed it, and was the moving spirit in its erection. In justice to him it should be known as Old Grim.

FOR THE CAUSE.

How a Delayed Mutual Understanding Was Accomplished.

"It's so good of you to come, Mr. Wallingford!" murmured Mrs. Penhampton. "Aline declared you wouldn't, but I knew I could depend on your devotion—oh, I don't mean to me, but to the Cause!"

"I'm only too happy to be here, Mrs. Penhampton," I replied lightly, moving aside to make way for the next guest.

As a matter of fact, I hadn't the slightest idea as to what was the Cause to which Mrs. Penhampton alluded, and I omitted to ask—which was careless in me. I wandered about in the gay pavilion, not caring to dance—outside, the moonlight lay in a long, silvery pathway across the harbor, a highway of dreams.

Growing tired of the bobbing couples, I crossed the lawn, sufficiently illuminated by Japanese lanterns, and came to a great stone seat above the water, where I sat down and began pensively throwing stones into the harbor beneath. One rather good-sized pebble fell short; I heard a little exclamation, part surprise and part pain, and a gowned figure arose hastily from below.

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" I cried, jumping to my feet.

"It struck me exactly on the back of my neck!" came the reply in severe tones—and then I thought I heard a little laugh. I clambered down the rocks, hat in hand. "I am extremely sorry!" I apologized. "It was such a careless thing to do, anyway! You will pardon me, won't you?"

"If I must, I must," returned the voice in tones that shook; but not, as it seemed to me, with wrath. "Why, Mr. Wallingford! Don't you remember me?"

"Miss Beverleigh!" I cried, throwing out my hands in a despairing gesture. "You must think I am a duffer! But, you see, I was so agitated at the thought of having bombarded a strange girl, that I really couldn't very well think of anything else just then, so—"

"Oh, but, please!" protested Miss Beverleigh. "There's really no need of such excessive self-depreciation!" She had started to walk up the rocks by my side. "Shall we sit down on this seat? Isn't the moonlight on the water perfectly exquisite?"

"It is," I rejoined with that falling inflection which indicates intense conviction. I find that people are impressed by it, and it saves a lot of breath.

"Isn't it dear of Mrs. Penhampton to throw open her grounds like this?" she went on. "To be sure, it's a dollar apiece, but that's for the Cause, and Mrs. Penhampton's simply enthusiastic when there's a chance to serve the Cause in any way."

I was in the dark, but decided that my best play was to follow my partner's lead, so to speak; for it seemed so banal to ask bluntly: "What Cause?"

"It's—it's highly commendable in her, I'm sure," I answered. "So few people nowadays have the courage to be enthusiastic."

"That is so true!" returned Miss Beverleigh, "and when you consider—"

She paused, and feeling that I must keep it up if I expected any enlightenment, I rejoined: "Why, most certainly! Since Mrs. Penhampton has dedicated herself to the Cause, she hasn't hesitated to assume the— the inevitable duties connected with so arduous an undertaking."

Miss Beverleigh clapped her hands. "Mrs. Penhampton would be charmed to know that you show such genuine appreciation of her efforts, Mr. Wallingford! One easily understands that there must be certain details—subsidiary details, but extremely important in their general trend—which you doubtless comprehend in their many ramifications."

Naturally, I didn't, but there seemed to be nothing to do but to shove ahead and trust that something would come along that I could tie to. So I said with a comprehensive air: "It's very much as it always is with a thing of this sort, you know."

"Yes," rejoined Miss Beverleigh, appreciatively, "one can easily see that it must always be that way."

It was pretty clear that I must try a new tack; this persistent agreement with my statements was complimentary, but it didn't land me anywhere. I shook my head sagely.

"Not absolutely," I remarked with a certain stress. "In certain very special cases it is quite otherwise."

"Now," retorted Miss Beverleigh, with a little pout, "I'm sure you wouldn't say so, under the present circumstances."

I wished I knew what "the present circumstances" were, but I stuck to my new line.

"No," I replied firmly. "I see no reason to alter my opinion." (And I didn't.)

"Well," snapped Miss Beverleigh. "I simply can't think why you should take that position! Of all the senseless things—!"

I began to feel decidedly huffy. Of course, I hadn't the remotest idea what it was that the girl was driving at, but I hated her mental attitude.

"I shall not withdraw," I returned, emphatically. "If there is anything that I abhor, it is subservient opportunism."

That ought to have crushed her, but it didn't. "Statesmen that are wise," she retorted. "shape a necessity, as the sculptor clay, to their own model."

"Statesmen that are wise take truth herself for model," I capped her, triumphantly.

She colored, for she had forgotten that reply. "Since we have descended to quotations," she remarked, with a fine assumption of dignity, "perhaps we would better drop the subject."

"I am entirely willing to do so," I answered, with a sincerity that I found refreshing. "Come!" I added with a rush, fearing that she might reconsider. "Shan't we go up to the pavilion? And mayn't I have the pleasure of a dance?"

"I—I think—well, perhaps one dance, Mr. Wallingford," Miss Beverleigh replied, as we went back across the lawn together.

We had the dance, and some ices and cake, and a little promenade around the lawn, and—well, finally we drifted back to the old stone seat. It was getting pretty late; the guests were beginning to leave; but we sat on in the glorious moonlight, for somehow it seemed a pity to go away. We had ceased to talk, even about the moonlight, and for my part I had ceased to look at the moonlight, except so much of it as shone on her face.

At last she stirred and stood up. "I really must go in—I am to stay overnight with Mrs. Penhampton, and I'm afraid I'm keeping her up. Isn't it a simply perfect night!—Yes, I'm making her a little visit—May you call? Why—yes—that is—Mrs. Penhampton will be delighted.—I? It's very nice in you not to take anything for granted, Mr. Wallingford, but I think you can count on seeing me. Mrs. Penhampton will be particularly glad to talk with you about the Cause."

Well! It was worse than making a proposal, but I screwed up my courage and stammered out: "Er—Miss Beverleigh! Would you mind telling me—ah—what is this special Cause of Mrs. Penhampton's?"

Miss Beverleigh stared at me with a face of round-eyed expostulation. "Why, Mr. Wallingford! Is it possible that you do not know? That you have been—"

"Bluffing," I suggested meekly.

"Bluffing!" she went on, with a shocked emphasis that overpowered any suggestion of slang. "But, there! We agreed to drop the subject, and it is really getting very late. I must hurry along."

She started to go, but I detained her. "I really ought to have asked Mrs. Penhampton," I murmured contritely. "She mentioned it first—"

I paused, perforce, for Miss Beverleigh caught me up quickly: "And she never explained! Well, of course, she is the proper person to enlighten you. I think I can make her out, over there in the pavilion; she's putting on her cloak; hurry, and we'll catch her!"

She hurried across the lawn, and I after her, coming within earshot just in time to hear her say: "Oh, Mrs. Penhampton! Would you explain the Cause a little more fully to Mr. Wallingford? He is so interested!"

Mrs. Penhampton turned with weary graciousness. "You feel, perhaps, Mr. Wallingford, that the criticism which regards this great and needed reform as a mere catering to frivolity has not been fully met?"

"Er—ah—I wouldn't want to put it just that way," I replied, "at least not until you have given me a little résumé of the situation."

Mrs. Penhampton rested her hand upon a convenient chair-back, drawing a long breath. "The Association for the Society Training of the Working Classes," she began in somewhat formal accents, "can not be charged justly with frivolity. It aims to educate, to illumine, to refine those who through lack of early education are handicapped in their efforts to meet, without self-consciousness, those to whom the proper and dignified social conventions have ever been as the air they breathe."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of criticizing that!" I replied fervently. "And—perhaps it's extremely unconventional, but there must be so many incidental expenses—"

I slid a crisp tenner into Mrs. Penhampton's hand with a little bow, and hurried away, overtaking Miss Beverleigh, who was slipping out of the pavilion.

"Why couldn't you have told me," I murmured, feeling just the least bit vexed, "without dragging Mrs. Penhampton into it?"

Aline Beverleigh gazed at me with the prettiest air of innocence imaginable. "Why, I didn't know!" she replied with entire naïveté. "I didn't arrive till this evening, and tumbled right into things; that's why I ran away, down on the rocks, by myself."

"But Mrs. Penhampton's your intimate friend!" I cried.

"Certainly," rejoined Miss Beverleigh, "but you don't suppose that I undertake to keep up with all of dear Mrs. Penhampton's fads? I am astonished, though, that a man—a careful, methodical, painstaking man—should have inveigled a girl into the discussion of a subject that he really knew nothing about!"

"It isn't at all good form," I replied with dignity, "to be perpetually asking for explanations—it's tedious—it interrupts the genial flow of conversation."

"Well, you did ask, after all; you know you did!" retorted Miss Beverleigh.

"Yes, Miss Beverleigh," I murmured with a proud, pained air (you get the effect by drawing a long breath and holding the most of it while you talk), "I did venture, in a moment of thoughtless confidence, inspired by the fleeting hope of a mutual good understanding; moreover—but I will not go into that."

I let what was left of the breath escape in a sigh, and

dropped my head until I could see my upper shirt-stud; but I watched Miss Beverleigh out of the corner of my eye.

"Oh, very well, Mr. Wallingford!" she began coldly, but paused, and went on hesitatingly: "You said, 'Moreover,' I think?"

"Do you insist on my going into all that?" I demanded, tensely.

"I—I think we ought to understand each other, Mr. Wallingford," she replied, pulling to pieces a rose at her corsage.

"Perhaps you are right," I admitted, meditatively. "Don't start, Miss Beverleigh, but I am a beneficiary of the Cause."

"Mr. Wallingford!"

"I am a member of the working classes; I am, really!" I continued hurriedly. "I own a villa and a little garden, and you can't think how I dig and delve in that garden mornings, before coming into town, and how I toil at it just as long as there's any daylight left—and that's why I haven't any manners, and pelt young ladies with stones, and don't ask for explanations at the right time and make a mess of it when I do. I've been hoping," I went on, staring stonily just above Miss Beverleigh's head, "that some day I should find a girl—a nice girl—one who wouldn't just play with a fellow, but—but would take him seriously when he said that he loved her and wanted her for his wife; and she'd come to the little villa and make it a home for him, and they'd sit out in the garden in the moonlight—"

"It must be a rather small garden," interrupted Miss Beverleigh, pensively.

"It's just the size for two," I replied, dropping my eyes to her face. "Oh, Miss Beverleigh—Aline—"

"Not 'Beverleigh Aline,' but 'Aline Beverleigh,'" she remarked. "You were saying—?"

"Ah, don't pretend any more dear!" I breathed. "You know I mean you!"

"Well," murmured Aline, with downcast eyes, "perhaps—since you're a member of the Working Classes—I ought to say 'Yes'—for the sake of the Cause."

ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1910.

Arabs are true Ishmaelites; their life is a constant wandering. They live entirely on the produce of their herds. Their tents are quickly taken down or put up, and easy of transport. They are made of camel's-hair, loosely woven, supported on poles or long guy-ropes. They protect the occupants from the hot sun, but not from the rain, and in winter the encampments are uncomfortable places. The interior is crowded with all the belongings of these shepherd-warriors—camel saddles and gaudy saddle-bags, rifles and ammunition hunting dogs, and falcons. The women occupy one half, the men use the other, partitioned off by a brightly colored curtain. The whole of the front of the tent being open there is no privacy. The average tent measures twenty yards by six. The chief of the tribe, however, owns many tents, and he has for his own use one giant structure, sometimes spread over a length of thirty-six yards. In his other tents the chief keeps his numerous wives, who have a certain proportion of their master's flocks and herds to look after. Having a separate tent for each wife, he thus does away with all chance of domestic quarrels.

The famous annual market at Nijni-Novgorod, in Russia, is the greatest in existence. It lasts from July till September, and is the chief channel for the interchange of the products of the East and West. Buyer from all parts of Asia and Europe visit the market, and goods to the value of twenty millions sterling are sold annually. Among the numerous attractions of this vast fair is the great bell market, where all sorts, sizes, and shapes of bells may be bought, from specimens weighing but a few pounds to monsters of many tons.

Dr. T. G. Longstaff has published an account of his recent explorations in an unsurveyed part of the Himalayas. The most important geographical results were the fixing the exact position of the greatest watershed in Asia—that which divides the rivers flowing to Central Asia from those which flow to India—and the discovery of a peak which may prove to exceed Mount Everest in height. His rough observations made it about 30,000 feet.

Costa Rica has a railroad that now runs through direct from Port Limon on the Atlantic to Punta Arena on the Pacific, passing through Cartago, San Jose, Orotino, Esparita, and other important cities. Up to month ago the line between Orotino and Esparita was not finished and travelers going through would have to leave their trains and change to carriages or to mule which would take them to where the road started again.

Representative J. Hampton Moore of Pennsylvania, president of the Atlantic deep waterways association is afraid that New York will get a monopoly of transoceanic traffic because of the increasing size of ship. Already, he says, Cunarders are being planned which no other Atlantic port can receive, and he wants to set a stop put to "freak shipbuilding."

Thirty-two aeronauts have been killed in the past three years, twelve by accidents with aeroplanes and twenty in falls with or from balloons.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Once Aboard the Lugger.

A novel built on unconventional lines is so rare an event that "Once Aboard the Lugger" deserves the heartiest of welcomes. Mr. Hutchinson warns his reader to expect nothing but commonplace persons, but the reader will find those commonplace persons vastly more interesting and amusing than the brilliant creatures displayed in most novels. Chief, of course, are George and Mary, hero and heroine, but George's uncle, Mr. Marripit, the wholesale lover of cats, and Mrs. Major, the lady of reduced circumstances who is hired to attend to the wants of the cats, and Margaret, the poetically sentimental daughter of Mr. Marripit, the gardener and his assistant, and many more in this world of the ordinary, add greatly to the reader's delight because they are limned with as skillful a hand as the leading characters. The writing is of an abrupt, even slangy kind, but is an admirable medium for the effect Mr. Hutchinson wishes to produce. There is no necessity to tell the story, with its twisting of circumstance and cross-purposes, for the plot is the least essential element in a novel of such genuine high spirits and wholesome amusement. In its way it is a unique achievement, and a refreshing departure from the stereotyped model.

ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50.

The Rust of Rome.

Does Mr. Deeping wish to show how Oscar Wilde might have attained redemption? His hero, Ben Heriot, can not fail to remind the reader of Wilde's downfall, especially as he is not informed what was the "folly" which landed Heriot in Reading prison. Heriot, however, regains his self-respect, chiefly through the ministry of nature. He tells the story himself: "When I came out I felt, after the first strange smell of liberty, like a man half blind. Life had lost its reality. . . . I determined to shoot myself; it was over there in Belgium, and I was alone. I don't know how the change came about. All I know is that I went into the forest one day in spring, and that the silence of those woods made me cry like a child. It was as though the sap of the spring got into my blood. The thought of a new life came to me, a life close to the soil, and under the open sky."

So Heriot returned to England and secured a little tract of wild land, where he settled down to an outdoor life. But a woman who had attracted him during his despairing days in Belgium crossed his path again, and the two grew into deep friendship and finally love. Eve, however, is desired by another man, who is killed by Heriot while protecting Eve against his attempted violence. So life seems to fall to pieces again for the hero, but on the suggestion of Eve the dead man is thrown into a well by the two lovers and the hook ends with the secret still hidden. The story is well told and has many strong situations. Its title is due to the fact that Eve discovers the remains of a Roman villa while carrying out some excavations.

THE RUST OF ROME. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Cassell & Co.; \$1.20 net.

The Mountain that Was "God."

John H. Williams has rendered a patriotic service by the compilation of this handsome book, for the more Americans are instructed in the natural glories of their own land the less will they be inclined to spend their vacations elsewhere. Judging alone from the testimony of the superb photographs which adorn this book it would seem as though the earth can hardly show a region of greater beauty and grandeur than that comprised in the national park of which the mountain variously called Rainier or Tacoma or Tahama is the chief glory. This confusion of nomenclature should be ended as soon as possible, preferably by the adoption of Tacoma, inasmuch as the name Rainier perpetuates that of a British officer who had nothing to do with the discovery or ascent of the mountain.

In his five chapters Mr. Williams tells the Indian traditions of the mountain, describes the National Park and how to reach it, tells the story of the mountain, gives an account of the climbers, and offers a description of the flora from the pen of Professor J. B. Flett. Naturally the text is of an enthusiastic nature, but that is wholly excusable. It would be difficult to overpraise such a glorious mountain. But the text is eclipsed by the photographs, which are marvels of camera technique. Those in colors are especially beautiful, and all are reproduced in a perfect manner.

THE MOUNTAIN THAT WAS "GOD." By John H. Williams. Tacoma: Published by the Author; 50 cents net.

American Government and Politics.

In seven hundred and fifty closely printed pages Professor Beard has provided for college students and citizens an admirable survey of the political system of America. There are three sections, the first being devoted to discussing historical foundations, and the second and third to Federal and State government. It is shown that American institutions

are founded on written documents hearing the impress of the political and economic conditions prevailing at the time of their creation, for the Revolution "was not a social cataclysm, the overthrow of a dominant class, the establishment of a new estate in power. It was rather an expansion of the energy of the ruling agricultural and commercial classes that burst asunder the bonds with which the competing interests in England sought to restrain their growing enterprise." So Professor Beard proceeds to show that it is from American history alone we can learn, among other things, why there are two senators from each State, why the system of checks and balances was adopted, etc.

After, in the second section, discussing the general features of the Federal system of government, chapters are devoted to the nomination and election of the President, the powers of the President, the national administration, the powers of Congress, the Federal judiciary, foreign affairs, taxation and finance, and the regulation of commerce. The third division deals with the various aspects of State government in an equally comprehensive manner. All through Professor Beard is careful to interpret as well as describe. The book, indeed, is a model of what such a work should be.

AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS. By Charles A. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.10 net.

Through the French Provinces.

An intimate knowledge and appreciation of the picturesque towns and villages of France characterize this book, the attractions of which are greatly enhanced by the author's graceful sketches. The chapters describe motor-boat cruises down the Seine and up the Oise, little journeys from Paris, some of the unfrequented chateaux near Fontainebleau, motor drives to Provins, Sens, Nemours, Etampes, Maintenon, Chartres, and the valley of the Loire, and visits to various other districts famous for their beauty or historical associations. On one pilgrimage Mr. Peixotto learned something about truffle-hunting, in which the educated sow plays so large a part. "Many animals are fond of truffles: the hare, the hoar, and so is the dog, which is often trained to hunt them; but the real epicure, the animal who surely and quickly scents the dainty, is the pig, preferably the sow, which has been previously taught by hunting potatoes hidden in the ground with bits of truffles. When the pig's education is complete, a peasant leads it forth by a rope which he holds in one hand, while in the other he carries a pointed stick. As soon as the sow scents the dainty it becomes greatly excited, quivering from head to foot, and starts to root, and then the peasant, rapping it sharply on the snout, quickly pulls it away and digs up the treasure." The volume is as enjoyable as it is instructive, for it is written in an easy style and has some charming vignettes of French rural folk.

THROUGH FRENCH PROVINCES. By Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

The Historic Episcopate.

Owing to the influence of the Oxford movement in the United States, there is one section of the Episcopal Church which, Mr. Thompson finds, still keeps aloof from other sections of the Protestant Church. Otherwise there has been a decay of the polemic spirit and a drawing together of the different denominations. But every suggestion for further union is met by High Churchmen by the demand that the pastors not of their fold shall own their lack of proper ordination and submit to receive it at the hands of their bishops. In view of this situation Mr. Thompson, who represents the Presbyterian standpoint, thinks it useful to reexamine the question of Apostolic succession in the "new light which documentary discoveries and scholarly investigation have thrown upon it." Hence the present volume, which is written in an earnest but entirely charitable spirit. It examines the question closely from the New Testament age down to our own times, but reaches the conclusion that neither in the Christian Scriptures nor in the earlier monuments of Christian antiquity is there any warrant for the doctrine of Apostolic succession. Yet that is the doctrine which stands in the way of the fuller union of American churches. For the sake of its careful examination of the records, and its fair-minded reasoning it is to be wished that Mr. Thompson will find many attentive readers.

THE HISTORIC EPISCOPATE. By Robert Ellis Thompson. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press.

The Health of the City.

Based as they are on four years' personal investigation, upon a wide study of books, and upon visits to cities in this country and Europe, the ten chapters of this book are a mine of information and a source of inspiration. Mr. Godfrey renders a more useful service to the community than those writers who spend all their strength in exhorting the people to return to the land. No doubt that is a valuable gospel, but in view of the persistence of migration to the town the greater need of the hour is that every effort be made to insure the healthiness of the town. This is the end

Mr. Godfrey keeps ever in view, no matter whether he is discussing the necessity of pure air, a pure milk supply, pure foods, good water, irreproachable ice, perfect plumbing, immunity from noise or other cognate subjects. On all these topics he writes with knowledge, making excellent suggestions at every turn. But Mr. Godfrey is aware that the root of the trouble is deeper. In guarding their inhabitants from impure air and other perils to health, many American cities have failed because "they have not shown sufficient care in their selection of public servants. They have not given the men they have chosen the necessary freedom from political control." "It is not too much to ask," Mr. Godfrey concludes, "that the men who are to guard the health of the community should be trained for that work, that they should be free from political control, and that they should be supported by carefully framed laws, enforced and made available by sufficient appropriations."

THE HEALTH OF THE CITY. By Hollis Godfrey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

The Valley of Aosta.

Holding preëminence among the valleys of the Western Alps, the Val d'Aosta lies at the extreme northwestern corner of Italy and can claim Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, and Gran Paradiso as its guardian giants. Its story was well worth retelling, and the task has been accomplished by Mr. Ferrero with much success. He deals first with the valley as it is today, then with its history during the Roman era, and finally tells what it was in the Middle Ages. Probably many will be surprised to learn that the Roman remains from an artistic point of view are superior to those of Rome and Pompeii, "thanks to their impressive natural setting, at the foot of lofty mountains, by the side of foaming torrents, with the far background of high peaks and glaciers sparkling in the sun."

Like all mountaineers, the Valdostans are deeply attached to their land, an attachment which has nothing selfish about it, for their lot is a hard one despite the advent of the tourist. They speak French almost exclusively, and are distinguished for their devotion to the Church of Rome. The priests form almost a caste, for they are mustered from the ranks of the peasantry. Guides constitute another distinct class in the community. Mr. Ferrero has an entertaining chapter on the four great peaks of the valley and another on glaciers and mountaineering. His advice as to the latter is: "To those who long for the emotions of the great ascents, we should say: be sure of your health; train your body and your brain; get good guides, and then go ahead—there is no emotion that surpasses the zest of the climb and the joy of conquest."

THE VALLEY OF AOSTA. By Felice Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Lovers of flowers will enjoy "The Garden in the Wilderness" (the Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50 net), in which "A Hermit" describes in an attractive manner the experiences of an artist and his wife who transformed a bit of wilderness near the Hudson River into a delightful garden. The illustrations include some admirable photographs and many dainty little sketches.

In "The Coming Religion" (Small, Maynard & Co.), according to Charles F. Dole, the ideal "known as 'the Christ life' in a very true sense will remain. Its substance is the idea of something definite and godlike at the heart of humanity." The church, too, is to abide because religion needs social nurture. Good thinking, good feeling, and good conduct are to be elements of the coming religion. In brief, what Mr. Dole seems to plead for is more democracy in religious life.

As editor of "Abraham Lincoln: The Tribute of a Century" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.75 net) Nathan William MacChesney has discharged his task with exemplary thoroughness. The volume gathers together the principal speeches made in connection with the centenary of last year, and gives full particulars of the commemorations at Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and numerous other cities. Nor are the celebrations abroad overlooked. The volume is richly illustrated and has an admirable index. Whether for general reading or for reference the book is extremely valuable.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Ascending Effort.

Emerson's dictum that "no statement of the universe can have any soundness which does not admit its ascending effort" provides the key to Mr. Bourne's thoughtful essay. He starts from the admission that science by itself is infertile, and argues that something in the nature of a new religion is the need of the hour. That vitalizing force Mr. Bourne finds in art. "The energies of the race may always be warmed by art. It is a constant source of power; and we shall not be departing from the original meaning, but only translating it into terms that have a more practical sound, if, instead of proposing that eugenics must be introduced into the national conscience like a new religion, we suggest that its aims should be communicated to the national vitality by new applications of art."

Of course it should be noted that Mr. Bourne does not use the word art as equivalent to pictures and statues; they, he points out, are not art, but works of art. His interpretation of art recognizes it as a form of human energy, bringing an increase of power wherever it appears. It stands for something which shall "carry the opinion down from the coolness of the intellect to the warmth of the heart." And the application of all this is: "With an environment like ours—an environment of unseen processes that break upon us in the realities of shining cloud and mountain and valley, and all the enigmatic charm of animal and vegetable life—it is hard to believe that man's existence is doomed by an inexorable fate to be sorrowful and ugly." Thus, Mr. Bourne believes that art and science working together are the greatest factors in the ascending effort.

THE ASCENDING EFFORT. By George Bourne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Antiquities of Upper Egypt.

Tourists of Egypt who wish to become acquainted with the relics which are situated between Balianeh and Adendân can not wish for a more competent guide than Mr. Weigall approves himself in this businesslike volume. It is obvious, as is claimed, that the chapters have been written with the temples and tombs under close observation, and that the information is the actual outcome of "careful and prolonged personal observation and thought, checked and augmented" by reliable hooks. Mr. Weigall's position as inspector-general of Upper Egypt for the Egyptian government places him in an enviable position for acquiring the latest and fullest information, and he has used his privileges to excellent purpose. Each chapter is devoted to one self-contained district, and is prefaced by valuable advice as to how the district under review may be best reached. There are no illustrations in the volume, but it is equipped with an exceedingly useful set of maps and plans, while the descriptions of the various objects are models of lucidity. And now and then Mr. Weigall enlivens his narrative with such asides as the following: "When Sety I st, the second king of a new dynasty, came to the throne, he must have realized that he could offer no better proof of the legitimacy of his descent from the ancient Pharaohs of Egypt than by displaying an active regard for their souls' welfare." The volume has an admirable index.

A GUIDE TO THE ANTIQUITIES OF UPPER EGYPT. By Arthur E. P. Weigall. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Danbury Rodd, Aviator.

Danbury Rodd was a horn aviator. His very shout "injected oxygen into the humid, depressing air." Clearly, then, he was hardly likely to come to grief. Nor did he on either of the nine flights described by Mr. Palmer with much gusto. They are all rushing, dashing, swishing flights, appropriately written at high speed, and often in a lingo which no doubt anticipates the language of future aviators. But Danbury was more than an aviator; he was a philanthropist. Did the fond daughter of a multi-millionaire grieve over her father's breaking health, and plan his kidnapping to a lonely island that he might be compelled to rest, then Danbury was the man to carry out the plot. Or if an undecided damsel thought she had made a mistake in refusing a lover and on second thoughts desired to catch the train on which he had left her, why again Danbury was available. So much usefulness does not go without reward, for the final flight of the hook tells of the aviator's own courtship.

DANBURY RODD, AVIATOR. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Americans.

By a strange perversity of fate, now that America has lost her sensitiveness to European criticism she is receiving the attentions of eulogists. In the mood of self-criticism which is characteristic of the America of today, Charles Dickens would have been a welcome mentor. But note-taking visitors from Europe are now indulging in praise rather than blame.

Such, in the hulk, is the tone of Mr. Francis's chapters. He does not eschew criticism altogether; he thinks, for example, that there

is "a drift from democracy to an elective despotism"; but on the whole, as the result of a year spent in this country, he is "prepared to undertake the defense of Americans against themselves, and of America against the world, and to prove, when occasion shall offer, that the prevalent opinion that America has a double dose of the original sin of materialism is the result of partial observation and mistaken judgment, and is due, in large measure, to the fallacious theory that a people which has proved itself practical and efficient in handling actualities must needs be devoid of spiritual vision, and energy and power." Yet Mr. Francis feels obliged to admit that as a people "Americans are not as highly developed in their rational and artistic capabilities as in their practical powers, and that consequently America has not yet made contributions to the arts and the sciences and the higher intellectual life of the world commensurate with its importance as a national power."

AMERICANS. By Alexander Francis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Way Up.

Unwarned by the fate which has overtaken so many novelists when they have tried to use fiction as a vehicle for preaching sociology, Miss Willcocks attempts to discuss capital and labor, the claims of the individual, and the woman question in her latest novel. The result is as near a complete failure as a writer with so many gifts can achieve. Several of the characters are well drawn, and there are some good episodes, but the story drags fearfully from its opening chapter and all through is hard instead of pleasant reading. If men like Michael Strode have visionary ideas for bettering the condition of the working classes, let them expound them seriously or work them out, but the novelist has nothing to do with them. Miss Willcocks will be well advised to return to her study of West Country life and leave the "questions of the day" alone. In trying to write a combination of novel and economic tract she has written neither.

THE WAY UP. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

William J. Rolfe's death in his eighty-third year is a distinct loss to Shakespearean scholarship in America. His annotated editions of the separate plays have attained a circulation of more than half a million volumes, and in relation to other poets he has rendered valuable interpretative service. His death has followed quickly after the publication in the New York Evening Post of a remarkably interesting letter giving many proofs of the forgetfulness of authors of facts in their own literary history. This was the case with Lowell and Tennyson, the latter of whom, however, once told Dr. Rolfe that often what were supposed to be new readings in his poems were the original versions.

As illustrating the increasing interchange between American and English publishers it may be noted that Little, Brown & Co. recently arranged for English editions of no fewer than nine of their recent volumes. The same house is offering to send in exchange for a two-cent stamp a complete short story by Eliza Calvert Hall, excerpted from "The Land of Long Ago."

Professor W. L. Phelps agrees with the Argonaut that the new novel by Sienkiewicz is concerned chiefly with "the present conditions of social and political life in Poland."

Australians have taken to "The Wild Olive" with as much zest as American readers, for the Harpers have had to send a second edition of the novel post-haste to the southern continent.

"Authors," so runs an absurd statement in the English Book Monthly, "may be pretty sure that if, say, three, four, or five of the leading publishers have definitely declined a hook, there is something lacking in itself."

In celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of "Don Quixote" an edition was prepared printed on cork and in type corresponding to the characters used in the original issue. There were but fifty copies prepared, all of which were at once disposed of.

Rolf Boldrewood, the veteran Australian novelist, reports that his popular "Robbery Under Arms" earned him £1780 for the first year of its publication and has since given an average return of £150 a year. The profits on his other books have varied from £100 to £1000.

Mary Coleridge's recently published letters contain many concise literary verdicts, including the following: "D'Annunzio is rather like Heine with the wit left out, and I get tired of his being so tired of everything. Still he is very beautiful. But Plato would never have let him go near the Republic."

Mary S. Watts' "Nathan Burke" has won over the most austere of English literary critics. The Spectator notes the abnormal length of the novel, but adds, "We, who have quite as much reading to get through as can be conveniently managed, were positively sorry

to come to the end." The portraiture and style of the book are specially commended.

One of the rarest typographical productions in existence, an original Block Book Grotesque Alphabet, was sold recently in London for seven thousand five hundred dollars. The work consists of twenty-four letters and six leaves of ribbon letters, the letter A, dated 1464, being mounted on thick new paper. So far as is known, this is the first occasion on which a copy has been offered for sale.

William De Morgan is said to have almost rewritten in proof his new novel, "An Affair of Dishonor." The story is somewhat shorter than its predecessors.

Although Goethe has been dead seventy-eight years, there passed away at Weimar the other day one who knew the great German. This was Dr. Karl Rheinhold, a descendant of the poet Wieland, who had attained the ripe age of eighty-eight.

A fourth printing has been called for of Josephine Prester Peahody's "The Piper," the play which won the prize of fifteen hundred dollars against more than three hundred competitors in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre contest.

Under the title of "A Quaker Post-Bag" there is to appear shortly a collection of letters from William Penn to Sir John Rodes, who was sympathetic to the Society of Friends in the days of their severest prosecution. The letters have never been printed before.

New Books Received.

FICTION.

PHILIPPA AT HALCYON. By Katherine Holland Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

An attractive college-girl story, the scene of which is laid in a Western college. Philippa is a winsome heroine and is surrounded by companions equally fascinating.

THE SILENT CALL. By Edwin Milton Royle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Another stirring romance of the West from the pen of the author of "The Squaw Man." The hero is a half-breed whose father was an Englishman of noble family, that is, the son of the Squaw Man who has interested so many readers and playgoers.

THE EGOIST. By George Meredith. 2 Vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net per volume.

Volumes thirteen and fourteen in the superb Memorial Edition of Meredith's novels. The illustrations include Roller's photographic portrait of the novelist, a view of Flint cottage (Meredith's home for the last forty years of his life), and a view over the garden of the novelist towards Box Hill.

A CAVALIER OF VIRGINIA. By G. E. Theodore Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.50.

A successful attempt to re-create the old-time atmosphere of the South and its fair women and courtly men. The story is alive with movement.

COMMENCEMENT DAYS. By Virginia Church. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.50.

Based upon the play of the same name which will be pleasantly remembered for its lively movement.

FANNY LAMBERT. By Henry De Vere Stacpoole. New York: R. F. Penno & Co.; \$1.50.

A story of artistic Bohemian life with unconventional characters and a liberal supply of humorous situations.

THE WATER GOATS. By Ellis Parker Butler. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Three short stories in the best style of the author of "Pigs Is Pigs."

ENGAGED GIRL SKETCHES. By Emily Calvin Blake. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; \$1.

Stories of the courtships of several charming girls, introducing some romantic situations.

THE ROD OF JUSTICE. By Alice and Claude Askew. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

Another story of life in South Africa by the authors of "The Shulamite." The heroine is an English girl who marries a Boer farmer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA. Edited by Albert Nelson Marquis. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.

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A NEW PLAY AT THE COLUMBIA.
By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Anti-Matrimony," the new play by Percy MacKaye that Henrietta Crosman is presenting at the Columbia this week, is miscalled on the programme "a whimsical comedy." It has been better termed "an intellectual farce," and, to go still further in the line of catering to lovers of laughter, it just shaves being a burlesque. The only thing that prevents it is that the "mats," or those whose sympathies are pro-matrimonial, enter into a mischievous though henceforth motivated conspiracy to ridicule the "anti-matrimonials" out of their radical beliefs. And so, although the young real wife burlesques the near wife, it is not burlesque.

The idea, however, sounds practicable. It is practicable, and if one were to read the play one would better recognize the literary quality in Mr. MacKaye's style, and the point and sparkle of his wit. For wit there is in "Anti-Matrimony." The trouble is that there is little humor. And that is what is lacking in the stage compositions of this scholarly aspirant for the favor of the theatre-going public.

Mr. MacKaye's new play contains four acts, and the unities of time have been so closely adhered to that less than twenty-four hours are required for the unraveling of the plot. The piece has been evidently planned out and written with the utmost care. The dialogue, in brief flashes, is admirable. Between these flashes, however, there are long stretches of rhapsodies and ratiocination that, while they could only be written by an author of ability, are too studied in effect to carry lightly and gayly on the stage. Fun should be spontaneous, and the humor in "Anti-Matrimony" smells of the midnight oil.

In farce a lot of people should be doing a number of absurd things with solemn, strenuous conviction. The ridiculous side is brought out by the owl-like gravity with which they perform these various actions, or follow out courses of conduct. But, apropos of this, Mr. MacKaye's anti-matrimony pair, as transpires early in the play, have been married. Now that was fatal to the humor of a situation that was already rather overweighted with a burden of burlesque. For burlesque long-drawn-out—and the burlesquing of perverfide ibsenites, Maeterlinckians, and D'Annunzionians, last during three of the four acts—becomes fatiguing. The long-sustained artificiality of tone in the dialogue of the two rhapsodists is still further accentuated by the fact that they are not at all sincere in theirrodomontades. In other words, their farce lacks in the farcical quality because, since they are legally and conventionally united, they are doing and saying ridiculous things without conviction.

The play begins with an argument between two brothers, one a clergyman and the other a would-be playwright along erotic lines. Maurice, the playwright, has had his wits somewhat addled by the endeavor of a rather solemn and literal Yankee to assimilate the "art-for-art's-sake" ideas of advanced continentals. He aspires to be decadent, and his characters are "superb, erotic, divinely pathological." His pseudo-mistress but real wife has, for love of him, absorbed, or tried to absorb, his ideas, and both have the pater—too much of it altogether—at their tongues' ends. Their talk is cleverly, very cleverly, written; but, unfortunately, from a reader's instead of a playgoer's point of view. The argument between the two brothers also makes good reading, but—"but" will intrude all through—there is a fatal cloud of dullness over the play, except for the few flashes of wit already spoken of, some delightful bits of ridiculousness on the part of Mildred, and the general effect of the last act, in which Maurice, who has been baptized as by fire—or, rather, mud—abruptly talks plain American once more. Even in the last act the wife still persists, to please her husband, in the emancipation jargon, which, by this time, we are thoroughly tired of. Except for that, however, the dawning of common sense through the clouds which are befuddling the wits of the emancipated pair gives a sense of relief, and the advent of common sense and genuineness displacing a pose is always hailed with pleasure. The little bit of trickery resorted to by Mildred, too, when she draws simple-minded "mother" into the charade, neatly permits us to escape a sense of rebel-

lion we were beginning to experience at hearing the patter once more.

Still, it is my opinion that Henrietta Crosman will have to throw "Anti-Matrimony" overboard. Miss Crosman is a comedienne of marked personality and abundant temperament, and "Anti-Matrimony" does not give her a chance. In order to rout the delusions of her relatives, Mildred has recourse to ridicule. She burlesques them, and burlesque is not a sufficiently delicate medium for Miss Crosman's art. It is pleasant, in the first act, to see Mildred become restive under the high-keyed vapors of her sister; pleasant to see her occasional brief outbursts of delightful genuineness and healthy common sense. But the trouble is we do not have enough of them, and we have altogether too much of Maurice and Isabel. These two characters were played by Gordon Johnstone and Grace Carlyle with painstaking care; but they were not particularly amusing. To save my life, I couldn't have told from their performance in "Anti-Matrimony" whether or not they are capable of acting comedy, so fatiguing was the pitch to which they were keyed up the whole evening through. They struck me as two careful, conscientious, hard-working players who were lacking in that inborn sense of humor which can coax the laughter out of us, even if we are bilious or broke.

The audience on Monday night was so expectant, so kindly in its attitude to both Mr. MacKaye and Miss Crosman, that the outcome was not altogether catastrophe. It is always interesting, though painful, to assist simultaneously at the debut and obsequies of a new play by an author whose ideals are high and whose past achievements entitle him to respect. That, however, has been done twice here in San Francisco within a month or two. As to the obsequies, of course, we can never be sure. Both Mr. Corbin and Mr. MacKaye are men of brains—John Corbin has practically spent his life in the study of the drama, and Percy MacKaye has, in "Mater," a comparative success to his account. But as in "Mater," he was a little over the heads of his audience, so, in "Anti-Matrimony," he is rather too literary for the direct carrying of wit and humor over the footlights—those curiously transforming footlights which have a trick of changing winged ideas of apparently gossamer lightness to leaden things which fall heavily when they seek to fly.

Perhaps these two authors will be able to do to abridge and remodel their plays as to win for them comparative success. But, in both cases, the changes would need to be considerable.

Humor is a queer, evasive, unanalyzable quantity. It is a quality for which Percy MacKaye has a great respect, and in these two plays of his, i. e., "Mater," which had only a comparative success, and "Anti-Matrimony," for which we regretfully see oblivion in its present form, their merit, aside from other qualities, is wit, and their lack is humor. And a still more curious thing is that in both plays the story or plot hinges on the literalness, the absolute lack of humor, of certain characters who are strongly contrasted in both cases with a woman who is tingling to the ends of her fingers with a joyous perception of the abundant food for laughter there is in the universe. This is more particularly true of Mater, who, in the verses that Mr. MacKaye wrote to accompany his play, is made to say

The test of love, and the best of love, is laughter.

It is evident that it is Mr. MacKaye's strong ambition to write a play which will add considerably to the world's sum of laughter. He is a man of sane and healthy ideals, an author who is identified with the newest, most modern movement in dramatic literature. Let us hope, therefore, that he will yet win his spurs; for, if he succeeds, the humor will be the legitimate kind in which the intellect will be appealed to and auditors will not give vent to their amusement by "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

The English stage could ill afford to lose Captain Robert Marshall, the brilliant dramatist, who died in his forty-seventh year in London a few days ago. It was not entirely for what he did that he will be missed, for his future was bright and he was a man who conserved his intellectual strength, never allowing work to pass from his hands until he was satisfied that it was as near perfect as he could make it. Marshall was a writer of comedy sentiment, when at his best, he was a believer in the clean play for the clean-minded, and he had a pretty gift of wit. His best comedy was "The Second in Command," in which John Drew appeared in America, but "The Royal Family" pressed it close for honors. His first acted work was a one-act sketch—called "Shades of Night," in which Forbes-Robertson played in London, and this was followed in 1897 by "His Excellency, the Governor." "The Broad Road" never obtained much popularity, nor did "The North Lord." His other plays included "There's Many a Slip" and "The Unforeseen." Marshall entered the English army in 1886, and seven years later he went to Cape Town on staff detail, remaining in South Africa in various positions of trust until he resigned from the army in 1898.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Henrietta Crosman will continue as the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for a second and last week, commencing with Monday night, July 25. Miss Crosman and her company in the whimsical comedy "Anti-Matrimony" have a real laugh provoker for presentation, and theatre-goers find the production much to their liking. The four acts of the piece offer laugh after laugh, and Mr. MacKaye has certainly turned out one of the wittiest and most brilliant of modern comedies. Miss Crosman is seen at her best in the piece. There are Sunday night and Saturday matinee performances in addition to the regular week-night presentations.

Annette Kellerman, a great vaudeville attraction and the greatest artist in her line of work, has been secured by the Orpheum Circuit for a brief tour and will make her first appearance in this city next Sunday matinee. Miss Kellerman is the champion swimmer and diver of the world. She holds records from 100 yards to twenty-six miles and is the only girl that ever attempted to cross the English Channel. She has won every race she ever entered and has defeated most of the best male swimmers in the world. Professor Dudley Sargent, physical instructor of Harvard University, proclaimed her the most perfectly built woman he has ever seen. Miss Kellerman carries two large mirrors. Her work is done in the spotlight, so that not a movement of the fair diver is lost, as she rushes up the springboard, poises for a second and flashes through the air. Clifford and Burke, exponents of black-face comedy, will contribute a touch of minstrelsy to the new bill. These comedians are really funny and their dialogue and songs are original and novel. The Four Cliftons, who will make their first appearance here, are renowned European strong equilibrists. Their exhibitions of strength excite wonder and admiration. Harry Atkinson, the Australian Orpheus, comes direct from London, and will introduce his imitations of musical instruments. Next week will be the final one of James Thornton, the Imperial Musicians, Professor Apdale's Zoo Circus, and Edwards Davis and his company in "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

L. R. Stockwell and a selected company will present a revival of "Mizpah," the beautiful play by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luccombe Searelle, at the Princess Theatre, opening with a matinee performance Sunday afternoon next, July 24. The cast of the play includes William Desmond and Hortense Neilson, in the two leading rôles, Victory Bateman, Pryse MacKaye, William Thom, Emmett Sheridan, Ralph Bell, Maggie Frances Leavy, Martine Leavy, and L. R. Stockwell. Mr. Stockwell is so well known as an actor and manager that notice of his appearance is sufficient to insure a general interest. The scenic investiture of the play will be notable, and the Assyrian temple dance by Nedra Lanscome, will be an additional feature. Charles Gettings will sing the incidental song. Every detail of the presentation is in competent hands, and the engagement should prove a sterling attraction at the Princess Theatre.

A new play, entitled "The Spendthrift," will be presented at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks commencing Monday evening, August 1, with the regular matinees, for the first time. "The Spendthrift" company includes Doris Mitchell, Lionel Adams, Lizzie McCall, Albert Sackett, Vivian Martin, Forrest E. Orr, Grace Gibbs, and William Sullivan.

Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady" will be seen at the Columbia Theatre a few weeks hence. Miss Stahl presented the comedy at the Van Ness Theatre season before last, and since that time has been to London with the play.

David Belasco will send his entire New York production of "The Easiest Way" to this city for a limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre.

Richard Wagner's son, Siegfried, seems to have fallen heir to some of the vicissitudes which marked his distinguished father's earlier years as a composer. This is the opinion one draws from the reception of his opera, "The Kobold," at the Royal Theatre, Berlin, a few days ago. Though not a new work, it has never been performed before and the theatre was well filled with leading musicians and critics who awaited its production with considerable interest. There was almost a riot, the admirers of the work and those who were not favorably impressed clashing with loud speeches and much confusion.

Isabella, the Spanish queen who played such a prominent part in the discovery of America and as advocate in protection of the Indians of Mexico from abuses on the part of adventurous fortune-seekers in the new world, will figure largely in the Spanish features of the celebration of Mexico's first centennial this year. A bronze statue, of heroic size, will be erected to her honor in a prominent place in the City of Mexico.

Stereoptican Pictures of the Passion Play. Photographs of the peasant players at Oberammergau have just been received from Anton Lang by Dr. Edwin Harvey Hadlock of this city. These are the only pictures that the authorities have permitted to be taken of the Passion Play this year. Dr. Hadlock met most of these people personally during his visit to Oberammergau at the last enactment of the play, and will give a realistic reproduction of the drama in an illustrated travelogue at Christian Science Hall on Friday evening, July 29. Edward H. Kemp of this city, who has recently returned from Europe, is preparing stereoptican slides from the pictures received from Lang. These pictures will be colored in an artistic manner, and over 125 views will be used to illustrate the lecture. Admission to the entertainment will be free, with a silver offering for the benefit of the American Education Association.

Three years more, at least, will be required to finish Mexico City's \$12,000,000 white marble theatre. No attempt will be made to crowd the work of building the marble facing to the edifice in time for the centennial celebration except in the matter of the front, where the best of the statuary and decorative work will be put. The heroic figures to ornament the arch over the tympanum are now being put in place. The stage floor will have eight powerful elevators, operated by electricity, for special scenic requirements. Three large hydraulic elevators will operate the orchestra pit, so that the elevation of the musicians in front of the stage may be varied for grand opera and other necessities. This stage is pronounced to be absolutely the best in the world at present, a force of from fifty to seventy-five men being required to operate the scenery mechanisms during a performance.



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When a globe-trotter confesses that his favorite tittle is a bottle of ginger ale, his comments on the habits of others are likely to be mildly amusing. This, at any rate, is the case with a mild-mannered youth who has been recording for the enlightenment of English readers his impressions of New York. "Some of the fashionable restaurants of New York," he writes, "provide food for reflection as well as food for the body. The head waiters are amiable tyrants—often with big bank balances swollen by successful speculation. There is a wasteful and glaring blaze of electric light—in one restaurant there are lights under the table, showing a rosy glow through the cloth. Over-dressed women in daring gowns from the Rue de la Paix, opulent and over-fed financiers, who have had a good day in Wall Street, a band of frenzied foreigners, playing a popular waltz with more energy than taste; weak-faced youths with tired eyes, who have looked into hell and call it 'seeing life'; people from the country, who are out to be amused, but are in reality holed to death—that is the sort of caricature of life that one sees in a popular New York restaurant at midnight." Truly a barrowing picture, not lacking in that "certain condescension of foreigners" about which Lowell had something to say so long ago. The smugness of the comment consists in the implication that New York stands alone in such matters, ignoring the fact that if the youth who is so fond of ginger ale were to take a turn round London at midnight he would find the Savoy, the Carlton, and many other restaurants equally given over to a phase of life with which ginger ale has nothing in common.

But the sins of New Yorkers are finding them out in other places than Gotham. There is Herbert G. Ponting, for example, who in his recent book, "Lotus Land Japan," charges the following against two wealthy tourists from New York: "Once in Kyoto I was invited by two travelers whom I had just met, to come to their room, where they were busy packing prior to leaving for home. I noticed some beautiful specimens of *hikite*—inlaid ornamental bronze plates used as finger-grips on sliding doors—lying on the floor. I picked them up and admired them, asking where they had bought them, as a glance showed me they were very good ones. To my amazement, they told me they had ripped them from the doors of a Japanese hotel at which they had stayed, and were now discarding them because they 'could not be bothered with them any longer.'"

Heat as a cause of improper conduct has hitherto been overlooked by the moralists. Of course it has had its place in their systems as a possibility of the future which should lead to good behavior now, but high temperature in the present life has not been sufficiently considered as an excuse for doing extraordinary things. However, the recent hot spell in the East has produced quite a crop of incidents which are eccentric to say the least. For example a Springfield (Mass.) preacher before beginning his sermon told his flock that as the grace of God did not require men to swelter he hoped the elder men of the congregation would set an example to the younger by removing their coats. Two or three took the hint, and when the pastor urged others to follow the example a voice from the pews asked why he did not remove his own coat. He did not need a second invitation, and the congregation had the novel experience of listening to a sermon preached by a coat-less pastor. But the Springfield parson was eclipsed by his brother of the cloth who advertised that owing to the heat he would preach in the dark the following night. As might have been anticipated, "three-quarters of the congregation were young folks." Then there is the case of Baltimore, where an editor assured his readers that "the man who wears a starched collar on a day as hot as yesterday richly deserves his discomfort." If that was the garb affected by Baltimoreans the moving-picture folk ought to have perpetuated the occasion, even at the risk of having the pictures prohibited.

From a hot sun to much thirst is a natural transition, as the advertisements are reminding us. And drinks must be as close to fashion as our clothes. So M. Lattard, *maitre d'hôtel* of the Plaza in New York, rises to the occasion with a "Chantecler cooler," which is without feathers, although it demands the white of an egg. Like a true philanthropist, M. Lattard reveals the secret of his latest concoction. "It is a light cocoa frappé," he explains. "Chocolate is not a hot weather drink, and its possibilities as a beverage have about been exhausted. I was trying to think up something I could offer when cocoa came into my mind. You first make the cocoa with water, not milk. Then you add one-fifth of its bulk of fresh orange juice, and just a little honey to sweeten. Next you add the white of an egg and then about one-third of a pony of *sch.* Shake well with ice and leave the *latter* in the goblet in which you serve it, with straws."

So it is not the fault of the Smart Set after all. The resplendent gowns they wear are not of their own desiring; if they could have their way they would, apparently, array themselves in sackcloth and ashes. It is "the servant in America" who is to blame. The girl of the household, tearfully explains the Countess Henri de Frankenstein, once Annie Brewster, "apes the fashionable attire of her mistress. She does it so well that thousands of American women feel they must dress better to get away from their servants. Today the American servant girl is setting the standard whereby the costly and beautiful gowning of society women is outrivalling itself. The house girl wears cheaper gowns, but in the same style as those of her mistress. Sometimes the imitation dresses in which the servant appears are at a distance as attractive and apparently as costly as those of the lady mistress. The result is that the lady of fashion reaches out to escape, to achieve something in attire that the servant can not attain to." Save that he has to pay for this "reaching out," mere man might not be disposed to complain at this terrible nemesis, for he has tried for so long and so unsuccessfully to "reach out" beyond the waiter.

Still, notwithstanding the success of this "reaching out" process, the American woman, according to Mrs. Hillis, is a failure. Here is her indictment, "in part" as the reporters say: "She may be more talkative and self-assertive, but it is a question whether she is better prepared for real work in the world, for the making and maintaining of a home, or, failing that, for the support of herself or those who may be dependent upon her. It is exceedingly doubtful. The German and English women of the same class are far better housekeepers than we, the French are far better business women, and as for art, we have not yet produced an Angelica Kauffmann, a Vigée-Lebrun, a Rosa Bonheur. In literature we have had no Mme. de Staël, nor Mme. de Sévigné, no George Eliot, no Elizabeth Browning, not even a Jane Austen or a Charlotte Brontë, hardly a Mrs. Humphry Ward. We have had no such actresses as Rachel, Siddons, or Bernhardt. We import most of our prima donnas and our gowns." And who is to blame? Not the servant in the house, that is, not the girl servant in the house. As has been shown, it is possible to "reach out" and escape her. But there is no escaping him. It is the American man, Mrs. Hillis declares, who is responsible for the failure of the American woman. He will strain himself to give her all she wants, but is "too busy" to give her himself. So the "heart-hungry" wife goes on and on, first into cluddom, then to the Smart Set, and finally reaches Reno.

Yet there is something to be said for the American woman. That, at any rate, is the opinion of the Duchess of Marlborough, who reminded a London audience the other day of "the splendid type of college-bred women which America produced," and declared men had not found college-bred women made less devoted wives and mothers. If, the duchess added, women were careful enough not always to worst their husbands in argument, and to keep superabundant knowledge up their sleeves, there seemed to be little opposition on a husband's part to his wife being well educated. Does that explain anything, one wonders. It could not have been difficult to worst the duke in argument.

Beautiful as all the theories are, and especially that pathetic picture drawn by Mrs. Hillis of the American woman wanting more of the American man, the stern realism of fact can not be ignored. There is Mrs. Burns, of Pittsburg, for instance, who gave her homecoming husband so emphatic a welcome that he "is in the hospital." Mr. Burns had been fearfully busy, detained at the office, my dear, and then kept at the club on important business, my dear, and hence could not reach home until the small hours of the morning. He crept softly into the house, no doubt thoughtfully removing his boots lest he should disturb the slumbers of his affectionate partner. Even when a voice called "Who's there?" Mr. Burns paid no attention; possibly his mind was so absorbed in thoughts of business that he distrusted his hearing. But he must have sohered up considerably when a revolver shot awoke the echoes of his happy home. Mrs. Burns was not taking any chances; "men who stay out late at night should answer promptly when their wives call, 'Who's there?'" Morning brought no repentance to the sleepless watcher: "I shot my husband because I thought he was a burglar, and I would do it again under similar circumstances." This is distinctly discouraging to men who want to take Mrs. Hillis's exhortation to heart. The only redeeming feature of the incident is that it opens up new possibilities for the comic artist.

According to the Kansas City *Star* the need of the age is a science of Hairology. Pending the advent of a Darwin or Agassiz who will do justice to the subject, the following is offered as a contribution to human knowledge: Hairs are the outgrowths of epidermis, ex-

cepting in the case of whiskers, which may be the outgrowth of either vanity or seditious instincts. Hairs are quite different from scales or feathers, and they constitute the characteristic covering of mammals, as distinguished from other animals. Hair is not worn by any feathered animal, but some mammals wear feathers in their hair. This diverting peculiarity of mammals, however, is entirely volitional with them. There is only one recorded instance of its having been otherwise. This was the singular and unfortunate case of Nebuchadnezzar, which is thus circumstantially described in the Book of Daniel: "And he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws." Possibly this was due to the diet. If a menu of grass would make a man's hair as eagles' feathers, perhaps a hay diet would make an eagle grow hair like an ox. And if an ox ate ham and eggs, who knows but he might grow whiskers. How far the whiskers of the billy goat are attributable to his peculiar diet, or whether they are chargeable alone to his political principles, we do not know, but the subject is worthy of investigation. Beauty may draw us "with a single hair," but if the Beast has no more than that his charms are inconsiderable. The wisest policy for him is to act on the advice of Martial: "Be content to seem what you really are and let the barber shave off the rest of your hair. There is nothing more contemptible than a bald man who pretends to have hair."

The soda fountain, as an institution, has a social side which is not generally recognized (observes the New York *Evening Post*). Besides being the means of filling man's emptiness, of satisfying the proverbial sweet tooth of woman, and spoiling the appetite of youth, the soda fountain fills a place all its own, in the social life of the community. It follows in the wake of the white ribboners, filling the vacancies left by the saloon bar as a rendezvous for business men. Perhaps, however, if the truth were known, that maraschino and crème de menthe sundaes, claret cup, or milk shakes with a rummy flavor, abound in some of these saintly abodes where the horns of the liquorous devil are supposed never to appear, the Prohibitionists would soon be wielding their little hatchets here, too. But until then these pseudo-alcoholic things are helping to cheer the spiritless, to catch the possible customer, to humor tenants with a grievance, and to win the favor of dissenting constituents. Though one may not be willing to believe that a maple-nut sundae or a limeade will ever take the place of a highball or a seidel, it certainly is a fact worth noticing that in certain business districts of Manhattan the soda fountains exceed the bars in number. On lower Broadway, from Wall Street to Park Row, and on Nassau Street in the same district, there are as many candy stores and drug stores as saloons. In the streets directly surrounding the financial district there is a candy shop in almost every block and only three regularly licensed saloons.

Among old-time laws against kissing those of Iceland appear to have been the most severe. Banishment was the penalty laid down for kissing another man's wife, either with or without her consent. The same punishment was enforced for kissing an unmarried woman against her will; if it could be proved that she had consented to be kissed the offender was still liable to a fine of a great quantity of cloth for each offense.

"Home is where the heart is." "But some men are too high-hearted."—*Smart Set*.



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SAN FRANCISCO

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A mother of four daughters, one of whom had recently married, cornered an eligible young man in the drawing-room. "And which of my girls do you most admire, might I ask?" "The married one," was the prompt reply.

This is told of one of the Camerons of Lochiel: The chief, when hivouacking with his son in the snow, noticed that the lad had rolled up a snowball to make a pillow. He thereupon rose and kicked it away, saying sternly, "No effeminacy, hoy."

The play had fallen very flat and the manager was getting worried. "Sorry, sir," said the comedian, "hut I can't go on for a few minutes. I am feeling kinda' funny." "Funny! Great Scott, man!" cried the manager, "then go on at once and make the most of it while it lasts."

The day before she was to be married the old negro servant came to her mistress and intrusted her savings to her keeping. "Why should I keep it? I thought you were going to get married," said her mistress. "So I is, missus, hut do you 'spose I'd keep all dis money in the house wid that strange nigger?"

One night a New Yorker went into a skyscraping hotel and ordered a lobster. When it arrived it was found to have only one claw, and he demanded an explanation. "Ah, lobsters, they are great fighters," said the waiter; "they fight much, and often one will its claw lose." "My, is that so?" exclaimed the New Yorker. "Take this one away, and bring me a winner."

The superintendent of a lunatic asylum was strolling round the grounds a few weeks after his appointment, when one of the inmates came up to him and, touching his hat, exclaimed: "We all like you better than the last one, sir." "Thank you," said the new official, pleasantly. "And may I ask why?" "Well, sir," replied the lunatic, "you see, you are more like one of us!"

During the haritone's excruciating performance several of the guests discovered that it was time they were getting home. "I tell you," said one man to another as they emerged from the dimly lighted hall, "I envy that fellow who was singing. 'Envy him!' echoed the other. "Why, his was about the poorest voice I ever heard." "It's not his voice I envy, man," was the reply. "It's his tremendous courage."

A self-conscious and egotistical young clergyman was supplying the pulpit of a country church. After the service he asked one of the deacons, a grizzled, plain-spoken man, what he thought of his morning effort. "Waal," answered the old man, slowly, "I'll tell ye in a kind of parahle. I remember Tunk Weatherhee's fust deer hunt, when he was green. He followed the deer's tracks all right, hut he followed 'em all day in the wrong direction."

Jim Rice, the coach of the Columbia crew, was praising a stalwart freshman. "He's so young and tender," said the coach, "you'd never think he could row. Why, they laugh at him at the barber's. As he was getting his hair cut the other day he said to the barber wistfully: 'Do you think I'll have a strong beard?' My father has a very strong one. It looks to me," said the barber, "as though you took after your mother."

Andrew Carnegie at a dinner in Washington said that too many self-made men neglect the intellectual side. This sometimes—at commencements, for example—puts them at a disadvantage: "I know a self-made man who said at a commencement to his nephew, 'Well, Commy, my son, what do they teach you here?' 'Latin and Greek,' the boy replied, and German and algebra." "Dear me!" cried the self-made man. "And what's the algebra or turnip?"

President W. C. Brown of the New York Central Railroad said at a luncheon, apropos of his "hack to the farm" pronouncement: "Some city men take very hard my suggestion about a return to agriculture. They seem to think that the farm pays as poorly as apprenticeships used to do—and you know what he old-time apprentices said about that. 'We et,' said the apprentices, 'hoard and clothing be first year, clothing and board the second ear, and both of them the third year.'"

Bret Harte at one time used to plunder the eople from the rostrum, in the way of fifty-ent lectures. During a trip over the Pennsylvania circuit, he found himself one evening in a small town, the very atmosphere of which as depressing. Turning to the committee-man who awaited on him at his room in the otel, Harte said: "Is this a healthful cli-

mate?" "Passahly," responded the committeeman. "Wbat's the mortality of this city?" "About one a day," "About one, eh," said Harte. "Come this way a minute," and he drew the committeeman into the recess of the bay-window, and then said to him, solemnly: "Is the man dead for today? I am going to lecture here tonight, and it would be a great relief to me to know that I could get through alive."

A comedian was rehearsing his part in a new play, the author of which was present. The actor departed once or twice from the "hook," and "gagged," or inserted jokes of his own. The author was horrified at the idea of such tampering with his work, and he told the comedian he must desist. "My dear hoy," he said, "he good enough not to 'gag,' please. Speak my lines and wait for the laugh." "All right," said the comedian, sorrowfully; "only my last train goes at midnight."

Two Englishmen on a holiday in France were dining together at a Paris restaurant. Smith persisted in ordering and asking for everything he wanted in doubtful French, while Cross persisted in offering explanations that were in the nature of criticisms. At last Mr. Smith's temper rose to explosive point. "Will you," he said in English, "be so good as not to interfere with me in the use of my French?" "Very well," retorted Mr. Cross. "I simply wanted to point out that you were asking for a staircase when all you wanted was a spoon."

The wife was a devoted and a charming woman and the man was a good-for-nothing. But no matter what he did, his wife always forgave him. One day a caller saw her hutler pass the door, carrying a huge green parrot in a cage. "Oh," said she, "are you going to get rid of Uncle Tom?" Uncle Tom was the parrot. "Yes," said the poor little wife, with a sigh. "I'm very fond of him—but I feel it is my duty to send him away." "And why is it your duty?" the visitor asked. "I just found out the other day," she said, "that naughty Uncle Tom is teaching my husband to swear."

A traveler on a freezing January night called at an inn, hut found it full. "Well, landlord," he said, "I can't sleep out on the snow crust. You must put me up somehow." "I guess, then," said the landlord, "we'll make up a hed in the hall and curtain it off for you." Accordingly this was done. And the traveler, under a rather thin blanket, fell asleep. But in the middle of the night he awoke, freezing. An icy draught blew through his hair and mustache; it even lifted his thin blanket and swept over his bare legs. The traveler rose. The sheet that had been hung up as a partition had come unfastened, and it was waving merrily in the breeze. "Landlord!" shouted the traveler. "Landlord!" "What is it?" a voice shouted back. "Landlord," said the traveler, "will you please let me have a paper of pins to lock my bedroom door with?"

"Uncle Chet" Thomas was driving down the street one day, driving a fine looking horse; it was an all around "good looker." A friend watched the horse for a while, and when Uncle Chet got close enough to hear him, said, "That's a mighty nice looking horse you got there, Uncle Chet. Want to sell him?" "Well," said Uncle Chet, "I haint huntin' a buyer, but I would take two-fifty fer him." "How fast can he trot?" was asked. "Well, he can trot a mile in three minutes without any trouble," said Uncle Chet, so the fellow bought him. The next morning the new owner came back to Uncle Chet and told him that he had tried the horse out thoroughly, and the best he could get out of him was a mile in four minutes. Uncle Chet thought for a moment and then said, "Well, you must be in an awful hurry if you can't wait a minute."

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THE MERRY MUSE.

Off with the Dance.
With harfoot dancers out galore
I really feel,
That art has very little more
To reveal.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Where to Find Them.
Though hanging in the closet or
Upon her hack, I find
A woman's clothes, where'er she goes,
Are always on her mind.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

A College Limerick
There was an old lady named Fitch,
Who heard a loud snoring, at which
She took off her hat
And found that a rat
Had fallen asleep at the switch.
—Princeton Tiger.

Her New Occupation,
She has no time for fancy work, her thimble's
laid away;
There's dust upon her violin, for she has ceased to
play;
She wastes no precious time at hridge, her books
unopened lie.
She's given up the Drama Club—she did it with a
sigh.
She does not go to shop in townd, she looks at hats
no more;
She's wearing ancient gowns that seemed all out
of style before;
The glass at which she used to stand so many
hours a day
Reflects her face hut seldom now, and yet her
heart is gay.

Her husband has not lost his all, she is not garbed
in black
Because a friend has sought that bourne from
which no friend comes back;
No heavy lines of care have come to mar her
marble brow,
She daily has to sterilize the nursing bottles now.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Anticipations.
Glad vacation days are coming, picnic hours are
drawing near;
Soon from every known direction Summer tourists
will appear;
City folk will crowd the 'huses, boarding houses
and hotels—
But meanwhile, there's something doing in the
"bosky mountain dells."

Little hugs of all descriptions have awakened from
their sleep,
And among the pretty flowerets keen, expectant
vigils keep.
Beetles, ants, and merry spiders, in the grasses lie
alert,
Waiting for the tan-clad ankle and the flimsy
muslin skirt.

Caterpillars now are wriggling up the trunk of
every tree,
Under which the softest mosses and the rustic
henches be,
And a thousand little buglets that the Summer
idlers dread
Are all ready in the branches—to drop down on
some one's head.

By the pond the daft mosquito at his labor now
is found,
Stocking up with chills and fever so that he can
pass it 'round,
And the wasps are at the grindstone, huzzing in
a husy tone
While they put an extra edge on, that's for city
guests alone.

Yes, vacation days are coming, and the kine upon
the hills,
As they muse upon the hoarder, smile into the
placid rills.
Soon heavy heels will go a-flying over road and
fence and wall,
For the country cow's demeanor won't he under-
stood at all.

Sad would be the hug and wormlet through the
sultry Summer waste
If there were no city hoarders to observe, sur-
prise, and taste.
Sad the stretch of Summer landscape to the gay
young brindled steer,
If the yells of city maidens fell no longer on his
ear.
—The Plowman.

Willy—Why is it the shades of night are
falling fast? Nilly—Because the girls are
going to bed.—Yale Record.

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—GREEN AND YELLOW—

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Spasmodic, informal entertaining continues to furnish the keynote of social life in town with an unexpected engagement in service circles and a wedding at the Presidio to slightly vary the calm. Luncheon parties made up of congenial groups of friends and afternoon tea at the hotels with an occasional box party followed by an informal supper furnishes the sum total of the week's social record.

An occasional traveler drifting this way from the Orient or en route to the Far East furnishes the motif for a more pretentious entertainment in the form of a dinner, which tends to further lighten the social atmosphere, but in no sense adds to the general gaiety.

House parties and short motor trips still continue to be the favored method of keeping alive whatever of social existence there still remains in these desultory July days.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lucille Mildred Watson to Mr. Thomas Nuttall Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lake Miller. The wedding will be in the early fall.

Mrs. M. A. McNery has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Adelaide McNery, and Ensign Sidney Vaughn of the *Charleston*. The wedding will take place in the fall at Mare Island.

The wedding of Miss Emma Turner and Lieutenant George Ruhlen, Jr., took place Saturday evening at the post chapel at the Presidio. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Chaplain Jones, U. S. A. Miss Marie Lundeen was the bride's only attendant, and she was given into the keeping of her husband by her brother-in-law, Captain Frederick Stopford, U. S. A. The best man was Lieutenant Harry Stephenson, U. S. A., and the ushers were Lieutenant Harry A. Schwab, Lieutenant Harry Burgin, Lieutenant Howard Loughry, and Lieutenant William Currier, all of the Coast Artillery. Following the ceremony there was a reception at the home of Captain and Mrs. Stopford. Lieutenant Ruhlen and his bride have gone south for their honeymoon trip, which will extend till September, when they will return to the Presidio. Among those present were Colonel and Mrs. John Lundeen, Major and Mrs. J. W. C. Brooks, Miss Brooks, Lieutenant and Mrs. Paul Beck, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Von Schrad, Lieutenant and Mrs. M. S. Crissy, Lieutenant Furneval, Mrs. Elizabeth Furneval, Lieutenant and Mrs. Albert U. Faulkner, Captain and Mrs. John Burke Murphy, Captain and Mrs. Payne, Captain and Mrs. T. B. Steele, Captain and Mrs. Louis Chappalear, Lieutenant and Mrs. Carlson, Colonel and Mrs. Charles J. Chubb, Captain and Mrs. J. M. Wheeler, Miss Della Jones, Lieutenant and Mrs. Benjamin Wade, Lieutenant Councilman, Lieutenant and Mrs. Frank Ely, Lieutenant and Mrs. Linniger, and Captain J. S. Brady.

Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan was hostess at a dinner on Tuesday evening at her home on California Street complimentary to Judge and Mrs. James Garneau of St. Louis.

Mrs. Vesta Shortridge Bruguere entertained recently at a luncheon at Pebble Beach Lodge in honor of Mr. Frank King and his sister, Miss Genevieve King.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs entertained a house party last week at their country home which included Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mr. Harold Bingham, and Mr. Stephen Kinsey.

Mrs. M. C. Crissy was hostess at a bridge party at her home at the Presidio on Wednesday. The affair was given in honor of Mrs. George M. Appel, who is leaving soon for Seattle. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. William Brooks, Mrs. Louis Chappalear, Mrs. Robert Welch, and Miss Brooks. Among those present were Mrs. Frederick Stopford, Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Mrs. George Grimes, Mrs. T. B. Steele, Mrs. John A. Lundeen, Miss Marie Lundeen, Miss Emma Turner, Mrs. John Burke Murphy, and Mrs. Elizabeth Furneval.

M. Wodoo, the Belgian consul, was host at a luncheon Saturday in honor of Count de Buisseret, the minister to Belgium, prior to his departure for Portland. He made only a brief visit in San Francisco. Countess de Buisseret, who before her marriage was Miss Storey, daughter of Major-General John P. Storey, did not accompany her husband to the Coast.

The dog show held in Santa Cruz on Friday and Saturday attracted many San Franciscans. Among those who entered their dogs were Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Irene Sahin, Miss Alice Wilkins, and Mr. Richard Hotelling.

Miss Helene Irwin entertained at a picnic at the Hope Ranch at Santa Barbara on Saturday, at which Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., were the guests of honor. Among those who attended were Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Julia Langhorne, Mrs. Fred McNear, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Marion Zeile, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Duane Hopkins, and Mr. Knox Maddox.

Mrs. James Horsburgh, Jr., who is spending the summer at Del Monte, entertained at a luncheon at Pebble Beach Saturday. Among her guests were Mrs. Charles Fee, Miss Marcia Fee, Miss Marjorie Shepard.

A launch party and barbecue dinner was the festivity planned by the Ross Valley set Wednesday evening, which attracted a large party of guests from San Francisco. Those who acted as hosts on the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. James Folliis, Mr. and Mrs. George Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. August Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breese, Mrs. E. J. Pringle, and Mr. Perry Eyre.

Among the San Franciscans who were present at Oberammergau this week were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carolan, Miss Joliffe, Miss Mollie Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mr. Christian de Guigne, Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. John

Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron, Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Murphy, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Paige Montague, Mr. Kenneth Montague, Mrs. William Griffith, Mr. Miller Griffith, Mrs. Hyppolito Dutard, Mr. John Lawson, Mrs. Joseph Redding, Mr. Evan Evans, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Mary Gamble, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Mrs. Charles Keeney, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Clara Allen, Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. Joseph Eastland, Mrs. Van Vorst, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin, Miss Ethel Shorb, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Persis Coleman, Miss Daisy Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Joseph Chanslor, Mrs. Veronica Baird, and Miss Helen Woolworth.

Miss Jennie Crocker was a luncheon hostess at the Hotel St. Francis Tuesday, entertaining Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mrs. Peter Martin.

Mrs. Frederick Prince was hostess at a bridge tea Wednesday at the Presidio. Among her guests were Mrs. Frederick Von Schrad, Mrs. Frederick Stopford, Mrs. M. S. Crissy, Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Mrs. John B. Corey, Mrs. Robert Welsh, Mrs. George Grimes, Mrs. Elizabeth Furneval, Mrs. Theophilus Steele, Mrs. Albert U. Faulkner, and Mrs. Abney Payne.

Mrs. John C. Wilson was a luncheon hostess at the Hotel St. Francis Wednesday in honor of Miss Virginia Joliffe. Among her guests were Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin and Mrs. George Cameron. Mrs. Henry T. Scott, who has just returned with her cousin, Miss Goss, from the Yosemite, enjoyed a luncheon with a few friends at the Hotel St. Francis last Saturday.

Monday evening Miss Jennie Crocker had a theatre party at the Columbia, followed by a supper at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Laurence I. Scott was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis last Wednesday, entertaining a number of Burlingame friends. Among them were Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Walter Martin, and Miss Jennie Crocker.

Bohemian Club Concert.

The regular after-the-jinks concert of the Bohemian Club will take place at the Van Ness Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, August 9. A programme of unusual excellence will be presented, embracing selections from a number of the recent forest plays presented at the club's open-air theatre in its grove near Guerneville.

The feature of the programme will naturally be the music from this year's jinks, "The Cave Man," music by W. J. McCoy, words by Charles K. Field.

The orchestra will be directed by the various composers, including Joseph D. Redding, Edmund F. Schneider, G. G. Stricklen, and Herman Perlet. The club's chorus will be directed by E. D. Crandall.

The concert will be under the general direction of the following committee of club members: Willard T. Barton, chairman; Joseph D. Redding, W. H. Leahy, John C. Wilson, and Charles S. Aiken.

Four electric fountains designed by Arthur Putnam, or a sculptor of equal eminence, will be placed in Union Square in the near future. The Hotel St. Francis is willing to stand part of the expense of building the fountains and practically the entire expense of operating them, in view of the benefit the hotel would receive from having such a beautiful spectacle in the park in front of the hotel. A suggestion that has met with much favor is to arrange the four fountains formally, one in each division of the park around the Dewey monument, the designs to be a series of drinking pools with pumas at the brink, carved out of the rough stones, their poses carrying the line that would hold the composition of the scheme together. These fountains in the heart of the city would at all times be one of the important art attractions of San Francisco, but particularly at night, when the shafts of luminous water would cast high lights on the animal figures at the edges of the pools. There is hope that art memorials of genuine excellence will multiply.

Drury Lane Theatre is not in Drury Lane, and no reason can be assigned for giving it the name of that thoroughfare. The first theatre built on the present site was at one time frequently referred to as the theatre in Covent Garden. On February, 1663, Pepys notes: "I walked up and down and looked upon the outside of the new theatre building in Covent Garden, which will be very fine." In those days no theatre existed in Covent Garden, the predecessor of the present opera-house having been opened in 1732.

Dr. Madison C. Peters of New York, author of "Justice to the Jew" and many other books and well known as a preacher, lecturer, and writer for the press, will deliver a lecture, "What Has the Jew Done for Modern Civilization?" at the Garrick Theatre Sunday evening, July 24, at eight o'clock. Seats may be secured at 264 Pacific Building.

Russia has developed a young woman who promises to be something out of the ordinary in the way of an engineer. She is Mile. Baudurin, and now has charge of the building of the big bridge across the Neva at Petersburg.

A glass of choice Italian-Swiss Colony red TIPO in a pitcher of lemonade improves the beverage wonderfully. Try it.

Dramatic Taste in America.

An interesting emphasis of the evolution of the dramatic taste of American play-goers is found in the result of an investigation conducted under the auspices of the *Dramatic Mirror*, the leading journal devoted to the stage in this country. It was the aim of this inquiry to discover the twenty-five plays which have been the most popular with the public—the plays which by the frequency of their presentation indicate the preference and perception of a recent day.

"East Lynne," whose naive emotionalism now inspires the superior laugh instead of the erstwhile sympathetic tear—even among the most ingenious of audiences—leads all the rest. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with its bloodhounds real and everything else sham, held its warped mirror to a gaping eye only a few times less in number. "Rip Van Winkle," "The Two Orphans," "Monte Cristo," and "Camille," of various degrees of importance in theme, but in manner all on the same low level, came next. Nothing austere, nothing subtle, nothing real, and little significant attained commercial success (somewhat sadly comments an editorial writer in the *Chicago Tribune*).

The solicitous Dion Boucicault was the favorite author. Five of his Irish chromos are on the list—including "The Octoroon," "Inshavogue," "The Colleen Bawn," and "Kathleen Mavourneen." Those were the good old days of the bad old plays—when Joseph Murphy and "Kerry Gow" drew the cognoscenti as Mr. Pinero sometimes does now. The sad skeptics should take heart. Between "The Lady of Lyons" and "Strife" some steps have been taken.

Brilliance marks the Russian court even more than any other court in Europe in the way of luxury and an almost barbaric magnificence (says a writer in the *Strand Magazine*). The season is in the winter, and lasts until Easter. Several court balls take place, and an invitation to one of these is an imperative command, to which only illness or the deepest mourning can be given as an excuse for absence. On such an occasion the Winter Palace is a dream of fairyland. The state rooms, which are among the finest in Europe, are richly gilded and furnished with much magnificence. And, with an outside temperature below zero, the malachite saloon and the vast halls and galleries are filled with rare flowers that bloom in a hot-house atmosphere. All the men wear ribbons and orders, and splendid uniforms are seen—the officers of the Imperial Guard resplendent in white and gold, the Lancers in scarlet, the Hussars in green, and the Cossacks in silver. The only black coat is that of the American ambassador. And nowhere else can be seen such gowns, jewels, and decorations. Russian court ladies wear a special court dress, a glorified edition of the national costume. Black gowns are disallowed as in Berlin. The ladies "of the portrait" wear a miniature of the empress set in diamonds, and the maids of honor have her initials in diamonds on a blue ribbon worn on the shoulder.

George M. Cohan will open his new theatre in New York, at Forty-Third Street and Broadway, in a new musical play the first week in October.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Abby Parrott, who went abroad a few weeks ago, has joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, at Vevy.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan have returned to London, after spending some weeks in Paris and visiting Oberammergau.

Mr. Christian de Guigne, Jr., who is a student at Cambridge, has been a guest at the Parrott home at San Mateo for the past month, but will leave shortly for Paris, where he will visit his sisters, Vicomtesse Helie de Dampierre and Vicomtesse de Tristan.

Miss Myra Josselyn will leave shortly for the Baker ranch in Siskiyou County, where she will be the guest of Miss Dorothy Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney, Jr., spent the week end with Mrs. Abby Parrott at San Mateo.

Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan (formerly Miss Margaret Thompson) is visiting friends at Mare Island during the absence of Ensign Hartigan, who is with his ship, the *Yorktown*, at Seattle.

Miss Ruth Casey is at Inverness, where she is the guest of Mrs. Frederick Beaver.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and her daughter, Miss Meta McMahon, have been visiting at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore have taken a cottage at Fair Oaks, where they are spending the summer.

Miss Harriett Alexander is still enjoying the social life of the English brook, where she is the guest of Miss Reginald Brooke.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, who have been in Europe for several months, sailed for home last week.

Major and Mrs. Samuel Dunning, who have arrived from Honolulu, have gone to Yosemite, and on their return will be in San Francisco till Major Dunning's departure for the army maneuvers at Atascadero.

Miss Florence Williams and Miss Muriel Williams are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Henry Williams, at Inverness.

Judge and Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet have returned from a visit to Klamath Springs. Mrs. Fanny Crocker McCreery is at present their guest.

Colonel and Mrs. John A. Lundeen, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Marie Lundeen, left Monday for Minneapolis.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, accompanied by her sons, Peter and Walter, is making a motor trip through Oregon.

Miss Eleanor Connell is in Paris and expects to return home within a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames and Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown have a cottage at Miramar, where they will remain for the month of August.

Miss Henriette Blanding, who is spending the summer vacation with her parents at Belvedere, will return to Vassar in September.

Mrs. James Keeney and Miss Helen Keeney left Monday for Philadelphia, where they will visit Mrs. Keeney's sister, Mrs. Charles Harding.

Mr. Truxton Beale has gone to Bar Harbor, where he is the guest of his sister, Mrs. McLaine. Later he will join Mrs. Beale and Miss Alice Oge in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mrs. Winslow are at Santa Barbara, where they will remain till September.

Dr. and Mrs. William Hopkins, with Mrs. Louis Parrott, are motoring among the Italian lakes.

Miss Anna Weller, who is visiting friends in Montana, will go to Yellowstone Park before returning to San Francisco.

Dr. J. Wilson Shiels has returned to town from Castle Crags, but Mrs. Shiels and the children will remain for several weeks longer.

Colonel and Mrs. J. William Brooks and Miss Brooks will leave the Presidio shortly for Columbia Barracks.

Mr. Allen Kittle has returned from the East, where he went to attend his class reunion at Yale.

Captain William Matson and Mrs. Matson, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Wilhelmina Tenny of Honolulu, and Miss Zabriski of New York will leave this week for Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn will sail this week for England, where they will visit their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King have returned from Portland and are at their Broadway home.

Miss Minnie Houghton will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Morgan G. Buckley, in Hartford, Connecticut, until September.

Lieutenant and Mrs. J. S. Oyster, accompanied by Miss Oyster of Washington, D. C., have gone to Santa Barbara for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson, Miss Maud Wilson, and Miss Anita Maillard will spend next month at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Lansing Mizner is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, at her country home, Stag's Leap, in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Deventer Stott returned Monday from New York, where they have been spending the past four months.

Miss Helen Wilder, Miss Margaret Copeland, and Miss Carrie McKenzie returned last week from a tour of the world. Miss Wilder will soon make a trip to Honolulu.

Mr. George Willcutt and Mr. Arthur Fennimore are at Lake Tahoe for a month.

Mrs. William Kobl has returned from a visit with her son-in-law, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith returned Tuesday from a motor trip to Lake Tahoe, where they were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt.

Dr. McEnery, Miss McEnery, and Miss Isabel McLaughlin are guests at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillman and their daughter, Agnes, spent part of last week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper are at the Von Schroeder ranch in San Luis Obispo County.

Miss Marguerite Burns has been the guest of Lieutenant and Mrs. Scudder at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Risdon Meade have gone to Crater Lake. Accompanying them were Mrs.

Thornburgh-Cropper of London and Miss Louise Herrin.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Wayland Lucas have gone to Blithedale for a month.

Mrs. S. J. Knox, Mrs. William Knox, and Mrs. Elsie Knox Jennings have returned from Etna Springs and are at the St. Xavier.

Mrs. Louis Beedy is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Len Owen at their home near Etna Springs.

Mrs. S. L. Braverman and Miss Florence Braverman are at Taboe Tavern, where they will spend a month.

Captain and Mrs. William M. McKittrick are visiting Mrs. William Tevis at Miramar.

Mr. and Mrs. Muriel Taylor are at Taboe Tavern.

Governor Frear of Hawaii and Mrs. Frear sailed Tuesday for Honolulu.

Mrs. S. L. Bee and her son, Everett, are spending the month of July at Portland Springs, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy MacKaye of New York have returned to San Francisco from Del Monte.

Mrs. Richard Williams Davis is spending the week at Oberammergau.

Mrs. J. Athearn Folger is entertaining Mrs. Ernest Folger of Piedmont at her country home at Woodside.

Mr. Henry Van Wyck has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Earl Potter, at Providence.

Captain and Mrs. Louis Burgess have arrived from the East, and are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Davis at Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund have returned from Santa Barbara, and will spend the next month at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Athol McBean motored to Lake Tahoe this week and are guests at the Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell and Miss Helen Dean have returned from Webber Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Collins of Pittsburg are guests at the Palace Hotel for the week, and during their stay have been entertained by Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Edward Greenfield, and Miss Sara Collier.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike (formerly Miss Edith Simpson) are enjoying their honeymoon in Mendocino County. They will return to San Francisco August 1.

Miss Della Jones has returned to the Presidio, after an outing in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. H. Ferguson have returned from their European trip.

Governor Folk and Mrs. Folk of Missouri, who are very enthusiastic over the ten days they spent viewing points of interest in the Yosemite, are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. George Kerr and Mrs. Harold Havens left Thursday for New York, where Mrs. Kerr will remain for several weeks. Mrs. Havens will visit her mother, Mrs. Abbie Cheney, and expects to make a European trip before returning to California.

Miss Marie Perkins of Baltimore has arrived in Paris, where she is the guest of her cousins, Dr. de Marville and Miss Cora de Marville, at No. 35 rue de Chaillot.

San Francisco arrivals at the Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Runyon, Miss Helen Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. William Smetlie, Mr. George S. Garritt, Mr. Lon C. Swain, Mrs. J. R. Winn, Mr. R. B. Winn, Mrs. Jules Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Reiter and son, Mr. J. J. McGinnis, Mr. Jay D. Adams, Mr. George A. Johnson.

Recent arrivals at Etna Springs from San Francisco included Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Queen, Miss M. Queen, Mrs. F. N. Woods, Miss M. Woods, Dr. and Mrs. Birtch, Dr. and Mrs. Sullivan and son, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Lewitt, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Andruss, Mrs. H. Hess, Mrs. H. Adler, Miss Gertrude Baker, Mr. George R. Gay, Mr. A. H. Ablers, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Demek, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Demoulin, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hobson, Miss Bernice Hobson, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Phillips, Miss Dottie Latham, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Morris, Mr. J. C. Seagrave, Mr. J. McC. Anderson, Mr. Charles D. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Young, Miss Young, Miss Elise Young, Mr. Arthur Meyer.

King Ludwig II of Bavaria deserves a prominent place in the annals of music. He not only made a home for Wagner and his operas in Munich, but he also, when the Bayreuth Theatre was built, contributed 300,000 marks toward the first Wagner festival there. He wanted that theatre in Munich, but the enemies of Wagner frustrated that scheme, the result being that millions of dollars, which would have been spent in Munich, went to Bayreuth. In carrying out Wagner's plans the king also created an up-to-date high school of music, and engaged men like Hans von Bülow, Cornelius, and Porges. Politically, King Ludwig II owes his fame to the letter he wrote to King William of Prussia, offering him the imperial crown in the name of the German sovereigns, and subsequently to the active part he took in the Franco-Prussian War.

Charles Hazeltine, the aged cast colorer, whose work is known all over the United States, as well as in the art centres of Europe, died a few days ago at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in his eighty-fourth year. It was not in the making of casts with plaster of paris models that he excelled, but in the coloring of them he was unsurpassed, as he was the first to succeed. His process was secret, but it was known that he used fruit and vegetable dyes. His casts assumed the rich olive hue of age and were eagerly sought by those able to appreciate them. The results of his work were casts of medallions and plaques of richest beauty. He imitated in his colorings various kinds of wood, old ivory, stone, and metal. He raised the making of casts to the level of a fine art, being the first to succeed in coloring them.

CURRENT VERSE.

To a Lark of Thebes.

Oh, lark upon the fallow fields,
What make you here so far from home,
'Mid temple, tomb, and obelisk—
What make you here?

Dark grandeur lies upon the bills,
And darker silence 'neath their crest
Where ancient emperors lie mute—
What make you here?

What care you for the ancient days,
The south's unchecked, impetuous glow?
Yours is the quiet upland wood—
What make you here?

We two are aliens far from home.
Oh, bird, could we but turn our flight
Back to our own unfamed fields,
Back to our joy!

—From "A Troop of the Guard, and Other Poems," by Hermann Hagedorn.

The Song of the Tinker.

I am the man of pot and pan,
I am a lad of mettle;
My tent I pitch by the wayside ditch
To mend your can and kettle;
While town-bred folk bear a year-long yoke
Among their feeble fellows,
I clink and clank on the bedgerow bank,
And blow my snoring bellows.

I loved a lass with hair like brass,
And eyes like a brazier glowing;
But the female crew, what they will do,
I swear is past all knowing!
She flung her cap at a ploughman chap,
And a fool I needs must think her,
Who left for an oaf the mug and loaf,
And the snug little tent of a tinker.

But, clank and clang, let women go hang,
And who shall care a farden?
With the solder strong of a laugh and a song
My mind I'll beal and barden,
My ways I'll mend, and the pots I'll mend
For gaffer and for gammer,
And drive my cart with a careless heart,
And sit by the road and bammer!

—May Byron, in the Spectator.

Dusk.

The ferries ply like shuttles in a loom,
And many bargues come in across the bay,
To lights and bells that signal through the gloom
Of twilight gray.

And like the blown soft flutter of the snow
The wide-winged sea-birds droop from closing
skies,
And hover near the water—circling low,
As the day dies.

The city like a shadowed castle stands—
Its turrets indistinctly touching night;
Like earth-born stars, far-fetched from fairy lands,
Its lamps are bright.

This is my hour when wonder springs anew
To see the towers ascending pale and high,
And the long seaward distances of blue,
And the dim sky.

—Zoe Akins, in Hampton's Magazine.

Atoning Beauty.

With brick and wood and stone surrounding me,
In the near distance is a wondrous thing,—
The blossomed beauty of a single tree,
Over which bovers many a snowy wing.

It is the splendor of the peach's pink,
Just one colossal flower the blossoms seem;
While in and out among them rise and sink
A flock of doves, white as the lilies' gleam.

And, lo! to marvels of the bloom and dove,
The setting day, adding a glory more,
Lets a pink, white-flecked cloud float just above,
Making a vision never seen before.

What of these high brick walls and postern gates
That shut me in to my one-windowed room,
Since the Great Artist here a scene creates
That makes me glimpse the harmonies to come!

—Charlotte Fiske Bates, in Christian Register.

Professor Schiaparelli, former chief astronomer and director of the Milan Observatory, died in Milan this month. He it was who discovered the canal-like markings on the planet Mars in 1877. Giovanni Virginio Schiaparelli leaped into the notice of the general public when he announced his discovery of the so-called canals of Mars, a venture in astronomical speculation which caused more discussion than any other theory of the heavens since it was finally settled that the earth moves around the sun and not the sun around the earth. Among astronomers Schiaparelli already had become famous. He was born in 1835, at Savigliano, a town in Piedmont. After he was graduated from the University of Berlin he returned to Italy in 1859, and was at once appointed an assistant in the observatory of Brera at Milan. In 1862 he became the director of the observatory and that place he held until his retirement in 1900.

Fürstner, who is Richard Strauss's publisher, demands \$1000 for each performance of the new Strauss comic opera. The Metropolitan will not pay the royalty demanded.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I should like to belong to the Stock Exchange," sighed the old maid. "I hear people are squeezed there so constantly."—*Town Topics*.

First Act—When I was in Africa I was nearly killed by the hursting of a shell. *Second Act*—Oh! Who threw the egg?—*M. A. P.*

Tailor—Sir, I have made clothes for some of the best houses. *Customer*—Maybe they will fit a house. They certainly won't fit a man.—*Puck*.

"Was your husband kind to you during your illness?" "Koiind? Ah, indade, mum! Moike was more loike a neighbor than a husband."—*Life*.

"What monogram would you like on your stationery, madam?" "Why, I don't know; but the one that is most in fashion, of course."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Look here—that check you gave me is no good!" "All right, old man—don't get sore at my awkwardness. I'll give you another."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Said He—I have employed an instructor in elocution to teach me how to talk. *Said She*—What you need is some one to teach you what to say.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Don't be afraid," said a mother to her child at the fair show, "the lion is stuffed." "Yes, ma," responded the lad, "but perhaps he could find room for a little hoy like me!"—*Ideas*.

"I wouldn't trust myself in India," said the unmarried man. "Afraid of wild beasts?" asked the Benedict. "Not a bit; but I see there are 26,000,000 widows in India!"—*Yankees Statesman*.

"Honesty, my son," said the millionaire, "is the best policy." "Well, perhaps it is, dad," rejoined the youthful philosopher, "but it strikes me you have done pretty well, nevertheless."—*Tit-Bits*.

"So Jack and Tom proposed last night. Which did you accept?" "Why, my dear, I was so excited I can't remember. But whichever calls tonight must be the one."—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

Tattered Terry—There goes a kind man. The last time I went to him I didn't have a cent, and he gave me all he could. *Weary Walter*—What was that? *Tattered Terry*—Thirty days.—*Puck*.

Mrs. Nuwed, Sr. (to son, after family jar)—Don't forget, son, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." *Mr. Nuwed, Jr.*—Well, I know a soft question of mine brought a lot of it on me.—*Smart Set*.

"Mr. Grimes," said the rector to the vestryman, "we had better take up the collection before the sermon this morning." "Indeed?" "Yes, I'm going to preach on the subject of economy."—*Stray Stories*.

Little Johnny—Dad, there's girl at our school whom we call "Postscript." *Dad*—"Postscript!" What do you call her "Postscript" for? *Little Johnny*—Cos her name is Adeline Moore.—*Tid-Bits*.

"We keep our own cow," explained the hostess proudly. "So we're sure of our milk." "Well," interrupted the small son of the guest, setting down his cup, "somebody's stung you with a sour cow."—*Taleida Blade*.

Baakkeeper—The fact that your grandfather has married again seems to please you, Bobbie. *Office Boy*—I guess yes. Aint I got another grandmother ter die now when I want ter go to the ball game?—*Bastan Transcript*.

"I suppose you sell a lot of cook books here?" "Thousands, sir, thousands," answered the bookseller. "Women appreciate a good cook book, eh?" "Oh, it isn't the women that buy them, it's their husbands."—*Washington Star*.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodley, "just listen to that clergyman! I'm positive he's swearing. Evidently he's missed his vocation." "No," replied her husband; "I think it was his train."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"May I see my father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of '77." "Certainly, my boy. What for?" "He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go."—*Buffalo Express*.

Lady Shopper—I am looking for a suitable Christmas present for a gentleman. *Clerk*—What is your friend's occupation? *Lady Shopper*—He is an undertaker. *Clerk*—An undertaker. Let me show you a nice herry set.—*Bastan Transcript*.

"What is woman?" asked the speaker. "Woman," replied a man in the audience, "a married man—is an animate being, with the power of speech abnormally developed, and entirely surrounded by a dress that huts-uns up the back."—*The Sufferer*.

Visitor—So your hoy is in college, is he, Mr. Cornstossle? *Farmer*—I can't say exactly.

He's in ther hall nine, an' in ther rowin' crew, an' in ther jumnayzeem, an' in ther dormitory, but whether he's ever in ther college is more'n I kin find out by his letters.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Census-Taker—What did you say your name is? *Editor of the Century*—R. U. Johnson. *Census-Taker*—What difference does it make whether I am Johnson or not? You've got to answer the questions I ask or get arrested. What did you say your name is?—*Somerville Journal*.

NATURE NOTES, BY LITTLE JOHNNY.

Early volumes of the *Argonaut* contain some of Amhrose Bierce's richest humor, in the form of stories by "Little Johnny." The natural history notes following are reprinted from issues in the first half of the year 1878:

THE SNAIL.

The snail carries his house onto his back wen he is to home, hut sometimes he isnt. Wen you see a wite shel without nothing in it hut just a twist, thats a snail wich isent to home. It is jolly good fun for to see hens a pickin up snail shels, thinkn they was worms. The hens dont swaller em hut lay em down careless like, and steps of without looken hack, like they hadnt seen em. Hens is good to eat, hut not the ole he fellers. They lay eggs and cackels. Some boys can cackel good as a hen, but no eggs.

Wen snails is a way from home they call em slugs, and these is them wich we find their shels. Snails stick out their eyes like a stove pipe, hut it dont do em any good, for soon as they sees any thing they puls em in agin. Where they go there is gum, like eels. The eels in eel pie dont have no gum, hut eel pie stick to your ribs, and gives you a tuckout better than fried.

Snails is slo coaches, but the tortis can heat em at that; hut a tortis can make pretty gude time for short dissences, if be has got a live coal to hack him.

My sister says does the snail put his shel up in curl papers, but wen wimmen fokes tries for to be funny, Uncle Ned says its jest disgusten!

THE EPHALENT.

This is the biggest thing in the world, and is never seen only wen it is a workin for the circus, and then wen it goes from one place to a other it has a funeral pssession, and wagons a follerin, and the hand a plane, and my mother wont let me go to the sho, hut Billy, thats my brother, went and next day he hurt hisself jumpin over too chairs.

The ephalents has a trunk like a tale, only thicker. Its more like a nose, but long and curly. Their trunks is koller, like a garden hoze, an sum times they gits em ful of muddy woter an hloze it skihl. Wen a ephalents has got his trunk ful, like that, if you woud so up the nozzle with a neddle an thred, he wude bav to swaller the woter and wude he sick ahead.

One kind of ephalents feets has got 3 tose, and there is a other kind has got 5, and thats the best brand for to git, coz more like humans. They ol hav years like table cloths, only not figgered, and their skins is too hig for em an has to hav tucks in it, an their teetths is ol tucks, too. Billy says once there was a man put his hed in a ephalents mouth, wich was safe nough to do, coz its teetth is outside, and the man wich dont put his bed in is the bravest.

Uncle Ned, wich has been in Injy and every were, he says once in Celon there was a ephalents come foolin a round a man's hungalo, wich is bouse there, and made trax at nite. In the mornin the man he see the trax, and he said to his whife, the man said:

"Sary, if them Smith girls comes a visitin here any more harefoot you tel em they jest better go back to Chicago were the snakes is kep at the drug stores in hotties."

CATS.

This is not a essay on the cat, wich wude be one, hut on cats wich is sevrals, for cats is never by theirselves only wen they are a larkin on the roophs at night. But they are a lone wen they cetches a mouce, except the mouce. They can look better in the dark than day times, tho they isent so much for to see, hut dogs look hest with a brass coler. Billy, thats my brother, says if a dog has a coler with his number onto it in figgers he dont go mad. Billy says thats the law.

Cats wich have kitns is better than the other kind, cause its good fun for to drown em in a hag. Uncle Ned he says wen you have got some kitns to be drowned, if you apply to the Society for Preventin Cewrelty to Annimals, they will furnish rose water and a bag made out of Honeytown lace.

Wen cats is a swearin, and a blasfemin, and a tryin the gage cocks of their steam hilers in the back yard at nite, it makes a feller offle frade if he isent a sleepin with his sister.

Our folks had a ole cat wich cot a mouce hut didnt kil it, only hurt it in side. Then she laid it down, and lay down her ownself, a little way of, and shet down her eyes and forgot; hut wen it had croid away a hit she remembered. Then father he said he hedam, and the way he kickt that cat was as crewil as you ever seen. Then Franky, thats the haby, wich was a setten on the flore, loked up very much intrested and said: "Agin!"

RINOSY ROSES.

Wen my father tole me one day wy didnt I rite about the unicorn, I said I wude, and I set down and rote a bout its one horn, and how it had a mane like a horses mane, and how it stude onto its hine feets an fot lions, and evry thing, hut wen I come to its tale I said id it have a tossel. My father he said: "Johnny, if you have got to the end wy dont you stop?" Then he tole me not to hother him, but look in the books, cos it was nothing but a rinosy rose, and you never see sech a furious boy like I was! I got a picter of a unicorn and a picter of a rinosy rose, and shode em, and said id he take me for a fool. My father he lookt at the too picters reel carefe, and then he had to confes they wasent a bit alike.

The rinosy rose fites with elephants, wich it sticks in the helly with its born, and then boids em up for to he sick. A book wich I have got says wen one bas got a ellifant onto its nose the ellifants greece gets in the other fellers eyes and puts em out, hut if I had got a prohoseus and two hig tusks you woudent see me fiten with greece and furnishin the greece my ownself.

In Africa the natif niggers bids their houses on top of gate posts for to keep the snakes out, and one day 2 niggers wich had their house that way was a setting onto the flore a playing cards, and a rinosy rose wich had gone under the house it stuck its horn up thru the flore between the two niggers legs, and wen it come up one nigger he says: "Wot's that?"

But the other, wich had jest plade a card, was lookin in his hand and didnt see the born, so be sed: "You know wot it is, well enuf; have you got anything to heat it, thats the question." Then the other nigger be said: "No, I dont hleeve I hav, less I trump; I spose wen a horn is plade I ot to trumpet."

But he didnt, cos that house was upset quicker than a minnit, and you never see sech a sprised feller as the other nigger wich was a studin his hand.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Strenuousness in Flux.

In one of those "earnest expressions" suited to the body-goody tradition of the *Outlook*, Mr. Roosevelt, ex, admirer of "sport," and close friend of many prize-fighters, comes out against the prize ring. He sincerely trusts "that public sentiment will be aroused"; declares that it will be "an admirable thing if some method can be devised to stop the exposition of prize-fight pictures." This expression is gratifying as it is surprising. Until reading it we had presumed ourselves, along with other protestants against prize-fighting, to be weaklings, milk-sops, mollycoddles. It is suggested that the atmosphere of the *Outlook* office has had a softening influence upon a strenuous mind, but perhaps it is merely a case of adaptation—a case where personal sentiment has been revised to suit a modified public mood. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt is applying to the prize-fight that principle in statesmanship which he less loudly announced in his pronouncement favoring the fight primary in New York. "I believe the people demand it," he wrote; "I most earnestly hope it will be acted into a law." Of course, if the "people demand

it"—if public sentiment, right or wrong, no longer tolerates the prize-fight—then there is a reason for Mr. Roosevelt's change of heart. Flexibility in matters of this kind has its uses; it enables even the most strenuous of men to adapt his opinions and policies to changing times and standards.

Mr. Pinchot's "Cause."

Mr. Pinchot's participation in the California campaign serves to emphasize the particular cause of which he is the exponent. Conservation indeed is the burden of his song, due perhaps to the fact that he has no knowledge of Californian affairs, that he is peculiarly a man of one idea. Curiously enough, Mr. Pinchot is not definite and clear even when treating of his specialty. He has caught the trick of dealing out resounding generalizations tending rather to confuse than to define the issue. He tells us, for example, that conservation is "a question of right or wrong"; that "we have got a duty to perform and a tremendous one"; that "we owe a debt to generations to come"; that—here we have a suggestion of the muckraker—there are "plenty of congressmen who wear stripes and jump whenever their master whistles," whatever that may mean; that "this is a national fight"; that we are "researching for the liberties for which our fathers died"; that we must "win back again our precious rights," etc. But for all these perfrigid expressions, Mr. Pinchot does not tell us what he means by conservation, where he would have his system begin, how far he would have it go, where he would draw the line between public and private initiative.

Since Mr. Pinchot's presentment is not clear we must resort to his record to learn the significance of conservation as he conceives it. And here we find a most interesting demonstration. Mr. Pinchot's first procedure after he had induced President Roosevelt to indorse all his doings was to organize a forestry "machine." He established an office at Washington with assistants, clerks, etc., calling annually, for its maintenance, for more money than the government has ever received or is likely to receive under any scheme of public ownership of our natural resources. Then he organized a "forestry service" whose members were largely devoted to the purposes of exploiting the conservation idea before the country. Among other activities, Mr. Pinchot's young men made it a point to attend local and sectional conventions in force for the purpose of creating an "atmosphere" favorable to the new programme, their expenses being paid out of Forestry Bureau funds. Then, since the force of "trained men" was not sufficient for Mr. Pinchot's purposes, a considerable number were detailed under salary to study forestry at Yale College and elsewhere. Another step in Mr. Pinchot's plan was arbitrarily by executive order to withdraw from the operations of the land laws enacted by Congress large sections of country, part of it forested, part of it bare. There was no law authorizing the President or his executive agents to do this thing, but Mr. Pinchot's education under the German system had not inspired him with respect for law in such matters. He simply went ahead and did what he wished to do under the startling theory that the executive authority may do whatever it chooses provided it is not specifically by law estopped from so doing.

When Mr. Taft came into the presidency he found in full force a system of arbitrary procedure in relation to public lands positively lawless, indeed nothing short of fanatical in its conception and methods. President Taft is a respecter of law. He has his own, and we think quite extreme, ideas of conservation, but he does not assume to be a law unto himself. He checked Mr. Pinchot's activities and took steps to bring the Forestry Bureau down to a legal and legitimate scheme of operations. It was at this point that Mr. Pinchot broke over all proper and decent restraints and became

a rank "insurgent" against the administration. The British Canadian he was a subordinate official, even going to the length of undertaking to discipline the President through indirect appeal to the Senate of the United States. Mr. Taft's indignation boiled over, and the public will not soon forget the letter in which he dismissed Pinchot from the public service. So much for Mr. Pinchot's history and character; so much for his system.

A Policy of Stagnation.

Mr. Taft, under the harassments of a vexed situation, appears to have become infected with extravagant conservation ideas, although he does not pretend to understand the subject in all its bearings. He has secured action by Congress authorizing certain withdrawals of land, and under this act, since the adjournment of Congress, he has "reserved" in the aggregate some seventy-one millions of acres of land presumed to be coal bearing. He has removed from the ordinary operations of the land laws vast areas, some of which were in the way of development through private initiative in accord with our system established concurrently with the foundation of the government and under which our extraordinary development has been attained.

What is to be done with these lands? This is a question which nobody pretends to answer. Surely the government will not undertake to develop coal mines, to work the timber tracts or to set up power plants. There is nothing in our scheme of government either authorizing or justifying such a procedure. It would be out of harmony with the spirit of our system, a thing wholly without precedent, in positive conflict with our fundamental idea of government and our ways of doing things. There is no means at the disposal of the government for doing these things, no competent agents at hand even if the means were available. In effect, the action of the government estops development and progress, postpones the doing of things which the welfare of the country and particularly the development of the West calls for.

In the Pacific States we are already beginning to trace the effects of this procedure. California pays anywhere from \$16 to \$20 per ton for imported coal, while our abounding coal measures in Alaska and elsewhere are locked and barred against enterprise—the only kind of enterprise by which they can be developed. Timber lands privately owned have advanced from \$3 to \$10 per acre because of a policy which practically limits the timber supply by elimination of the fields in the possession of the government. The emigration movement, so important in the upbuilding of the country, has been diverted from our Western States to Canada, some three hundred thousand Americans having already gone across to British territory, where their coming is encouraged by liberal land laws. Lands in the West privately owned are tremendously enhanced in value, to the advantage of speculators who have acquired them through one method or another in times past. These are some of the effects of a scheme of conservation founded in a radical misconception of Western conditions and pursued under ideas wholly impracticable from the standpoint of American tradition, experience, and condition.

Conservation of the kind inaugurated by Pinchot, and even in a modified form accepted by President Taft, means nothing more or less than the blocking of enterprise in Western States and Territories. The theory is that it saves our coal measures, our timber areas, our water-power sites from spoliation. The truth is that it merely postpones the utilization of these things. The old idea that the resources of the country are conserved when they are used, that they are wasted when they are held in disuse, has been completely thrown over; we have taken up the opposing theory that our resources are saved—conserved—only when they are withheld from development. In the meantime

nothing is being done and nothing can be done with the "unserved" resources.

"I shall change," the end we shall return to the only system possible—the squeeze American scheme of things. We shall give Topics.

First Actor—use and capital permission to work out the nearly killed by the country through utilization of its Second Actor—There is no other practical or possible way, M. A. P.

out of the question for the government to Tailor—Sir, I myself the work of development. Take of the best horse example: There are enormous coal measures will fit a house country, but it will take a world of capital man.—Puck.

"Was your use of them. Mines must be exploited; railway illness?" at be built connecting the coal regions with Moike was not; ships must be brought to carry coal from the band.—Lif.

"What ports to the markets. Will the government do this? Of course not. It is not in the scheme of things. It is not possible. If it should be undertaken the work would necessarily be in the hands of small officials and therefore badly done. The cost would be enormous. The waste would be prodigious. The scandal of it all would be a thing beyond all bounds. In the end we must fall back on the old rule under which our fathers occupied and built up the country and under which our amazing national progress has been wrought out. In the meantime the progress of the West will have to wait until sentimentalism and folly have run their course.

Rubber-Stamp Legislation.

It was not intended by the founders of this republic to have the laws made directly by the people. The purely democratic method of self-government was rigidly held down to town meetings, where the concerns were small and well understood and easy to dispose of. The framers of the American constitutional system, themselves picked men—the elder Pitt said that "for solidity of reasoning, for force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion, no body of men could stand in preference to them"—insisted that the business of law-making should be taken away from the hit-or-miss guessing of a crowd and given into the hands of deliberative bodies. Hence the creation of Congress and of State, county, and municipal legislatures.

As a whole, the system has worked well; where it has not quite met expectation the fault has been with popular haste or want of deliberative caution in choosing men to carry it on. The system was never very bad, but at its worst it did not blunder so badly or so stupidly as the public is sure to do with the law-making power embraced in the initiative and referendum. To step into a booth for five minutes and legislate with a rubber stamp on vital public questions is something that belongs to opera bouffe, not to practical politics. If one could premise that the voters were all fully informed, that they had themselves deliberated, that they were fit, the results might be borne with, but only the few are worthy of the responsibilities which the purely democratic method of making laws confers on all. Questions come up that need the consideration of lawyers, economists, and trained publicists, the further study of a governor and his law advisers, perhaps a review by the Supreme Court. Yet, under the initiative and referendum, Tom, Dick, and Harry may drop in at the polls while on their way to lunch and decide constitutional questions, so far as their legislative power goes, by simple turns of the wrist. One of them may have read of the issues at stake in a partisan newspaper or leaflet; the other may have disputed them with the first on his way to pass them into law; the third may know nothing about them at all. But each takes his chance as the Council of Five Hundred did in the Athenian court, where the questions which perplexed a few wise men were decided offhand by fools.

How this direct as distinguished from deliberative law-making works will be shown to good advantage this year in Oregon, where thirty-two proposed statutes have been set before the people for rubber stamp disposal. Some of these measures are not complex, while others are, but all call for some special knowledge in the law-maker at the booth—the Solon who has five minutes in which to make up his mind, if he has not already done so, as to his duty in the premises. The chances are, as we have already said, that his mind will not be made up at all. When a general election is held people get excited about candidates and not much about principles that do not apply to candidates. The vote falls off enormously for a constitutional amendment which has been submitted to the voters, as compared with that given either contending ticket at the same time. Is there any reason to think that the interest will be very much greater under the initiative and referendum, pro-

viding there is anything more exciting to vote on than purely abstract questions? In Oregon the voters will be asked, for example, to decide on two amendments changing the old rule of the constitution as to uniformity of assessment and taxation; five more constitutional amendments are offered: one is for proportional representation; one refers to roadbuilding; one grants the suffrage to women taxpayers. There are measures rearranging county lines, fixing the liability of employers; one creating "People's Inspectors of Government"; another regulating fishing on Rogue River. Here are some subjects which will not interest the voters, and others that a man needs to study with extreme care if he is going to help decide them. All need deliberation if the results are to be worthy; yet, excepting in national and exciting State elections, how much public deliberation do purely legislative questions get? And are they going to get any more by virtue of the initiative and referendum?

The more we see of the imported Australian methods of reforming our system of representative government, the less we like them. It is no mark of the silurian to prefer the old way. Given half as much public interest and public spirit as the initiative and referendum suggest and the people will elect the right men to legislative positions and thus get the results which wisdom, honesty, and prudence in statute-framing presuppose. Those results may not always please; the higher qualities of the law-maker may sometimes be obscured; mistakes may be made, for the best men are fallible, but for the hopeless confusion in law-making, the ignorance, haste, and jumping at conclusions which a mixed electorate is sure to commit through the initiative and referendum, the old way of statute-making, with all its faults, provides the only remedy.

M. Briand's Reforms.

In France today the immediate outstanding problem is that of electoral and administrative reform. When each parliament comes to an end the deputies devote themselves to bidding for votes by making promises of local favors, simply because the single-member constituency forces into prominence the individuality of the would-be member rather than questions of national or imperial politics. Everything centres around the parish pump. One influential voter may pine for the decoration of the Legion of Honor, another may wish to adorn himself with the ribbon of the agricultural order, a third aspires after the monopoly of the sale of stamps and tobacco, and so on. In these circumstances, candidates are forced to neglect national issues and shape their policy on narrow lines.

Now the present premier of France, M. Briand, wishes to change all that. He is in favor of abolishing the single-member constituency, so that deputies may be voted for on broad principles rather than parochial ambitions. He wishes also to introduce the principle of proportional representation, and to prolong the life of parliament in such a manner as shall secure more continuity in legislative work. M. Briand's idea is that a third of the deputies shall retire periodically, thus always leaving in the chamber two-thirds of seasoned statesmen. In this way he hopes to lift the chamber above local influences, and to put an end to that bidding for votes which has disgraced the past.

Again, M. Briand is desirous of effecting reform in the administration of the country especially in relation to the civil service. It will be remembered that at the time of the famous postmen's strike the postal service of France was wholly demoralized, and that there were serious conflicts with the police and military. This crisis was possible only because the status of the civil servant has never been legally defined; he did not know whether he had or had not the right to strike, or how he might bring his grievances to the attention of those higher in authority. So M. Briand's programme includes a measure which shall define the situation once for all, and he promises that that measure shall safeguard the liberties of civil servants as thoroughly as they could themselves desire if they were not actuated by evil intentions against the rights of the nation as a whole.

This is a daring programme. For it must be remembered that unlike Congress or the British parliament, the French chamber is composed not of two great parties, but of no fewer than nine groups. Hence M. Briand has to so order his policy that he may engineer his majority from nine parties instead of two. And a further difficulty of his situation is that the electoral professions made by the deputies in their constituencies

give absolutely no indication of the attitude they will take in the chamber. Yet in the debate which took place when M. Briand unfolded his programme last week he was able to secure a majority of nearly three hundred votes. Such a result speaks well for the purifying of French parliamentary methods, especially; it has apparently been obtained by abstention from the bargaining for votes which has vitiated so many administrations in the past.

The "Return" of Tom Watson.

An interesting and, withal, an instructive incident in this year's politics is the return of Tom Watson to the "regular" Democratic fold. Everybody, of course, remembers Watson. He was a Democrat of local celebrity up to about ten years ago, and as a Democrat was elected a member of the Fifty-Second Congress. He had qualities which instantly commanded attention—very definite and positive views, a fiery temper and vivid rhetoric, marked eccentricities of person and manner. He plunged into things with an amazing energy. His voice was heard in every debate; he invariably grabbed the attention of the House and, to a degree, of the country at large. He became a personality, a figure. But curiously enough he never became a force in legislation. Nominally a Democrat, he established no following among Democrats. He was simply a brilliant independent, entertaining and even charming, but wholly lacking in the powers which come through association and coöperation. He drifted naturally towards, and finally, into Populism. Watson served only one term in Congress. Populism was only a name. It could not sustain him in Congress any more than it could give him a following there.

Watson's mind was restless as it was vital. He practiced law. He did stunts in journalism. He wrote books which found wide circulation. His "Napoleon" likewise his "Story of France," if they did not satisfy the critics, did more toward interpreting the national history of France to the American mind than all the other books ever written. Still Watson was not satisfied. Politics was his natural sphere; Congress was his natural platform. Active and successful though he was, he was nevertheless a fish out of water. This has been his situation some four or five years. The country has heard from him frequently enough, and emphatically enough to keep him in mind, but on in a distant way.

At last it has dawned upon Mr. Watson that politics, as in religion, eccentric, independent, and detached movements are not only futile, but demoralizing. They win nothing either for the man who promotes them or for the causes they espouse. They disturb without altering the course of events; they tear down without rebuilding; they destroy confidence and through destroyed confidence break down patriotic faith. Mr. Watson sees this. He sees that the only way to anything in politics is to do it through association, coöperation, affiliation. He sees that this is the appointed means of representative government. And as the result of experience and on the basis of a real philosophy—for he is truly a philosopher—Mr. Watson has returned to his original allegiance. He has again become a party man and, naturally, a Democrat. His party in his district, appreciating his gifts, knowing his power, respecting his integrity of purpose, has accepted him at his word. Again it has received him into fellowship; it has made him its nominee for Congress, and in due course Tom Watson, carpetbag in hand, will arrive in Washington early next March cocked and primed for the activities to which he is so well suited.

Watson will give vitality to the next Congress. In other man in it will have a more original mind or bolder way of saying effective things. He will add a spice to every debate; he will give "go" to the dull theme; he will beyond a doubt make things hum. He will be a Democrat; he will act with his party towards party ends, endeavoring beyond a doubt to shape those ends in line with his own judgments.

The incident is not without its lesson. It teaches this, namely, that no matter how clever or brilliant a man may be, no matter how effective his power to attract attention and even to win approval, he is of practical worth in politics unless he can work with other people and to common purpose. No man in American politics can live unto himself, be a law unto himself alone and have any other character than that of an unmitigated nuisance even though a brilliant nuisance.

The principle applies not only to men, but to States.

California, for example, can not afford, if she would have any share in the life of the country, to cut loose from party connections. She can not afford to become an "insurgent" State, for by so doing she will lose her place in the scheme of political coöperation, lose her influence, lose her effectiveness, and incidentally lose advantages which she gains through party association.

An Issue of Self-Interest.

California can not afford to be anything but a Republican State. We speak of this as a simple matter of business without touching the question of party sentiment or pride. As an affair of dollars and cents, not of special interests more than to the people at large, the political obligation is clear. Californians can not ignore it without taking the risk of aiding a cause which aims, even if it does not know the fact, at their financial undoing and weakening a support upon which their general prosperity rests.

California thrives as an industrial State because its peculiar products have the right of way in the home market which the protective tariff has secured to them. It may be that some duties upon other things, produced chiefly in other parts of the country, are too high; but the schedules which protect our oranges and raisins from those of Spain and Greece, our lemons from those of Sicily, our figs from those of Smyrna, our olive oil from that of Lucca, our wines from those of France and Germany, and our hops from those of England, are precisely the schedules, except some that are too low, which California needs in her business. For them there can be no divided sense of obligation. We owe them to the Republican party, which is pledged to their support; and there is no other party and no faction of the Republican party that is willing to pledge itself to preserve them. Whatever risks they run of defeat or modification or damaging neglect come from the opponents of the Republican policy.

Such other national policies as benefit California also belong to the party in power. One of these is expansion. The Philippines, brought under the flag by a Republican Congress and President, with the Democratic party opposed, is California's growing market. Hawaii, the annexation of which the last Democratic President prevented while he was in authority, has given and is giving this State a trade which foots up annually over ten millions of dollars. The Panama Canal is the Republican answer to an appeal which California was first to make and which it tirelessly urged. Such hope as our seaboard cities have of a revived shipping is based upon measures set forth in the Republican national platform. Is there a single benefit since 1860 which has been conferred on or proposed for California by the national democracy? That the policies of this State took a Republican direction, especially after the government had aided the Coast in its efforts to get into touch with the East by rail, simply shows its relation to a common-sense business motive.

Can we as Californians afford to change this political trend? Is there any reason to do so? Is there anything to be gained by it? Conceding that certain manufacturing industries are too well protected, has that anything to do with our raisins and prunes, our vintages and citrus fruits? What could we make for California by weakening the strength of the protectionist vote in Congress by sending men there who, like William Kent, the Chicagoan who is running in the Second District, are doubtful of the expediency of those economic laws which have given this State its grip on good times? The schedules that are questionable are not the ones upon which California depends; and our people can better accept the former than help undo the latter. Do we err in saying that it is the first business of Californians, as such, to conserve their own economic welfare; and the only way to do it is to keep returning a delegation to Congress upon whose fealty to economic protection there rests no shadow of doubt?

Nor is there a separate duty in regard to State policies. To the inquiry what the candidacy of Hiram Johnson for the Republican nomination for governor has to do with the tariff, one may logically reply that anything that strengthens the insurgent cause aids all the objects of insurgency, national as well as local. The victory of Johnson would put the Republican party here at odds with the men, with the President at their head, who are trying to preserve the organization and all that it stands for, protection and expansion included. Can we afford to do that? Are we called upon

to repudiate our truest friends; to dispirit and discourage them; to chill their sympathies and curb their helpful zeal? Is there anything in party sedition which will do more or as much for California as has the party regularity which stands behind the tariff enactments now in force? If Hiram Johnson is anything besides a place-hunter he is certainly not a Republican. He is an assistant Democrat. And no Pinchot, rank with third-party heresies, no Kent, a Democrat in all but name, can dissuade party men from the conviction that the cause of Hiram Johnson is any more a Republican cause than was that of the Greeleyites of 1872. Johnson answers no party tests. He reserves the right to vote outside the party; he does not support the administration; he is hand-in-glove with the avowed enemies of the tariff; his nomination would affront the national Republican leaders; and it would defeat Anderson, whose competence is clear and who stands for all the party policies. California, if it sustains Johnson, will quarrel with its bread and butter. It can not, if it has an ounce of business sagacity left, contemplate anything of the kind. The party and the policy it would otherwise have to repudiate are those upon which its further expansion, industrially, commercially, and agriculturally depend; and California has never earned the reputation of betraying its own interests.

Canada and Her Americans.

On the first of the year it was estimated that 300,000 American farmers had settled in western Canada. Since March 31 the number has been increased by 46,500, less 15,000 to be subtracted from the total by the year's returning emigrants. There is a reflux wave, but it is a shallow one, the great majority of the Americans staying where they chose to start life anew as British subjects. Why they have done this, how much it is all due to the locking up of our natural resources by the Roosevelt-Pinchot conservation policy, need not be considered here. That phase of the matter merits discussion by itself.

Certain American newspapers take what comfort they can find in the theory that the more Americans in Canada the better for the cause of annexation to the United States. But this seems to be a wish or a bit of optimistic persiflage rather than a deduction from known facts. A recent magazine writer, Mr. Ernest Cawcroft, who has gone over the ground, first as an annexationist, finds that the Americans are not interested in annexation politics if there is any, and are careful not to risk their new political standing by conspiring with it. These men have good farms, which have practically cost them nothing; a satisfactory market for their crops; security for their persons and property; honest courts and the rights of self-government. However distasteful the fact may be to believers in the manifest destiny, as defined on this side of the northern border, the fact remains that the American settlers are so content with these possessions that they do not particularly care which flag of the English-speaking nations waves over them.

Nevertheless the impending revolution in Canada, the peaceful and inevitable change from a dependency to a nation, may be greatly aided by these Americans. Their sympathies are naturally with it. They doubtless look for some part to play in the drama which is so surely and steadily unfolding. Already Canada has most of the attributes of a free State, in the broadest meaning of the term. The power to coin money, which is "the primary expression of domestic sovereignty," was long ago acquired. The right to negotiate directly with foreign powers is more recent and quite as significant. Canada now makes preferential trade treaties with nations in rivalry with Great Britain, as in the agreement with France in 1907. England does not like this policy, but she can not interfere. Canadian national consciousness, affronted by a treaty concluded between the United States and Great Britain, affecting waterways in which Canada is concerned, showed itself in parliamentary reproof of the mother country in which the Dominion premier and the leader of the opposition coincided. "It is a national humiliation," said Mr. Laurier, "for Canada to be bound by a treaty the terms of which were unknown prior to the day of its ratification by the King of England." Since then Canada has created a Department of External Affairs and does her own negotiating. Only a step beyond lies the right to commission and receive envoys. Indeed, an envoy was welcomed in the person of Elihu Root, when, as Secretary of State, he went to Ottawa to conclude a negotiation.

In a naval and military way everything done since the Boer War, when Canadian regiments, for the last time, were put under the command of English generals, has been along the lines of nationality. During the German scare Canada, by parliamentary resolution, stipulated that ships pledged to the defense of the empire should be left in Canadian hands. The Dominion has control of Esquimalt and of the defenses and the garrison at Halifax. There is, afloat, the nucleus of a Canadian navy. A colonial army is forming, to which the land defense of the country will, if the policy of Mr. Laurier is carried out, be fully committed.

What is there left of British jurisdiction? The British flag, which flies side by side with the Canadian ensign, and a governor-general who has no power. That is all there is which differentiates Canada from an independency. The difference may be wiped out at any time, without war, probably without British protest, by a parliamentary resolution. A score of things may happen, including a British war in which Canada had no interest, to cut the slender tie with the mother country. When the hour comes, there can be no doubt where the expatriated Americans will stand; and in waiting for it, the question of annexation is the least likely of all questions to divert them from a purpose which, unlike a campaign for union with the United States, could be achieved without domestic discord and by the gentle processes of evolution.

Editorial Notes.

We gather from the *New York Times* that the defeat of the direct primary in New York was at the point of form rather than of substance. "The direct primary," says the *Times*, "has been held. It was held at Beverly, in the State of Massachusetts, on Monday of last week. Mr. Loeb was nominated for the governorship on the first ballot just after luncheon." On the basis of this procedure the *Times* grows enthusiastic. "The people," it says, "are no longer to have candidates thrust down their throats by party leaders and bosses. They are going to pick their own men. Down with the boss rule convention! Mr. Taft is a believer in the virtues of the direct primary, Governor Hughes is the militant and panoplied champion of this great regenerating reform. Mr. Roosevelt decided for the direct primary as quick as a flash, after Governor Hughes had hastily explained to him, under the Cambridge elms, what the thing is." All of which is funny enough if one will only take the pains to see where the fun comes in.

The reason for Commander Peary's failure on the lecture platform is not far to seek. It is because in his dealings with Dr. Cook, faker and fraud though the latter may be, Peary exhibited himself as a cad. In the ordinary course of things the discoverer of the North Pole would have been regarded as a hero; but the world will not accept as a hero, however important his exploits, a man whose littleness of individual character has been made manifest as Peary's has been. Furthermore, ever since Peary's return from his northern trip his desire to make money out of his achievement has been manifest. First, he withheld the story of his discovery to the end that he might sell it to a magazine; second, he undertook to get himself rewarded by Congress without even making an official report of what he had done; third, he put himself on public exhibition as a "hero," all of which was not only cheap, but offensive. If Mr. Peary had not acted a cheap part in his dealings with Cook, and if he had, upon returning home, made a full official report to the government, there would have been no protest against the proposal to give him a pension. Nor would there have been any "failure" in his subsequent dealings with the American public. It was because he acted a petty and caddish part that he has lost public respect.

The fatal defect in Mr. Bryan's character manifest from time to time in his efforts to exploit himself, has led to his political undoing in his own State. Just as long ago he hit upon the silver idea, just as at later times he had hit upon various other ideas. He has lately taken up with prohibition in its extreme forms. He undertook to enforce this project upon the Democrats of Nebraska, who have long done his bidding. They have declined to be bossed; they have thrown out Mr. Bryan's platform; they have practically unhorsed him in the seat of his local authority and power. Of course, this does not "dethrone" Bryan; he is not the kind of man who quits under defeat. Pretty soon he will come back with a new issue. The country will

not be done with him as long as he has the capacity to wag his precious tongue.

There are no reservations or equivocations in Mr. Roosevelt's attitude with respect to the governorship of New York. "I want to find the best man for the office. . . . I intend to do everything in my power to see that such a man is elected." In the meantime there seems nothing for the several millions of other New Yorkers to do but to wait with helplessness and servility until the one only man has further studied the situation. "I want to find the best man"—really this phrase seems to justify the *New York Times's* characterization of it as an "amazing statement."

The Koreans still hope for autonomy, but their hopes are wishes rather than expectations. Japan is in full control and Korea has neither money, arms, organization, nor a diffused national spirit with which to evict them. The Japanese policy in the Hermit Kingdom, as announced by Prince Ito in July, 1907, was expressed in straightforward terms: "The identity of Korean and Japanese interests in the Far East," he said, "and the paramount character of Japan's interests in Korea will not permit Japan to leave Korea to the care of any other foreign country; she must assume the charge herself." That this assumption meant more than a protectorate appears in the well-defined rumors of annexation and in the statement of the new Japanese resident general that certain changes in the Korean government will soon have to be made. Koreans believe this to mean the extinction of the reigning but not ruling dynasty and a system of government not unlike that which the United States has given the Philippines. They are probably correct in this opinion, though they are far from appreciating the fact that such a status would be better for them than a weakly supported autonomy in the midst of international exigencies which might, at any time, make the possession of their strategic points necessary to the security of a great power.

There is official denial of the report that the German Kaiser in a letter to President Madriz of Nicaragua declared his contempt of the Monroe doctrine. The Kaiser did not say that Germany "refuses to recognize any right on the part of the United States to supervise her diplomatic relations with Central and South American countries," or anything like it. All of which is gratifying.

According to English newspapers just to hand, the debate and vote in the House of Commons on the woman suffrage bill were in accordance with the forecast made in the *Argonaut* last week. The speakers in favor of the measure, which was to extend the franchise to women occupiers of property having a rental value of over ten pounds, included Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Birrell, while among those who opposed the bill were Mr. Asquith, Mr. A. Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Churchill. The speech of the latter is said to have produced a marked effect, especially that passage which pointed out that under the bill as framed a woman who led an evil life would have a vote, which she would lose should she make a respectable marriage, but would recover if she obtained a divorce. As the *Argonaut* also anticipated, many threats were made by the supporters of the bill as to what its rejection involved. It would be "one of the most disastrous things" that could happen. While there was a majority of 109 in favor of the second reading of the bill, the motion to refer it to a committee of the whole house, which means the disappearance of the measure, was carried by a majority of 145. Crowds of excited women waited outside the house to learn the fate of the measure, determined to "boo" and annoy the adverse speakers, but the police defeated their plans. The leaders of the suffragists would say only, "We must think out our plans."

Lieutenant Shirase, commander of the Japanese party which will sail August 1 in quest of the South Pole, has the trait of unquestioning self-confidence which accounts for so much that his race has done. In speaking of his plans, the lieutenant does not say that he will "try for the pole," or "make a dash for it," or "do his best," nor does he use any other phrase of conventional modesty. Instead he coolly states, as if he were bound by a schedule, that his party will reach the pole on January 28, returning after a stay of three days. The world need not be surprised if the programme is carried out. The Japanese have hardihood, pluck, endurance,

discipline, physical strength afoot, and the habit of subsisting on little. In this case Shackleton left a blazed trail that brought him within sixty miles of the pole, and would have covered the whole distance except for scarcity of food. Shirase, profiting by his successes and mistakes, may win.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

More than two hundred and sixty years have passed since the French Academy was founded. It originated, it will be remembered, with seven or eight men of letters who formed themselves into a little club for the discussion of literary topics. Then Cardinal Richelieu heard about it, and at his instigation the private coterie was given the king's letters patent establishing the society as the French Academy. According to the royal edict, the purpose of the Academy was the guardianship of the French language. The members were to use all possible diligence "at giving sure rules for our language, and rendering it pure, eloquent, and capable of treating the arts and sciences." Out of this grew a further function. When the membership of the Academy was enlarged to forty members—the number at which it remains today—good care was taken to include within its ranks all the principal literary men of France, and in that way it became the literary tribunal of the country. The members produced and read their works before the meetings, to be criticized, and approved, or disapproved. If they did not win the favor of the Academy, they were not published. In this way, as Matthew Arnold pointed out, the Academy gave the law, the tone to literature, and that tone a high one. Or, to cite the words of one of its most illustrious members, Renan, the Academy had special facilities for "creating" a form of intellectual culture which shall impose itself on all around."

French literature, especially in prose, is the best evidence of the work of the French Academy. It has to a large extent saved writers from freaks in language, from violent misjudgment, from over-assertion, from exaggerating the value of ideas from all kinds of provinciality. As Arnold says, the French writer is "free, natural, and effective."

But how many are there who are aware that there is an American Academy of Arts and Letters? It has been in existence for six years, yet up to the present its labors have not been particularly potent. Probably a similarly ineffective career is in front of the Academy which is in the process of foundation in England. And the reason in both cases will be national temperament. Neither the English nor the American writer is likely to brook interference with his individual liberty. Mr. Howells, as the president of the American Academy, has probably not been overburdened with requests from authors to pass verdict upon their manuscripts, nor will the English Academy be overworked in that way. Yet who can doubt that such an institution, efficiently conducted, would exercise an invaluable influence on the purity of language and the elevation of literature? When words of such pristine bloom as "sweetheart" and "lover" are used as synonyms for prostitute, and when drunken huiusers sent to report a revolting prize-fight take to themselves the honored name of "war correspondent," the need for the protection of language becomes obvious. The standard of literary judgment is not much higher. Not only are the words "scholar" and "scholarship" used in the most absurd connections, but nearly every novel published, if not hailed as "the great American novel," is characterized in terms of fulsome adulation. Literary reviews, indeed, are written with as little discrimination as the puffs of the theatrical press agent. So the need of an Academy is great. Will Mr. Howells or Mr. R. U. Johnson tell us what our own Academy has accomplished?

Are we about to have another lost picture sensation such as that which disturbed the artistic world when Gainborough's famous "Duchess of Devonshire" was stolen? Rumor from Paris asserts that Leonardo de Vinci's greatest painting, the immortal "La Gioconda," better known as the "Mona Lisa," has been abstracted from the Louvre and replaced by a copy. It is said, too, that the picture is now in New York in the possession of a millionaire. That seems doubtful, for the millionaire likes to exploit his treasures, or at least hoast of their possession, and it would be dangerous to exploit or hoast of a stolen picture. Such a rumor as this, however, has its educational advantage. It will cause Leonardo to be talked of and written about, and in that way a little knowledge of art may get into circulation. Thus the present is a fitting occasion to cite Walter Pater's inimitable description of the supposedly stolen picture, which is one of the most glorious "purple patches" in the annals of art criticism:

Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen days about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.

In another than a pictorial sense, this is Leonardo de Vinci's day. That astounding man left behind him thousands of pages of manuscripts which have not been printed to this day. Now, however, they are being partially examined, and it has been found that one of those manuscripts is devoted to the discussion of the principles of mechanism for human flight. Nay, further, the conclusion has been reached that the notes and sketches left by Leonardo prove that he actually undertook for a patron the construction of a machine for flight, which must now take its place in the history of aviation as the earliest attempt of man to conquer the air.

As if this were not a sufficient rebuke to modern inventors some of the devotees of Swedenborg, assembled in conference in London, have been claiming for their master that he anticipated the present age by inventing a submarine and flying machine. One speaker told of Swedenborg's sketch for his flying machine, which is still in existence, and explained that it "consisted of a light frame, covered with strong canvas and was provided with two large oars, or wings, moving on horizontal axis, and so arranged that the up-stroke met with no resistance while the downstroke provided the lifting power. But the seer was practical as well as theoretical. "When thy first trials are made," he wrote, "you may have to pay for the experience, and not, mind, with an arm or a leg." Swedenborg had always been as lucid as that his disciple would have been more numerous.

Truth is indeed at the bottom of a well, a deep, deep well. The other day an American newspaper informed its reader that a tablet to the memory of Benjamin Franklin had been placed on "Ecton Church, London." And now a London newspaper has reprinted Franklin's famous epitaph with the comment that it is to be found "in the churchyard of Boston, U. S. A." That evens up matters nicely. Just as the American newspaper did not know that Ecton Church is situated in Northampton village some seventy miles from London, so the London newspaper was ignorant of the fact that Franklin's grave is in Philadelphia and not "in the churchyard of Boston U. S. A."

M. Clemenceau's lecture tour in South America is to be exploited in the finest style. The walls of Buenos Ayres, where the first six discourses are to be given, are placarded with huge posters hearing the following announcements: "From July 14 to August 1, M. Brasseur, of the Theatre des Varieties. From August 1 to August 15, M. Georges Clemenceau (ex Prime Minister of France), Morning and Evening, and Mme. Marthe Regnier and M. Tarride, of the Renaissance."

Another French entertainer, Mlle. Polaire, was greatly incensed against New World advertising methods when she discovered herself placarded in New York as "the ugliest woman in the world," and perhaps the ex-prime minister of France may make a few Gallic gesticulations when he finds himself billed in this dramatic manner. But he must know that to pay him his fee of two thousand dollars a lecture involve spectacular methods of advertising.

It's a little late, but none the less welcome. Now the darkest Africa is a memory of the past, the Strenuous Hunt emits the following in connection with his day's tramp in England for the purpose of making the acquaintance of English song birds:

In places in America as thickly settled as the valley of the Itchen, I should not expect to see any like number of bird of this size; but I hope that the efforts of the Audubon societies and kindred organizations will gradually make them selves felt until it becomes a point of honor not only with the American man, but with the American small boy, to shield and protect all forms of harmless wild life.

Kermit's photographs of the African "hag" at all stages of its accumulation are a curious commentary on this text.

Still a little angry with Halley's Comet, M. Camille Flammarion has been looking around for a reasonable scapegoat on which to lay the blame for the wretched rainy weather under which Europe has been soaking of late. His diagnosis is that America is to blame. The intense heat in the Eastern States has laden the westerly winds with huge cargoes of steam, and when they reach the "cold land" of France precipitation in heavy rain is natural. If all accounts of France, or at least Paris, are correct, this theory seems faulty. No one save M. Flammarion would have dared to charge Paris with being chilly. But if this theory is really sound, the distinguished astronomer may comfort himself with the thought that as most Americans have deserted their native land for Paris they have not escaped due nemesis.

What the wild pigeon once was in point of numbers to the United States, the parrot, of varying shades of color and all sizes, is to old Mexico. Flights of these birds frequently darken the midday sun in the hot country, and they become so tame around the camps of engineers that the birds are given individual names and soon become regular pets. Whenever the parrot descends the forest and alights on the ground in the open spaces of the jungle the natives recognize their actions as sure warning of an impending earthquake. American engineers indorse this belief, and assert that serious accidents which might have been averted have resulted when the warning of the birds was noted but unheeded.

Fort Trumbull, Connecticut, the old army post which was one of the most important strategic points in the Revolutionary War, has always been maintained by the Army Department, but is about to be abandoned as a garrison. On August 1 the Treasury Department will assume control of Fort Trumbull, and the school for cadets of the revenue-cutter service, now at Arundel Cove, Maryland, will be moved there.

THE MAYOR AND THE RESTAURANTS.

Difficulties Before the All-Night Caterers.

The New Yorker who has been happy at Maxim's, where all the girls are dreams, must revise his ideas of earthly felicity, and the Great White Way must put on the robes of decorum. It is all due to Mayor Gaynor, who has old-fashioned, out-of-date, and even prehistoric notions of what a restaurant should be. He believes that a restaurant is for the convenience of those who are legitimately hungry and laudably thirsty, presumably as a result of honorable toil, whereas any New Yorker could have told him that the midnight lights of Broadway are not for those who toil and spin, but are intended rather as a summons to the roysterer and to those who crave the agile lobster and the cup that cheers as well as inebriates.

The trouble began about a week ago. No one really believed the mayor when he said that all restaurants must close at one in the morning except those "places where people legitimately go at night for meals and the like." Anyhow the announcement seemed innocently vague, for who was to be the judge of the places to which one goes "legitimately"? How about the chorus girl who honestly feels that she needs just a single quart and a little crab meat à la Dewey after her arduous labors behind the footlights and in the dressing-room? And is it to be expected that she should thus live the simple midnight life without the escort to whom time-honored habit has accustomed her? Legitimately indeed! Why, more than one of these nymphs is known to have swallowed her chewing gum in indignation and eloquent reflection upon the possibilities of compulsory abstinence that threatened her. The midnight supper was to be counted as a part of her trade and occupation. It was among the most visible of her "visible means of support."

But Mayor Gaynor is a man of his word. At one fell stroke he abolished the all-night licenses of forty-seven restaurants whose hospitable doors have never yet been closed, and where night slips into day and day into night without even a moment's withdrawal of the glad hand. A considerable number of others were allowed to remain open for the time "pending inquiries," but the indignation of Broadway was a thing to be felt upon the palpating air. If Broadway were to be deprived of the midnight restaurants it were as well to deprive her also of her name. Especially galling was the inference that midnight Broadway, as represented by the forty-seven restaurants, filled no useful place in the world of labor and had no right to be hungry and thirsty when other folks are in bed. Once more, how about the chorus girls and their escorts? How about the dramatic critics? How about Broadway's vast labors in advertising the American metropolis to the pleasure-lovers of the world? Labor, indeed! Broadway takes herself seriously. She believes that she has a place in the puzzle map of the universe, and that her midnight illumination is an interesting and important landmark in the solar system.

But there was worse to come. Before the mayor's declaration of a holy war upon the all-night restaurants there were fifty-six of these joyous and innocent resorts. At the first swoop he sent forty-seven of them to bed early, and continued his inquiries. Then he shook the tree again, and seven more fell. Uniformed policemen carried the dread news to Faust's, at Columbus Circle and Fifty-Ninth Street; the Hotel Sterling, Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street; George Rector's Café Madrid, Broadway and Forty-Sixth Street; Jake Wolff's, Forty-Fifth Street; the Abbaye, Thirty-Ninth Street; and Maxim's, at Thirty-Ninth Street. Their all-night licenses were revoked. They must close at one in the morning at latest, and instead of the pleasant revels of yesteryear there would be darkness, and desertion, and the scampering of mice over silent floors.

It is hard to believe, but there are now only two all-night restaurants upon the Broadway belt. They are Dowling's and Jack's, and at least one of these is under grave suspicion of ministering to a hunger and thirst that are not "legitimate." The mayor has his eagle eye upon Jack's, and consequently Jack's is on its best behavior, and scans its customers closely so that only the legitimately needy shall pass its portals. Imagine Broadway, the Great White Way, reduced to such a strait as this, no longer white but black, its rollicking crowds dispersed, its glories departed. And they call this a free country!

The social philosopher is quick to notice some curious facts in connection with this massacre of the innocents. When the forty-seven restaurants were closed it was naturally supposed that the remaining nine would do a flourishing trade, and that hundreds of would-be roysterers would be turned empty away. Nothing of the kind. The fortunate nine seemed to do their customary trade, no more and no less. Again, when the seven were closed it seemed as though the remaining two could hardly be expected to bear up under the burden laid upon them. But the burden, curiously enough, was no more than it had been, and the inquisitive reporter who hoped to carry away a story of concentrated tabloid merry-making found no more than the usual clientele. Indeed the attendance seemed if anything to be rather slimmer than usual. Can it be that the mayor has wrought a moral reformation, and that a conviction of sin has been brought home to the erstwhile revelers, causing them to creep early to bed and to dream dreams of a new and simple life in which

there is no room for champagne and lobster salads? Nevertheless the chorus girls are said to be irreconcilable and to summarize their view of the new order of things by the classic query, "Aint it awful, Mabel?"

But there is still a ray of hope. It is understood at the City Hall that the revocation of the licenses is not necessarily perpetual. It is in the nature of a warning that those who have no right to be hungry must not eat, and those who have no right to be thirsty must not drink. No one knows better than the mayor that there is an army of night workers who are released from serious duties between the hours of one and six in the morning, and to whom all-night restaurants are a necessity. By making a wholesale clearance the mayor gives himself an open field, and it is understood that those restaurant keepers who feel themselves to be useful citizens and to be filling a place in the body politic may now file renewed applications. And they will get them if the ensuing investigation shall show that their functions are in proper demand.

It need hardly be said that most of them will be able to show nothing of the kind. The real night worker wants no more than a hasty and quiet meal, "and so to bed." He needs neither champagne, nor oysters, nor music, nor chorus girls, all admirable things in their way, at the right time, and in carefully measured doses. It is not the legitimate worker whose enthusiasms have made a sound of revelry by night up and down the classic precincts of Broadway, and consequently there is a general feeling that Mayor Gaynor has taken a long step toward the abatement of a discreditable nuisance.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, July 19, 1910.

OLD FAVORITES.

Seaward.

How long it seems since that mild April night,
When, leaning from the window, you and I
Heard, clearly ringing from the shadowy light,
The loon's unearthly cry!

Southwest the wind blew, million little waves
Ran rippling round the point in mellow tune;
But mournful, like the voice of one who raves,
The laughter of the loon!

We called to him, while blindly through the haze
Uprose the meagre moon behind us, slow,—
So dim the fleet of boats we scarce could trace,
Moored lightly just below.

We called, and lo, he answered! Half in fear
We sent the note back. Echoing rock and bay
Made melancholy music far and near,
Sadly it died away.

That schooner, you remember? Flying ghost!
Her canvas catching every wandering beam,
Aerial, noiseless, past the glimmering coast
She glided like a dream.

Would we were leaning from your window now,
Together calling to the eerie loon,
The fresh wind blowing care from either brow,
This sumptuous night of June!

So many sighs load this sweet inland air,
'Tis hard to breathe, nor can we find relief:
However lightly touched, we all must share
This nobleness of grief.

But sighs are spent before they reach your ears;
Vaguely they mingle with the water's rune.
No sadder sound salutes you than the clear,
Wild laughter of the loon.—*Celia Thaxter.*

New York's aversion to the arcade idea has just been proved again by the alterations to a building on Madison Avenue which began the other day (says the *New York Sun*). Several years ago this block of shops and studios was put up with an arcade about seven feet wide separating them from the sidewalk. This furnished protection from the sun and the inclement weather and would have seemed an advantage for the shops protected in this way; but there was never sufficient demand for them, so now the arcade is to be removed and the shop windows moved out to the stoop line. It is a curious fact that New York is unique in its rejection of arcades and similar methods of building, although they are popular in nearly every other city of the world.

East winds hug the earth more closely and gather moisture, dust and bacteria. They are cold and humid, altogether forming an enervating influence on human and animal life, and rendering it susceptible to the disease germs which the winds carry and disseminate. The cool, pure northwest winds come from a region of dry, highly electrified air where ozone exists in comparatively large quantities. They are invigorating. East winds are rare in San Francisco; the northwest wind is a daily visitor. San Franciscans are really, if not apparently, free from nervous disorders because of the daily breeze.

Minneapolis is planning to put in corner shower baths in the congested districts to be used on hot days by the small boys. The committee of council having the matter in hand were given a demonstration on a recent hot day. No difficulty was experienced in finding plenty of boys anxious to stand under the shower.

New Mexico will be the fourth State of the Union in area, and only Texas, California, and Montana are larger. It is already third in rank among the States as a producer of wool.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Marshal Hermes da Fonseca, president-elect of Brazil, has been compelled to abandon his projected visit to the United States by imperative orders from his physicians.

Paul Hudson, president and general manager of the Mexican *Herald* of the City of Mexico, is visiting Eastern cities representing the centennial celebration commission of Mexico and extending invitations in the United States for attendance at the celebration in September.

Whitefield McKinlay, a negro real estate agent of Washington, has been appointed collector of customs, the technical designation of the office being the port of Georgetown, D. C. Mr. McKinlay came to Washington from Charleston, South Carolina, in 1884, and has taken an active part in politics.

Sir Carl Meyer of London, banker and director of the De Beers Company, is the donor of the \$350,000 which it was announced had been promised to aid in carrying out the scheme for a national Shakespeare Theatre. Sir Carl was made a baronet in June last by the wish of the late King Edward.

Alphonse Zelaya, a son of the ex-president of Nicaragua, is appearing as a piano soloist in New England vaudeville houses, and his ability is conceded. The prestige of his family name may assist in drawing his audiences, but he seems to be the possessor of musical gifts which assure success independent of that advantage.

Marie Wieck, sister-in-law of Robert Schumann, the composer, is still living, and recently took part in a concert in Berlin. Though she is seventy-eight she plays with almost her old-time facility. Her ability as a pianist was always recognized, though it was overshadowed by that of her sister Clara, the composer's wife.

With the recent assumption by Major-General Leonard Wood of the duties of chief of staff of the army, two doctors now occupy the two most responsible positions in the army of the United States. The other doctor who has risen to such powers in the army is Major-General Fred C. Ainsworth, adjutant-general, who entered the army as assistant surgeon in 1886.

Sir Lancelot Stirling was reelected president of the legislative council of the twentieth parliament of South Australia last month, a position he has occupied for eight years, and Sir Jenkin Coles was reelected speaker of the house of assembly. Sir Jenkins Coles has held that position for twenty years without missing a single sitting, and this is claimed to be a world's record.

M. Henri Menier, the seigneur of the island of Anticosti, is the son of an eminent French chemist and capitalist who made a fortune from a cocoa plantation in Nicaragua. Anticosti and its people have been much improved by the efforts of M. Henri Menier, and his almost absolute control of the island dominion is regarded with increasing favor, in the world outside as well as by the residents.

Miss Caroline Hazard, for the last eleven years president of Wellesley College, one of the best-known women educators in the country, has resigned, and her resignation has been accepted by the board of trustees of the college with regret. The resignation is due to poor health. Miss Hazard's administration had been the longest in the history of the college, and under it the growth of the number of students has been noteworthy. Miss Hazard was born in Peacedale, Rhode Island, in 1856.

Lord Brassey, owner of the famous *Sunbeam*, at seventy-four is preparing for a voyage to Canada in the bark which has carried him more than 300,000 miles and to every part of the globe. The *Sunbeam* is an old-fashioned three-masted vessel, square-rigged in the foremast, fore-and-aft in the main and mizzen, and with auxiliary steam. Lady Brassey's story of a voyage in the *Sunbeam* is fresh in the minds of most readers, but few know that the vessel is still staunch and that her owner and captain is as proud of his craft and as keen to sail her as ever.

Mrs. Hetty Green, said to be the richest woman in America, finds herself, in her seventy-fifth year, with so many millions that their care has become a burden to her, so she is to turn the management of them over to her only son, Edward Howlinson Robinson Green of Texas. Mr. Green is forty-two years old and has lived the life of an active man of affairs and politics and is thoroughly equipped to take up the threads of his mother's business. He is president of the Texas Midland Railroad, which has been called admirably a model to all other lines on account of its almost perfect management.

Princess Lwoff-Parlaghy, who has a string of castles in Austria and Russia, \$1,000,000 a year for pin money, and who paints portraits just for fun, has returned to Europe, after a little more than a year's stay in New York. She will return in a few months, when she hopes to do a portrait of President Taft. While in New York she occupied a royal suite at one of New York's most fashionable hotels, and has retained a \$25,000 suite for use when she returns. Joseph Choate and General Daniel E. Sickles, of Civil War fame, are among the Americans she has painted.

LAURENCE STERNE.

A New Study of the Author of "Tristram Shandy."

Convinced that a vivid likeness of the author of "Tristram Shandy" is still wanting in the Georgian portrait gallery, that we have the outward semblance but not the soul of that sentimental writer, Walter Sichel, whose study of Sheridan will be remembered with pleasure, addresses himself in "Sterne: A Study" to supplying the omission. It is not a biography in the strict meaning of the word, but rather an analysis. It attempts to interpret the problem of the man and vitalize him and his companions. Mr. Sichel has had access to a considerable amount of new material, and prints the "Journal to Eliza" in full.

At the outset he lays much emphasis upon Sterne's fondness for reverie.

Sterne's life—his cramped, consumptive life—had neither space nor soil enough for that steadfast love in which the truth of feeling, the felt verity, takes its root. The sweet, sad loveliness of things appealed paramountly to him, and forms his paramount appeal. Loveliness is a truth, but it is not the whole. "Writers of my stamp," he owns, "have one principle in common with painters. Where an exact copying makes our pictures less striking, we choose the less evil, deeming it even more pardonable to trespass against truth than beauty." For sheer and native artistry, Sterne has no rival; it graces even his rags and tatters. But if this excludes the ugly side of Puritanism, the more winning side is absent also. Sterne was hedonist: hedonist, if it may so be put, without hedonism, for he was receptive, not active. It was the fact of feeling that enthralled him. What he realized was the pang of the thrill, the pleasure of variegated sensation. His tenderness was more towards others than for them; he draped it in the mists of sentiment, and he made it vocal through the tremolo of his style. By virtue of the extreme sensitiveness of that style his pity stood soliloquizing. But directly it stepped forward it often went after what he has himself termed "that tender and delicious sentiment which ever mixes in friendship where there is a difference of sex." And on that feeling he played his fantasies.

In support of this view Mr. Sichel is able to print for the first time a characteristic little essay. It will help the reader to understand this "Reverie of the Nuns" if he bears in mind that at York, six miles distant from Sterne's home at Coxwold, there was a Roman Catholic school which the local Protestants called "the Nunnery."

Yes, Sterne was the child of reverie. When he was "curing" (Heaven save the mark!) the souls of a Yorkshire moorside he thus wrote to a friend in a letter of invitation as yet unquoted, a letter which pictures the refrain of his life, his Reverie of the Nuns:

"After coffee I will take you to pay a visit to my nuns. Do not, however, indulge your fancy beyond measure, but rather let me indulge mine, or at least let me give you the history of it, and the fair sisterhood who dwell in one of its visionary corners. Now what is all this about? you will say. Have a moment's patience and I will tell you. You must know, then, that on passing out of my back door I very soon gain the path which, after taking me through several flattened meadows and shady thickets, brings me in about twenty minutes to the ruins of a monastery, where, in times long past, a certain number of cloistered females had devoted their lives—I scarce know what I was going to write—to religious solitude. This saunter of mine, when I take it, I call paying a visit to my nuns. It is an awful spot: a rivulet flows by it, and a lofty bank covered with wood, that rises abruptly on the opposite side, gives a gloom to the whole and forbids the thoughts, if they were ever so disposed, from wandering from the place. Solitary sanctity never found a nook more appropriate to her nature! It is a place for the antiquary to sojourn in for a month, and examine with all the spirit of rusty research. But I am no antiquary, as you well know, and therefore I come here upon a different and a better errand—that is, to examine myself."

And now observe the attitude: "So I lean lackadaisically over the gate and look at the passing stream and forgive the spleen, the gout, and the envy of a malicious world. And after having taken a stroll beneath the mouldering arches, I summon the sisterhood together, and take the fairest among them, and sit down with her on the stone beneath the bunch of alders, and do—what, you will say? Why, I examine her elder heart, and see how it is attuned; I then guess at her wishes, and play with the cross that hangs at her bosom—in short, I make love to her. Fie, for shame! Tristram, that is not as it ought to be. Now I declare, on the contrary, that it is exactly what it ought to be; for though philosophers may say, among many other foolish things philosophers have said, that a man who is in love is not in his right senses, I do affirm in opposition to all their saws—and see-saws—that he is never in his right senses, or I would say rather in his right sentiments, but when he is pursuing some Dulcinea or other."

Here and there as occasion demands Mr. Sichel discusses the question how far sexuality entered into Sterne's philandering. Two of these passages should be read in sequence.

Even Goethe once urged that philandering was needful for his early compositions; and for Sterne, as for the young Goethe, some sort of philandering seemed an artistic requisite: it "harmonizes the soul" he assured a friend. He assured another the year before he died, in a passage which seems to condense the whole of his temperament: "You can feel! Ay, so can my cat . . . but caterwauling disgusts me. I had rather raise a gentle flame than have a different one raised in me. Now I take Heaven to witness, after all this badinage, my heart is innocent; and the sporting of my pen is equal, just equal, to what I did in my boyish days, when I got astride of a stick and galloped away." And there was a deeper reason: no one woman, it must be owned, can light every torch with her taper. Are all these quenched tapers to be mourned, and is the enduring torch a mere blaze of selfishness? Sterne's indiscretions were often (not always) as harmless as Goethe's. Musing in one of his least-known letters on an "affection" which he had "innocently indulged," he says: "It is of a more delicate stamp than the gross materials nature has planted in us. . . . I hope ever to retain the idea of innocence and love her still." His best susceptibility resembled thistle-down floating in the air, wavering above the ground as he surveyed it; and he himself confessed that he was "the most tender fool that ever woman tried the weakness of." This "idea of innocence" (its shape, not its substance) seems ever behind his peccant fancy. He was not always a male coquette, but even when he was in earnest he never regarded woman as a lifelong companion: she was an episode, like everything with which he had to do, and he pre-

ferred the episode to be impalpable. Indeed, he has given his own quaint reason for this play with feeling: he ran away from it, being convinced that he would get bruised bodily in the conflict. But this queer St. Anthony only ran away from one Dulcinea to another, though sometimes the Dulcinea detained him. He confesses to falling in love regularly every vernal and every autumnal equinox.

There is no need to insist that there is a clean and an unclean Sterne. What must he insisted, however, is that his libertinage is that of the freest fancy, not that of a fleshly rake; and in this domain, as in the rest, Sterne lacks actuality. His is a blithe, goblin grossness; and though his coarsest food is no meat for babes, it is not poison. It is bad, but it is not putrid. It does not corrupt, infect, or contaminate. Sterne never means to seduce; his wantonnesses are not real, nor is that prurience which only provokes a smile. The whim and wit of them blow away the scandal, just as the same qualities erase the blots in a first-rate French farce. Had it been otherwise, the hameless Lessing would not have loved Sterne's sallies, which were taken literally by the dense critics and caricaturists of his day. Sterne the author is no Lothario. In his own time women favored his hooks, from the duchess, it was then said, to the snuffy chambermaid. In ours, he is mainly read by men. Since Thackeray scoured him with Victorian scorpions, his first admirers have eyed him askance. True, much of "Tristram Shandy" is not for girlhood (Sterne called it a hook for "the bedchamber"), nor all of the "Sentimental Journey," which he styled "a book for the parlor." To that shelf, however, with some excisions, it might be restored. The part of Sterne which most shocks womankind is not his light and occasional lubricity, but the double meanings and the play at passion. Women realize that he is not virile. Yet, set by Rabelais, who was virile indeed, Sterne is modest—a cascade by Niagara. Compared with Hall-Stevenson, his worst page seems almost stainless; but compared with Goldsmith, the blemishes are foul indeed. Still, one who could so well idealize the courtship of Uncle Toby and the heart-pangs of Corporal Trim surely saw some vision of love and sacrifice which he could not follow. And this is another instance of what was urged at the outset—that though his cobweb of suggestion entangled filthy flies, it also caught the fresh dew of the morning. Had not that dew been there, who would write about Sterne? With that dew in such odd commixture, who would not write about him?

Sterne would probably have been a happier man had he never married. Certainly Elizabeth Lumley would have been a happier woman had she not capitulated to his suit. For two years she was stubborn, and then an illness left her in a softened mood.

Elizabeth Lumley soon recovered, and, in an age of feminine abeyance, she herself proposed to her grateful lover: the Assembly Rooms, it is said, were the scene. This speaks something for her will, perhaps aided by the "arm of flesh" which her kinswoman commemorates and the legacy which she had just received. From those Assembly Rooms the pair hurried straight to the minister, and were married by special license on March 30, 1741, the then dean officiating. Her wilful suitor professed himself enraptured, and he was in that mood which he depicted long after disillusionment set in. "Hail, ye gentle sympathies," he tirades, "that can approach two humble hearts to each other, and chase every discordant idea from an union that nature has designed by the same happy coloring of character that she has given them!" And at this very moment Sterne wrote, picturing the future and transcribed with the prospect—"Yes! I will steal from the world, and not a babbling tongue shall tell where I am—Echo shall not so much as whisper my hiding-place;—suffer thy imagination to paint it as a little sun-gilt cottage on the side of a romantic hill;—dost thou think I will leave love and friendship behind me?—he always couples the two—"No! they shall be my companions in solitude, for they will sit down and rise up with me in the amiable form of my L. We will be as merry and as innocent as our first Parents in Paradise before the wretched Fiend entered that indescribable scene. The keenest affections will have room to shoot and expand in our retirement, and produce such fruits as madness and envy and ambition have always killed in the bud. Let the human tempest and hurricane rage at a distance: the desolation is beyond the horizon of peace. My L. has seen a polyanthus blow in December, some friendly wall has sheltered it from the biting wind. No planetary influence shall reach us but that which presides [over] and cherishes the sweetest flowers. God preserve us! How delightful this prospect is in the idea! We will build and we will plant in our own way—simplicity shall not be tortured by art;—we will learn of nature how to live—she shall be our alchemist, to mingle up the good of life into one salubrious draught—the gloomy family of care and mistrust shall be banished from our dwelling, guarded by thy kind and tutelar deities;—we will sing our chorals songs in gratitude, and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage. Adieu, my L. Return to one who languished for thy society." Yet, as time wore on, these songs of gratitude broke into discord. Sterne tuned his pipe for other ears and forsook the house of his pilgrimage. Arcadia palled, and the entrancing shepherdess appeared a beldame. Dazed by the zigzags of the wayfarer's sentiment, she half lost her reason and was content to fare on without him.

Elizabeth Lumley however, was not, on Mr. Sichel's showing, the weakling of previous biographers. She had a will of her own, with which Sterne often came in collision. He is to be absolved, it seems, from the charge of insulting his wife, whatever else may be true. Nor should it be forgotten that the ill-assorted pair had one steady bond.

One tie of affection, however, always united them—the little Lydia, whom her father never ceased to adore. Even thus early the child suffered from that asthma which was hereditary on both sides. But directly her mother's health mended, Sterne's true daughter is found playing practical jests on her York school-fellows, and composing love-letters from feigned admirers to hoax them. Neither in her nor in him could the mercurial element be quenched; and when he was sick even unto death, he assured a friend that he would probably "skip off next moment to some monkeyish trick or another." For his little Lydia he cared and toiled to the close, and when she parted from him for the last time he sobbed that the severance was one between his soul and his body. The year after his death, the daughter gave a pleasant picture of herself and her mother in a letter to John Wilkes. They were at Augoulême: she sat reading Milton and Shakespeare aloud, and passing the rest of her time in drawing and music. Here again she resembles her father.

The Sternes had agreed to spare and scrape every farthing for this child of their hearts. They bought "a strong box with a nick in the top" as a receptacle for these savings. But one day, at the outset of Mrs. Sterne's illness, "she espied Lorry breaking open the strong box." The mother fainted, and a quarrel ensued. So runs a tale which John Croft traces to Mrs. Sterne herself, among many which, according to him, proved "poor Lorry" unstable. But is it quite impossible that this invasion of the hoard was for the purpose of assist-

ing his old mother? The dates, in any case, would seem to tally.

Little Lydia, then, should have riveted her parents had the one been able to curb her temper, or the other his temperament. Sometimes for happy seasons they would be at one. But in the main they were pathetic, except when illness revived attachment. Husband and wife had grown callous. He told Hall-Stevenson that she was "easy": she no longer resented his sentimental excursions.

Apart from the nature of his two famous books, the foregoing would tempt the reader to forget that Sterne's profession in life was that of a minister of the Church of England. Mr. Sichel devotes a chapter to his here as a preacher, and examines some of his sermons.

"Preaching, you must know," Sterne told the treasurer of the founding hospital, whose inmates must have moved him "is a theologic flap upon the heart." A heart-flapper Sterne remained in his gown as in his cassock. Dr. Johnson once condemned these discourses as only froth on the cup of salvation. But in truth they were not the froth on any cup; they scarcely profess to quench a spiritual thirst. Rather, they were like Bishop Berkeley's Tarwater, with which Sterne used religiously to dose himself after all-night sittings. Or, to vary the metaphor, they resemble the cupboard where Yorick kept his Sunday crockery. It was refreshing for him each Saturday night to dust and examine his curiosities—some of them, it must be owned, exact replicas of ancient models. But the china figures of saints and heroes made some amends for the rest of the week, and he could so on as he surveyed them. From the virtues he would single out charity, for he himself was charitable; and when he kindled over the specimens of the vices, his wrath would be reserved for those sordid sins to which he was least inclined, though in one instance—this founding hospital appeal—he did lay stress on "the treachery of the senses."

Sterne's pulpit gleanings succeeded better than his temporal harvests. Yet he was no born orator. Indeed, according to John Croft, "his delivery and voice were so very disagreeable" that half the congregation usually left the church when he rose. But half remained, and these were the more cultivated. Sometimes he drew large audiences, while from 1747 onwards his sermons found their way into the press and gained a wide attention. Two only were published separately; the rest appeared much later in series. Many of them did double duty, being repeated to his parishioners also; and as for texts has he not told us in the "Sentimental Journey" that "Cappadocia, Pontus in Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia" is "as good as any one in the Bible"? How they would be composed as he jogged along on his broken-down jade, he has chronicled in "Tristram Shandy"; and he was proud of the fair handwriting in his manuscript—a fact which has not escaped those pages. One of them—the sermon on "Conscience"—figures bodily in the narrative. Few will forget how it fluttered from the volume of Stevinns (the first projector of an airship or "chariot"); air, as Sterne remarks, being cheaper than horses. This was the book which Corporal Trim fetched at the bidding of his master; and all will remember Trim's attitude as he delivered the discourse, and the interjections of his hearers. As a rule, Sterne's sermons teach little beyond proverbial prudence, and seem, as it were, his briefs for a somewhat worldly heaven. They were orthodox enough. But there are exceptions, and most of them contain dramatic or human touches, while all are distinguished by that oddity which ever now seems odd, but which must have irritated the Georgians.

Perhaps the most illuminating chapter in this study is that devoted to an examination of Sterne as a writer. Later in the book the subject is again referred to in an appreciation of Sterne as a man. The two estimates are complementary.

Sterne's bent was neither epic nor reflective. Prose lyrics were his province. He was a romantic impressionist. The French rightly distinguish between "romanesque" (the fancifully outlandish) and "romantique." Much in Sterne is "romanesque," but more is "romantique." There is air in his very sickness, and a scent of the open even about his artifice. He can create as well as adorn, and the restlessness of nerves demanding an anodyne is itself capable of imparting composure. The feeling of fancy and the fancy of feeling form his groundwork.

And Sterne is not only a sentimental impressionist, but an ironist of the first order. Directly he has touched, if not our heart at least our fibre, some whimsy confronts us that makes us wonder whether he meant to touch us at all. He steeps us in pathos till we seem gazing from above on grief, and then he whisks us down again to some quite common cranny of the ludicrous. This leads to a suspicion of insincerity; but Sterne is perfectly sincere in the sense that he expresses himself. What he felt he wrote; and he felt the irony of things, the small step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Heine does the same. And this characteristic is heightened by those tiny strokes of realistic color by which he visualized his impressions. In both of these attributes he was unique in his time and country. The English prose fiction of Sterne's generation has nothing to show like it, and his contemporaries were as much annoyed by the novelty as by the questionable parts. Their prudish reverences, he wrote, would laugh at it in the bedchamber and abuse it in the parlor. It is nonsense to think that the reviews which trounced him were really purist, still less Puritan. Grossness did not offend them; though Sterne's grossness did.

As a man he is barely lovable—for the simple reason that real love was but half known to him. He loved people not for their solid selves, but as they floated in his feelings; it was his feeling for them, and his feeling for his feeling, that he loved. And this is part of that essential shadowiness which distinguishes him throughout, from his first reveries to his last, from the first thrill of his nerves to their decay. Just as he steeped himself in the music of the Scriptures, while he disregarded their lesson, so he was too much enthralled by the tune of life to realize its meaning. There was no clash of action, or practical force, or any sense of home, to lend strength to his sentiment; and round its faint orchestra the *maestro* hovered. Little could he realize but sensation. To be a clergyman gave him no sensation at all. His disrespectability, if we remember the standards of his day, hinged more on his office than on his lapses. Except in these flights of profane folly, wholly disreputable he was not. He minded his formal duties, he paid his debts, he was never ungenerous, and, in the main, he was truthful. His defiance of suffering is the most virile of his qualities, and this perhaps held his women admirers as much as the feminine within him. Yet an undefinable finisness repels us, and would repel more had Sterne himself not disbelieved in it. The flicker of the embers which warmed him seems to escape in smoke up his own chimney. Yet common smoke it is not; it seems an enchanted vapor that broods as it curls in wreathing spirals of wonderful form.

As artist he endures. As an artist he is palpable and living. Nor is it otherwise than pathetic to think at what cost to the soul that gain has been secured. Many martyrs die to save the world outside those noble heroes who step consciously to the scaffold. Some of the holiest Italian pictures,

it is said, were painted by penitents in anguish after nights of debauch. Out of their impurity purity has arisen, though the prolonged struggle dashed them to pieces. No such high conflict is visible in Sterne, yet conflict there was and appears. He was "positive that he had a soul." He knew that he was not an episode or an atom.

Few great writers have died so lonely a death as Sterne. Not even Lydia was by his side when he passed away. Mr. Sichel tells the sad incident once more, and notes the body-snatching legend without being able to confirm or deny that greswome story.

Sterne never shrank from death. In one place he dwells on the uncertainty of its shape, in another on his desire to die alone at some inn, though elsewhere he yearns for near and dear ones to tend his deathbed. The Bond Street lodging was not a home, and all but the last of these wishes were gratified. His exit is more dramatic than Le Fevre's. On Friday, the 18th of March, a number of Sterne's friends dined together in Clifford Street with John Crawford of Erroll, his old companion. There were the Dukes of Queensberry and Grafton; there were the Earls of March and upper Ossory—the latter an ally of standing; there was Garrick, to whom he had sent his first books; his Paris acquaintance Hume; and the inseparable James. Almost every period of his life was represented. The talk turned on Yorick's illness, which none could believe fatal. And when the truth leaked out their host instantly asked John Macdonald, a cadet of Sir James's clan then in his service, to go out and inquire. He went. The mistress opened the door; she told Macdonald to seek the nurse in the sick-room. He watched him die. Ten minutes he waited; but in five, Sterne gasped, "Now it is come." He put up his hand as if to ward a blow, and expired. The masquerader had quitted the hall-room.

Ossory proceeded to Lady Mary Coke, who much "lamented" Yorick, while the Earl of Eglinton, who was present at her party, said that the last sentimental journey had been taken. But an unsentimental journey was in store, nor had Sterne ended his adventures with his breath.

Becket, the bookseller, and Commodore James attended his funeral, in the new Bayswater burial-ground of St. George's, Hanover Square. Nor was a memorial erected till 1780, when "two brother masons" (whose masonry was probably the free craft of Crazy Castle) set up a head-stone with a rhymed inscription in honor of the humorist—"By Fools insulted, and by Prudes accused." Three days after the interment—and Hall-Stevenson is our witness—his body was snatched by the graveyard highwaymen who then abounded. It was sold for dissection, some say at Oxford, others at Cambridge, where tradition runs that his features were recognized. One can scarcely pass that cemetery without a shudder. What an epilogue to sentiment, and what a peg whereupon Yorick might have hung his moral!

In addition to a facsimile page from the "Journal to Eliza," the illustrations include some new portraits of Sterne, and, most welcome of all, a reproduction of that portrait of his wife on which Hawthorne made such caustic comment in "Our Old Home." She was not beautiful, but on the other hand hardly so naughty looking as Hawthorne imagined.

STERNE: A STUDY. By Walter Sichel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50 net.

Nearly five hundred banks scattered through forty States have applied to the trustees of the Postal Savings Banks for designation as depositories of postal bank deposits. At the same time more than two hundred postmasters in thirty-one States have asked that their postoffices shall be designated as postal banks. This latter fact is significant inasmuch as the postal banks will add materially to the labors of the postmasters without giving them added compensation and especially in view of the fact that postoffices generally must eventually become branch postal banks. The applications of the postmasters are practically all based on the demand of their patrons that a bank be added to their other facilities.

The new and at last legally constructed commission of fine arts, which was appointed by President Taft not long before the adjournment of Congress, has apparently exercised its powers for the first time in passing upon and approving the design for the new building for the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, which is to be erected in Washington practically upon the site of the present structure. The new building will be 850 feet long—the longest building in the country, it is claimed—and will be of classic style.

There is dispute as to whether tobacco takes its name from the island of Tobago, from the Yucatan province of Tabasco, from Tabasco in Florida, or from a y-shaped pipe which the people of Hispaniola smoked with their noses. Only one name is definitely associated with the great institution, that of Jean Nicot, the French ambassador to Portugal, who spread the fame of the herb through Europe. And of all who are familiar with "nicotine" of today, how many associate it with Nicot, or have even heard of him?

They are now making artificial marble with much success in Sicily. The manufactory is in the shadow of Mt. Etna, and there common blocks of sandstone are put in a tank containing volcanic asphalt and coal tar and boiled for thirty-six hours. The stones are then taken out and polished, and it is said that it takes an expert to tell them from black marble.

England's only radium deposit, the Trentwith mine in Cornwall, has produced its first little output, about one-twentieth of an ounce, which is worth \$150,000. The Austrian company which has a corner on radium has made arrangements to secure the product of the mine.

No other art or industrial influence gained so much for French prestige as the porcelain of Sevres.

WHERE MICAELA WAITED.

A Tragedy of Santa Maria.

The hand of Providence was clearly visible in Juan's marriage. Micaela, fat, pox-marked, and kindly, had proved herself an efficient and agreeable companion for the old *madre*, and as a daughter-in-law she would possess the added virtue of costing nothing but her keep; while as custodian of her husband's honor she promised to prove safe to a degree. So the marriage was solemnized by the good padre, and Juan's patron saint looked down upon him from the old mission wall and smiled approval. The marriage feast was duly eaten by the many friends and relatives of the happy pair. The bride's health was drunk in questionable red wine. And then the bride settled down in her old home to the new life, differing from the past only in that it offered more dignity and no pay.

But for Juan life began anew. He was a joyous creature, this Juan, with the whitest teeth and the merriest smile that ever illumined a brown, plump face; and a spirit so care-free and kindly, and audacious withal, that he was the hero of the youth of the town and a veritable swashbuckler where the women were concerned. And Juan's marriage, settling as it did the serious questions of his duty to his mother and to posterity, left him free—or so it seemed to his primitive nature, with its simple and convenient code of morals—to pursue that flowery path of dalliance for which nature and environment had adapted him.

So Micaela stayed at home and tended the old mother and later the little scion of the house; and Juan filled his days most joyously, the working hours with not-too-strenuous labor, the idle time with ardent and sustained devotion to women, wine, and polo. For Juan moved in the sporting circle of Santa Maria. He had fagged on the polo-field since he was big enough to hold a rein. He knew the points of every mount and every player; could place a bet to a nicety; and when the gentlemen needed to fill out a set Juan played a rattling game and was in his glory. So much for the polo.

As for the wine and women, one need not tell of the diverse pleasant ways which Juan found to pass an idle hour. And Micaela, proud of her handsome husband, tended the *madre* and the little son; kept Juan in the cleanest of well-polished linen; saw him off on a Sunday morning with a wifely smile, and received him back at the close of the day, even though a little the worse for wear, with a cheerful greeting, and not too many questions. Indeed was Juan blessed in his wife.

So life went on for a twelvemonth or more, as care-free and happy as life can be only in dreamy, lazy, sunny Santa Maria; and Juan waxed prosperous and content, with ever-increasing popularity among the fair sex as he had ever more and more pesos to drop of a night in those mysterious resorts of the sleepy town which offer to the passer the exceptional advantage of being "open day and night."

But there came a time when a hateful malady swept over the town. It flourished best in the Spanish quarter; children were its preferred prey, and merry Juanito, the idol of his mother's heart, was one of the first to succumb to it. Then the day came when a solemn, pathetic little procession passed out of the mission doors and took its way to the graveyard. Juan sobered for once by the presence of death, Micaela swathed in the conventional mourning garb of the Mexican woman, and dumb and stolid in her grief. The little coffin was laid away, and as the days wore on life resumed its normal pace for Juan.

Not so for Micaela. She had a full quarter of Indian blood in her veins. And who has ever learned to reckon with Indian blood? Slow to feel, loves and hates sink deep into the Indian heart. They have none of the power to throw off sorrow, none of that quick response to new influences of joy or pain which marks the variable Mexican temperament with its shifting ripples of sunshine and shadow, and its deeper undercurrent, less often stirred, of sombre melancholy.

When the light faded from Juanito's baby eyes the sun of Micaela's life set. She did not complain or cry out; the normal, healthful expression of grief was denied her. Her stolid answer, "Muerto," to the old grandmother's trembling question was the only word she uttered. Then she straightened the tiny limbs and laid out the pathetic little figure, too small and frail to express the dignity of death; and after the funeral was over she took up her daily round with lips still uncomplaining and a dumb, cruel ache in her lonely breast.

Every hour she could spare from the work and the old mother she slipped away to the cool chapel of the old mission; and there, kneeling on the stone floor, poured out her dumb agony in unspoken prayer to the good Saint John to care for the soul of his little namesake; and to the Holy Mother to send her another little one to fill the emptiness of her life and still the ache in her breast. And the good Saint John smiled down upon her the same benignant smile, and the Sacred Mother bent upon her calm eyes of infinite compassion; and neither in their serene aloofness assuaged one whit the living misery in her heart.

Into this situation came one day Donna Annunciata. A *comadre* this was of Micaela; one of those amiably virtuous women whose mission in life is to carry ill-advised information to the place where it will do most

harm; and who, when the deluge comes for which they have loosed the flood-gates, bestow pious and impartial condemnation on the guilty souls involved, and end by affirming that it is all the will of God. She came one cheery, sunny day when the beauty and joyousness of life made especially black and bitter the sorrow in the soul of Micaela, just returned from an unfruitful hour with those placid, immutable saints. In the short half-hour of her consoling visit the good lady planted in poor Micaela's raw and aching breast rankling poisonous shafts of jealousy and suspicion.

She was an artist in her line, was Donna Annunciata; and from her hints, but slightly veiled, or spicy narrative of current gossip—wherein the allusion was clear although no names were mentioned—and worst and most galling of all, from her ill-concealed compassion for the injured wife, it was easy for the poor, tortured brain of Micaela, for the first time turned from the contemplation of her secret grief, to piece together a very vivid and fairly accurate picture. A picture in which the leading figures were her handsome, debonaire Juan, and a certain plump and rosy Carmelita, with grace and youthful beauty in every line of her face and every curve of her shapely body and with the devil's own handiwork traceable in every loose, alluring glance of her bright eyes, and every audacious prompting of her immoral, mercenary little heart. The third figure, no less clearly drawn, was that of Micaela. Micaela, fat, ugly, and grief-stricken, an old woman at twenty-five, buried in her sorrow and blinded to the comedy playing at her very door, wherein her grief and her withered ugliness were the sport of that witching limb of Satan, Carmelita.

Then the Indian blood woke to hot life in Micaela's veins; and after that the devil was to pay.

On the streets of Santa Maria there is a certain dead-fall, one of the original adobes dating to the time before the occupation, whose whitewashed wall is inscribed with legends setting forth the various attractions to be found within. The list is accurate as far as it goes, but one passing through the narrow hallway that leads from the street to the rear of the building or coming in by the side entrance through a certain secluded alley, any time upwards of eleven o'clock at night, would see many unexpected and gratifying attractions not enumerated in the list ostentatiously displayed without.

To this resort came one night Micaela. Not the stolid, patient Micaela of Juanito's deathbed, nor yet the anguished Micaela who laid bare her bleeding heart to the unmoved gaze of the calm saints of the mission chapel, but a new Micaela; the face, once stolid, drawn into lines of passion, the fires of a vindictive, jealous hate blazing through the dull eyes, and the Indian blood, hot for vengeance, coursing madly through her veins. She lingered for a while in the alley and listened to the muffled sounds just distinguishable through the heavy door. Then, guided by a sure instinct, passed through the narrow way to a dark courtyard at the back, and found what she sought—a small window, high set, its grimy pane leaving dimly visible the low-raftered room within.

It was a picturesque scene that Micaela watched till after the clock on the Fifthian building chimed melodiously the hour of one. A picturesque scene, and the life and centre of it was Carmelita—Carmelita, bewitching in her vivid beauty, wit and devilry in every spicy retort of her ready tongue, allurements in every easy gesture, irresistible when she mounted the table and sang the Habanera while the infatuated Juan flung pesos at her feet.

It was Juan's wont to return to the wife of his bosom between the hours of one and two, and after the big clock sounded the hour Micaela took up her stand beside the alley door. The few who passed in or out paid no attention to the muffled figure crouched by the doorway, if indeed they saw it at all, merged as it was into the prevailing gloom.

The clock chimed the quarter and then the half. Carmelita was hard to leave tonight.

Then the three-quarters. And Juan came. Gay and debonaire still, flushed with wine and passion, he stepped over the threshold and swung to the heavy door behind him.

As he turned down the dark alley, away from the lighted street, a shadow, where the shadows seemed blackest, started swiftly out and sank back again into the blackness. Something sharp and stinging smote Juan just over the heart and, with a choking groan, he fell back into the narrow passageway.

In the stillness the clock chimed the hour, and mingling strangely with its clear mellow note came the thin long-drawn wail of a little child. Once it broke upon the night, again, and yet again, plaintive, piercing, like the cry of a wandering soul. It rang in the ears of the woman crouched in the passageway. It touched a chord long silent and opened founts long sealed of pity and love. With an answering cry, passionate, anguish-stricken, despairing—"Juanito, my little Juan!"—she threw herself upon the silent figure staring upward at the stars and as she pressed it to her breast the dagger found her heart.

KATHARINE LYNCH.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1910.

Henry Dexter, the founder and ex-president of the American News Company, who died in New York a few days ago at the age of ninety-seven, was active up to within a few days of his death and visited his wife daily.

AUNT GLEGG AND THE VILLAGE.

Not Forgetting the Lady of the Manor.

Aunt Glegg and the English village dwell apart in the world of romance. George Eliot created the one; the other owes its glamour to the sentiment of many generations.

Aunt Glegg, it will be remembered, had a habit of "wondering at" nearly everything and everybody. Her own sisters were not exempt from her astonishment. There was Mrs. Tulliver, for example, who had but to suggest such between meals eating as a cheese-cake and a glass of wine to be "wondered at," and Mrs. Pullet's absurd grief for a death not in the family was another sufficient cause for the arching of Aunt Glegg's eyebrows. She was, in short, a lady who held rigid ideas of deportment, and dress, and degrees of sorrow, and moral conduct. Her own career was above reproach. Mr. Glegg probably had to wait for his first kiss until he had signed the marriage register, and she was never known to exceed in the use of the wine-cup.

Concerning the English village much has been written. Prose and poetry have thrown around it an idyllic atmosphere. Its manor house or castle, its venerable church, its comfortable farmhouses, its picturesque cottages bowered in roses—all these have been the theme of purple patches and tender verse. The sweet innocence of village life, the faithful service of the laborer and the paternal care of the squire, the devotion of the pastor and the careful zeal of the schoolteacher, the industry of the farmer and the charity of his wife—who is not acquainted with them all? So Aunt Glegg and the English village abide in the imagination, objects of reverie and inspirations of ideals.

But each of these visions has been ruthlessly shattered. Aunt Glegg has left the domain of romance for that of reality; the English village has become a matter of definite topography.

Rutlandshire is the smallest of the English counties, notable, it has been thought, for its rural beauty and pastoral peace. Not far from its ancient capital is a village called Ashwell, a desirable spot for lovers of the picturesque and devotees of the chase. The controlling genius of this delightful retreat is one Lady Bromley, who presides over Ashwell Lodge and the destinies of the hamlet with despotic rule. Yet, in an unguarded moment, the lady of the manor agreed to take under her roof a member of her own sex bearing the name of Florence Elizabeth Glegg. It seems that this new Aunt Glegg is fond of hunting and has aspirations towards a rural life, and having a liberal supply of ready cash was able to offer her ladyship of Ashwell monetary inducements of a tempting character. So Aunt Glegg and her husband and her horses and her servants were duly installed at Ashwell Lodge.

Peace reigned for a time, but only a brief time. Aunt Glegg's cook was a person of individuality, and not of the kind to harmonize with the temperament of Lady Bromley. The result may be imagined. Her ladyship promptly dismissed the cook of her guest, and then trouble began. It is true the feud was adjusted for a few days, but the more Aunt Glegg thought over the matter the more she "wondered at" Lady Bromley, and finally it became necessary for her to take herself and her belongings elsewhere.

Now vacant houses are not plentiful in the English village, but it did happen that one belonging to the son of the lady of the manor was somehow available. Rejoicing in her victory, Aunt Glegg proceeded to make her new abode more comfortable by alterations and additions. But her ladyship was not defeated. Calling her son to account for his temerity in harboring such an undesirable tenant, she finally persuaded him to give Aunt Glegg "notice," and then to eject her from his premises. And now Aunt Glegg "wondered at" her foe more than ever. But, she, too, had not exhausted her resources. There was a farmer, it seems, who did not owe allegiance to her ladyship, and one of his fields was immediately available for the caravan which became Aunt Glegg's substitute for brick walls. From that nomadic castle defiance was hurled against the lady of the manor; Aunt Glegg had won the day; she would have her hunting and her rural delights in spite of her ladyship of Ashwell.

And now her ladyship changed her tactics. There came a peaceful Sunday when two unfamiliar men were espied among the worshipers in the village church. "Seeing strangers in my village, I was anxious to ascertain who they were." Service and sermon that day were no means of grace to the lady of the manor; her soul's peace was gone till she found out who the visitors were. As a matter of record they were a couple of Londoners on holiday at a farmhouse, one bearing the high-sounding name of Hernandez, on the strength of which the owner claimed brotherhood with a Spanish marquis and enviable intimacy with the king and court of Spain. Such distinguished persons could not be overlooked by her ladyship, who somehow got them informed that she would be happy to lend them some books. Flattered by such attention, the visitors called at Ashwell Lodge, there to learn the history of the village in general and the real character of Aunt Glegg in particular. An "impossible person," her ladyship remarked, really a woman of "no character," had had a child before marriage, was much addicted to drink, and did not pay her bills.

Aunt Glegg quickly heard it all. News spreads in the English village with a rapidity which shames the

telegraph wire. Incidentally it should be noted that Aunt Glegg had been trying to make things uncomfortable for her ladyship in a mild way. A flower show was in sight, on the prize-list of which Lady Bromley figured as a generous patron of first awards. So Aunt Glegg offered the officials a set of equally valuable prizes for special solacement of those who did not win her ladyship's gifts. When that device failed, a dinner to the farmers was substituted, which, duly reported in the local newspaper, gave her ladyship occasion to remark to her two callers that it was a good thing Aunt Glegg "drank the toasts in tea." This also was reported to the intruder in the caravan, who now ceased "wondering at" her whilom hostess and hailed her before a court of law.

So Aunt Glegg and the English village have come into the legal limelight, to the detriment of the second. The gentleman with the Spanish name proved to be a London bankrupt with an ominous record, and the evidence disclosed the fact that Ashwell Lodge is known locally as the "School for Scandal." And a callous jury decided that Lady Bromley should pay a thousand dollars for her conversational indiscretions. So Aunt Glegg wins after all.

LONDON, July 9, 1910.

POEMS BY RICHARD BURTON.

The First Song.

A poet writ a song of May
That checked his breath awhile;
He kept it for a summer day,
Then spake with half a smile:

"Oh, little song of purity,
Of mystic to-and-fro,
You are so much a part of me
I dare not let you go."

And so he made a sister-song
With more of cunning art:
But held the first his whole life long
Deep hidden in his heart.

An Italian Beggar.

Ho, little girl, the road beside,
That winds along by the vineyards gay,
All you want is our coin, I know,
And you thrust your roses under our noses,
Hoping to conquer our scruples so,
What I should do is to answer: "No,
Beggars should always be denied."

What I do, is to throw to you
All my change,—for my heart beats young,
This is Italy,—skies are blue,
All about me I hear a tongue
Made for song,—and your eyes are bright.
Dusk your hair, and your face alight
And lovely,—bless me, what money pays
For this land of lands and this day of days!
—From "From the Book of Life."

To One Mourning.

Dear one, give way to grief. And yet.
As sure as doth the violet
Smell sweeter, wet with rain, shall you
Arise enriched to dare and do,
Through this black hour whose weight like lead
Bows you in anguish by the dead;
The very silence and the pall
May seem sheer kindness, after all.

So, rest in that Divine perhaps;
The pain that stabs, the doubt that stabs
The spirit, why, they may be naught
But shadows of the shining thought
That is too splendid and too bright
For the endurance of our sight.
The otherwise o'er-radiant spheres
Being tempered for us by our tears.

Much in Little.

Just seven little notes—
(For the notes of the scale are seven),
Yet up from their whiteness floats
All passion 'twixt hell and heaven.
—From "From the Book of Life."

Sun and Moon.

Love's passion the sun burns on high
For a day and Life leaps to its kiss;
Oh, the joy of the loved one anigh!
Oh, the rush and the rapture of bliss!

But the dusk falls. Love's memory, a moon,
Shines sad in the mystical night;
Ah, the passion that passes too soon!
Ah, the fair, unforgotten delight!

Ballade of the Brave.

Prate not to me of weaklings, who
Lament this life and naught achieve.
I hymn the vast and valiant crew
Of those who have scant time to grieve;
Firm-set their fortune to retrieve,
They sing for luck a lusty stave,
The world's staunch workers, by your leave,—
This is the ballade of the brave.

Wan women, steel to staggering blows;
White souls from many a nether place;
The humble heroes and the foes
Of sham; the hunters of the base.
The men with missions in their face,
The clan who straighten, heal and save;
The young who think each card an ace,—
This is the ballade of the brave.

Those who with stingless laugh and jest
Sweeten the labor; those who stake
Their all on some sky-reaching quest,
Unconquerable for conscience' sake;
The warriors who a last stand make,
Though loss o'erwhelm them, wave on wave;
Smiling, the while their hearts do break,—
This is the hallade of the brave!

Brothers, it is a heavenly stake
Ye play for, goodlier than the grave,
Then play it well, for God's sweet sake,—
This is the ballade of the brave!
—From "From the Book of Life."

In Sleep.

Not drowsiness and dreams and mere idleness,
Nor yet the blessedness of strength regained,
Alone are in what men call sleep. The past,
My unsuspected soul, my parents' voice,
The generations of my forebears, yea,
The very will of God himself are there
And potent-working: so that many a doubt
Is wiped away at daylight, many a soil
Washed cleaner, many a puzzle riddled plain.
Strong, silent forces push my puny self
Towards unguessed issues, and the waking man
Rises a Greatheart where a Slave lay down.

In a Copy of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese."

Once a white soul, meeting her destined mate,
Poured forth her solemn joy in tender song
That, like some mystic bird's, rose blithely strong.
Shaking off sorrow with a voice elate.
Frail was her body, wearisome her fate;
Even to dream of Love seemed somehow wrong,
For one remote from Life's full-pulsing throng
And finding but in dreams her true estate.
But lo! the change, the golden miracle!
He came: and lighted all her sombre skies;
And she was given the singing tongue to tell
How sudden-sweet the world to lover's eyes.
Strength out of weakness, glory out of grief
Issuing,—as from dark roots the glad, green leaf.
—From "From the Book of Life."

Nature's Word.

In holy moments, when great Nature seems
Hushed and a-listen, earth and air and sky
In all their loveliness aroused from dreams,
Ready for revelations from on high;
We mortals, too, await in wonder then,—
Hearts throbbing like some small, just-captured bird,—
Something divine about-to-be,—ah, when
Or where we know not, but we trust the Word.

The Ultimate Nation.

Once Babylon, by beauty tenanted,
In pleasure palaces and walks of pride,
Like a great scarlet flower reared her head,
Drank in the sun and laughed, and sinned and died.

Where Tyre and Sidon teemed with ships abroad,
The wharves are idle and the waters lone;
And to the Temple that was His abode
In vain Jerusalem recalls her own.

Brooding the bygone from her sculptured seats,
In living rock her mighty memories hewn,
Along the Nile, wonder of water streets,
Old fertile Egypt is a stranger's boon.

Mark Athens, breathed upon by breath of gods,
With bards and sages to reveal her signs,
Leap like a flame above life's iron clods,
To fall in ashes upon vacant shrines.

And Rome, firm-founded in a wide embrace;
Her laws and legions, her imperial goal,
Avail not when her sometime honor dies,
Smothered in shows that kill the mounting soul.

Such names of pride and power have been brought low,
Lapsing alike into the cavernous years:
Out of the grayness of the long ago
Their ghosts flit homeless and we guess their tears.

The destiny of nations! They arise,
Have their heyday of triumph, and in turn
Sink upon silence and the lidless eyes
Of fate salute them from their final urn.

How splendid-sad the story! How the gust
And pain and bliss of the living transient seem!
Cities and pomps and glories shrunk to dust,
And all that ancient opulence a dream.

Must a majestic rhythm of rise and fall
Conquer the peoples once so proud on earth?
Does man but march in circles, after all,
Playing his curious game of death and birth?

Or shall an ultimate nation, God's own child,
Arise and rule, nor ever conquered be;
Untouched of time because, all undefiled,
She makes His ways her ways eternally?
—From "From the Book of Life."

Work is nearly completed making possible the opening of the new bridge across the Rio Grande, connecting the towns of Brownsville, Texas, and Matamoras, Mexico. It is the most southern and eastern railroad bridge that spans the international boundary stream. It is more than 250 miles from this bridge to the next nearest one at Laredo. The new railway route from the bridge southwest is through a historic stretch of country. From Corpus Christi, Texas, to Monterey, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, it traverses the same ground that was followed by General Zachary Taylor and his American army on their invasion of Mexico in 1847. A short distance below Corpus Christi, by the side of the road, is to be seen the very tree under which General Taylor made his camp while on that memorable march.

A hundred squirrels raided a bread wagon on Pompton turnpike, Cedar Grove, New Jersey, a few days ago, and before they were driven off a number of them were killed and all the bread and pies were spoiled. The driver had been delivering bread when the squirrels swarmed into the wagon. He jumped in to drive them out. The squirrels jumped on him and bit and scratched his head, face, and hands. There was scarcely a loaf of bread or pie in the wagon that had not been bitten into by the squirrels.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Motley.

Nearly thirty samples of Mr. Galsworthy's writing are included in this volume. Some of the stories, studies, and impressions are exceedingly slight, and were hardly worth preserving, save for the purpose of eking out the book. But the others include such a remarkable character sketch as that entitled "A Portrait," not to mention the vivid bit of portraiture called "A Fisher of Men." The first-named is an admirable example of Mr. Galsworthy's method, penetrating in its analysis of a singularly attractive personality and notable for its rare charm of mellowness. The study is obviously from a model, a man of ripe years and pronounced individuality, but in drawing the portrait the writer has added the transfixing touch of imagination. More sombre is the sketch of that disappointed minister who in his Cornish parish showed such a lamentable lack of ability to understand his dour parishioners and suffered accordingly, even though he got some joy from life through his affection for the brute creation. "A Miller of Dee" is another remarkable study of undeveloped humanity, with a tragic but consistent climax.

A MOTLEY. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.20 net.

Highways of Progress.

Convinced that the imaginative theories of socialism would destroy the vitality of the nation, James J. Hill in these serious studies in applied economics gives a lucid and earnest exposition of the factors which, in his opinion, make for real progress. He anticipates that in less than fifty years the population of the United States will exceed two hundred million people, and argues that we can not adapt our conditions to the future by restricting the growth of population. In view of the needs of fifty years hence, what is to be done? "The first step," Mr. Hill affirms, "is to realize our dependence upon the cultivation of the soil. . . . The next will be to concentrate popular interest and invention and hope upon that neglected occupation. We are still clinging to the skirts of a civilization born of great cities. We at this very moment use a slang which calls the stupid man a 'farmer.' Genius has shunned the farm and expended itself upon mechanical appliances and commerce and the manifold activities whose favorable reactions filter back but slowly to the plot of ground on which stands solidly the real master of himself and his destiny."

By way of practical suggestion, Mr. Hill asks that the government establish a small model farm on its own land in every rural congressional district, and later in every county in the agricultural States. He would build a couple or at least one warship less every year to provide the funds. The need for these model farms is made clear in the chapter on old and new methods of farming, wherein it is declared that "the man no longer deserves the name of farmer who conceives of his industry as a scratching of the earth, a hit-or-miss scattering of seed, and a harvesting of such a yield as soil and weather may permit." Then Mr. Hill favors reciprocity with Canada, asserting that commerce must eventually move unrestricted between the two countries. Nor does he overlook such important matters as industrial and railroad consolidations, Oriental trade, irrigation, waterways, and the conservation of capital. Everywhere he puts his case with admirable clearness, and in the end reminds his readers that the political as well as the economic future is involved. He cites the prophecy of Macaulay, who fifty years ago warned an American correspondent that so long as the country had a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land all would be well, but that when conditions were altered the institutions of America would be brought to the test.

HIGHWAYS OF PROGRESS. By James J. Hill. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Sport and Travel in the Far East.

In picture and text Mr. Grew maintains that balance of subject indicated by his title. Hence the book has a double appeal, having much of interest for the sportsman in addition to many pages which will prove attractive to the lover of travel.

Although the journey from Marseilles to Singapore has been often described, Mr. Grew's account of his own experiences is full of interest. He is an acute observer, and wisely decides to set down only the pleasant happenings of his journey. His route led him at length through the Malay jungle, where he had an opportunity to note the antics of the baby elephant. Nothing, he thinks, is more excruciatingly funny. "To begin with, he suddenly charges a bamboo thicker, butting down great trees as carelessly as though they were cornstalks; these fall across the way, together with small avalanches of rotten boughs, placing your life distinctly in jeopardy and causing you to wonder anxiously whether in the event of a dearth of bamboo you yourself may not be selected as a substitute. He then

tears up a large sapling by the roots, breaks it in pieces, and hurls the hits in every direction, while you vainly attempt to dodge the missiles. Tired of this pastime, you will observe him surreptitiously filling his trunk with the semi-liquid mud by the roadside, which he appears to have swallowed until a sudden carefully aimed jet covers you from head to foot."

Some of the famous cities of India are described by Mr. Grew with much enthusiasm. He was fascinated by the continual novelty of the country, which prevents the traveler from becoming bored as he easily may in Europe. No two cities are ever just alike; each seems to possess distinctive features. Benares is especially delightful. It is a city "so absolutely different from anything you have seen before that you wonder whether it really belongs to our earth, and is not a town of some other world."

On the eve of setting out on the more serious of his sporting expeditions Mr. Grew had an amusing experience. He and his companion were endeavoring to escape a mob of merchants, cooks, servants, etc., "all thrusting their recommendations in our face and squabbling for their prey, when a spic-and-span dogcart dashed up, an Indian gentleman, neatly and well dressed, descended, salaamed, and in the best of English asked permission to rescue us from the crowd. Of course we got in without delay, and were driven in style to his house, where we were served with a good Kashmir breakfast in a sunny little room overlooking the Jhelum, and then were shown through his shawl-parlors. It was neatly done, and resulted in Mr. Bahar Shah's securing the greater part of our custom during our stay in Srinagar." Mr. Grew is an expert photographer as well as an entertaining writer, and has illustrated his book with eighty pictures of the scenes he visited and the trophies he secured.

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN THE FAR EAST. By J. C. Grew. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net.

The Pursuit.

From the moment when John Aylmer "reddened under his tan" because he had been behaving "like some cub of a cockney clerk" in staring for thirty seconds at a woman, the reader will have a shrewd suspicion that the woman in question, Claire Van Arlen, will eventually undergo a similar physiological experience. Such is the case. "The color rushed to her cheeks, flooded to her brow." But this is at the end of the pursuit, in which her sister's child is the important counter—a child, by the way, who would have been improved by a birch rod, and is as irritating to the reader as to some persons in this story. To reach the second "reddening under the tan" involves wading through a story of no particular merit, written, as may be imagined, in a style devoid of any distinction. The scene opens in Tangier, changes to Gibraltar and other places, and finally introduces the reader to Messina. Of course there is an earthquake, a convenient medium for disposing of the villain.

THE PURSUIT. By Frank Savile. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

Joe Muller, Detective.

Notwithstanding a certain crudeness of construction and a somewhat painfully amateurish type of dialogue, these five stories do hold the interest of the reader. They are held together in a way by the bland personality of that member of the Austrian police service from whom they take their title, Joe Muller being an attractive detective because of his unfeeling humanity. That trait is his undoing at last, for officialdom can not forgive his warning a murderer whose provocation had won his sympathy. However, the murderer leaves Joe a handsome fortune, which enables him to retire from the service and spend his days in ease. Perhaps the best of the stories is that entitled "The Registered Letter," for the climax is cleverly hidden while the reader is adroitly thrown off the scent on several occasions. In the main, these stories reach a happy ending.

JOE MULLER, DETECTIVE. By Grace Isahel Colbron and Augusta Groner. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

Elisabeth Davenay.

From her childhood Elisabeth despised men. Her ambition was to write books like Mme. de Staël and George Sand. Later she became a "working woman," entirely self-supporting, and to the charge that she was a feminist retorted: "If you understand by a *feministe* the woman who demands the right for a young and dowdier girl to work honestly and remuneratively in all those careers for which her talents fit her, exactly on the same basis as a man, if you admit her right to choose such work instead of the only other alternative that society offers her, which is prostitution in some form or other—legal or illegal—then I'm a *feministe*, of course."

Such a confession of faith gives the reader clear warning what to expect. The story is drenched with feminism. One redeeming feature is that the scene is laid in France, thus giving some idea of what form the woman movement is taking in that country. This enables the author to score heavily when dealing

with the question of marriage. All through Elisabeth is continually in evidence, but it can not be said that her character grows attractive the longer one knows her. Towards the end she does threaten to become womanly, but the last pages depict her writing a letter of farewell to the man who has awakened some love in her heart. Perhaps the story will appeal to a few strong-minded females.

ELISABETH DAVENAY. By Claire de Pratz. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50.

Briefer Reviews.

Although somewhat slight, the "Diary of a Daly Débutante" (Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net), contains much gossip of a kind likely to interest playgoers. Many well-known members of the theatrical profession figure in these pages, and there are some lively peeps behind the scenes.

Robert Russell Benedict's study of "The Mystery of Hamlet" (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net) is suggestive and illuminating. He discusses the difficulties of the play, the sources of the plot, and then gives an excellent analysis of Hamlet in his relation to the other characters. The mystery, he finds, is that of "life, that envelops him and sets him questioning and wondering, as it does us all."

Hamilton Holt's lecture on "Commercialism and Journalism" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net) is well worth preserving in book form. Apart from its value as a historical record, it deserves the greatest publicity for the sake of its ideals. Mr. Holt shows that it is in the gathering of the less important news of the day that journalism has deteriorated, for which the pernicious "yellow journals" are responsible.

John Maurice Clark's monograph on "Standards of Reasonableness in Local Freight Discriminations" (Columbia University; \$1.25) reaches the conclusion that the causes leading to the discriminations are not peculiar to railways and do not justify such a wide range of inequalities as many writers have suggested. It is also argued that "the private interests of roads can not be shown to be identical with the public interest, and in particular indirect or market competition, as well as direct or junction competition, contains motives which lead to discriminations."

Numerous half-tone reproductions of great pictures are the distinguishing feature of "The Master Painters of Britain" (John Lane Company; \$3 net). The editor, Gleesen White, explains that the object of the book is to give a selection of the best paintings of the most notable British artists, and to provide the reader with an informing account of those artists for the purpose of illustrating the development of art. Hence, in addition to a useful introduction, each picture has an accompanying note giving the chief points of its history. The reproductions are generally excellent.

While conscious of present-day problems, Henry Rogers Seager manifests a fine spirit of optimism in his "Social Insurance" (the Macmillan Company; \$1 net) in which he unfolds a programme of social reform. There are some admirable thoughts on such important matters as compensation for industrial accidents, unemployment, and provision for old age. With regard to the future Mr. Seager holds that as government is becoming more efficient and social, policies which a short time ago were unsuited to conditions in the United States are coming each year within the range of practical politics.

Keeping clearly before him the necessity of quickening in young men the sense of civic responsibility, Charles Evan Hughes in his "Conditions of Progress in Democratic Government" (Yale University Press; \$1.15 net) dwells upon the attitude of the individual and notes that "increasing prosperity tends to breed indifference and to corrupt moral soundness." Postulating that the lover of democracy has no desire to see the tyranny of despots replaced by the tyranny of a majority taking unto itself the conduct of individual life, Governor Hughes finds that "democracy will make progress in the degree that people cultivate the patience and steadiness of justice." These lectures hold high ideals constantly in view and enforce the truth that the perversion of party organization prospers through ignorance, indifference, and cupidity.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

George Meek, Bath Chair-Man.

As it was by Mr. Wells's advice Mr. Meek wrote his autobiography, it is not surprising that the volume is prefaced by an enthusiastic introduction from Mr. Wells's pen. That introduction does Mr. Meek an injustice. Had its claim been less extravagant, the reader would have expected less, and not been disappointed. As it is, disappointment is inevitable, and as to the question, "What are we to do with our Meeks?" most readers will arrive at the answer that there is nothing to be done with them save giving them freedom to work out their destinies in their own way.

For, on his own showing, Mr. Meek has fared about as well as he could expect. It is evident that although possessing certain gifts he has no stability of character, for otherwise he would hardly have lived so many years without buckling down to a definite occupation and earning therefrom a satisfactory livelihood. He has been more things than can be counted, and the fact that in his later years he has kept fairly close to the occupation of pushing a Bath chair shows the weakness of his character. The haphazard nature of the employment has evidently been its greatest attraction to him. For the rest the story he has to tell has little that is remarkable, and really it is amazing that Mr. Wells should indulge in such fulsome praise of the manner in which it is written. No doubt the book is frank enough to please the most ardent realist and for that reason it may find a number of readers.

GEORGE MECK, BATH CHAIR-MAN. By Himself. With an introduction by H. G. Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Handel.

Granting that the Handel of our forefathers, the Christian Handel, is dead, and admitting he is unpopular with those who are supposed to speak for the cultivated musical taste of the present day, Mr. Streatfeild holds that Handel the artist was never so much alive, and believes that he will regain favor in proportion as the comprehension of the meaning of music grows. Hence he devotes a large part of this admirable study to the interpretation of the inner meaning of Handel's music.

Such a purpose, however, does not prevent Mr. Streatfeild from indulging in biographical detail. The book, indeed, gives an exhaustive account of the musician's career, and follows his footsteps at Halle, Hamburg, and in Italy and England. As is well known, George II was a consistent patron of Handel. Hence the not of Lord Chesterfield, who was seen coming from Covent Garden one evening in the middle of a performance. "What, my Lord," said a friend, "are you dismissed? Is there not an oratorio?" "Yes," was the reply, "they are now performing, but I thought it best to retire, lest I should disturb the king in his privacies."

By industrious research among old records Mr. Streatfeild has been able to compile many interesting particulars as to the earliest performances of the "Messiah." The first public performance took place in Dublin on April 13, 1742, following a rehearsal five days previously. As the concert hall was small and the proceeds were to be devoted to charity, the favor was requested that "Ladies who honor this performance with their Presence, would be pleased to come without Hoops, as it will greatly increase the Charity, by making Room for more company." For the same reason gentlemen were asked to leave their swords at home. Eleven months went by before the "Messiah" had its first performance in London, no notice of which was given in any of the newspapers. But the following anecdote preserved by Dr. Beattie gives an incident of the occasion: "When Handel's 'Messiah' was first performed, the audience was exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general, but when the chorus struck up 'For the Lord God Omnipotent' in the Alleluia, they were so transported that they all together, with the king (who happened to be present), started up and remained standing till the chorus ended." With regard to that famous oratorio, Mr. Streatfeild holds that it has a message for all, and that if it is not Handel's greatest work, it is undoubtedly the most universal in its appeal.

HANDEL. By R. A. Streatfeild. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Professor Ernst Haekel promises to publish a volume of the letters written him in connection with his "The Riddle of the Universe." He adds: "We must not forget how much the progress of free thought is hampered by the influential personality of our much-admired emperor. Far be it from me to misjudge his extraordinary talents and manifold knowledge, but the emperor's personal religious convictions are specifically dogmatic and his sharp emphasizing of orthodox Christianity must deter wide circles from expressing a contrary opinion."

It was the case with the immortal Martin Tupper, who outsoled all the real poets of his day, Ella Wheeler Wilcox has the poetic field of Great Britain practically to herself, for

John Bull is credited with buying between forty and fifty thousands of her volumes annually.

"Georg Schock" is the pen-name of Katherine Riegel Losse, whose "Hearts Contending" has won the praise of discriminating critics.

American novels are proving stern competitors of the English variety in the Australian market because, it is explained, they are a reflection of life in a new country and hence of special interest to the Australian reader. At any rate, American publishers are credited with sending their travelers all the way to Sydney and Melbourne.

Another British publisher, Thomas D. Galpin, has left a fortune of the value of close on two million dollars. A partner of the same firm left an estate which exceeded the two-million-dollar mark.

Asked by his publishers to disclose his "plans," Ellis Parker Butler confesses: "My method of producing literature is more on the 'spur of the moment' order, and resembles a cat having a fit. A cat hardly ever plans out a fit very carefully. When it gets ready to have a fit it goes ahead and has it; sometimes it is a good fit, and sometimes it turns out to be a mere fizzle, and sometimes the cat thinks it is having one of the best fits it ever had, and then the fit critics say it is a mighty poor fit. I may have lots of fits this summer, and I may not have any."

Fall fiction promised by the Houghton Mifflin Company is to include stories by Meredith Nicholson, Clara Louise Burnham, Alice Brown, Harry James Smith, Ian Hay, William J. Hopkins, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Thomas Hardy has been appointed to the Order of Merit by George V in succession to George Meredith, the first novelist to receive the distinction. The order was founded by Edward VII to be given in recognition of "exceptionally meritorious service."

Dr. F. J. Furnivall, who died recently in his eighty-sixth year, is thus characterized by a friend: "Nothing was too old or too new for the doctor. He was imperialist, socialist, humanitarian, jingo, insular, universal, athlete, student, recluse, and a good fellow. His energy was phenomenal, whether in a vain three months' digging in tons of unsorted files at Somerset House for the secrets of Shakespeare's household or in counting the tin cups and pewter spoons for a philanthropic picnic on the river."

One of the important books of the approaching season will be the second volume of A. Maurice Low's "The American People." Mr. Low received the honorary degree of M. A. from Dartmouth at its recent commencement.

Alfred J. Morrison has completed the translation of Dr. Johann David Schoepf's "Reise durch einige der mittlern und südlichen vereinigten nordamerikanischen Staaten." Dr. Schoepf, the father of American geology, was a surgeon in the German division of the British army, who after the peace devoted ten months to an examination of the coast States as far as St. Augustine. His work is described as a valuable contribution to the history of the early confederation period.

An expert in the diplomatic history of the England and Spain of the Elizabethan era has passed away by the death of Major Martin Hume, who had attained his sixty-third year, but did not begin his literary career until he had reached the age of forty-two.

E. V. Lucas, who, by the way, after many volumes of essays and choice extracts, is to court favor with a new novel shortly, says that when he met Mark Twain he was "surprised by his size. I had always thought of

him as long and gaunt; but he was quite a small man, and his lines were soft. I was surprised also by the almost tremulous gentleness of his expression, but that I imagine was a late acquisition; it had come with age and bereavement. His voice a little disappointed me. One had heard so much of the famous drawl; but, possibly through careful cultivation of a similar mechanism by humorists of our own, I was not carried away by it. But everything that he said was good, and his choice of words seemed to me extremely felicitous."

To secure the alteration of even a comma in the Prayer Book "the steps necessary appear to be: first, the issue by the king of Letters of Business to Convocation; secondly, a recommendation of Convocation; and lastly, an act of Parliament."

Exceedingly timely, in view of the revived interest in aesthetics, is the new edition of Walter Pater's works which the Macmillans are to publish. It is useful to be reminded that the "function of the aesthetic critic is to distinguish, to analyze, and separate from its adjuncts, the virtue by which a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book, produces this special impression of beauty or pleasure, to indicate what the source of that impression is, and under what conditions it is experienced. His end is reached when he has disengaged that virtue, and noted it, as a chemist notes some natural element, for himself and others."

New Books Received.

FICTION.

ONE BRAVER THING. By Richard Deban. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

South Africa in the days of the Boer War provides the background for this spaciouly planned story. The characters are drawn with notable vividness and move among incidents of breathless interest.

THE VARMINT. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50.

A stirring story of boy's school life, with studies, games, friendships, and pranks to alternate the interest. The hero is a promising bit of young manhood.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LORD GLENESK AND THE "MORNING POST." By Reginald Lucas. New York: John Lane Company; \$6 net.

A record of half a century in London journalism, politics, and society. The volume contains many interesting reminiscences of British statesmen and gives an excellent picture of the inside history of a great newspaper.

THE BOOK OF THE FLOWER SHOW. By Charles H. Curtis. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

An addition to the series of handbooks of practical gardening intended specially for the use of those who are ambitious to take part in horticultural exhibitions.

ARMY LIFE ON THE PLAINS. By Frances C. Callington. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.

Personal reminiscences of the Fort Phil. Kearney massacre and an account of the celebration of "Wyoming Opened."

A GUIDE TO GREAT CITIES. By Esther Singleton. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.25.

Intended for the use of young travelers. The book gives sketches of the history and notable objects of the ten most important cities of north-western Europe.

A GUIDE TO BIOGRAPHY. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.25 net.

Devoted to American men of mind, including writers, painters, actors, men of science, men of affairs and inventors.

TRAILS THROUGH THE WESTERN WOODS. By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$2 net.

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"MIZPAH" AT THE PRINCESS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

It is getting to be a queer sensation to go up town for an evening at the theatres since downtown was rebuilt. There we find ourselves traveling through a dull residence street, past quiet homes set out with lawns and flower-beds, and with twilight glimpses of almost deserted blocks, with perhaps a solitary figure fitting in, until we find ourselves at Fillmore Street.

This post-quake Rialto is still over-arched with light, still fairly populous at night, still lined with lighted shop-fronts, but it is no longer a Rialto, unless it be a moving-picture Rialto. For Fillmore Street is the congenial home of the moving-picture show.

The Princess Theatre, offering "Mizpah" as its attraction, was our objective point. And there the public was, in good round numbers. It was enjoying itself vastly. The public loves Biblical drama, just as it loves historical drama. It loves costuming pageantry, stage tableaux, and tall talk. There is a lot of tall talk in "Mizpah," and the tallest talkers are, inevitably, the royal pair, although I should unhesitatingly give Vashti the palm for getting up on the highest pair of stilts and throwing the most bouquets at herself.

Vashti was most felicitously cast, being in the hands of Victory Bateman, who was born for the rôle. This actress has the appropriate Fotheringayish majesty and a deep, unctuous, rolling voice that made a mere nothing of gloomily descending to the key of z.

I am always intensely interested in the mental workings of the actor-mind, and I would give a hit to know if Miss Bateman took herself as seriously as she seemed to when she intoned, in a midnight contralto, "Go; leave me to my dreams; I fain would be alone." Perhaps she made faces, and joshed, and whispered funny jolekets, as we yokels on the outside are told they do on the stage when they are rolling a hit of fustian under their accustomed tongues. But whether she did or not, me for Victory Bateman in the rôle of Vashti.

Vashti, you will remember, was the rebellious consort of King Ahasuerus, who admired, but, she claimed, did not love her. He treated her only as an ornament to his court; she was, as Ella Wheeler Wilcox puts it, made "to come and go at pleasure's beck and call, but barred from wisdom's conclave." To this Vashti objected. You perceive there were new women as well as giants on the earth in those days.

If we refer to the Book of Esther, we will find that Vashti was not a bad sort at all. Her only trouble was that her head was a little too big for her crown. So she "sassed" King Ahasuerus, and he and his council, fearing an epidemic of suffragettism, banished her from court.

Although they had no divorce courts in those days, they had divorces in royal families. It was the simplest proposition in the world. The royal word was sufficient. Vashti, for her Mrs. Caudle lecture, was deprived of her queenship, and the king was a grass widower.

Then—I speak not of the play, but of the book of Esther—the usual homardment of a widower's susceptibilities began. All the good-looking girls in the country secured unguents from the heauty doctors—apparently there were heauty doctors in those days, too—and steeped themselves in cold cream and astringent washes, that they might go in gala attire and lure the royal eye. And here was where the wily Mordecai, leader of the Jews, came in. Knowing well that the time would come when the king would prefer a water-washed countenance and hair guiltless of peroxide, he persuaded his niece Esther, her beauty, shining like a star in darkest night, set off only by mcnial sad-colored robes, to go before the king.

So in the play we see Esther thus appared trying to make the king take notice. She succeeds, and then Ella Wheeler Wilcox and her collaborator, Luscombe Scarella, begin to take liberties with history, otherwise the play would come to an end. Ella Wheeler Wilcox seems to have rigorous sentiments toward suffragettes, for she deviates from history, making Vashti a hold, had conspirator and would-be murderess.

Vashti plots with Haman, a gold-mounted gentleman gorgeously attired in red plush, who yet, for some reason, was vaguely suggestive of a French restaurant. I think it was Haman

who pointedly yet courteously remarked to the queen, "I fail to comprehend the machinations of thy noble mind." And it is Vashti who says, "I will remove my veil, and loose my tongue." And it is Mordecai who says, "Town, town, to tark oblivion."

I give these few extracts for the benefit of those who wish a few samples of the diction of "Mizpah."

William Desmond played the part of King Ahasuerus, carrying the royal hahiliments gracefully, but indulging in a series of lightning changes from William Desmond to Ahasuerus, and from Ahasuerus back to William Desmond, that left the dramatic illusions at times in rather a confused state.

L. R. Stockwell filled in one of three rather feeble comic rôles, receiving occasional testimonies of cordial feeling from the audience. Hortense Nielsen was conspicuous by her absence on Monday night, from a brief nervous attack. I therefore will dispense with a notice of the unfortunate understudy, who had only a few hours to prepare for the rôle, and who deserves credit for the conscientiousness with which she tackled a part that over-weighted her.

And was the performance enjoyable, you ask? Yes, from one point of view, quite so. I, at least, enjoyed every minute of it, although not, I fear, entirely in the same spirit as the audience, who had a thoroughly good time, as why should they not? They saw stage tableaux and glittering costumes. They heard names hallowed by tradition, and heard high-sounding phrases.

There was incidental music by the co-authors, and some dancing, and a few vocal solos, and a hallet, and a story. The drama contains four acts and nine scenes, and although there is a good deal of talk, there is also quite an amount of gilt-fringed, red velvet action. And in fact there was, in spite of its archaic flavor, a certain naïve freshness of feeling about both the drama and the performers, which I found entertaining, diverting, and interesting.

I enjoyed William Desmond's play-king majesty. I enjoyed the artless way in which one little dancer, who was crowded rather close to the royal presence, rested her arm easily upon the arm of the throne, innocently oblivious that she failed to show recognition of "the divinity that doth hedge a king."

I enjoyed the Haman-Mackaye smile, with its ingratiating quality, and the carefully arranged voluptuousness of Esther's self-conscious draperies; I enjoyed the enjoyment of Victory Bateman while she rumbled in the lower tones of her voice, being justified, for the nonce, in dropping the colloquialism of the ordinary, up-to-date play—something, I rather fancy, that most players like to do. I enjoyed seeing the head dancer throw an attack of play-acting without extra charge; and I enjoyed the soulful reverence of the strappings in the minor rôles for the "legit," as they felt "Mizpah" to be. In fact, I enjoyed it.

Windmills are said to have been introduced into England by the Knights of St. John, who observed them in use among the Saracens in the crusades; but how long they had been in existence before this it is not possible to ascertain. A watermill was built in Bohemia in the year 718, for an old chronicler mentions it, going on to say that "before that time all the mills in Bohemia were windmills set upon the summit of hills." Windmills became so common throughout Europe in the thirteenth century that the Pope compelled them to pay tithes to the church and landed proprietors and the clergy were forever quarreling as to the ownership of the wind! In Zealand a certain abbot built a mill to grind his corn in spite of the violent opposition of his landlord, who said that he was the owner of the wind on his property and no one else had the right to use of it. The Bishop of Utrecht was appointed arbitrator, and he when told of the matter flew into a rage, declaring that what wind there was in his diocese belonged to himself and the church, and he proceeded to prove his contention by at once granting the abbot full power to build a windmill when and where he chose.

Twelve pairs of young folk were made happy at the Garrison Church, Potsdam, July 19, thanks to Queen Luise of Prussia, the centenary of whose death was thus commemorated. Her majesty left a fund to provide annually \$112 for each of six of the most deserving servant girls. On this occasion twelve dowries were awarded, as the date fell upon the centenary of the fortieth anniversary of the declaration of war with France. The weddings were witnessed by thousands. The eldest sprinster princess of the Hohenzollern family, Victoria Marguerite, presided, while three dowry brides of twenty-five years ago, with their husbands, participated in celebration of their silver weddings. The Kaiserin presented each bride with an autograph certificate of merit, and the Kaiser telegraphed his congratulations. He ordered that five thousand copies of the life of Luise be purchased and distributed among deserving school children in Germany and abroad. It seems a pity, however, that only six couples will benefit next year.

FANNY ELSSLER AND DANCING.

Stage Productions That Attract.

This essay of reminiscence and suggestion is from the department of musical and dramatic criticism in a recent issue of the New York Evening Post.

The remarkable revival of interest in stage dancing brought about by Loie Fuller, Adeline Genée, Ruth St. Denis, Maud Allan, Isidora Duncan, Pavlova, and others, recalls the fact that the most famous of their predecessors in the good old times, Fanny Elssler, had she proved the tradition that hallet girls live to dance as centenarians, would have celebrated her hundredth birthday on the 23d of last month. There were three sisters who danced—Therese, Fanny, and Hermine. Therese was compared by her admirers to a butterfly, a humming-bird, a dragonfly; she became the morganatic wife of Prince Adalbert of Prussia. But the most admired of the three was Fanny. "She ruled over the first half of the last century, in which the theatre was everything to the educated masses, and even the clearest brains were befuddled by the craze over it," writes a Viennese journalist. "That she conquered the Parisians, made the Viennese think they were in the seventh heaven, need not surprise any one. But she also disturbed the equilibrium of the cold north, electrified the St. Petersburgers, undermined the reputation of Berlin as the city of cold intelligence, and at an early date also vanquished the New World, where the calculating machines of the dollar-men were thrown into terrible confusion, simply because she succeeded smilingly in standing on her toes three minutes at a time, and then, regardless of her considerable weight, bounding across the head of her partner."

The Viennese are very proud of the fact that Fanny Elssler was horn near their city. She was not, as the legend has it, the daughter of a green-grocer, but of a poor musician and copyist, who was the factotum of Haydn. The Austrian poet Grillparzer celebrated her in verse and prose. Zelter commended her to the attention of Goethe; Rachel and Menzel were among her warmest admirers. August Ehrhard, the French Grillparzer specialist, wrote a life of her, of which a German version has just been published by way of celebrating her centenary (Munich: C. H. Beck).

The career and art of Fanny Elssler are of particular interest at this moment because she brought about a revolution in the style and aim of dancing, similar to that which the women mentioned in a preceding paragraph are aiming at. Before she appeared, the hallet had fallen into the contempt of sensible people because it had degenerated into dancing for dancing's sake—a mere tip-toe virtuosity. She brought new life and spirit into this puppet show, with its meaningless pirouettes and entrechats, its whirlings and leaps into the air. It may have been pleasing to the eyes, but was too impersonal, too geometrical and artificial, to make an appeal to the feelings. Taglioni was the high priestess of this style of dancing. She had her adorers, and soon theatre-goers were split into two camps, the Taglionists and the Elsslerites. The latter admired their idol because she was more than a dancing statue of cold marble—she was Galatea into whom the warmth of life had been infused. She had more than technic, she had a soul and knew how to appeal to the emotions of an audience.

One of her favorite numbers, which always plunged her spectators into frenzy of excitement, was a wild dance in the Spanish style known as the Cachucha, her own invention. When she first appeared in this at the Opéra, the Parisians were bewildered and almost startled. It was a new thing to see the upper part of the body participate in the dance, in the Oriental style; but soon they got used to it.

And now for the moral of all these disclosures. The discovery was made at the Metropolitan Opera House last season that the American public has by no means lost its interest in stage dancing, as many had supposed. On the contrary, it was found that a large number of men and women attended operatic performances only when the Russian dancers appeared in them. Why not take advantage of the situation to revive one of the best operas ever written, an opera which aroused the unbounded admiration of Richard Wagner—Auher's "Masaniello" ("La Muette de Portici")? This opera is hrimful of delightful melody, and it is important in musical history as being the first work in which pantomimic music plays a prominent rôle. The heroine, Fenella, is not a singer (for she is dumb), but a dancer who expresses her part in the story by action and pantomime, which the music illustrates with a realism that had a great influence on Wagner's own art. Fenella used to be one of Fanny Elssler's greatest rôles. With Pavlova in it, there is reason to believe that Auher's masterwork could be made one of the successes of the season. If Mr. Gatti-Casazza's slate is full, Mr. Dippel might try it in Chicago and Philadelphia, or Mr. Russell in Boston.

Then there is Meyerheer's "Robert the Devil," which has not been heard in New York for over a quarter of a century. It is

nearly eighty years old, and while there is much that is fatuous in both the libretto and the music, there are also numbers which justify the former popularity of this opera. And then, there is the hallet in the ruins of the convent, danced by the spectres of the nuns—why not see what Pavlova and her companions can do with that? It was agreed last season that their repertory was too limited. Here is a chance to enlarge it.

With due solemnity and dignity a delegation representing the Gipsy hands of the United States a few days ago in Washington selected Emil Mitchell of Louisiana as their new chieftain, the ceremony taking place in the office of a firm of attorneys. It has been five years since the Gipsies named a ruler. Their last was Zlatcho Dimito, whose recent departure for Canada made necessary the ceremony which took place. His certificate of election was a formal document signed by the chiefs of five tribes. It was sent to the Department of Justice, where the Attorney-General affixed his signature and the seal of his office. The document was then taken to the State Department, where it received another signature and seal, accompanied by an imposing amount of wax and ribbon.

Lord Strathcona in London on July 14 laid the foundation stone of the new home of the Royal Academy of Music, which, after a life of nearly ninety years in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, is about to be removed to larger and more suitable premises. The new building will be erected on a fine site in the Marylebone Road. The Royal Academy of Music was founded in 1822 by the exertions of John Fane (Lord Burghersh), eleventh Earl of Westmorland, and opened in March, 1823, under the direct patronage of King George IV. The charter of the school was signed by this sovereign only three days before his death. Royal patronage has been continued to the academy ever since. In 1823 only twenty students were admitted; the number now is over 500.

Ferris Hartman and company are playing "A Chinese Honey-moon" at the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland.

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VANITY FAIR.

New York is living the double life. There's no escaping that deplorable conclusion. For the evidence is not that of an enemy; on the contrary, it is supplied in abundant measure by a native child of Gotham's household. In brief it is the *Globe* which has exposed the whole sad affair. The facts are few but convincing. On the front page of a recent issue large headlines announced "FIVE MORE DEAD FROM THE HEAT," and in smaller type the reader was assured that the "Weather Man Seans the Horizon in Vain for a Sign of Coolness for New York." Then followed a circumstantial account of the "oppressive heat," of the "sizzling day," of the "jumping" of the temperature, and of the victims who had succumbed. But on the back page of the same issue headlines equal in size to those on the front page announced "MANY NEW YORK 'STAY-AT-HOMES' AMUSED BY GREAT SUMMER EXODUS," while the smaller type asserted that "They Would Not Exchange the Many Comforts and Attractions of the 'Island City by the Sea' for Mountains, Lakes, or Ocean Strands." All this was duly emphasized by the text beneath; New York as a summer resort is "not appreciated." It is "entirely surrounded by water," "it is no hotter in New York by the mercury than in the mountains," etc. If only facts were not such stubborn things! Credulous as the public may be, the "Five More Dead from the Heat" nullify all those glowing adjectives about the "Island City by the Sea." The *Globe* should be more careful in future, or at least learn how dangerous it is to have too many "scares" in one issue.

Unquestionably New York has attractions which neither mountains, nor lakes, nor ocean strands can boast. There is the Great White Way, for example, unequaled throughout the world for its refulgent blaze. But how long is that to last? Augurs gloried in his stables and his three thousand oxen for a generation, but a ruthless sanitary inspector made an end of the show at last. And the Hercules of New York is said to have his stern eye on the white lights of Broadway. So there is consternation in lobster-palacedom, for the rumor has gone forth that the all-night licenses which have contributed to such a notable expenditure of electric light are not to be granted save in those places where persons who work at night "legitimately go for meals." That is a hard saying. No one will charge the usual devotee of the lobster palace with working at any time, much less at night. The only way out of the difficulty would seem to be for the late eaters and drinkers to pose as dramatic critics or night detectives.

While "scarpology" is a word which your condensed Webster declines to throw light upon, the science for which it stands must be mastered at once by all who do not wish the innermost secrets of their being revealed. A savant of Bale declares that scarpology is a science to which all criminal investigators and others who wish to read the character will have to pay more attention. It is the art of reading men and women by an examination of their footwear, for the savant assures us that given a pair of shoes worn by their owner for at least two months, there is not the slightest reason why one should not be able to tell the character, habits, and disposition of the wearer. "It is impossible," he adds, "to over-estimate the importance of this new science, for by careful practice one may, after a few minutes' acquaintance, be able to gauge a man at his worth, and this simply by glancing at his feet." But what are the signs and how are they to be interpreted? Does any special criminal significance lurk in the tie of a lace, or the tucking-in or leaving out of a tah, or the dullness or polish of one's footgear? Thackeray reminded us by the example of the hihulous Captain Costigan that poverty attacks a man's extremities first, and especially his shoes, but he did not warn Pen by such symbolism. The etymologist will discover light by picking the word "scarpology" to pieces, for the process will inform him that it must have something to do with discourse about a slope. That, in fact, is the key to the situation, for the Bale savant tells us that the chief indications of character are provided by the manner and proportion in which the soles and heels are worn out. Swindlers, for example, almost invariably have the toe and the external edge of the sole worn out simultaneously. If the shoemakers do not seize upon the sublime truths of scarpology for publicity purposes, they are not the alert business men we take them to be. No one wishes to be mistaken for a swindler, but the danger is obvious unless we speedily have a brand of shoe reinforced at the toe and external edge of the sole. Pending that remedy, feet will in future be kept as much out of sight as possible. This will make for the amenity of life in trolleys, ferries, and other places of public resort.

There is a jeweler in Paris who probably wishes he were a scarpologist. Then he might have divined the character of a recent customer and been a happier man today. Cer-

tainly that customer was more than usually cute. He drove up in a carriage, bore his right arm in a sling, and was attended by a footman ostentatiously carrying a rug. By careful selection the shopper had at length got together a little parcel of jewels worth a thousand two hundred dollars, and when the moment came for payment, he asked whether the jeweler minded him sending his man home for the money. Not heing a scarpologist, the man of gems howed and raised no objection. And then there was another request. "Would you mind writing for me?" asked the customer; "I have hurt my arm. Just write, 'Please give Robert \$1200' and sign it 'Henri.'" The jeweler wrote the note according to instructions, and in fifteen minutes Robert was hack with the cash. But when the jeweler went home, a light dawned. What, his wife asked, did he want that \$1200 for? For of course the swindlers had made sure that the jeweler's name was Henri before they put into effect their little plan to make Henri pay for his gems with his own money. And all that might have been saved had he only known that the toe and sole edge of his customer's shoes were both on the slope.

Weddings come high or low in London, whichever way the contracting parties are inclined. Recent evidence before the divorce commission disclosed the fact that rival churches compete with each other in their scale of charges, but on the other hand there are mercenary parsons who will run you up a formidable bill in the blandest possible manner. Such was the experience of a fond father who recently undertook to make arrangements for the wedding of his daughter in a Strand church. The rector opened proceedings by casually mentioning that his own fee would be twenty-five dollars, with another five for the music, five more for the red carpet, and a third five for an awning if it rained. And then there was the question of flowers. "My daughter always does the flowers, and I'm sure she would be delighted to do them for you." So "Miss Louie" was called into the consultation, to be asked by her father the leading question, "And what do you think it would cost, my dear, twenty-five dollars?" But a bill of sixty-five dollars is not worth considering in comparison with the cost of a wedding at a "swell" church or in Westminster Abbey. And a "special license" is so high in price as to make the groom hesitate whether it is worth the cost.

But the financial liabilities of the groom in London pale into insignificance before the legal liabilities of the best man in America as they are set forth by H. L. Mencken. In the eye of the common law, he says, he is a sort of combination of agent and bondsman, and it is assumed that he is personally responsible for all the arrangements, down to the smallest detail. In consequence, it has been held (Snodgrass vs. Mulcahy, 33 Mass. 256) not only that he must pay "a decent and reasonable honorarium" to the officiating clergyman, in case the bridegroom himself gets away before the reverend gentleman can snare him, but also that he is under a similar liability to the organist, the sexton, and the caterer of the wedding feast.

Further, if the church is too small to hold the crowd, and a horde of old maids fight for places on the sidewalk, he may be indicted for obstructing the highway (37 Ala. 17). Again, if he seeks to enliven the ceremony himself by unseemly buffoonery during the retreat down the aisle of sighs he may be indicted as a common rogue and jailed during the pleasure of the court. Yet again, he is liable by civil process for any damage that a guest may suffer by eating vulcanized chicken salad or any other deleterious viatical at the wedding breakfast. (Moore vs. Jackson, 72 N. Y.)

But that is not all, for the courts, with grim humor, have often held that the best man is actually a sort of surety or hostage for the bridegroom's good faith and intent. In other words, if the latter should perchance lose heart at the last moment and flee the sacred edifice, leaving his huffed bride soling at the altar, she may turn to the best man and demand that he marry her on the spot in place of the fugitive. (Magoon on Hymenal Hazards.) Any Constable or other officer of the peace may come to her aid, using physical force if necessary. And if, in the face of the bride herself, her incandescent mother and the allied gendarmerie, the best man still refuses to change his rôle, the bride may mulct him in heavy damages. (Thompson vs. Sweeney, 56 Conn. 536.)

Having ransacked nature for her raiment from a fig-leaf to the cocoon of a silkworm, lovely woman is at last about to turn her attention to the snake. For the word has gone forth that the fashionable attire for the coming winter is to be the snake-skin gown. Investigation has shown that the epidermis of the python is an ideal material, because it is pliable, neither gives nor pulls, and is waterproof. It seems a pity a non-venomous genus has been chosen, but the python has many points in its favor. Its length, for one thing; from thirty feet of skin quite a lot of "ma-

terial" should be available. And then think of the colors and patterns! No doubt the Java variety will be most in demand, for it is the handsomest of the family, and is laced with brilliant gold and black. This will be greatly run on by the "smart set." Less pretentious dames will have to be content with the Indian python, or the two-handed kind. The former ought to be in popular demand for the sake of its blend of yellow, black and brown above, and its white ground and black spots beneath. To have the daughters of Eve in close association with the serpent again will seem like old times, and no doubt there will be cynics who will declare that a snakeskin gown is a most becoming garment for a woman. The fashion will at least give answer to Shakespeare's question:

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contains the eye?

Elevate the stage, indeed! Why, the stage is doing all the elevating these days. Take the case of "one of the prettiest and most promising girls in"—but never mind the play, or the pretty one's name, or her manager. The point is that this charmer of the footlights is actually on the eve of relinquishing her high mission to the baldheads in favor of the delights and educational efforts of the book agent. In a "lay-off" season the fair damsel plied her winning ways to such effect that she contemplates abandoning the stage for literature. "I have an idea, too," she confesses, "that in putting good literature before people I will be keeping them from reading the other kind, which gives me the satisfaction of feeling that I am accomplishing something useful." If only the Florodora sextette had done "something useful!"

Woman and the Motor-Car.

Woman—the Twentieth-Century production—has sold her birthright of emancipation (says Kate Masterson in *Lippincott's Magazine*). She is a slave to the Motor-Car—the great, luridly painted, furious, rankly odorous machine that now whizzes through the streets of every great city in the world.

Everything that tends to feminine enjoyment must have the scent of gasoline in it. The young man who once managed to make ten dollars do for an outing now has to spend twice that in a ridiculous attempt to compete with his employers for one glorious purple night. The box of violets used to convey a tender sentiment, but now it takes a machine hired at a price for which he perjures his business destiny—for the automobile habit ranks worse than the race-track as a handicap on the small-salaried clerk. Still, he must have it if he wishes to please the girl. It is the Only Way!

And every extravagant vice has followed in the wake of the car. The inns and restaurants dedicated to motorists charge prices out of all ordinary limits. The very fashionable ones print no prices at all upon their menus, but arrange their charges to suit the appearance and condition of the party they serve.

And the person who dares approach one of these places on foot will be received by guests, waiters, and proprietors alike with derisive smiles, as one who has no right to enter such a paradise. Hungry chorus girls, devouring lobsters and champagne for breakfast, look pityingly upon him, while their escorts in coats and caps that make them look like animals pass jokes at the pedestrian's expense. The notion that one might prefer to walk is too absurd for consideration.

The motorists gulp down their food and drink, enjoying the exaltation that possesses

them. The appetite engendered by the sport, among women as well as men, is one of the appalling things to contemplate; for it is abnormal and comes not from the zest of the ride. It is rather for the reason that every properly caparisoned car nowadays has its own har, its patent hottles for keeping fluids hot and cold, its mixers, shakers—all the implements of the barkeeper; not that they are used—for it is the fashion to have individual flasks of pure liquor hidden in muffs within easy reach while the tour is on.

It is an error to suppose that reigning monarchs are not able to appreciate the pleasures of life in republican countries. Ferdinand I, Czar of the Bulgars, enjoyed himself hugely during his recent visit to Paris. There was something in Czar Ferdinand's demeanor, as well as to his whole mentality, his alertness, his shrewdness, his very *bonhomie*, which, besides his perfect French accent, stamped him as more than half a Frenchman and put him in touch at once with the whole community. Czar Ferdinand, coming tardily from paying his last respects to King Edward, was accompanied by his spouse, his second wife, who was Princess Eleanor of Reuss, whom he married a little more than two years ago. Here the Czar and Carina were the guests of France. Entertainments in their honor, given by President Fallières, the ministers and other personages, succeeded each other with brilliant rapidity. The Czar caught his first glimpse of an aeroplane in flight at a military review arranged for him at the Chalons camp. Before leaving Paris for Chantilly, where the Bulgarian sovereigns passed several days, the Czar presented \$2000 to the president for distribution among the city's poor. In appreciation of her husband's hospitality Ferdinand presented to Mme. Fallières a gold *bonhomme* hearing the French colors in rubies, diamonds, and sapphires and a miniature of himself wearing the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor.

Margaret Illington will return to the stage on August 26 in Tacoma, when she will be seen in an adaptation from the French by Edward Elsnor, called "Until Eternity." It is from the same source as "Miss Multon."



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mark Twain, in an after-dinner speech in Bermuda, once talked of gratitude. He didn't much care, he said, for gratitude of the noisy, hoisterous kind. "Why," he exclaimed, "when some men discharge an obligation you can hear the report for miles around."

The counsel for the opposition had been bullying the witness for more than an hour, when he finally asked, "Is it true there are traces of insanity in your family?" "It would be folly to deny it," replied the witness. "My grandfather, who was studying for the ministry, gave it up to become a lawyer."

Colonel Dennison had become the happy father of twins, and his unbounded pride in this two-fold blessedness found expression on every occasion. He stood with a friend on the bank steps one day as a young woman passed wheeling a baby carriage containing a pretty girl baby. "Doesn't a woman look queer," said the colonel loftily, "with only one child!"

The young evangelist with a pompadour was relieving himself of momentous thoughts. "The Being that filled with surging seas the vast caverns of the oceans," he proclaimed, "also holds in aerial suspense the aggregations of tiny drops that give to each wondering eye the marvelous spectacle of a separate rainbow. The Omnipotence that made me made a daisy."

A nurse had been called as a witness to prove the correctness of a bill of a physician. "Let us get at the facts of the case," said the lawyer who was doing a cross-examination stunt. "Didn't the doctor make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No, sir," answered the nurse. "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

Like all artists, Sir Henry Irving sometimes allowed the line he was to speak to evade his memory for the moment, but so seldom his prompter grew careless. One night Sir Henry turned to the wings and said, "Line, please." The prompter was busy chattering, and Sir Henry repeated, "Line, line." There was a rustling of leaves, and then a distressed voice murmured, "Which line, Sir Henry?"

Professor William James, Harvard's brilliant psychologist, often illustrates a truth with a story. "The most ghastly superstition," Professor James said recently, "has often its base in a ludicrous fact. It is like the case of Jones. 'Jones,' said a man, 'tells me that his wooden leg pained him horribly last night.' 'Nonsense!' was the reply. 'How could his wooden leg pain him?' 'His wife,' the man explained, 'hit him over the head with it.'"

At a men's party the pastor cautioned his parishioners against looking at other men's wives, and offered a silk hat to the man who would stand up and say that he had not so offended. One of the confiding kind of husbands, when he got home, was innocently telling his wife about it when she interrupted, "Of course, John, you got right up." John apparently had not anticipated a personal application, but he answered guilelessly, "Of course, not, Mary, you know how punky I look in a silk hat."

A commercial traveler driving from town to town through the pine woods of Florida saw a drove of emaciated razorback hogs rushing wildly from tree to tree. He halted at the palings of a "cracker's" home, and asked a woman in a sunbonnet what was the matter with the swine. "Well, you see," the woman explained, "my old man is deaf and dumb, and when he wanted to call the hogs to their swill he learned them to come when he tapped on one of the trees. It worked all right when they first got learned, but now them woodpeckers is makin' the poor things run their legs off."

Henry Pruger, of the defunct Café de l'Opera in New York, said of his failure a few days before he returned to Europe: "I didn't understand, I'm afraid, the taste of New York. It is peculiar. New York contains a good many Judge McCorkles. Old Judge McCorkle, so the story goes, made his pile in Arizona. He then repaired to San Francisco to spend the rest of his days in luxury. He had \$300,000. The judge was dazzled by the splendor and opulence of San Francisco, but he did not let this he seen. Quite the contrary, in fact. The morning after his arrival Judge McCorkle entered the breakfast-room of San Francisco's largest hotel, and, having studied the complex menu a long while, he said to the waiter: 'Young man, some frijoles.' 'Beg pardon, sir. Some what?' said the waiter. The judge sneered. 'You don't speak Spanish, hey?' he said. 'Well, then, bring me some beans.' 'I'm sorry,

sir,' said the waiter, 'but we don't serve beans for breakfast.' 'You don't, hey?' said the judge sarcastically. 'You don't serve beans for breakfast, hey?' His voice quivered with scorn. 'Well, young man, I come from Arizona, the poorest kentry on this here globe; but even in Arizona we git beans three times a day.'"

When the Rev. David Short was pastor of the Penn Avenue Baptist Church at Scranton, he was zealous in the work of securing new members. One man, with whom he had labored exhaustively, was finally persuaded as to his Christian duty, but could not make up his mind whether to become a Baptist or a Methodist. Finally he hit upon a compromise, and wrote to the doctor that he had decided to unite with the Methodists, but would like to be baptized in the Baptist Church by immersion. This so exasperated the good doctor that he sent the following reply: "I regret that I can not accommodate you, but this church does not take in washing."

White, of Kentucky, while Speaker of the House in the Twenty-Seventh Congress, was so pressed with business that, when he had to deliver his valedictory, he got one of those men who are always on hand to make a little money to write his address. It was handed him just a little while before the time he had to deliver it, and he put it into his pocket without reading it. When the time came, he rose, and, slowly unfolding the manuscript, read the address. It was very brilliant, but it was Aaron Burr's famous valedictory to the Senate. The Speaker never recovered from the shock. He went home, was taken ill, and it is supposed he killed himself for shame.

Private Blank, recently returned from a two years' tour of duty in the Philippines, having departed this life, the officer in charge forwarded to his wife in a small Ohio town an itemized list of the property of the deceased, with a request that she check off the articles that she desired, so that the balance could be sold. In due time the list was returned, accompanied by a letter asking that all the articles except one be erased he forwarded. That one item had been so scratched, erased, and blotted out that it was entirely obliterated. The officer's curiosity was aroused, so he referred to a carbon copy, whereupon he discovered that the indignant widow had no desire to harbor her late husband's "One Housewife."

In Michigan, some years ago, a bill was before the legislature to restore the death penalty for the crime of murder. Three of the ablest members of the house made long speeches in favor of the bill. When the third man had finished, a young member on the other side of the chamber rose and said: "Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of privilege." "The gentleman will state his question of privilege," said the speaker. "Mr. Speaker, I wish to inquire of our friends of the other side of the house which they think is preferable—to be hanged or to be talked to death?" The question was greeted by applause. Then suddenly some one, with a very loud voice, said, "Oh, well, if you're going to talk, we prefer to be hanged."

Rossini was one of the most indolent of men, and in his younger days used to do most of his composing in bed. Once he had almost completed a trio, when the sheet fell out of his hand and went under the bed. He could not reach it, and rather than get up, he wrote another. The lazy man, if he works at all, does so by spurts, and Rossini, working against time, wrote "The Barber of Seville" in thirteen days. When Donizetti was told of this, he remarked, "It is very possible—he is so lazy!" The overture to the "Gazza Ladra" was written under curious circumstances. On the very day of the first performance of the opera, not a note of the overture was written, and the manager, getting hold of Rossini, confined him in the upper loft of La Scala, setting four scene-shifters on guard over him. These took the sheets as they were filled and threw them out of the window to copyists beneath.

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THE MERRY MUSE.

A Muskoka Idyll.

They sat on the dim veranda
And gazed on the misty moon;
The midsummer dusk was tender,
And all was propitious to spoon.

They should have been—oh! so happy,
But alas! for the best-laid plan,
For behold there were sixteen women
And hut one dejected man.

—Canadian Courier.

"My Lord, the Carriage Waits."

"The carriage waits without, my lord."
"Without what, gentle sir?"
"Without the left-hand running board,
Without the French chauffeur.
Without a drop of gasoline,
Six nuts, the can of oil,
Four pinions and the limousine,
The sparkplug and the coil,
Without the brake, the horn, the clutch,
Without the running gear,
One cylinder—it heats the Dutch
How much there isn't here!
The car has been repaired, in fact,
And you should be right glad
To find that this much is intact
Of what your lordship had.
The garage sent it back, my lord,
In perfect shape throughout;
So you will understand, my lord,
Your carriage waits without."

—Harvard Lampoon.

A Nautical Osculation.

As they paddled along in a nook,
She said faintly, "Why, Algernon, look,
In that oak, I declare—
I see mistletoe there!"

And the crew fished them out with a hook!
—Chapparel.

A Change of Bait.

A sun-burned kid, with a tattered lid
And a coat a size too large,
With a piece of twine for a fishing line,
Sits fishing on a large
That's tied to a stake at the edge of the lake,
Where the wavelets gently lap.
It's a kind of sin, hut I sit and grin
As I watch the little chap
Transfix a worm that will wiggle and squirm
On the end of his fishing hook,
Or a small green frog that he caught in the bog
On the other side of the brook.

He's proud of the job, of the floating hoh
That he's tied to his line with care;
There's a sudden swish as he lands his fish
From the depths of its hidden lair;
It is proudly viewed, and the bait renewed
From the can where he keeps his store,
Then he lets it drop with a sudden plop
In his eager quest for more,
And he gets them, too, for they come to view
In the twinkling of an eye;
And I'm clean outdone, for never a one
Will come where I'm sitting by.

For, much, as I wish, there's never a fish
Will rise to my tempting fly,
And my brand-new reel, on my rod of steel
I've never a chance to try.
For they pass my place to the freckled face
Of the lad in the anchored punt—
Keep swimming past as I make my cast
In my vain and useless hunt,
For a fish that will try to grah my fly
And be tempted to its fate,
So I go to the spot where the fish are caught,
And fish with a silver bait.

—Rod and Gun Magazine.

Chacun a Son Gout.

"Oh, Wilderness were Paradise now!"
So sang old Omar, specifying how
He'd like some food and friendly company.
Had Omar tried it? Well, I wonder now!

I'll tell you, Omar, how the thing would be:
You settle down beneath your shady tree,
Open your Book of Verses and begin—
But oh, the chiggers! Ah, what misery!

Time for your lunch; ants on the Loaf of Bread,
And floating in the Jug of Wine, instead
Of foam and bubbles sparkling in the light,
The grisly corpses of the insect dead.

Your Love begins to sing, and sitting there
Beside her, now, at last, does life seem fair.
Alack! The song breaks off with dismal shriek—
There is a caterpillar in her hair!

At length, with thankful heart, at day's decline,
You hasten home to bathe and dress and dine;
And seated in the candles' golden gleam,
Swear stoutly, "No more Wilderness for mine!"

—Elizabeth McIntosh, in Smart Set.

First Young Thing (during the sonata)—I just love Brahms, don't you? Second Young Thing—What are Brahms?—Musical Courier.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The conventional social situation of summer continues in town. Not one affair of the first magnitude has been recorded for the week, and those of lesser importance are accorded a place on the social calendar more prominent than their relative value would justify were it not for the dearth which demands that they be recognized.

Functions are still being tabulated as small and informal, even the weddings of the week being relegated to the class of function which has simplicity for its keynote.

The final hop of the summer at the Presidio did much toward giving social color to an otherwise dull week, and a number of pretty dinners which preceded the affair both at the post and in town aided in this brightening process.

Society's stage setting has been moved temporarily to Santa Barbara, and at the Hotel Potter a spirit of entertaining indicative of San Francisco hospitality has been rife during the past week.

Several prominent names have been added to the list of those who have already returned from abroad, and the last few days have brought a number more as far as New York on their homeward way.

The engagement of Miss Hazel Dolph, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Dolph of Portland, and Mr. Ferdinand Theriot has been broken. Mr. Theriot sailed on Tuesday for the Orient, where he will spend three or four months, and Miss Dolph is en route to Europe with her parents.

Miss Harriett Gertrude Thompson became the bride of Mr. Joseph Smith on Wednesday evening. The marriage ceremony took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, the nuptial service being read by Father Sullivan. The honeymoon is being spent in the south, and on their return Mr. Smith and his bride will live at the Palace Hotel.

The wedding of Miss Marianna Mathews and Mr. Eustace von Lohen Sels will take place August 31 at the First Unitarian Church at Berkeley.

The wedding of Miss Harriett Sterling and Ensign Richmond Kelly Turner of the U. S. S. *West Virginia* will take place at the home of the bride in Stockton on the evening of August 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., entertained at a moonlight picnic at one of the beaches at Santa Barbara on Friday evening. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bothin, Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mrs. William Porter, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Mary Joffe, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Ruth Winslow, Miss Nina Jones, Mr. Grantland Voorhies, Mr. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Charles K. Harley, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winslow, Mr. Casey, Miss Margaret Casey, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Lovell Langstroth, Mr. Frank Langstroth, Mr. May, and Mr. William O'Connor.

A barbecue party at San Rafael on Wednesday evening was a pleasurable event that furnished entertainment for a large congenial party. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander S. Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. James Follis, Mr. and Mrs. George Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Shepard Eels, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Miss Helen Chesbrough, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Natalie Coffin, Miss Frances Martin, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, Mr. William Girvin, Mr. John Kittle, Mr. Allan Kittle, Mr. Arthur Cheschrough, Mr. Paul Jones, Mr. Wharton Thurston, and Mr. Harry Simpkins.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall entertained a dozen guests at a Spanish dinner at Santa Barbara on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winslow entertained at dinner Saturday evening in the brown room at the Hotel Potter. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Casey, Mrs. Charles K. Harley, Miss Ruth Winslow, Mr. H. E. Bothin, and Mr. Harold Casey.

Mr. Isaac Upham, who has recently returned from the Orient, was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening.

Major and Mrs. Millar gave a reception at their quarters at the Presidio on Monday evening in honor of Lieutenant and Mrs. Carter, who are visiting San Francisco en route to Manila.

Miss Nina Jones entertained at a luncheon Saturday at the Potter Country Club, at which the guests were nearly all from San Francisco. Among those present were Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Margaret Doe, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Maude O'Connor, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Acacia Orena, and Miss Delina Dibble.

Mrs. E. B. Stone was hostess at a dinner dance Thursday evening in honor of her daughter Marian. About thirty members of the younger set were delightfully entertained at Stonehurst, the country home of the Stones at San Leandro.

Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Spilivo entertained at dinner Friday evening in honor of Major and Mrs. W. L. Brooks, who are leaving shortly for Seattle and the East. Those present included Major and Mrs. Brooks, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Miss Laumeister, and Dr. Winterberg. The party later attended the hop at the Presidio.

The hop at the Presidio Friday evening was one of the largest of the recent affairs at the post and will be the last dance until after the return of the officers from the maneuvers at Atascadero. Captain John Murphy, Captain Thomas Q. Ashburn, Lieutenant Goodrich, and Lieutenant Pfeiffer were the committee of arrangements, and they were assisted in receiving by a number of ladies of the post. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Millar, Captain and Mrs. Fredrick Stopford, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Miss Della Jones, Lieutenant and Mrs. Arthur Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Spilivo, Captain and Mrs. Louis Chappalear, Captain and

Mrs. Welch, Miss Laumeister, Major and Mrs. W. L. Brooks, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Myron Chrissy.

Captain and Mrs. Louis Chappalear were hosts at a dinner preceding the hop at the Presidio on Friday evening, when they entertained Major and Mrs. E. C. Millar, Captain and Mrs. George Apple, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Clarence Lininger.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden entertained a number of San Francisco friends at a bridge party Saturday at her cottage at Santa Barbara, where she is spending the summer. Among those present were Mrs. W. S. Porter, Miss Lily O'Connor, Mrs. Emory Winslow, and Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow.

Miss Augusta Ames entertained at a tea at Pebble Beach Lodge Saturday afternoon. Among those present were Mrs. Allan Green, Mrs. Vesta Shortridge Bruguiere, Mrs. Merriam, Mrs. W. O. Johnson, Mrs. H. R. Warner, Miss Alice Warner, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Murphy, Miss Edith Reeker, Miss Singleton, Miss Edith Pickering, Lieutenant McCord, Lieutenant Marmon, Dr. Graham, Lieutenant Rodney, Captain Reed, Major Wales, Mrs. C. T. Boynton, Mr. Maurice Shortridge, and Mr. Daniel Murphy.

Ensign Harry J. Pence, U. S. S. *Maryland*, was host at a dinner dance on Saturday evening. Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham chaperoned the following girls who were present: Miss Elsie Clifford, Miss Erna Hermann, Miss Edith Metcalf, Miss Maide Gesford, Miss Eleonore Raisch, and Miss Anna Peters.

Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry entertained at a pretty luncheon Wednesday in honor of Mrs. E. F. Schlessinger and her sister, Miss Jennie Lee.

The Mexican greatly prides himself upon his sombrero. No matter how poor the rest of his attire may be, he spares no expense for his head-covering, and will toil day and night to purchase an appalling sugar-loaf, wide-brim, heavily corded hat. A shabbily dressed Mexican wearing a hat that cost not less than fifty dollars is not an uncommon sight. The main reason why the Mexican devotes so much attention and money to his hat is because it has become the symbol of his standing in the community. The grantees of Spain had the privilege of standing covered in the presence of their sovereign, and naturally they vied with one another in the size and gorgeousness of their hats. The populace followed this example as best it could, and so the hat became as distinctive on the heads of the men as the mantilla over the heads of the women. At one time the Mexican placed his hat and his horse above all other worldly possessions, spending five hundred dollars for a hat, gold-trimmed and embroidered, and as much more for his silver-trimmed saddle and bridle. Mexicans of the higher class have abandoned the conical shaped hat for city wear, as they have accepted our style of clothing; but every Mexican gentleman still has his native costume of spangles and glitter, with hat to match, which he wears as he may think occasion demands.

Jules Renard, a member of the Academie Goncourt, who died a few days ago, was little known in this country. A play, "Carrots," based on his "Poil de Carotte," was played by Ethel Barrymore, but outside of this he was an unknown quantity to Americans. Renard wrote two or three plays, but his rare talent was disclosed in his short sketches, his stories of bourgeois, village, or farm life. The sketches were often of the thumb-nail order, the stories were simple, generally contrived for the purpose of introducing a character. His novel, "L'Ecornifleur" ("The Sponger"), is a study of a contemptible rascal who abuses the hospitality of a foolish couple eager to be on intimate terms with a "literary man." The absolute indifference of Renard in depicting the selfishness, cold sensuality, incredible heartlessness of the sponger might well exasperate the reader that knows its author only by this hook.

A citizen of Graz, a town in Austria, keeps a nightingale in a cage, and on fine nights hangs it outside the window. A neighbor complained to the police authorities that the bird's song disturbed his slumbers, and the municipality ordered the owner of the nightingale to keep it inside the house at night. Herr Heinzel appealed against this order to the government of Styria and then to the ministry of the interior, but both these administrative authorities refused to interfere with the decision of the municipality. He did not rest, however, and now the highest court of appeal in the Austrian empire has decided that the song of a nightingale is not a nuisance. Five judges joined in the learned opinion that the song of a native bird like a nightingale was a natural sound which nobody had a right to object to, whether he liked it or not.

People of Switzerland, so a Paris paper reports, invent all kinds of cures to attract visitors to their country. Just now it is the asparagus cure in Valais. There is an abundance of asparagus in the Rhone Valley, and tons are exported to various countries of Europe. The cures begin about the end of May, and the patients make asparagus their principal diet. Meat is rigorously banished.

The Queen Mother of Spain is the president of the Madrid Symphony Orchestra and most of the concerts are attended by the whole royal family.

CURRENT VERSE.

Silk o' the Weed.

Where under boughs of willow-gray,
By hanks the blades began to pierce,
And leaflets pricked up pearly ears
To hear the things birds had to say:

I saw her standing, reticent
As Love that fears to be denied,
Shy, wildflower-faced and wildflower-eyed,
Spring mid the pods the wind had rent:

Spring, in her robe of cloud and sun,
Wafting, with lips of redbud blush,
Into the air's attentive hush,
Assurance of the love begun:

White kisses for the trees and grass,
They streamed in promise everywhere,
And with them, bright with blowing hair,
A silken breath, I saw her pass.

—Madison Carcain, in *Success Magazine*.

Gipsy Blood.

The wanderlust has called me, and I must run away—
Forget, on wind-swept, dew-drenched downs,
The streets of dirty, jostling towns,
The artificial greens and browns,
The nights that mimic day!

My nomad blood gives answer to all the airs of spring
And bids me heed the ancient goad,
And, guided by my fathers' code,
Tread through the dawn the Open Road,
Untrammelled, gipsying.

The race call orders "Forward!" Nor shall my lips be dumb!
I go to trail the hill and plain,
To drink great draughts of joy and pain
In burning sun and cold, gray rain—
I ask once, but not again:
My comrades, will you come?
—Ruth Hammett Kauffman, in *Smart Set*.

A Shell from the Slumber Sea.

Do you see where the sunset points
To the shore of the Slumber Sea;
There's a little pink shell lying there,
A shell that's for you and me;
So bold it, my sweet, to your ear,
And list its soft melody,
And then when you've heard its soft sleep-song,
My dear,
Lay your sunny head down by me.


Such wonderful dreams it brings,
Of downs where the fairies dance,
Of pearly pathways and blossom-rings,
Where the silver moonbeams glance,
Of gossamer cobwebs strung,
With diamond drops of dew,
Of tinkling chimes by the Wee Folk rung
From bells of lilac and blue.

The blow-away clocks count the hours,
As they do in the field below,
And their puff floats away like pale silver flow'rs,
But they're always fast or slow;
The right time you never can tell;
But what does it matter, my dear,
While you hear the song of that wondrous shell
Close to your small pink ear?

Hold it close 'gainst your yellow hair,
Let it rest by your dimpled cheek,
And dream thro' the night hours fair
Of waves in some mist-blue creek,
Of poppies all crumpled gold,
Soft-stirr'd by the amber bee;
Ah! sleep while your hands like sweet rose leaves
fold
O'er the shell from the Slumber Sea.

—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Pig'n Whistle



Trademark registered.

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that is most pleasing

"The dainty things to eat
have an individual taste"
—the general opinion.

Makers of the best Chocolates
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NEVER FORGET"

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Most of them are obtained abroad by our representatives and are selected from the best workmanship of France, Germany and England.

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DEL MONTE GOLF TOURNAMENT
Aug. 19th to Sept. 26th

Special Hotel rates to players.
Special Round-Trip Railroad rates.

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Aetna Springs, Napa County, California.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Ethel Gregg, and Miss Elyse Schultze arrived from Paris Saturday.

Mrs. James Otis and her daughters, Frederika and Cora, who have been abroad for over a year, are expected home soon. Mr. James Otis has gone to New York to meet them on their arrival from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin are spending the summer at the Potter Hotel, Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Ferguson have returned from a European trip.

Mrs. Charles Green and Mrs. Allan Green are at Del Monte for several weeks.

Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan will make an extended stay at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Proctor are spending the month of July at Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister are at Tahoe Tavern for the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Adams are motoring through the southern part of the State.

Mrs. Julia Bolado Ashe will spend the remainder of the summer in San Francisco.

Miss Laura Bates will leave in September for Boston, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Young (formerly Miss Bender).

Lieutenant-Commander A. A. Pratt and Mrs. Pratt left Monday for Seattle, where Commander Pratt will be stationed at the Bremerton Navy Yard.

Miss Ethel Monserratt of Honolulu has been visiting friends here prior to her departure for the East, where her wedding with Lieutenant Powers of the Marine Corps will take place next month.

Miss Anna Peters has been the guest of Mrs. Eugene Hale Douglas at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., who have been at the Potter Hotel, Santa Barbara, will return to their home at San Mateo August 1. They will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schussler are planning to leave for New York next week, and will sail for Europe on August 18. They will join their daughters in Germany.

Lieutenant George H. Ruhlén, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ruhlén are at the Vendome at San Jose, where they will remain for a month.

Mrs. William H. Bertsch is visiting her mother, Mrs. E. A. Tripler, at her home here. In November Mrs. Bertsch plans to go to the Philippines to spend Christmas with Captain Bertsch, who is captain of the port at Manila.

General Barry, Mrs. Barry, and Miss Ellen Barry are preparing to leave Fort Mason. Mrs. Barry and her daughter will visit friends in the south before joining General Barry at his new station at West Point.

Mrs. John Simpson and her daughter, Miss Amalia Simpson, have returned from Byron Springs. They have been entertaining Miss Florence Cluff since their return.

Mrs. D. L. Bliss and her daughter, Miss Hope Bliss, are spending the summer at Lake Tahoe. They will return to Boston in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills (formerly Miss Claire Nichols) contemplate leaving for the East September 1. They will spend a month in New York before going to their home in Savannah.

Miss Estelle Johnson, who has been visiting her grandmother at Napa, will be the guest next week of Mrs. John P. Young.

Mr. William G. Irwin returned from Honolulu Tuesday, after an absence of several months. Mrs. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin came up to meet him from Santa Barbara, where they are spending the summer.

Mr. Horace Pillsbury has gone to Oregon and Washington on a business trip, and during his absence Mrs. Pillsbury and her children are the guests of Miss Edith Pillsbury at Montecito.

Miss Elizabeth Brice, who is spending the summer at the Brice country home in Napa County, visited friends in town during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne are still at Nice, where they have been spending the past few months.

Miss Kate Beaver and Miss Ethel Beaver have been enjoying a trip through Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering are at their country home near Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Remington Quick have returned from Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell have sailed for Europe, after a short stay in New York.

Mrs. Germaine Vincent is visiting Mrs. Barry Coleman at San Mateo.

Mrs. Alfred H. Voorhies and Mrs. Haldemand P. Young are enjoying a trip to Alaska.

Mrs. Russell Bogue is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Bogue at Narragansett Pier.

Miss Gertrude Joliffe will reach New York from Europe in a few days. On her return here she will join Miss Harriett Joliffe at Sobre Vista.

Mrs. Richard William Davis is at Constantinople, after a visit at the American embassy in Vienna.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and her guest, Miss Goss, have returned to Hillsboro, where a number of house parties are being entertained at the Scott home.

Mrs. Samuel Blair, Mrs. Charles Keeney, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Innes Keeney are now at Marienbad.

Mrs. Nina Platt Kent is expected from the East next week. She will make her home in San Francisco in future.

Miss Nellie Grant is the guest of Mrs. Morrison Barclay at her home in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Dr. and Mrs. Emmett Rixford, who have been abroad for the summer, are in New York and will return here next month.

Lieutenant Arthur Burneston Owens, U. S. A., and Mrs. Owens have returned from Manila and are at Fernside, Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes will sail for Honolulu next week.

Miss Edith Bull and Miss Elizabeth Bull are in New York, after a visit at the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marshall Flint (formerly Miss Aperson) will spend several months with

Mrs. Phebe Hearst at her country home, Wynton, on the McCloud River. Dr. Marshall is a member of the faculty at Yale.

Mr. Walter Gifford arrived here on Tuesday from Honolulu and will make a lengthy visit on the Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belshaw have gone to their country home at Antioch, after a pleasant trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Balfour have returned from their wedding trip to Europe and are at their home at Burlingame.

Mrs. Helen Wolcott Thomas is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Sefton, Jr., at San Diego.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California and Mrs. Wheeler have left Lucerne and are traveling leisurely through Switzerland.

Miss Emma Grimwood is at Alta, where she is the guest of Mrs. George Sperry at her country home.

Mrs. J. W. Sefton and Mrs. L. S. Wakefield of San Diego are spending a few days in San Francisco.

Rev. Edward Morgan is in London, where he is the guest of Major Hickman Morgan, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morgan. He will return to San Francisco in August.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gump have returned from a five months' trip to Europe.

Mrs. George Boyd has returned from Portland, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Allan Lewis.

Miss Ethel McAllister has been the guest of Miss Maud Wilson at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, accompanied by their daughter, Hazel, are at Shasta Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Mrs. Theodore Payne, and Mr. Herbert Payne were among Del Monte's guests last week.

Miss Marie Perkins is visiting friends at Fontainebleau. She will soon return to 35 rue de Chaillot, Paris, when she will take her cousin, Miss Cora de Marville, for a tour in the châteaux country.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot were at Del Monte last week for a few days.

Mr. Charles W. Clark is at Del Monte with his family for a long stay.

Among the San Francisco arrivals at the Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, during the week past were Dr. and Mrs. N. S. Stern, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ryan, Miss Molly Lahey, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. O'Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Blankenberg, Dr. V. Condory, Miss H. L. Bascome, Miss Jeannette Woolner, Miss May Woolner, Miss Sophie Stoltz.

Recent arrivals at Etna Springs from San Francisco include Mrs. Mark L. Gerstle, Mrs. William L. Gerstle, Miss Miriam Alice Gerstle, Master Mark L. Gerstle, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. McDougall and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nolan and family, Mrs. Horace Newell, Mrs. S. R. Bowens, Mrs. Olive Holbrook Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. W. Zwieg, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Pollard, Mr. Cyril C. Tobin, Mr. George B. Fredenburg, Mrs. George Wheaton, Mr. E. J. Cotter, Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Franc, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Dowler, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bamberg, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Manasse and children, Mr. N. T. Rutherford, Mr. Roy Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bergstrom, Miss Creesy, Mr. Harry Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Griffiths, Mrs. B. Sherman, Mrs. S. L. Reardon.

The transatlantic steamship companies announce that a special concession will be granted to accredited delegates to the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists in London next September. The reduction allowed will be 25 per cent off the schedule first-class rates, providing that the fare paid by the passenger is not below the advertised minimum for the steamer by which passage is taken. Round-trip as well as single tickets will be issued on this basis, but the return portion will not be available after November 30, 1910, except on payment of the difference in fare.

Visitors to Guernsey are sometimes able to see Hauteville, where Victor Hugo, the French poet, lived and died. In this house is a handsomely furnished room, which was specially prepared by Victor Hugo for Garibaldi, the emancipator of Italy, who had promised to be his guest. Everything which Victor Hugo thought Garibaldi would appreciate was placed in this room. But Garibaldi changed his plans and never visited Hauteville. Today the room has a pathetic interest, prepared for the guest who never came.

A company is advertising for scenarios for moving picture plays. "If you have never tackled writing a scenario," the circular says, "it doesn't matter. All we want is a good idea as to what would constitute a good story to be shown on the screen, comedy, tragedy, drama, or educational." In explanation of the circular, a man in the business said that the moving picture as a means of amusement had assumed such gigantic proportions that new talent must be secured to satisfy the demand for novelties.

Alfred H. Nahor, for more than twenty years a solicitor in the advertising department of the *Argonaut*, died on Monday, July 25, of pneumonia, after a brief illness. His acquaintance with San Francisco business men was probably as wide as that of any resident. He was in his seventy-sixth year. He leaves a widow.

The Parting Gift.

An appropriately decorated Bon Voyage Box filled with candies is a substantial expression of your best wishes for a pleasant journey. At any of Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

A great success of the past season in New York was Porter Emerson Browne's new play, "The Spendthrift," which Frederic Thompson will present here at the Columbia Theatre for a two-weeks engagement, with the usual matinees. The engagement will begin on Monday evening, August 1. "The Spendthrift" in its conception and execution is entirely different from "A Fool There Was," which play first brought Porter Emerson Browne into prominence as a playwright. It deals with the frivolous extravagance of a luxury-loving wife, and the financial ruin achieved by the husband in his efforts to gratify her extravagant whims. When he realizes the direful pass to which their mode of life has brought them, he demands of his wife the sacrifices that are necessary, preparing, at the same time, to make them himself. The wife's life has been too easy—she has not sufficient stamina to face comparative poverty, and with the idea of relieving their monetary distress she hurls a large sum from a man friend. This action hastens the inevitable climax, which is in turn followed by an entire readjustment of the family relations, producing a condition more nearly approximating happiness than any that has theretofore obtained in the household. The play is in four acts, the first three showing the lavishly furnished and tastefully decorated interior of a well-to-do New York broker's home, the last in an East Side tenement house. The company was especially engaged by Mr. Thompson for the present tour, with a view to the particular fitness of each member to his or her respective parts. It includes Doris Mitchell, who portrays the spendthrift wife, Lionel Adams, Lizzie McCall, Albert Sackett, Vivian Martin, Forrest E. Orr, Grace Gibbs, and William Sullivan.

Annette Kellerman, "the perfect woman," is the present theatrical sensation. At every matinee and night performance during the week the Orpheum has been packed to the doors, and there is every indication that the same prosperity will continue all next week, which will positively be the last of Miss Kellerman's engagement. The bill for the coming week includes, besides Miss Kellerman, several famous stars in vaudeville, the chief among whom are the Four Fords, who have long been recognized as the foremost dancers in America. They have gathered European laurels since they last appeared here and are now conceded to be the champion dancers of the world. They are not what is termed in vaudeville a "stage" family—they are real brothers and sisters. Their father and mother were famous years ago as Billy Ford and Lucy Forrester. It is hard to determine which of the quartet is the superior. The two sisters, Deborah and Mabel, give an exhibition of dancing that is really a revelation. Deborah is just twenty years of age, while Mabel is eighteen. Granville and Rogers, two singing comedians who are original and different, will be a feature of the new programme. Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield, who made such a hit on the occasion of their last visit, will play a return engagement. Their contribution will consist of Will M. Cressy's laughable skit, "Mag Hagerty's Visit." Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGreevy, who call their act "The Eccentric Fiddler and the Country Maid," are renowned, and amusement may be anticipated from their efforts. Next week will be the last of Clifford and Burke, the Four Cliftons, Harry Atkinson, and of Annette Kellerman.

Henrietta Crosman will close her engagement on Sunday night at the Columbia Theatre. Her production of "Anti-Matrimony" has proved a splendid laugh provoker.

Following "The Spendthrift" at the Columbia Theatre will be seen Wagenhals and Kemper's production of the comedy "Seven Days," which is credited with being the funniest farce turned out in many years. The company comes here direct from New York.

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One of the world's most curative springs, 2 1/2 hours from San Francisco; one of California's best hotels and a delightful place for rest and recreation. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, James Flood Building, S. P. Agent, or Peck-Judah, 789 Market St., San Francisco, or 553 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, or address manager, Byron Hot Springs, California.

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Golf, Tennis, Polo, and other outdoor sports every day in the year.
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Sutter and Gough Sts.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What do you do when a tire bursts, Cholly?" "Aw, I light a cigawette."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Guest—Why did you put me in that weak bed? Host—You said you were a light sleeper.—*New York Globe*.

"My wife treats me with silent scorn." "Lucky dog!" "What do you mean?" "My wife treats me only with scorn."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Bromley, I hear you are going to start housekeeping?" "Yes, Dallinggor." "What have you got towards it?" "A wife."—*Stray Stories*.

"The sea resort you were speaking of is a pretty gay place, isn't it?" "I should say so! The only thing there that isn't dissipated is the fog."—*Baltimore American*.

"Poor man, your life must be full of hardships." "'Ow true yer words are, lidy! Only t' other day I picked up a ticket for a hall an' couldn't use it, 'cos I hadn't got a evenin' suit."—*Ideos*.

Hewitt—Can you helieve what he says? Jewett—If he and Ananias had been contemporaries, Ananias would have felt that it was necessary for him to go and get a reputation.—*New York Press*.

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Chuggins, excitedly. "Stage rohbers," replied the chauffeur. "That shot is a signal to stop." "What a relief! I thought we'd had another blow-out."—*Washington Star*.

"Then," said the reporter, "I'll say several pretty songs were rendered by Miss Packer."

"Oh, gracious, no!" replied the hostess, "you mustn't say 'rendered.' You see, her father made all his money in lard."—*Catholic Standard*.

An English army bandmaster died recently and had his violin buried with him. It was lucky that he didn't play the piano.—*Musical Courier*.

Hostess—Mr. Squibs is going to sing a comic song. Guest—I knew something would happen. I upset the salt at the dinner table.—*Stray Stories*.

"What part of a railway train do you regard as the most dangerous?" inquired the nervous man. "The dining-car," answered the dyspeptic.—*Life*.

"A man in our neighborhood who used to practice two hours every day on the trombone is laid up in the hospital." "Serves him right!" "I know what you think, but you're mistaken. He has typhoid fever."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"So you are really a cowhoy from Arizona," exclaimed the romantic young woman. "Why, you are not a hit picturesque." "I'm sorry," replied the cowhoy, "but you see I have had very little time to study up the fiction in the magazines."—*Philodelphia Record*.

Tourist—I must confess that I can't see why so many people want to come here—no scenery, no amusements, no good things to eat, absolutely no attractions. Innkeeper—Ah, signor, zey come because we 'ave ze gr-ran' label to stick on ze luggage.—*Mexican Herald*.

Editor—Pay attention to your style. You say, "Among those present were Cholly Chumley, Chappie Van Stoo, etc." Reporter—What should I have said? Editor—"Et al." That means "and others." "Etc." means "and other things." Reporter—Well, that's what I meant.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Have you heard that twelve-year-old piano prodigy who is creating such a sensation?" "Yes, I heard him in Berlin thirteen years ago."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Great Guns! I've swallowed my collar button!" exclaimed the first actor in the dressing-room. "Here, I'll lend you one of mine," answered the other, with exaggerated indifference.—*Buffalo Express*.

"Where are you going with the goat, little hoy?" "Down to the lake. Come along if you wantee see some fun. This here goat has jest eat a crate of sponges, an' I'm goin' down to let him drink."—*Answers*.

"Why don't you try one of those tobacco cures on your son?" asked Gaddie. "That wouldn't have any effect on him," replied Poppley. "Oh, yes; they simply kill all appetite for tobacco." "But he smokes cigarettes."—*Catholic Standard*.

Motherly Hostess—Our modest establishment has only one bathroom, so we all have to arrange when to take our turn. What time would you like to have your bath? Nervous Youth (who means well)—Oh, your time is mine, Mrs. Brown.—*Punch*.

"Marie, that young man is coming to see you rather often of late, is he not?" "Only seven nights a week, mum." "Have you asked him what his motive is?" "No, mum, but I will if you want me to. I don't take an interest in such things myself, but I know it's one of these little red ones with two seats."—*Houston Post*.

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S. S. Tenyo Maru.....Tuesday, Aug. 16, 1910

S. S. Nippon Maru.....Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1910

S. S. Chiyo Maru.....Tuesday, Oct. 4, 1910

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.....	10:45a	4:20p	2:40p	a 9:50p	2:32p
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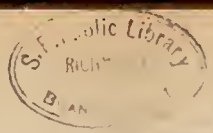
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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Davis in Statuary Hall.

Mississippi, the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, may add his statue to those of other noted men under the dome of the capitol. There is no law to prevent it, though the President has some prerogative in the matter which he would probably not use in the case of Davis any more than he did in the case of Lee. The question is not statutory, except in the code of taste. But Southerners make much of good form, and Mississippi, having accepted the results of the war, might well pause before thrusting so aggressive a symbol of disunion into an assemblage which, after all, stands for national men and national ideas; a symbol which would rightly offend the loyal sentiments of the greater part of the country and revive prejudices which are best forgotten, more for the sake of the South than of the North. And what is the excuse? Had Jefferson Davis ever given Mississippi or her sister commonwealths anything of value; or if he had a right to the title of greatness, an excuse if not a justification might be found for the honor to which his native State asks the nation to admit him. But Mississippi and the South are backward and poor today because of the fallacies

which Jefferson Davis, as a senator in Congress, supported and urged, and because of the secession that he led. Nor could any man be entitled to the name of statesman who tried to build a nation on the principle of self-destruction at the will of an aggrieved minority of its voters, which is what the principle of secession implied. Such a nation, had it been erected, would have rested on a quaking bog, bound by nothing more substantial than a rope of sand. Furthermore, the Confederacy chose slavery for its cornerstone and thus made it morally impossible or only immorally possible for civilized nations to take its part. But for that fact England might have recognized the southern oligarchy and raised the Union blockade. From first to last secession and the Confederacy were mistakes unworthy of men who had any of the basic qualities of statesmen, any of the characteristics which deserve even so slight a lease of immortality as can be given their architects by perishable bronze or marble.

The Municipal Big Stick.

The latest development in the San Francisco labor situation is a strike on the part of the hod-carriers with a consequent tie-up of building operations. The facts in the case are simple. It is one of the necessities of the hod-carrying trade—or shall we call it a profession?—that its hours of labor are thirty minutes longer each day than that of the brick masons. To prepare mortar for the masons who begin work at eight o'clock in the morning, it is necessary that the hod-carriers, whose work includes mortar-mixing, shall begin work twenty minutes before eight. Likewise, after the noon intermission it is necessary that they begin work ten minutes before the masons. Hitherto this has been regarded as a trade requirement and has been acceded to without protest. Incidentally hod-carriers in San Francisco have been paid \$5 per day of eight and one-half hours, this wage rate being higher than that paid anywhere else in the world for like work. But the hod-carriers are dissatisfied. They demand that the half-hour's excess work be paid for, and at double the rate for ordinary time. That is to say they want \$5 for a day of eight hours, plus pay for an extra hour for a half-hour's work.

The contractors of the city have refused the demand of the hod-carriers and to that end are acting as a unit. The deadlock is practically absolute. Of a total of sixty-six important buildings now in course of construction sixty have knocked off work and four of the remaining six are working under the old schedule and upon an open-shop basis. Local commercial bodies, who see that further concessions can not be made to labor demands without general disaster, are sympathetic with the contractors and will support them in a policy of resistance. The common opinion is that the hod-carriers will be compelled to abandon their demands, that in the end they will go back to work on the old terms.

The main interest in this contention is related less to the interest of the immediate contestants than to the attitude of the municipal government. The labor union element is, as all the world knows, in the saddle. Mr. McCarthy has publicly announced that first, he is president of the Building Trades Council, and second, mayor of San Francisco. He is sustaining this assertion. Early in the fight the hod-carriers demanded that conferences between themselves and the contractors should be held in the mayor's office. And it was so arranged. In these meetings the mayor has practically been the whole thing, not as representing the principle of neutrality, but as the spokesman and agent of the striking hod-carriers. Day by day there has been presented the amazing spectacle of one nominally an arbitrator and pacifier actually conducting negotiations from his seat in the mayor's chair in behalf of one of the parties to the controversy.

But this is not all. In collateral as well as in direct

ways the powers of the municipality under the command of the delectable McCarthy are being exercised in behalf of the strikers. In some manner the suppliers of lime have become involved in sympathy with their customers, the contractors. Now, the suppliers of lime have been granted the privilege of connecting their warehouses with the main railroad lines by spur tracks. It is a privilege in the interest of trade, essential to the prompt and economical handling of lime. But since the lime merchants are in sympathy with the contractors in this contention with the hod-carriers, the municipal government is employing its powers against them. At a meeting of the board of works held on Friday of last week a resolution was passed recommending to the board of supervisors that spur-track privileges granted to the Holmes Lime Company and the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company be cancelled on the score of their sympathy and coöperation with the contractors as against the hod-carriers. Still further, the board of public works has passed a resolution to the effect that all debris and building material now on the streets and sidewalks in front of buildings in course of construction and on which operations have been suspended shall be removed, and that all temporary sidewalks in front of buildings on which work has been suspended shall also be removed. The significance of these procedures is plain. The powers of the municipality as exercised by the mayor, by the board of supervisors, and by the board of public works, are being used to crush the opposition of the contractors to the demands of the hod-carriers.

Here we have a notable instance, in accord with many others, tending to explain the shyness of capital in San Francisco and the decline of industry here. Of course, nobody cares to venture his capital in enterprises old or new where organized labor, through its control of the municipal government, carries a big stick and makes bold to use it whenever selfish interest finds an occasion.

Men and brethren of San Francisco, property-holders, bankers, fellow-citizens all, we are not going to see normal and prosperous times in San Francisco so long as this condition exists. Capital and enterprise will not exploit themselves in a sphere where the conditions are what they are here. Industry will decline, trade will languish, so long as an organized and aggressive labor unionism is in possession of the municipal government and employs its forces to discourage and crush every form of opposition to labor demands, however unreasonable or onerous.

In the judgment of the *Argonaut* the situation must be worse before it is better. Things must get so bad as to arouse the spirit of resentment and resistance. Now complacency and cowardice rule our counsels. But surely a time must come when the property-owners and business men of San Francisco will rise in their might and reestablish the industry of San Francisco upon the American basis—upon a basis which will put San Francisco on a par with the cities with which it must compete in manufacture and trade. Speed the day!

Lords and Commons.

The most significant factor in the British political situation is the fact that Parliament is to hold an autumn session. This means that the conference between the Liberal and Conservative leaders on the relations between the Commons and the Lords has not only not failed, but is likely to reach a satisfactory solution. The rumor of a week ago that the conference had broken down is thus discredited, for there would be little reason to call an autumn session if the government did not expect the conference to continue its labors. It is not probable that any definite result will be published before November, and of course nothing has been allowed to transpire as to how the deliberations are shaping. A suggested solution of the

ficulty, which has been made on high authority, gives a clew to the decision which may finally be reached. This proposed compromise is to the effect that, to forestall future deadlocks between the two houses, a joint committee of both houses shall be appointed at the beginning of each Parliament and so constituted as to give the government of the day a preponderance of votes. That is, the members of the committee shall be chosen from the Commons proportionally to the strength of parties there, while the Lords shall contribute an equal number of Liberal and Conservative peers. It will be seen that in the event of a deadlock a committee so constituted would almost inevitably favor the government. At the basis of this suggestion is the presupposition that the Lords will waive the right to reject money bills.

This plan would leave the constitution of the House of Lords unchanged, and that fact alone will probably commend the scheme to the conservative British mind. It would preserve a picturesque institution, make its membership still available as a reward for political and other services, and yet insure the predominance of the majority in the elected chamber. That the conference has sat so long is the best augury for its success, and in any event the fact that it has been held precludes the situation in England from reverting to its original bitterness. More than half the battle was won when Mr. Asquith's invitation was accepted by Mr. Balfour, for that was a recognition of the spirit of compromise, a restoration to a normal constitutional point of view, and in that spirit the difficulty must now be solved. It will be an exceedingly happy omen if, just as the opening of King Edward's reign was signalized by the South African peace, the first year of George V should be distinguished by a pacific readjustment of the long-standing quarrel between the Commons and the Lords.

The Vatican and Spain.

The trouble between the Vatican and Spain shows again the vital fault of papal diplomacy—the fault of conceding nothing to the spirit of the age—a spirit at which the Pope flings the futile sneer of “modernism.” Few Popes have had the worldly wisdom to avoid this supreme folly, hence the Reformation, the loss of temporal power, the decline of spiritual authority at Rome, and the gradual but sure debilitation of Roman Catholic states. True, the Vatican has shown no lack of judgment in its ways of organization, and in permitting the church in America to profit by free air, the one sign of its infallibility is in the perfect working of its machine. But we are dealing now with the vested blundering of the church in the field of foreign relations. There the Vatican shows that, like the house of Bourbon, it learns nothing and forgets nothing. It still holds to its proud arrogance, to its ancient usurpations, its senile pretenses, its useless defiances of secular progress. That the world moves is a truth that is sometimes forced upon it, but the church never accepts that truth until it has clamored long and stridently and hacked its weapons dull upon the shield of civilization itself. Always in such contests it is defeated, and never with credit to itself or without losses it can ill afford. For proofs of this it is not necessary to go back to Luther's time. The foreign policy of the last three pontificates supplies enough examples of self-mischief done. It has estranged Italy and France, and is now alienating Spain and losing prestige in Portugal. Germany was given a needless affront in the Pope's latest encyclical. The foreign diplomacy of the Vatican never fails to stir rebellious blood. And so it has come about that the only nations in which Roman Catholicism thrives and deserves to thrive, as in England and America, are those which receive no nuncios and send no envoys to the papal court and which permit no interference of the Vatican with their prerogatives. And yet the lesson this fact teaches is never learned. The foreign office of the church might be walled in the catacombs and inhabited by the blind and deaf, for all the sign it gives of fitness for dealing wisely with the free world about it.

Now, what are the facts of the Vatican's controversy with Spain? They are very simple. Spain, as a state allied with the church, had been long decaying. Soon after the abortive war with the United States the liberal element in the politics of the kingdom demanded reforms which would give the country modern institutions and create the spirit of progress. So strong had the liberals become that they carried and still hold the lower house of the Cortes, the upper one being in large part a vested oligarchy beyond the mandate of

popular votes. The present premier, Señor Canalejas, determined, as a step in advance, to enforce the first article of the Spanish constitution of 1812, which proclaims absolute respect for freedom of belief and religious worship.

Such a departure, however, happens to be opposed to the concordat of 1851, by the terms of which Spain bound itself to the Holy See to limit and to an extent annul the religious liberty guaranteed by organic law. Among other changes, public worship was forbidden to members of other than the Roman Catholic Church. That has been the law, but as a matter of fact various sects of the Protestant Church have planted places of worship here and there, and, notably, Anglican chapels have been established for the benefit of the English relatives and friends of the queen. None of these edifices, however, are allowed to bear any outward sign of the purpose to which they are devoted, as that would be in violation of further provisions of the concordat, which prohibits publicity of any kind for non-Catholic faiths. This is where Señor Canalejas joins issue with the powers at Rome. He stands by the first article of the constitution of 1812, holding, no doubt, that as that document antedates the concordat by nearly forty years it is of greater authority. He goes further. In view of the excessive growth of Roman Catholic religious congregations and orders in Spain—congregations and orders which are sapping the vitality of the nation and introducing disturbing and undesirable economic forces, and are not necessary for the religious needs of the people—he insists that all such congregations and orders shall be subjected to the civil laws governing the right of association, and that no more be established without the authority of the government.

Obviously, Señor Canalejas has in view such a separation of church and state as has been carried out in France, and the establishment of full religious liberty. “As in all countries,” he has said, “there should be in Spain Protestant churches and even synagogues which ought to bear on their walls the insignia denoting the character of their creed.” And in this he has the support of King Alfonso and of a chamber of deputies where he is assured for the present of a progressive majority. On the opposite side is ranged the influence of the senate, a reactionary body where the Carlist, Catalanian, and ultra-Catholic spirit is in the ascendant. That is the factor upon which the Vatican counts. The evil genius of the Pope, Cardinal Merry del Val, has naturally protested against a liberal interpretation of the constitution of 1812 and all that follows in its train, yet even he has not up to the present taken the extreme step of recalling the Nuncio from Madrid. But Señor Canalejas has demonstrated his own sincerity by prevailing upon the king to recall the Spanish ambassador at Rome, which is evidence of his determination to keep his government free from foreign influence and his resolve to subordinate the power of the church to that of the state.

Meanwhile there is the threat of civil war, the direst tragedy that could befall a nation, especially where religious fanaticism is the moving cause—civil war because the premier would give the Protestant and Jewish subjects of the king the right to let the people know that their houses of worship are such and not places of secular assembly. And yet the Vatican holds that better a devastated Spain, better the gutters running blood and innocent life expiring in flame and uproar, than to concede even the slender privilege to a non-Catholic communion of tacking a sign on its church door so that people who prefer its form of worship may know where to go. The church through its foreign office has warned Spain of civil war as punishment for an act of common justice, but it has not warned the wolfish peasantry it controls to abstain from bloody violence. Instead its bitter priests are engaged in setting fire to tow and when a group of fierce Biscayan threatens in effect to go out with dagger and torch in defense of the insolent usurpations of Rome, Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, telegraphs the thanks of the Holy Father. Perhaps, if these Biscayan zealots cut the throats of enough of their fellow-countrymen the Shepherd of the Sheep will send his Christian blessing to them also. Has papal Rome in its worst days shown a more revolting spirit than this? Did it do more when it caused Martin Luther to nail his theses to the church door? And if it does not take the devil out of its policies, will it not deserve to be confronted by another Luther who will teach it, this time in the name of the Latin peoples whose very sweat and blood the Vatican has coined into Peter's pence, that

above all altars is humanity and that the service of God is not to lose by any behest of Pope or priest that “perfect freedom” which is its immortal birthright?

Bryan and His Issues.

Mr. Bryan's rebuff at the hands of the Nebraska Democratic State Convention shows that the peerless leader's attempt to reach the presidency by the broad road of prohibition is not succeeding better than did his effort to get there by the straight and narrow path of orthodoxy.

The politico-religious idea came to Mr. Bryan for the first time when he made sure that the Republicans were going to nominate Mr. Taft, a Unitarian. It is a bit strange that his reading of American history had not taught him that his fellow-citizens have never, since they accepted Benjamin Franklin as their seer and that other eminent free-thinker, Thomas Jefferson, as their magna-chartist, believed in mixing theological questions with their politics. But Mr. Bryan rushes in where wise men stand back, and it was not unlike him, in the near presence of a Unitarian rival, to develop a strong political interest in evangelical religion. He had talked free trade and free silver in turn until his audiences were far out of the reach of his voice and the presidency farther away yet; now he would appeal for free salvation in the language of the elect, hoping that it would turn out to be also the language of the elected.

That a Unitarian—a questioner of the Divinity—should aspire to Christian votes filled Mr. Bryan with melancholy, not unmixed with personal hope. His own spiritual nature then began to burgeon and bloom. He had shunned the light for a long time, but while the lamp held out to burn even a Democratic politician might return. So the great commoner began to show up at camp meetings where one could soon see, by his throes of spiritual gestation, that he meant to be born again. And he was. Soon, with a shining countenance, he was leading in exhortation and there is a rumor, passed along by some money-devil, that he had been heard to sing in the chorus of “Hold the Fort for I Am Coming.” Next he prepared a resounding lecture on the foundations of Christianity which always drew amens from the front benches as well as dollars to the box-office—a thoroughly evangelical appeal, although it contained nothing to shock the tenderest sensibilities of the Roman Catholic voter. Bryan also came out strong at immersions, and though he did not go under himself, that was excused him because he had been under water so often as to give him a tired feeling. But always the look on his face when the converts came out of the stream was as beatific as if they had been the vanguard of a Democratic majority. Nor was Mr. Bryan narrow in his religious associations. The Presbyterians and Congregationalists learned to expect him at their donation parties, and the Episcopalians, though regarded in the West as a communion which never meddles with either politics or religion, were not unmindful, as election time approached, of Mr. Bryan's solicitude.

Then the last presidential election came and went, derricking a Unitarian into the presidential davenport. There could have been no sadder blow to Mr. Bryan's faith and practice. The camp meetings which knew him once knew him no more, forever. The lecture that had assailed the walls of the Republican Jericho with a more deafening blast than the lungs of a Stentor could have evoked from the horn of any ram which had ever challenged his foes on Mount Olympus was laid away with the old free-silver speeches in cobwebbed oblivion. When the Baptist brethren sang of Jordan's stormy banks there was no Bryan present to make a few helpful remarks to the shivering close-communicants in the stream. The donation parties were held as usual, but the watcher at the door, tickets in hand, heard no cheery hail from the coming Man of Destiny. Mr. Bryan had gone to look for some other issue.

He found it in the new crusade for prohibition. He had fought shy of that ancient issue for a great many years. He had felt as Bill Nye did when he wrote his salutatory for the Laramie paper and said: “As for prohibition, we can either use it or let it alone, but for the present we refuse to touch, taste, or handle the unclean thing.” For all of Bryan, the drunkard might go to hell in his own fashion if he would only stop long enough at the polls on the way to vote the party ticket. But things were changing. Here for two years past State after State had gone for prohibition. Surely there must be something in it. Northern and

Western States began to do the same thing. Cities shifted over from wet to dry. Prohibition planks loomed up most unexpectedly in party platforms. The liquor trust showed signs of fright; its circulars were desperate appeals against the prevailing drouth. Surely here was a chance for a peerless leader to lead something to the White House. So, when the band wagon came along, with the resounding alchemy attuned to

Bright water for me, bright water for me,
And wine for the trembling debauchee,

Bryan climbed aboard and one had to be very deaf indeed not to hear him announce the fact above the music of the band.

And then a slump, an unmistakable, unaccountable slump! Communities hitherto dry began to get wet. Smoke arose once more from convalescent stills. Milwaukee perked up and took a frothier view of life. Two or three Southern States which had been so dry that corn, rye, and barley had refused to grow in their soil, began turning out all three staples in the ratio of fifty to one hundred gallons per acre. It was no longer *au fait* in society to disguise a fervid nose with a film of talcum powder. The consumption of the elixirs that cheer and also inebriate rose to the old revolting figures even in the emancipated and gold-cured South. The West began to look for side doors; and even Nebraska, which had taken up with town option showed signs of revolt at any wider application of total abstinence. It was time for the great commoner to save the situation and he hurried to Nebraska to do it with results, which, as we have indicated, are to be seen in the mortuary statistics and in the expression of woe which had generally been reserved by the Peerless One for use only at the close of national elections.

Like another Japhet in search of a father, Mr. Bryan will again be on the lookout for an issue—perhaps even already. There is but one left, woman suffrage, and if we see the undismayed statesman from the Platte attending afternoon receptions, interesting himself in knitting-bees and defending the rights of women to prey on the eyes of men with long hatpins it will be an unmistakable sign. Who knows but that we may yet have a chance to see a Bryan and Nation ticket in the field, one financed by Hetty Green and Mrs. Sage, solaced by the sure-thing predictions of Mary Baker Eddy, advocated by Editor Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and platformed for the Child, the Mother, and the Home. It is Bryan's last chance, and if he does not make the most of it the multitudes who have come to regard a quadrennial election as a chance to vote against Bryan will never feel at home again in a precinct booth.

Portland Sustains Industrial Freedom.

Portland is in the throes of a protracted labor strike. Nominally it is the teamsters against the warehousemen. In effect it is organized labor in its most aggressive pretensions against all forms of industry. There is an effort in Portland to establish the same kind of unionistic domination which has gotten so firm a grip upon the throat of San Francisco.

The difference between conditions in Portland and in San Francisco is mainly in the spirit of the two communities. The Portland city government, instead of being in the hands of the labor element, is in neutral but firm hands. It is neither playing one game nor the other. It is doing the square thing all round. So much for having a mayor and a city council inspired by right purposes and sustained by decent courage.

One of the methods of unionism in the Portland fight has been the erection of what are called boycott banners across the public streets under a practice permitted in the interest of public celebrations, political campaigning, etc. In the course of the present fight the unionists have declared various business houses to be "unfair" and have displayed banners advertising their resentment. The matter having been called to the attention of the city council, that body by a vote of eight to four has passed an ordinance forbidding the erection of banners across the streets, likewise prohibiting the carrying about of boycott banners on the streets by labor unionists or others.

The retail merchants of Portland, representing a trade element not ordinarily courageous, have likewise taken a firm stand against the unionists. At a meeting held last week attended by representatives of practically every important retail house in Portland, resolutions were carried by practically unanimous vote in favor of the open-shop rule for Portland.

Another mighty aid is that afforded by the Portland

press. The *Oregonian* stands squarely for the principle of the open shop, while supporting absolutely the right of labor to organize and to define the terms upon which its service may be marketed. In other words, it stands for the American principle against the demands of unionism for a monopoly of labor.

It is easy to see the outcome in Portland. It will be what it is everywhere where public spirit is high and where the powers of government are neutral. Portland will reject the demands of unionism for monopoly of labor. Per consequence, Portland will continue to prosper precisely as Los Angeles prospers—precisely as San Francisco would prosper if it could find the courage and self-respect to yield to organized labor nothing on the score of its political and other pretensions, but only what it may equitably demand.

The Way of the Reformer.

William Kent, the professional reformer whom Chicago has bestowed on California for its sins, and who is running for Congress in the Second District, has fallen on evil days. Kent, it appears, is a man of fortune and, among his large investments, he includes a controlling interest in the Golconda Cattle Company, a Nevada corporation. This company, sad to say, has been caught fencing in public lands, a trick which is as old in the cattle business of the West as jumping claims is in the mining trade, and quite as keenly deprecated by the law-officers of the government and by honest men in general. The object of the guileful proceeding was twofold, first to get more pasture and second—and this is serious in its bearings—to keep other people from filing on the land. It suited the Golconda Cattle Company to take in 3300 acres plus, which materially increased its power to put dividends into the pockets of William Kent, reformer and president of the offending corporation.

All might have gone on prosperously but for one William Jewell, a special agent of the United States, who is so suspicious by nature that he does not take even a professional reformer for granted. Mr. Jewell got it into his head to look up the acreage which belonged to Kent and his associates and then measure the fences about it, when, lo and behold! the fences turned out to have been made for a larger piece of land than the deeds called for. A little inquiry developed the fact that, to fill the fences out and keep them from wrinkling, a big farm of Uncle Sam's had been surreptitiously added to the Kent ranch.

The law against this kind of benevolent assimilation is as clear as the eighth commandment. It defines the offense and then provides for a civil action against the offender; and in cases where the land has been inclosed to prevent settlement, which is the gravamen of Mr. Jewell's charge, fine and imprisonment are added. This is the situation from which the president of the Golconda Cattle Company is seeking a way to escape.

Mr. Kent met the charge of the special agent after the manner of the professional reformer by adding to the customary denial the countercharge that it had been made out of whole politics. Like some other reformers under fear of the searchlight, he anticipated publication in the daily press by the threat of libel suits. But, as is also common in these cases, publication followed. Then came a denial from Mr. Kent which left nothing to be desired but corroborative proof. Mr. Kent went into detail to prove that his fences could not be on public land and said the charges were untrue and the published accounts of them libelous. This was explicit enough to have been believed but for the official nature of the charges and the instant preparation of the Attorney-General to bring suit, a further proceeding which brought Mr. Kent down from his high horse and prompted him to send a telegram to the Department of Justice saying that he would remove the fences and that a suit would be unnecessary. He had not known about his having other people's property in his possession. He was used to having so much of his own land under fence that he did not recognize other people's when it was included. Like the chevalier of industry described by Monsieur Vidocq, one may become so used to keeping his hands in his own pockets that he can not always tell whether they are there or in some other man's.

The Attorney-General, although assured by Mr. Kent that it will be needless to go further, takes the archaic view that the time for an offender to decide whether he shall be prosecuted or not is before and not after he has broken the law. Under a thoroughly reformed system of government the Kent view that restitution is satisfaction may prevail; but at present the Department

of Justice has to run along with such imperfect law as it has at hand. But was there ever anything that so exhibited the perversity of fate! Just as California was about to be reformed into a high-minded free trade and conservation community, devoted to Democratic principles, this misfortune happens to the leader of the movement; and all because of too much conservation of Uncle Sam's domain and too much free trading with Uncle's property rights.

Insurgency in Ohio.

The collapse of the insurgency movement in Ohio is one of the hopeful political signs of the day. It indicates that in spite of the efforts of the muck-rakers to destroy patriotic confidence, the heart and judgment of the people remain sane and sound.

In Ohio the situation in many respects has been similar to that in California. A group of inordinately aspiring men, ex-Secretary Garfield conspicuous among them, have failed to find the recognition they desired. The cause of their disgruntlement has been nothing more nor less than personal disappointment and chagrin. They have no real grievance in the condition of State affairs. With all their efforts to make out a case in the press and before the State convention last week they could point to no notable abuses of power at the hands of the regular party organization, could suggest no line of policy looking to better things. Again, like the insurgency movement in California, their cause lacked unselfish and inspiring leadership. In Ohio as elsewhere the public has its weak side. It may for a brief time be imposed upon. But where there is time for consideration, common sense rules in politics as in other spheres. The rank and file of the Republican party in Ohio soon came to estimate the movement at its true value, and this is why it has been given its quietus.

In Ohio, or in California, or elsewhere, insurgency is rarely anything more or better than a protest. Invariably it is based upon some form of disgruntlement. Wounded vanity is invariably among its primary motives. It is not uncommonly borne down by the weight of resentful and malicious feeling. It rarely aims at anything positive or hopeful. Only in the rarest situations does it promise anything for the good either of the State or of the nation. Just now insurgency means enmity to a national administration which under circumstances of great difficulty is carrying itself with a notable efficiency. Men of intelligence and patriotism, however in minor matters they may differ from the administration, will have none of this movement. They know that in political affairs the ideal thing is an impossibility; they know that some concession, some sacrifice of opinion or purpose, must always be made. They do not rise in resentment and opposition against those who are carrying the responsibilities of government because in minor details things are not precisely what they would like to have them.

It goes without saying that the action of the Ohio convention mightily strengthens the hand of President Taft. It not only assures him of the friendship and backing of his own State, but of other States where the same general conditions prevail. It indicates to him that patience and judgment are still dependable quantities in American life and that a President who relies upon the good will and common sense of the people stands upon a sure foundation.

Editorial Notes.

It was the fortune of John G. Carlisle, dead in New York at the age of seventy-five, to be the instrument of a great public service. He was Secretary of the Treasury under Cleveland at the period of the silver craze in 1893-7, and it was through him and with his counsel and assistance that Mr. Cleveland's financial policy was carried out. It was the subject of overwrought criticism in its day, but it is now universally regarded as having saved the country from a slump to the silver basis, with all the ills that would inevitably have followed. A man less wise or less strong in the secretaryship of the treasury might have done an infinite mischief to American prosperity. Since his retirement from the Treasury Department Mr. Carlisle's political activities have been small. He has been affiliated with the so-called Cleveland wing of the party, therefore in opposition to the dominant faction headed by William Jennings Bryan. In New York, where Mr. Carlisle has made his home the last thirteen years, he has been eminently successful as a legal practitioner.

and he has been held everywhere in the highest respect as a statesman and as a lawyer.

Mr. Roosevelt has found it necessary to rebuke the officiousness of certain fool friends in California, among them the esteemed Fresno *Republican*. These super-serviceable friends thought that it would help Mr. Johnson's candidacy for the governorship to represent the coming of Mr. Pinchot to participate in his campaign as a direct mark of the Rough Rider's interest in Californian affairs. Emphasis was laid upon the circumstance that just before Pinchot started West he visited Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill. This fact was interpreted baldly as highly significant. "Pinchot comes," so it was said, "directly from Roosevelt." Mr. Roosevelt will have none of it. He is not taking sides in the California contest; he is letting the organization which has assumed his name work out its own destiny without help from him. All of which he has made plain in a positive statement. Somebody possibly may remember that when Johnson's supporters were making much of the presumed Rooseveltian indorsement, the *Argonaut* remarked that it might be wise as well as courteous to let Mr. Roosevelt make his own announcements.

New Orleans raised a million dollars for the fair some time after San Francisco had subscribed four millions. Louisiana added a four-million-dollar bond issue, which may or may not sell at par owing to the repudiation of the "Baby" bonds. To bring the ostensible figure up to \$7,500,000, New Orleans renewed her subscription project, the net result of which, after several weeks' work, is \$193,000. This is only a little more than half the amount the San Francisco police have subscribed towards the seventh million, which is now in process of subscription. New Orleans has \$2,037,000 yet to raise and apparently sees no way of getting it without an appeal to the legislatures of the Gulf States. All home resources seem to have been exhausted, while San Francisco has not yet appealed either to the municipality or the State for financial aid.

Jack London, who among other kinds of faking pretends to be a gentleman, recently got into a mix-up in Muldowney's saloon, a more or less notorious place in Oakland. As to the rights and wrongs of the quarrel nobody knows; probably nobody was in a condition to remember much about it. But the outcome was that London got a frightful "beating up" at the hands of Muldowney. A discreet man would have let the matter go at that and have made haste to salve his bruises. But London is not of a pacific temper, and what he could not do with his fists he undertook to achieve through the courts. He brought a charge against the saloon-keeper of "wantonly and unprovokingly" beating him. By way of reprisal Muldowney brought suit against London. The case was taken before Police Judge Samuels of Oakland, who, regarding the whole transaction as a vulgar brawl in which neither the law nor the public was interested, dismissed the matter. Now comes London in an "open letter" to Judge Samuels, from which we extract the following sentences because they so entirely illustrate the character and the spirit of the man:

Some day, somewhere, I am going to get you. I am going to get you legally, never fear, but get you I will, and I shall get you to the full hilt of the law and the legal procedure that obtains among civilized men.

This has a familiar ring. Somehow, some day, we seem to have heard it before—possibly from some other moral enthusiast.

Mr. Roosevelt's style is losing its vigor. Last week Colonel Harvey, in the *North American Review*, stated that Mr. Roosevelt had said: "If a national election were to be held next November he (Roosevelt) would undoubtedly be the Republican candidate and would win." Mr. Roosevelt pronounces this "a simple falsehood." "Simple!" There is an unaccustomed mildness in the word. What has happened to tame the spirit, to exorcise the vim, of the Rough Rider?

Mr. Fickert agrees with the mayor, despite his spectacular raid on one Chinese gambling house, that the Chinese shall have the same club privileges as the whites. That is to say, they may "gamble their heads off" if they want to. But the trouble with this theory is that the white clubmen gamble without running a gambling house in the legal acceptance of the term, while the Chinese clubmen exist to rob the outsider. There is justice in the idea of equality of privilege, but

the Chinese use their privileges to override the law. The opportunity to do this is one upon which they must set a high financial value.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Celia Thaxter's pathetically beautiful poem, "Seaward," which adorned the "Old Favorites" department of the *Argonaut* last week, must have reminded numerous readers of those lonely Isles of Shoals off the New Hampshire coast where the poetess spent so many years of her life. That the breath of the sea is in her verse, and that her prose is tinged with a twilight mood is due in no small measure to the environment of her girlhood, and no one can visit those peaceful islands to this day without entering into sympathy with Celia Thaxter's musing spirit.

Nearly every other resort in the United States has been transformed in accordance with the supposed needs of the times; the hotels are of the latest pattern, amusements of all kinds are supplied in liberal measure, and visitors who can not appear in fresh raiment every day feel uncomfortably "out of it." But the new régime is unknown at the Isles of Shoals. The hotels on both the principal islands are still of a primitive type, the "amusements" are restricted to watching the boat come in and the tide go out, and dress is not the end of existence. Yet there are few spots on this wide continent where it is possible to secure a more ideal vacation for body and soul. The heat is never oppressive, for the islands are searched by the winds of the broad Atlantic, and the lack of social distraction gives the mind unique opportunity to recover its tone. Somehow, the visitor does not miss the "attractions" which are supposed to be essential for vacation days; even though the hours are mostly spent in idle talk or in lounging in rockers on the broad porches of the hotel, with regular interruptions for meals, the days never drag, and the end of the vacation comes too quickly and with regret.

Even the pedestrian has but limited scope for his exercise on the Isles of Shoals. Either Appledore or Star Island may be circumnavigated in an hour or two, and the only other opportunity for physical prowess is to go a-fishing and test the muscles by hauling up gigantic cod. Yet no visitor would have it otherwise. He feels that he has gone back to the days of the dawn of American history, and would resent anything that would disturb the spell of the past. Sometimes he will clamber over the rocks to that gray plinth which tells how Captain John Smith visited the islands ever so many years ago, or his feet may stray to the sad little graveyard where the islanders of far-off years are sleeping so quietly to the requiem of the waves they loved. Lowell's "Pictures from Appledore" will be often in mind:

A heap of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags,
That wait and growl for a ship to be lost.

And among the now phantom ships which struck on these cruel rocks in bygone years the eye of the mind sees the Spanish barque and its drowned seamen who have been enshrined in Celia Thaxter's verse:

Fifty long years ago these sailors died:
None know how many sleep beneath the waves;
Fourteen gray headstones, rising side by side,
Point out their nameless graves—

Lonely, unknown, deserted, but for me,
And the wild birds that fit with mournful cry,
And sadder winds, and voices of the sea
That moan perpetually.

One other grave on the islands is now the object of pensive interest. It is that of Celia Thaxter herself, who was rightly laid to rest amid the scenes of her childhood. For the lover of the byways of American literature these islands must always hold a rare charm. And perhaps the day will come when Celia Thaxter will enter into her rightful heritage as one of the sweetest singers of this continent and a master of flexible and wistful prose.

Another chapter in island romance has been closed by the recent death of George Clunies-Ross, the "King" of the Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean. This coral group, which lies some seven hundred miles southwest of Sumatra, has a population of less than seven hundred souls, and has been for nearly a century under the rule of the Clunies-Ross family. The first of that name joined forces with Alexander Hare, an Occidental who had become so enamored with Oriental ways that his one ambition was to possess a harem and preside over a court. Between the two, settlers to the number of nearly two hundred made their home on the Cocos, and when Hare tired of his court and harem, John Clunies-Ross was left in sole possession. He died after a rule of twenty-seven years, and was succeeded by his son John, who married a Malay of the royal Solo blood and had by her six sons. It was the oldest of these, George, who died the other week. The most notable event of his career was the voyage to England which he undertook in 1855. In a schooner of 178 tons, which he himself had built, he embarked with his seven eldest children. His brother served as officer, and islanders formed the crew. The voyage round the Cape lasted six months, the two brothers keeping watch and watch about, and it is recorded as proof of their seamanship that the mainsail was never once lowered, despite all kinds of weather. Some day the fascinating history of the island adventurers of the world will be written, and then we shall learn the high lessons that are to be taught by the careers of such men as the Clunies-Rosses and the Leightons of the Isles of Shoals.

Not to be eclipsed by the Kaiser, D. D., who varies his activities by preaching an occasional full-length sermon, the

labor premier of South Australia has been holding forth to a Christian Endeavor conference in true pulpit style. To the horror of many theologians, he claims that if the Apostle Paul were alive today he would be a social agitator, much, no doubt, after the type of Jack London and other "war correspondents" of Reno. Unsound though the premier's analysis of Paul's character may be, there is not much fault to be found with his exhortation:

Don't use dirty language when you see girls coming along the street, and don't spit on the pavement in front of decent women. Cultivate good manners, and do nothing to destroy the dignity of the motherhood of the State in which you live. To the young men who are doing nothing, I say join something—a church, a trade union, or something which will cause you to remember that life has to be thought out.

In this season of summer camps all kinds of disasters seem possible. That truth was borne in upon the *al fresco* gospellers at Pitman, New Jersey, the other day, when "for the first time in its history camp-meeting had to be opened without the use of a Bible." The hour for beginning service arrived before the terrible discovery was made that no copy of the Scriptures was on the preacher's desk, and a frenzied appeal to the audience to supply the omission drew an absolute blank. Laymen and lay-women, and pastors and evangelists searched their pockets in vain; not a Bible, or even a New Testament, could be mustered in the whole assembly. No one seems to have appealed for a corkscrew, which is supposed to be the conventional resort in such a difficulty, and finally the absence of the Scriptures in book form was compensated for by the repetition of texts by all and sundry. Did any one recite "In the midst of life we are in death," or "He tempereth His wind to the shorn lamb," under the impression that they were providing authentic quotations?

Art in hysterics is having an excellent showing in London, where the third exhibition of the Allied Artists' Association is being held. Membership in this association costs five dollars a year, and any one paying that sum has the right to show three pictures. As there is no selecting committee, there are no rejections. Naturally, the result is a veritable nightmare. One picture might be intended for a study of two Eskimo women trying to hang clothes on a virulent Aurora Borealis, were it not that the figures resemble geometrical problems rather than human beings. Another, entitled by the artist with commendable restraint "The Dream," represents a gentleman in striped pink pajamas flying through a purple sky, pursued by a bedstead. A ludicrous dragon, mainly composed of teeth and eyes, gapes beneath him. A singular imp, built on the lines of a noxious insect, gibbers from the top of a mountain; and on the opposite side the mother, aunt, and little sister of the gentleman in pajamas strike Struwwelpeter-like attitudes of horror. Equally ambitious is the "Adieu" of a third exhibitor. It depicts a blue knight mounted somewhat insecurely on the back of a pink horse of unthinkable anatomical structure. The creature's head would be too big for an elephant, while its hindquarters are relatively as big as a donkey's. The gallant warrior clasps in one hand a weapon resembling a gigantic carrot, and looks lovingly at a hole in the wall of a castle, from which somebody is waving a geranium. Perhaps the chief merit of the exhibition is the feeling it gives that the pictures of Cézanne would not be out of place sprinkled through the collection.

Judging from the samples which drift into the *Argonaut* office from time to time, there is a "school of poetry" in America which ought to have its Allied Poets' Association. Lee J. Vance, of Class '80, Cornell, ought to be elected president by unanimous vote. Inspired by the thirtieth anniversary of his class, he has perpetrated a "poem" of which this is a fair example:

We're not ashamed to tell our age;
We were born thirty years ago.
We are still ready to engage
In youthful follies—this I know.
We hope some day to settle down
And act like dignified old men,
But that will be when Cap and Gown
Lose all their charm for us again.

In justice to Cornell, it should be added that when Mr. Vance's deathless lines were shown to another son of the university, he, on reading them over, disclaimed all connection with that seat of learning.

Another promising candidate for the Allied Poets' Association is J. F. Doran, who sings thus of the delights of winter

Cold! cold! flow the icy piercing blasts,
I hear those winter chilling gales,
The lovely summer has all passed and gone,
And those bleak winter days come back again.

Respectfully, too, it may be suggested that James Oppenheim be made at least vice-president of the Allied Poets' Association. His passport is such a line as, "The leather shoes in the brilliant casement sheds a luster over the heart," or "This drab washwoman dazed and breathless, ray-chiseled in the golden stream." Besides, has not Mr. Oppenheim declared that "free verse demands a new music," and that there are "thousands of us trying to throw our age into poetry"? On second thoughts, perhaps he, and not Mr. Vance, ought to be president. As with the Allied Artists of England, the annual subscription might be fixed at five dollars, and if only a thousand members were secured there would be a goodly sum for printing purposes.

Chicago is now connected with St. Louis and other Mississippi River ports by a continuous water course deep enough for barges and other craft of light draught. The connecting link between the drainage canal and the old Illinois and Michigan Canal at Lockport was recently thrown open and now all is ready for the initial voyage of steel barges between St. Louis and Chicago. The link will afford a channel with five feet of water

"TO THE BASTILLE!"

The Doings and Memories of France's Independence Day.

Paris kept holiday yesterday; all France, too; and in such wise as to link the Gallic republic with its sister state across the Atlantic. For the day was the national festival which traces its ancestry back to the fall of the Bastille; France's Independence Day in short, which misses but by ten days exact synchronization with liberty's anniversary on American soil.

For once the weather was propitious. In the earlier hours of the day a heavy mist hovered over the low-lying fields at Longchamp, but as the sun climbed the heavens that wraith melted, and gave place to unclouded hours of summer shine and a fragrant atmosphere of midyear effulgence. In unison with the perfect glory of the weather, Parisians were seen at their best, gay and cheerful, arrayed in holiday attire, and ebullient with a spirit of inexhaustible fraternity.

Money was spent freely no doubt, and yet for that one day in the twelvemonths the municipality, as has been the custom for some years past, played the part of generous host to the citizens. Official funds to the amount of seventy thousand dollars were expended to provide amusements for the people, though that sum does not exhaust the cost of free entertainment. A part of the programme is to throw the theatres open without charge, but while the public funds are drawn upon for actual working expenses, the actors and actresses are not paid for their services, those being given as a tribute to patriotism. The other amusements provided for the public without any cost include gymnastic displays, open-air concerts, bands for dancing in the public squares, and firework fêtes at night.

Those festivities, however, filled the later hours of the day; during the morning the holiday-makers found most enjoyment in witnessing the review of the garrison at Longchamp. That spectacle was more brilliant than usual. The troops included a special detachment of the colonial infantry, the flags of which were presented to President Fallières that he might decorate them with the cross of the Legion of Honor in recognition of the infantry's brave services in Northern Africa. For the first time at a Longchamp review, the navy was represented by a contingent of sailors from Cherbourg. With their white blouses and white caps adorned with a red pompon, the men of the sea gave a picturesque touch to the blend of more resplendent colors. Enthusiasm ran high among the hundred thousand spectators as the troops and sailors marched past the saluting point, where the king and queen of the Belgians kept company with the president of the republic. The men from Cherbourg were cheered with marked earnestness, for Parisians have not forgotten the courage and perseverance shown by the seamen in the days of the floods.

As the day wore on and the late July twilight faded into a perfect summer night, the spirit of revelry rose ever higher and higher. All the theatres were densely crowded, but vaster still were the hosts which gathered round the open-air orchestras in the public squares and before famous buildings. In front of the Bourse there was a gayly decorated bandstand, type of many another elsewhere, but these were hardly more in favor than the little groups of fiddlers and guitar players who at most street corners plied their music from eight in the evening till dawn, and were never without their circle of light-hearted dancers.

What did Albert of Belgium think of it all—he the one conspicuous representative of a form of human government the overthrow of which all that merry-making celebrated? Happily for his peace of mind, the king of the Belgians is no stranger to democracy. Did he not, some twelve years since, visit the United States to study practical matters with James J. Hill, and is it not on record that he is averse to pomp and display, and that he believes "the sovereign must be the servant of the law and the supporter of social peace"? Some of these things may have been in the memory of Parisians as they cheered him again and again.

Yet for the representative of monarchism, as well as for non-royal reflective persons, the ghosts of a hundred and twenty years ago must have walked among yesterday's rejoicing crowds. Where the Boulevard Richard Lenoir and the Boulevard Beaumarchais and the Rue Saint-Antoine merge towards the Gare de Vincennes, the Place de la Bastille with its July Pillar throws the memory back to that summer day which shook all France to its deepest foundations. In the pavement of the Place the diligent observer may yet trace the outlines of the fortress, the entrance to which faced the Rue Saint-Antoine. Little as is known of the plan of the forbidding structure—called significantly the Bastille, or Building, as though it were unique—the imagination can reconstruct a sufficient picture of its towering thick walls, its eight massive towers, and the cells and dungeons hidden securely within.

But all is spectral now; no stone stands upon another save in the records of history; not even that block of fetid prison-wall upon which Cagliostro scrawled his sibylline prophecy: "The Bastille shall be demolished, and the people shall dance on the area where it stood." Vanished, too, is its cryptic prisoner, the Man of the Iron Mask, carrying with him into eternity's oblivion his tantalizing mystery; forever ended the poignant sorrow of that other captive, who, for the sake of the blessed Trinity, implored his jailers for a message from his wife, "were it only her name on a card."

Nor less unsubstantial is that surging crowd which rolled its human tide round the ashlar stones of the Bastille on that July day a hundred and twenty years ago. Yet the picture subsists of the men and deeds of that day's brave doings. Louis Tournay still hacks at the chain of the drawbridge from his perilous foothold on bayonets driven into the joints of the walls, and the thunder of its fall reverberates across the generations. Musket-flames and the rain of lead pour from the towers dealing death to the hesiters below; the revolutionaries answer with jets of water in the vain hope of damping the canons' touch-holes; and within the keeper of the fortress sits, lighted taper in hand, undecided whether to fire the powder magazine and so end all. Through four long hours the contest wages, and then the gates are thrown open in surrender. Yet in the hour of triumph some hero must have kept his head, for how otherwise would the key of that dread prison have found its way to George Washington's hands, to remain to this day among the treasures of Mount Vernon?

And Cagliostro's prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. When the stones of the Bastille had been angrily torn down, there came a night of revelry amid its ruins. A tree of liberty, cap-crowned, was reared in the midst, and all around were hung lamps and symbolic decorations what time the people danced over the site of that emblem of tyranny. So summer day is linked to summer day, and the mute July Pillar in the Place de la Bastille keeps the memory from wandering through the intervening months.

PARIS, July 15, 1910.

American Indians in Civilization.

A difficult task was apprehended in taking the Indian census; but the results revealed it to be far less so than was at first foreseen, despite the placing of an extra task upon the special agents—that of obtaining tribal data (says a writer in the *National Monthly*). These will be probably the last to be taken, since a decade hence there will probably remain no Indians who are not citizens instead of dependent wards of the national government. As had been calculated from observation, the returns show a decrease in number in the decade ended in 1900. That decrease is from 273,607 to 266,760, or 2.5 per cent. But in 1880 the care of the Indians cost the government \$5,206,109; in 1909 that cost had increased more than three times, to \$15,724,162.

More important is the evidence presented as to advancement in industry and education. The total attendance of Indian children in schools, both under government and missionary management, is 25,777. It is an interesting feature of these schools that special effort is made to teach the Indian child some specific industry by which he may hope to win self-support. Thus, in Michigan the cultivation of the sugar beet is taught, and in California a chief subject of instruction is fruit-growing, picking, and packing. It is well to be assured also that there is inculcated the theory of self-respect of labor and of the disgrace of idleness. A noteworthy example of such labor is that performed by Apaches upon reclamation projects, at which they earned \$34,000 in 1909 for service in a climate where it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for white men to endure the requisite physical strain. Navajos and Pueblos have made creditable records at sheep herding, and railway construction has employed a goodly number of Indians along the route of the Southern Pacific. The day seems to have passed when the only good Indian is a dead one, or when they are to be regarded, as they were by the New England Puritans, as "imps of the evil one."

All the famous watering-places of Europe have achieved their reputation by the efficacy of individual treatment and by their surprising means of advertisement (writes Desher Welch, from Baden-Baden). It has been clearly shown that there are some equally remarkable baths in America, and that a journey need not be made across the Atlantic to obtain better medicinal properties than the various brands of waters contain at home; but the continent resorts have a history; we find something of decidedly more interest to have our rub in the tubs in which the very Cæsars have lain, and while we are waiting for our baths the country surroundings are infinitely more attractive than those adjoining the American farm. Besides that there is something in meeting the people of all nations and studying foreign customs. So there is a glamor over the European bath that enters into the general scheme of its success. One is more inclined to obey the set rules of the place and is somewhat awed into doing so by the dominating power of the mysterious. The great German doctor, for instance, looks you through and through and tells you what must be done or the very old Nick will have you; and as you are paying money for all this, and come a great way for it, and can not clearly understand what he is talking about, and are afraid if you do you will realize that you have no liver at all—why, conformity is the better part of valor; and added to that there is a band of music outside and a casino full of strange device that is keeping company with your illusion.

The sea front of Belgium, which extends about forty miles, stretching from Holland to France, is paved almost entirely for the entire length, and forms one huge, wide ocean boulevard. And this, by the way, is the most productive of public works in the kingdom.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Field Marshal Lord Kitchener, it is said, has been invited to organize and develop the Chinese army, on his own terms. This report was first published by the London *Daily Mail*, which speaks a popular resentment of the great soldier's forced retirement from active service in the British army.

Governor A. C. Shallenberger of Nebraska, who led the fight against William Jennings Bryan in the recent State Democratic convention and secured the rejection of a local option plank, is a handsome man as well as popular. He defeated his opponent in the 1908 campaign for governor with more than 11,000 votes to spare.

Mrs. Champ Clark, wife of the Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, returned recently from Edinburgh, where she was a delegate to the World's Missionary Conference, and wrote for the *Edinburgh Herald* a report of the conference from an American woman's viewpoint. Mrs. Clark and her daughter then toured the Continent.

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has been made assistant to the president of the New York Central Railroad, which is not only a new place for him, but a new position just made. The office is by no means new to other railroads. With an assistant the president is enabled to get rid of much detail work which must be passed upon by somebody in authority.

Captain Bernier, the Canadian polar navigator, is now on the way to Canadian Arctic waters, with the government's permission to attempt the Northwest Passage and bring his vessel around to Victoria, British Columbia, a feat which was unsuccessfully tried by Peary, Ross, Franklin, and other navigators during the last century. Captain Bernier sailed from Quebec on the steamship *Arctic*, under sealed orders, a few weeks ago.

Francis J. Kilkenny, at one time a bellboy in the Chicago Union League Club but now confidential clerk to Lawrence O. Murray, controller of the currency in the Treasury Department, will be a popular guest in the cities of Ireland this fall. Mr. Kilkenny has organized an Irish Homegoing Association with a large and rapidly increasing membership. Thousands have already made a visit to their old homes in Erin through suggestion from the movement.

Gustav Mahler is fifty years old. For thirty years he has been an orchestral conductor, and today Níkisch alone contests the first place with him in the concert hall. During these three decades he has written eight symphonies, besides an opera, a fairy play, and a number of songs and orchestral and chamber pieces. Nearly all of these works were composed during "vacation" time. He is under engagement to conduct the Philharmonic concerts in Carnegie Hall, New York, next winter.

Michael Kirby, engineer, for fifty-eight years in the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has voluntarily left his locomotive cab and gone on to the retired list. Mr. Kirby claims to be the only person living who struck one of the blows which drove the gold spike in the cross-tie at Boseby's Rock, West Virginia, on Christmas eve, 1852, marking the completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to the Ohio River at Wheeling and the establishment of the first trunk line on the American continent.

Miss Rose Cleveland is giving much time to genealogical research. In her investigation of the lineage of the Cleveland family she has discovered that the great grandfather of Grover Cleveland was sold into servitude for sixteen gallons of rum. In the latter part of the Indian wars he was captured and with twenty men and women taken to Canada and sold by the Indians to a woman in Montreal as a servant. A few months later he got aboard a ship bound for Boston and returned to Massachusetts.

R. B. Angus has been chosen to succeed the late Sir George A. Drummond, president of the Bank of Montreal, the highest position in Canada's financial world. Mr. Angus entered the employ of the bank in 1857, and has been closely associated with the institution ever since, though much of his time in recent years has been given to railroad management. He was general manager of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway for a time, and has been a director of the Canadian Pacific for thirty years. His advice on financial questions has always been sought and valued by his associates and friends connected with the various great enterprises of the Dominion.

A. B. Patterson, who was born in the United States but has recently lived in Lisbon, was offered the title of baron by the King of Portugal. Mr. Patterson was willing to accept the honor, but also desired to retain his citizenship in his native land. He wrote to the State Department about the matter, and was informed by Acting Secretary of State Bacon "that the acceptance of a title from a foreign government is so opposed to the spirit of our institutions and law itself that, although not specifically forbidden, and therefore not in itself sufficient to work expatriation, it is a circumstance to be considered in determining whether or not an American citizen has expatriated himself." Mr. Patterson's decision has not been made public.

POLITE MISTER WILLIAM.

He Laid the Foundations of Fortune Where Others Failed.

The well on the sand-spit at Nome in the rush summer of 1900 was at once a prize joke and a breeder of tragedies. A handful of miners and prospectors discovered gold in the sea beach in 1899 and many dug a small fortune out of it. Adventurers, boomers, and black-legs flocked in immediately, as they always do to a new camp, and when the great rush began the next spring were ready to collect money from the incoming thousands by every known device, and some not hitherto in use. One of these last was this well, which came to be known in derision as "Widow Smith's well." It was the only well on the spit and had been dug the summer before by an honest miner who had "gone out" to Seattle in the fall and had failed to come back. The gamblers and confidence men who had taken charge of the town and everything else they could lay hand on during the winter held this well as a prize asset, not to use, but to sell.

The plan was simple. Of the incoming people a few were real miners, a few would-be miners, but the great remainder had come with the firm conviction that they were to make their fortunes as traders. "Traders have always made the fortunes in mining camps," they argued, "therefore we will be traders." It was easy to sell Widow Smith's well for a considerable sum, it being represented that the owner had but to sit on the curb and ladle out water at a nickel a bucket, the demand being good and the supply inexhaustible. Every steamer brought a new customer for the well. Among a population daily shifting it was easy to sell water to newcomers, and for a day the new owner would do a rushing business, then the business would become exciting rather than rushing. The more experienced would refuse to pay for water from a well which they had used as common property, and the more reckless would defiantly take water by force. The matter always culminated by the third day in the new owner being driven from his supposed property and leaving the well and the sand-spit behind him forever in disgust at his ill luck. The dispossession was always conducted with perfect good humor if possible. Once, though, there came a foolhardy man who had a large pistol and did not understand the ways of mining-camp people. He left on the first day for the Nome hospital, his pistol hand disabled by some quick and accurate marksmanship which no doubt prevented him from murdering innocent people.

Those of us who had stayed on at the sand-spit from the first and were fast becoming old-timers in the short life of such a camp regretted this, but we hoped at least it would end the purchasing if not the offering of the well for sale, but we underestimated the greed of the confidence men as well as the innocence of the tenderfoot. There came a steamer the very next day and with it a slim, boyish looking chap who bought the well, paying the largest sum yet, or so rumor had it.

He was a pleasant little fellow, and before he began business he strolled about camp for a day talking with everybody. He seemed to have a marvelous faculty for getting a man's name, his personal history, and his confidence, and keeping them. Everybody liked him, and though every one of the ten rules for comfort in a mining camp is "Mind your own business," there wasn't one of us old-timers but gave him a hint of what he had coming to him. Evidently he pieced these together as he went along, for he went back to his tent before midnight very thoughtful, but, as all agreed, a very polite and likeable little chap. We didn't think he would last out the next day, but evening found him at the curb. He had taken money from everybody who had taken water, too.

"He's so blamed polite," growled one man who had sworn to pay no more in direct tribute to the well thieves. "What can you do to a man who knows you by name the minute you show up and talks to you as if you were an old friend? Why, he came from my State. I can't kick over a nickel with a man like that."

"Told him I hadn't any money for water," said another, "and what do you think? He said take all I wanted to and welcome. I could pay when I got on my feet again. He knew me by name; knew a man I used to know down in the States. Do you suppose I was going to have him send out word that Jones was so badly broke he couldn't pay a nickel for water? I made believe it was a joke and paid up. Guess I'll have to right along."

By the second day everybody was "Polite Mr. William's" sworn friend and the Widow Smith's well was a bigger joke than ever, but this time the laugh was with the new owner. No one in camp thought of refusing to pay for water. All wished to see Polite Mr. William win out in his ownership. For the first time the camp had found an individual and a cause on which to crystallize public sentiment and it adopted both with the ardor of youth. Men who were making it well in the heath sands with rocker and sluice were ashamed to pay just a nickel, which is considered a picayune coin, a bit of down-east stinginess, in most rush camps. Instead they would drop a quarter of a dollar in his hand and say, "Never mind the change, lad, two-bits is as small as we have in a good camp."

Polite Mr. William began to lose his anxious look. But the men who had sold him the well and who were eager to have him driven from it without their direct interference were much angered when this did not take

place. Emissaries whom they sent over from town failed to stir up strife and they were forced to more open tactics.

Meanwhile Polite Mr. William had become the intimate friend of every man in camp and knew more or less about everybody else in the district. He had served to introduce us all, in a way, and a community spirit which had not hitherto existed was fostered, and did much good. Thus things went on for ten days, when one morning when the camp was most busy and there was least liability that many would be on hand to interfere, a stout man came over from Nome and stopped as if aghast when he saw the well and Polite Mr. William serving water from it.

"What! what!" he said. "Who has dared to interfere with this property?"

"Why, no one, Mr. Blum," said Polite Mr. William in his most cordial manner. "Every one is patronizing me and I am doing well. Glad to see you; will you have a drink?"

The stout man looked a little disturbed at being addressed by name, and refusing the proffered dipper of water went on: "But this is an outrage! This claim-jumping, young man, must be stopped. That well is the property of the Widow Smith. How do you come to be selling the water?"

"Now I'm sorry you are disturbed about this," said Mr. William. "I have a bill of sale from some very nice people over in Nome who I am very sure would make no mistake about it. Come around and sit down, Mr. Blum. It is a warm day."

Nothing could be more genial than the tone of Mr. William, and no one could be more cool than he. On the other hand, the stout man did his part well, going from indignation to a fine rage at the injustice done to Widow Smith, who, he declared, was not in town at present, but whose rights were in the hands of all good citizens, and there would be some who would not fail to protect these rights with their very lives. Indeed, he understood that Pistol Bill had been seen on the sand-spit that morning. Pistol Bill was a great friend of the widow's and a dead shot. He was a very quarrelsome man, too, when he had been drinking, which was most of the time. The young man would better look out! He himself was determined that no one should defraud the widow and he was going straight back to town to invoke the law!

The indignant Mr. Blum went off hastily in the direction of Nome, and it was not long before the second actor in this farce-comedy appeared. This was the veritable Pistol Bill himself, and the rumblings of his approach were audible some time before he came. The newcomers withdrew from the tents along his line of march and eyed him with awe from a respectful distance. He was outfitted like a stage desperado and he approached the well whooping and shooting into the air with two very large pistols, but Mr. William sat quietly by it with his usual polite smile. A shot splintered the slender board canopy over the well, but, though he was pale, he was seemingly unmoved.

Pistol Bill wavered a little as he drew very near. He was playing a game that might well be dangerous in a mining camp, even though his intended victim was but a pale young tenderfoot. Yet the tenderfoot had made no move toward self-defense. No doubt he was frightened and needed but a final vigorous onslaught to make him turn and run, never to come back to camp. With a tremendous roar of "Mush, you claim-jumper! Mush for your life!" he waved his two revolvers and lurched forward as if to butt the pale young man clear off the sand-spit.

It all happened like a transformation scene at the play when the wicked demon vanishes under the compelling magic of the good fairy. As Pistol Bill lurched forward Mr. William suddenly crouched, rose, and with the quick side flip of a wrestler sent his opponent, pistols and all, headlong into Widow Smith's well.

It was afterward rumored in camp that Polite Mr. William said, "I beg your pardon," as Pistol Bill vanished, but this could never be verified. We were all too busy in fishing him out, for the well was narrow and he had gone down head first. When he did come out, nearly drowned and very sheepish, you would have thought Mr. William was entertaining a friend from the States, he was so polite and hospitable to him. He fished out his pistols for him, wanted him to go into his tent and change his wet clothes for Mr. William's best suit of dry ones, and did his best to make him feel at home, but Pistol Bill would not stay. He slipped off very meekly toward Nome, followed by many quiet grins, just in time to dampen the ardor of two heralds of the last act who were now on their way.

The first hurried up and spoke in a confidential way to Mr. William and those of us who stood by, ready to see him through any further trouble.

"You fellows had better look out," he said, "the United States marshal is coming."

The second was more dramatic. He hurried by almost on a run shouting, "The marshal is coming! The marshal is coming!" and went, across camp and out of sight. It reminded one of that story of the stragglers who fled through the British lines just before the charge of Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo, crying, "The Guard is coming! The Guard is coming!"

The "Guard" in this case consisted of indignant Mr. Blum, another man of his type, equally indignant, and a scrawny youth bearing conspicuously displayed on his coat a very large nickel badge with the word "Marshal" on it in large letters. There was a brief bit of

bluster on the part of the two men, the youth stepped forward with an attempt at dignity and ordered the place vacated in favor of the rightful owner, and then Mr. William spoke cheerfully.

"I'm glad to see you gentlemen over from Nome," he said. "There isn't sociability enough in this camp. We're all too busy making money. Now I believe this is a good chance to be hospitable and I wish you three would dine with me and these representative citizens of the sand-spit today. This is ham-and-eggs day up at the restaurant tent and I invite you all to be my guests there."

It needed only this touch of genial hospitality in the face of what had happened and was happening to make the whole affair ridiculous. A laugh went up from the sand-spit people, in the midst of which the "marshal" and the two indignant friends of the Widow Smith turned away and walked off toward Nome as sheepishly as had "Wild Bill."

We all knew the trouble was over and that Polite Mr. William had not only bought, but proved his right to own, Widow Smith's well. I left the sand-spit a week later and did not come back until after mid-summer. I expected to find Mr. William polite and prosperous, but it was better than that. The demand for water had become so great that he had attempted to deepen his well some weeks before. The attempt had carried him down into the rusty gravel pay streak which here runs from Anvil foothills to the beach. His well had become a rich placer mine which was fast making Polite Mr. William a mining magnate. It was four or five years before I heard from him again. Then I learned that he was running for governor of a Western State that was hopelessly Republican, running on the Democratic ticket, and I smiled, for I knew just what was happening. Mr. William was shaking the hand of every single voter in that State and calling him by name without being introduced, and telling him something pleasant in his past history. I knew every voter was counting Mr. William his personal friend, and that the good old State was going to turn over in the night and wake up Democratic, so far as the governor was concerned, on the morning after election day. And that was just what happened. Polite Mr. William earned his State as he had earned his well.

WINTHROP PACKARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1910.

William Northrup McMillan, whose St. Louis residence lies within the quiet and aristocratic precincts of Portland Place, has the right to administer "the high justice, the middle and the low" over countless square miles of the rolling plains of British East Africa. St. Louis sees him but seldom since he has established himself in his fortress-like bungalow on the East African plains. Now and again he passes through his birthplace, but he does not linger long. The primitive country, 3400 miles inland from the Indian Ocean, has more charms for him than the hollow delights of civilization. The East, and ancient, patient East, has got into his bone and blood. Some thirty odd years ago he was a typical American boy, dreaming the boy dreams of big game and of thrilling adventures by flood and field. As an urchin he shot rabbits along the country lanes. Now he hunts my lord the elephant in the high grass that grows in the very shadow of Mt. Kenia. Ju Ja farm is the capital of the country that is ruled over by this modern type of the African overlord. This single body of land comprises over 20,000 acres. It is over seven miles from one boundary fence to the other. Nearly in the midst of it and crowning the brow of a long slope of land lie the bungalow, the kraals, compounds, and native huts that comprise the McMillan establishment. Here is the seat of government for wide areas of the almost unknown plains that stretch westward toward Lake Victoria Nyanza, northward toward the Sudan and eastward to the sea.

Before the urban resident who has tired of city life and labor invests his modest savings in a farm, he should read the tract, entitled "Farming As an Occupation for City-Bred Men," issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. He will therein find very timely suggestions and advice. Having digested it, he will stop and think. Not that this excellent tract is designed to discourage city-bred men from engaging in farming! By no means. It does show, however, that the man who suddenly engages in a business of which he knows absolutely nothing must take the consequences. The impression one gets is that if one can not escape becoming a farmer, after spending half a life, more or less, in an urban occupation, the first thing to do is to go to an agricultural school and learn something.

The pathfinders who blazed the trail from the Middle West to Pike's Peak fifty or sixty years ago could scarcely have dreamed that a half-century later their path would be made into a smooth, shaded boulevard over which automobiles, vehicles of which they had no conception, would be gliding from the Missouri River to the summit of the Rockies. Yet that is an achievement of twentieth century progress now in process of realization. From Kansas City to Pike's Peak a rolled, stone-dressed boulevard, shaded and beautified, will be constructed—in fact, is being constructed, for the work is already under way through Kansas. When completed it will afford right of way to the autoist, who may speed to his heart's content along the historic trail.

MYTHS OF CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

Picturesque Stories of the Dawn of the World.

Old Mother Hubbard, Jack and the Beanstalk, and countless other tales of the nursery are probably too firmly imbedded in the traditions of the Aryan race ever to be supplanted, and yet it seems a pity that more is not being done on the American continent to popularize the beautiful folk-tales of the Indian peoples. An earnest laborer in this field is C. Hart Merriam, who in "The Dawn of the World" presents a collection of fascinating myths gathered by himself at first hand from the Mewan Indians of California. He explains that the territory of the Mewan tribes comprised the lower slopes and foothills of the Sierra Nevada between the Cosumnes River on the north and Fresno Creek on the south, with the adjacent plain from the foothills to Suisun Bay, and also two smaller disconnected areas north of San Francisco Bay.

While many of the stories collected by Mr. Merriam are concerned with such fantastical conceits as how bears resemble humans and like to dance, how the meadow lark is a gossip and creator of trouble, and what causes the thunder, the rainbow, the earthquake, and the echo, the most important of them are concerned with the old, old problem of the origin of the world and man. Hence, these tales, in addition to the inherent charm of their own poetic beauty, have serious claims on the anthropologist and the psychologist. Two of the legends may be grouped together, inasmuch as they deal with the creation of man and the evolution of woman.

After a while the world cooled off and Wek-wek came back to Oo-yum-hel-le (Mount Diablo) to see his father Mol-luk and his grandfather O-let-te. He said to Mol-luk, "O father"; and Mol-luk answered, "What is it, my son?"

Wek-wek asked, "How can we make Mew-ko (Indian people) and have them in the country?"

His father replied, "I can not tell you; ask your grandfather, he can tell you."

So Wek-wek asked his grandfather, O-let-te, how they were going to make people.

O-let-te answered, "Hah-hah, it will take you a good while to do that. If you are going to do that you must have a head. If people are coming you must first put out (provide) everything everywhere so they can live. If you want to do this I will think about it."

"I want to see it done," answered Wek-wek.

"All right," said O-let-te, "I know how. I must catch the three birds—Choo-hoo the Turkey Buzzard, Kok-kol the Raven, and Ah-wet-che the Crow. The only way to catch these birds is to make-believe dead."

So Wek-wek and O-let-te went out on the plain together and O-let-te lay down on the ground and pretended he was dead. He opened his mouth and let his tongue out and relaxed himself so Choo-hoo the Buzzard would think he was dead. He told Wek-wek he would call if he caught the birds; and Wek-wek went away.

Soon Choo-hoo the Turkey Buzzard came sailing over and saw the dead Coyote-man and circled around and lit on the ground beside him. Kok-kol the Raven and Ah-wet-che the Crow saw Choo-hoo go down and knew that he had found something to eat, so they, too, hastened to the place. Just as all three began to eat, O-let-te suddenly sprang up and caught them. He then called Wek-wek to come, and told him to pick off the feathers and be careful not to lose a single one. This Wek-wek did; he picked all the feathers from the three birds and took them all home.

Then he asked his grandfather, "What are we going to do next?"

"Make people," answered O-let-te.

"All right," said Wek-wek, "do you know how?"

"Yes," answered O-let-te.

Wek-wek then told Mol-luk, his father, that they were going to make people. Mol-luk answered, "All right."

Next morning O-let-te and Wek-wek took the feathers and traveled over all the country. They picked out the places where they wanted Indian villages to be, and in each place stuck up three feathers—one for Cha-kah the chief, one for Mi-yum, the head woman or woman chief, and one for Soo-la-too the poor. And they gave each place its name—the name it has always had and hears today.

The next morning the three feathers at each place stood up and came to life and became Mew-ko (Indian people). This is the way people were made in the beginning and this is the way all the different rancherias or villages were named.

The world was made by O-ye the Coyote-man. The earth was covered with water. The only thing that showed above the water was the very top of Oon-nah-pi's (Sonoma Peak, about forty miles north of San Francisco).

In the beginning O-ye came on a raft from the west, from across the ocean. His raft was a mat of reeds and split sticks; it was long and narrow. O-ye landed on the top of Oon-nah-pi's and threw his raft-mat out over the water—he long way north and south, the narrow way east and west; he middle rested on the rock on top of the peak. This was the beginning of the world and the world is still long and narrow like the mat—the long way north and south, the narrow way east and west.

When O-ye was sitting alone on top of Oon-nah-pi's, and all the rest of the world was covered with water, he saw a feather floating toward him, blown by the wind from the west—the direction from which he himself had come. He asked the feather, "Who are you?"

The feather made no reply.

He then told the feather about his family and all his relatives. When he came to mention Wek-wek, his grandson, the feather leaped out of the water and said, "I am Wek-wek, your grandson."

O-ye the Coyote-man was glad, and they talked together.

Every day O-ye noticed Ko-to-lah the Frog-woman sitting near him. Every time he saw her he reached out his hand and tried to catch her, but she always jumped into the water and escaped.

After four days the water began to go down, leaving more and on top of the mountain, so that Ko-to-lah had to make several leaps to reach the water. This gave O-ye the advantage and he ran after her and caught her. When he had caught her he was surprised to find that she was his own wife from over the ocean. Then he was glad.

When the water went down and the land was dry O-ye slanted the huckeye and elderberry and oak trees, and all the other kinds of trees, and also bushes and grasses, all at the same time. But there were no people and he and Wek-wek wanted people. Then O-ye took a quantity of feathers of different kinds, and packed them up to the top of Oon-nah-pi's and threw them up into the air and the wind carried them

off and scattered them over all the country and they turned into people, and the next day there were people all over the land.

Who can fail to recognize in the last legend some points of likeness to the myth of the creation of Eve, notwithstanding the fact that the Genesis record is silent as to whether Adam ever identified his rib.

Many of the Mewan tales are concerned with vital elements of light and fire, showing how widespread has been the effort of the human mind to probe the secrets of its physical environment. Two may be cited to illustrate the theories of the Indians as to light and warmth.

In the long ago time the world was dark and there was no fire. The only light was the Morning, and it was so far away in the high mountains of the east that the people could not see it; they lived in total darkness. The chief We-Wis-Sool, the Golden Eagle, felt very badly because it was always dark and cried all the time.

Ah-ha-le the Coyote-man made up his mind to go and get the Morning in order that the people might have light. So he set out on the long journey to the east, up over the high mountains, saying, "I'm going to get the Morning."

Finally he came to Ah-wahn-dah the Turtle. Ah-wahn-dah was guardian of the Morning; he wore a big basket on his back. When Ah-ha-le came close to Ah-wahn-dah he was afraid something would catch him and carry him off. He said to himself, "I'm going to turn myself into a log of wood so I'll be too heavy to be carried off," and he turned into a big dry limb. Ah-wahn-dah the Turtle put fire to the limb, but it would not burn; then he fell asleep.

When the Guardian had gone to sleep Ah-ha-le got up and said, "Now I'm going to get the Morning." So he changed back into his own form and put out his foot and touched the Morning, and it growled. He then caught hold of it and jumped quickly and ran away with it and brought it back to his people.

When he arrived he said to We-wis-sool the Eagle, "How are you?"

We-wis-sool answered, "All right," but was still crying because it was dark.

Then Ah-ha-le said, "Tomorrow morning it is going to be light," but We-wis-sool did not believe him.

In the morning Ah-ha-le gave the people the light. We-wis-sool was very happy and asked Ah-ha-le where he got it, and Ah-ha-le told him. Then the people began to walk around and find things to eat, for now they could see.

The Mountain People were in darkness and wanted fire, but did not know where it was or how to get it. O-la-choo the Coyote-man tried hard to find it, but did not succeed. After a while Tol-le-loo the White-footed Mouse discovered the fire and the Mountain People sent him to steal it.

Tol-le-loo took his flute (loo-lah) of elderberry wood and went down into the valley and found the big roundhouse of Wek-wek and We-pi-ah-gah and began to play. The people liked the music and asked him to come inside. So he went in and played for them. Soon all the people felt sleepy. Wit-tab-hah the Robin was sure that Tol-le-loo had come to steal the fire, so he spread himself over it and covered it all up in order to hide it, and it turned his breast red. But Tol-le-loo kept on playing his flute and in a little while all the people were sound asleep; even Wit-tab-hah could not keep awake.

Then Tol-le-loo ran up to Wit-tab-hah and cut a little hole in his wing and crawled through and stole the fire and put it inside his flute. When he had done this he ran out with it and climbed up to the top of the high mountain called Oo-yum-hel-le (Mount Diablo) and made a great fire which lighted up all the country till even the blue mountains far away in the east (the Sierra Nevada range) could be seen. Before this all the world was dark.

When Wek-wek awoke he saw the fire on Oo-yum-hel-le and knew that Tol-le-loo had stolen it. So he ran out and followed him and after a while caught him.

Tol-le-loo said, "Look and see if I have the fire."

Wek-wek looked, but could not find it, for it was inside the flute. Then Wek-wek pitched Tol-le-loo into the water and let him go.

Tol-le-loo got out and went east into the mountains and carried the fire in his flute to the Mountain People; then he took it out of the flute and put it on the ground and covered it with leaves and pine needles and tied it up in a small bundle. O-la-choo the Coyote smelled it and wanted to steal it. He came up and pushed it with his nose and was going to swallow it when it suddenly shot up into the sky and became the Sun.

O-la-choo sent Le-che-che the Humming-bird, and another bird named Le-che-koo-tah-hah, who also had a long bill, after it, but they could not catch it and came back without it.

The people took the fire that was left and put it into two trees, oo-noo the huckeye and mon-o-go the incense cedar, where it still is and where it can be had by any one who wants it.

Of course the great passions of love and jealousy have their place in these primitive stories. A typical example was gleaned by Mr. Merriam from the Wi-pa tribe which lived on No-yoop Island, between the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, east of Suisun Bay. It was from the last survivor, an old woman, that the following little tragedy was gleaned:

Wek-wek the Falcon-man was chief and captain of all the bird-people. He used to hunt birds for food and also used to catch birds alive to bring back to his han-na-hoo (roundhouse), where he kept them locked up until he could turn them into people. O-la-nah the Coyote-man stood guard at the door of the han-na-hoo.

Wek-wek the Falcon-man and Ho-pah the White-headed Eagle-man had the power to make people out of birds. For this reason they were jealous of one another. Besides, Ho-pah was in love with Wek-wek's wife, Lo-wut, the Gray Goose-woman. So Wek-wek had cause to be jealous.

Once when he went out to go hunting he hid and watched and saw Ho-pah and Lo-wut together. This made him very angry. When he came back he asked Lo-wut, his wife, "Have you anything ready to eat? I'm hungry."

"Yes," she replied.

"Bring me some water first," he said, "I'm thirsty; bring good water; don't get it from the edge of the river; go out where it is deep and get it there."

Lo-wut did as she was told and came back with good clear water, but when she reached the house with it, it had turned into snakes and frogs and other water animals. Five times she went out into the river for water, each time with the same result. The last time she waded out till the water was above her waist.

While she was gone, Wek-wek went to her bed and fixed in it four long spear-points of flint with the points up. When she came the fifth time with snakes and frogs instead of water, Wek-wek seized her and threw her down on the bed and the four spear points pierced her body and killed her.

To-to-kol the Sandhill Crane-woman was Lo-wut's mother; she was very angry because Wek-wek had killed her daughter, and wanted to punish him.

O-la-nah the Coyote-man and Soo-choo-koo the Spoon-hill Duck came to carry Lo-wut's dead body to the han-na-hoo, but when they lifted it they saw on the breast the black marks which Ho-pah, her lover, had painted there. Wek-wek had seen these before and knew. So O-la-nah and Soo-choo-koo took the dead body and hurried it.

When Lo-wut died she left two children, a baby and a little boy. Their grandmother, To-to-kol, took care of them and every day sent the little boy with the baby to the roundhouse to be fed—and for four days Lo-wut the dead mother came each day to the han-na-hoo to give milk to her young child.

On the fourth day Wek-wek asked his little boy where he went every day with the little one. The boy, afraid to tell the truth, said he took the child to give it milk of the milk-weed plant.

Wek-wek hid in the top of an oak tree and watched. He saw his dead wife Lo-wut come to the roundhouse to give breast to the child; and he saw her rise from the ground and shake the earth of the grave out of her hair.

Then Wek-wek found that he loved her still, although she had been unfaithful to him. So he went into the roundhouse and caught her in his arms and hugged her.

"Let me go," she said, "you can't get me back; I'm not well as I used to be."

"That doesn't make any difference," he said, "I'll cure you." And he took her away to his own roundhouse, where the other bird-people were. It was dark when they arrived.

Yu-koo-le the Meadowlark was there. He had never liked Wek-wek's wife and had quarreled with her. Now he made a great fuss and noise.

"Hoo," he said, "light a light; I smell something like a dead body."

At that very moment Wek-wek was sitting in the middle of the roundhouse holding the body of his wife, whom he was bringing back to life. But when Yu-koo-le spoke and said what he did, the dead woman disappeared.

Two other striking legends explain why the Bodega Bay Indians are sensitive to cold, and introduce us to our old friend the mermaid.

When O-ye the Coyote man had everything ready he thought he would make people. So he gathered a lot of sticks of different kinds—some hard, as oak, madrone, and manzanita; some soft and hollow, as the sage-herb—and made a big pile of them and said that by and by they would turn into people.

Then he went over all the country and wherever he wanted a village he laid down two sticks, and gave the place a name—and the name he gave it then has always been its name and is its name to this day. Then he went away.

In a short time the sticks turned into people, and all the rancherias were started with the first real people.

In places where he had put sticks of hard wood the people were strong and well and warm-blooded and could stand cold weather; but in places where he put poor wood the people were weak and sickly and could not stand cold weather. Here at Bodega Bay, he left only sticks of Po-to-po-to the sage-herb, which has a hollow stem and has no strength. That is the reason our people are tender and weak and can not stand cold, and why nearly all died soon after the white men came. We are hollow inside and can not stand cold.

Some of the rivers are inhabited by Ho-ha-pe, the River Mermaids or Water-Women. The Ho-ha-pe have long hair and are beautiful to look at. They usually live in deep pools, and are known at several places in Wah-kal-mut-tah (Merced River). In that part of the river which runs through Ah-wah-ne (Yosemite Valley) they have been seen a number of times.

One lives now lower down in the river, at the upper end of Pleasant Valley in the large round pool called Ow-wal. In the early days two partners used to fish for salmon at Ow-wal, one on each side of the pool; several times they saw Ho-ha-pe.

Another lives in the deep water at We-le-to (on the Barrett ranch, a little below Pleasant Valley). At this place a few years ago some Indians from Bear Valley and Coulterville came to catch salmon. They put their net in a deep place in the river, and when it was full of fish tried to pull it out, but could not, for it was stuck on the bottom. Ho-ha-pe the Water Woman had fastened it to a rock, but the men did not know this. One of them went down to find where the net had caught, and to lift it up. While he was doing this Ho-ha-pe put a turn of the net-rope around his big toe and he was drowned. Then several of the men had to go down to get him. After they brought up his body all of them saw Ho-ha-pe in the pool below, and saw her long hair float out in the current.

To the Indian imagination valleys and mountains were under the dominion of formidable giants, one of whom presided over Tamalpais.

A woman had a husband and two boy babies—twins. The woman's brother killed her husband and the little boys did not know that they ever had a father. When they were big enough they went off every day to play by a big rock in the woods. They went always to the same place; they liked this place and always went there. This was the very place where their father, when he was alive, used to go every day to sing, but the little boys did not know this—for they did not even know that they had ever had a father.

One day the boys heard somebody say: "You come here every day just as your father used to." The voice came from the rock; it was the voice of Loo-poo-oi-yes the Rock Giant. Then the boys knew they had had a father. They went to the rock and saw long hairs sticking up. These hairs grew out of the nostrils of Loo-poo-oi-yes; the boys took hold of them and pulled them out.

This made Loo-poo-oi-yes angry and he took a long hooked stick and tried to catch the boys to kill them. He was all rock except a place on his throat where he wore an abalone shell. The boys saw this and shot their arrows through it and killed him. When he died he fell to pieces; the pieces were rocks and scattered over the ground. Inside he was flesh like other people, but outside he was rock, except the place on his throat where the abalone shell was.

Such are some of the germs from which an American anthology of fairy tale might be evolved. Perhaps in time a Hans Andersen will be born to give these legends a literary and enduring form. Meantime a debt of gratitude is owing Mr. Merriam for his great industry, and to the artists who have illustrated his text.

THE DAWN OF THE WORLD. Myths and Weird Tales Told by the Mewan Indians of California. Collected and edited by C. Hart Merriam. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company; \$3.50 net.

Newbern, in North Carolina, recently celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its birth with an historical pageant.

THE FIGHT FOR FIFTH AVENUE.

Five Millions Spent in Futile Contest.

Any time these seven years past Mrs. Partington and her mop must have been often in the minds of George Vanderbilt, and W. K. Vanderbilt, and W. D. Sloane, and other property-owners along Fifth Avenue. For the famous old lady who tried to sweep the Atlantic waves out of her shop did not undertake a more formidable task than that to which the guardians of "millionaires' row" had set their hands. To their dismay they saw the tide of commercialism creeping ever northward along the avenue, transforming palaces into temples of industry, wiping out stately homes in favor of stores, and luring the shopper to supplant the promenade.

It has been a great fight. And the battlefield has been worthy of the conflict. For has not New York good reason to be proud of Fifth Avenue? In no other capital of the world is there a thoroughfare quite its equal. Of course the Boulevard St. Germain in Paris, the residential quarter of the old nobility, is more historic, and the Park Lane of London is unique for its unimpeded outlook over the beautiful landscape of Hyde Park, but neither of these can compare with Fifth Avenue in length or in the character of the buildings with which it is lined. Looking north or south the vista is one to inspire as it has inspired many an artist, for whether in the glowing sunshine of summer, or the glisten of rain, or the whirling of winter snows, Fifth Avenue is a constant picture of mass, form, and color. From Washington Square, where the archway gives the eye a focus northward, the prospect is one of ever-varying charm.

There is no need to retrace the history of the avenue from Knickerbocker times to the present. Yet there are still living many who can recall the days when commerce had not invaded these precincts. It was a boulevard of homes, ever growing more and more pretentious, the visible symbol of the fast accumulating wealth of the United States, but still a boulevard of homes, from which the store in any form was kept austere at a distance. Who first broke into the charmed circle is not exactly known. But today commerce has got a firm grip on various stretches of the avenue, and that in defiance of many stout-hearted attempts to keep it at bay.

How industry forces back the home is almost pathetically illustrated just where the avenue begins, for Washington Square bears eloquent witness to the past and present. Trees and greensward still flourish as of old, but around three sides of the square stand the unpicturesque shrines of business, while on the third a few stately mansions survive as the rear-guard of bygone generations. It is so along Fifth Avenue itself. Once the lower reaches are left behind, there begins the procession of half-transformed old-time houses, which soon give place to buildings frankly erected for trade, these in turn dying out somewhat to the north of Forty-Second Street. Ten blocks further north and you are in the region of millionaire abodes, where every other house is a reminder of a Vanderbilt, a Sloane, a Field, a Whitney, a Russell Sage, a Clews, or a Belmont.

But commerce has not been satisfied with its conquests lower down. Astute men of business have realized that to have premises on Fifth Avenue is an invaluable asset, whether as an address with which to impress the bucolic mind or a location to which to lure the shopper. Hence the fight of home versus store. It has been a costly business. As property came into the market it had to be purchased at any cost. In this way, so it is reported, George Vanderbilt and the others have spent five million dollars in seven years. In the case of the Langham site, however, it is probable that virtue has been its own reward, for the deal was negotiated through a realty company which disclose no names. But now that very site has led to defeat. Owing to the changing nature of the avenue, all attempts to dispose of the site under stringent stipulations against trade or apartment houses have failed, thus saddling the owners with heavy annual cost for carrying charges. No new millionaire wished to pitch his marble tent in a district where any day he might find a millinery parlor next door, or a manicure establishment over the way, and so the site has had to be sold without restrictions.

Incidentally this collapse of the Vanderbilt fight is a tribute to the shrewd prevision of Edward H. Harriman. The fifty-foot plot on the immediate corner of Fifty-Second Street belonged until recently to the estate of the famous railroad magnate. It was bought some years ago by James Henry Smith when he came into his fortune, but when the Whitney house was thrown on the market he purchased that in lieu of erecting a home for himself. Then the plot was acquired by F. G. Bourne, who sold out to Harriman. But what Smith had shirked Harriman did not attempt. He saw that the character of the district was not permanent, and hence located his home higher up the avenue.

Whether the victory has been finally won for commerce must not be too hastily decided in the affirmative. It is not improbable that the home may yet turn the tables on the store. For millionaire palaces are not required for a song. At least two leading publishers have found that there is more glory than profit in a Fifth Avenue address. They carried their stores and offices bravely for a time but no one was considerate

enough to help their exalted ambitions to the extent of paying full price for a dollar-fifty novel. And so Fifth Avenue knows them no more. Perhaps other captains of trade will make the same discovery in due time, and then Fifth Avenue will rebuild its palaces and call its millionaires home.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1910.

FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

Apologues from the Persian.

(Freely translated from the "Mantik-ut-Tair," or "The Bird-Parliament" of Farid-uddin Attar, by Edward FitzGerald.)

THE FORTUNE OF THE GREAT.

One day Shah Mahmud, riding with the Wind
A-hunting, left his Retinue behind.
And coming to a River, whose swift Course
Doubled back Game and Dog, and Man and Horse,
Beheld upon the Shore a little Lad
A-fishing, very poor, and Tatter-clad
He was, and weeping as his Heart would break.
So the Great Sultan, for good-humor's sake
Pulled in his Horse a moment, and drew nigh,
And after making his Salam, ask'd why
He wept—weeping, the Sultan said, so sore
As he had never seen one weep before.
The Boy look'd up, and "O Amir," he said,
"Seven of us are at home, and Father dead,
And Mother left with scarce a Bit of Bread:
And now since Sunrise have I fish'd—and see!
Caught nothing for our Supper—Woe is Me!"
The Sultan lighted from his Horse. "Behold!"
Said he, "Good Fortune will not be controll'd:
And, since Today yours seems to turn from you,
Suppose we try for once what mine will do,
And we will share alike in all I win."
So the Shah took, and flung his Fortune in
The Net; which, cast by the great Mahmud's Hand,
A hundred glittering Fishes brought to Land.
The Lad look'd up in Wonder—Mahmud smiled
And vaulted into Saddle. But the Child
Ran after—"Nay, Today take all!"
The Sultan cried, and shook his Bridle free—
"But mind—Tomorrow All belongs to Me!"
And so rode off. Next morning at Divan
The Sultan's Mind upon his Bargain ran,
And being somewhat in a mind for sport
Sent for the Lad: who, carried up to Court,
And marching into Royalty's full Blaze
With such a Catch of Fish as yesterday's,
The Sultan call'd and set him by his side.
And asking him, "What Luck?" The Boy replied,
"This is the Luck that follows every Cast,
Since o'er my Net the Sultan's Shadow pass'd."

THE MISER.

A Fellow all his life lived hoarding Gold,
And, dying, hoarded left it. And behold,
One Night his Son saw peering through the House
A Man, with yet the semblance of a Mouse,
Watching a crevice in the Wall—and cried—
"My Father?"—"Yes," the Mussulman replied.
"Thy Father!"—"But why watching thus?"—"For fear
Lest any smell my Treasure buried here."
"But wherefore, Sir, so metamorphosed?"
"Because, my Son, such is the true outside
Of the inner Soul by which I lived and died."

THE DREAD.

A certain Shah there was in Days foregone
Who had a lovely Slave he doated on,
And cherish'd as the Apple of his Eye,
Clad gloriously, fed sumptuously, set high,
And never was at ease were *He* not *hy*,
Who yet, for all this Sunshine, Day by Day
Was seen to wither like a Flower away.
Which, when observing, one without the Veil
Of Favor, ask'd the Favorite—"Why so pale
And sad?" Thus sadly answer'd the poor Thing—
"No Sun that rises sets until the King,
Whose Archery is famous among Men,
Aims at an Apple on my Head; and when
The stricken Apple splits, and those who stand
Around cry 'Lo! the Shah's unerring Hand!'—
Then He too laughing asks me 'Why so pale
And sorrow-some?' as could the Sultan fail,
Who such a master of the Bow confest,
And aiming by the Head that he loves best."

THE PROOF.

A Shah returning to his Capital,
His subjects drest it forth in Festival,
Thronging with Acclamation Square and Street,
And kneeling flung before his Horse's feet
Jewel and Gold. All which with scarce an Eye
The Sultan superciliously rode by:
Till coming to the public Prison, They
Who dwell within those grisly Walls, by way
Of Welcome, having neither Pearl nor Gold,
Over the wall chapt Head and Carcase roll'd,
Some almost parcht to Mummy with the Sun,
Some wet with Execution that day done.
At which grim Compliment at last the Shah
Drew Bridle: and amid a wild Hurrah
Of savage Recognition, smiling threw
Silver and Gold among the wretched Crew.
And so rode forward. Whereat of his Train
One wondering that, while others sued in vain
With costly gifts, which carelessly he passed,
But smiled at ghastly Welcome like the last:
The Shah made answer—"All that Pearl and Gold
Of ostentatious Welcome only told:
A little with great Clamor from the Store
Of Hypocrites who kept at home much more.
But when those sever'd Heads and Trunks I saw—
Save by strict Execution of my Law
They had not parted company; not one
But told my Will not talk'd about, but *done*."

COMPULSORY REPENTANCE.

Just as another Holy Spirit fled,
The Skies above him hurst into a Bed
Of Angels looking down and singing clear.
"Nightingale! Nightingale! thy Rose is here!"
And yet, the Door wide open to that Bliss,
As some hot Lover slights a scanty Kiss,
The Saint cried "And all I sigh'd for come to this?
I who life-long have struggled, Lord, to be
Not of thy Angels onc, but one with Thee!"

Others were sure that all he said was true:
They were extremely wicked, that they knew;
And much they long'd to go at once—but some,
They said, so unexpectedly had come

Leaving their Nests half-built—in had Repair—
With Children in—Themselves about to pair—
"Might he not choose a better Season—nay,
Better perhaps a Year or Two's Delay,
Till all was settled, and themselves more stout
And strong to carry their Repentance out—
And then?"

"And then, the same or like Excuse,
With harden'd Heart and Resolution loose
With dallying; and Old Age itself engaged
Still to shirk that which shirking we have aged;
And so with Self-delusion, till, too late,
Death upon all Repentance shuts the Gate;
Or some fierce hlow compels the Way to choose,
And forced Repentance half its Virtue lose."

As of an aged Indian King they tell
Who, when his Empire with his Army fell
Under young Mahmud's Sword of Wrath, was sent
At sunset to the Conqueror in his Tent;
But, ere the old King's silver head could reach
The Ground, was lifted up—with kindly Speech,
And with so holy Mercy re-assured,
That, after due Persuasion, he ajured
His Idols, sate upon Mahmud's Divan,
And took the Name and Faith of Mussulman.
But when Night fell, in his Tent alone
The poor old King was heard to weep and groan
And smite his Bosom; which when Mahmud knew,
He went to him and said "Lo, if Thou rue
Thy lost Dominion, Thou shalt wear the Ring
Of thrice as large a Realm." But the dark King
Still wept, and Ashes on his Forehead threw.
And cried, "Not for my Kingdom lost I rue;
But thinking how at the Last Day, will stand
The Prophet with The Volume in his Hand,
And ask of me 'How wast that, in thy Day
Of Glory, Thou didst turn from Me and slay
My People; but soon as thy Infidel
Before my True Believers' Army fell
Like Corn before the Reaper—thou didst own
His Sword who scoutedst Me?' Of seed so sown
What profitable Harvest should be grown?"

CLOGS TO THE SOUL.

"Behold, dropt through the Gate of Mortal Birth,
The Knightly Soul alights from Heav'n on Earth:
Begins his Race, but scarce the Saddle feels,
When a foul Imp up from the distance steals,
And, double as he will, about his Heels
Closer and ever closer circling creeps.
Then, half-invited, on the Saddle leaps,
Clings round the Rider, and, once there, in vain
The strongest strives to thrust him off again.
In Childhood just peeps up the Blade of Ill,
That youth to Lust rears, Fury, and Self-will;
And, as Man cools to sensual Desire,
Ambition catches with as fierce a Fire;
Until Old Age sends him with one last Lust
Of Gold, to keep it where he found—in Dust.
Life at both Ends so feeble and constrain'd,
How should that Imp of Sin he slain or chain'd?"

"For should the Greyhound whom a Sultan fed,
And by a jewel'd String a-hunting led,
Turn by the Way to gnaw some nasty Thing
And snarl at Him who twitch'd the silken String,
Would not his Lord soon weary of Dispute,
And turn adrift the incorrigible Brute?"

"Nay, would one follow, and without a Chain,
The only Master truly worth the Pain,
One must beware lest, growing over-fond
Of even Life's more consecrated Bond,
We clog our Footsteps to the World beyond."

MORTALITY.

One day, the Prophet on a River Bank,
Dipping his Lips into the Channel, drank
A Draught as sweet as Honey. Then there came
One who an earthen Pitcher from the same
Drew up, and drank; and after some short stay
Under the Shadow, rose and went his Way,
Leaving his earthen Bowl. In which, anew
Thirsting, the Prophet from the River drew,
And drank from: hut the Water that came up
Sweet from the Stream, drank bitter from the Cup.
At which the Prophet in a still Surprise
For Answer turning up to Heav'n his Eyes,
The Vessel's Earthen Lips with Answer ran—
"The Clay that I am made of once was *Man*
Who dying, and resolved into the same
Obliterated Earth from which he came,
Was for the Potter dug, and chased in turn
Through long Vicissitude of Bowl and Urn:
But howsoever molded, still the Pain
Of that first mortal Anguish would retain,
And cast, and re-cast, for a Thousand years
Would Turn the sweetest Water into Tears."

Lucerne, situated in the heart of Switzerland, stands, as it were, enshrined amid the grandest and most picturesque features of Alpine scenery, and is, of course, the tourist centre *par excellence* of the "Playground of Europe," three main lines of railway converging on the famous town beside the lake. Nor could nature, indeed, have well done more for "Lovely Lucerne," as all the world acclaims it (declares a writer in *London Sketch*). On one side stands the Rigi, on the other Pilatus (7000 feet high), with between them the fair, shimmering expanse of the Lake of the Four Cantons, and beyond it, again, a widespread panorama of the glaciers and snow-peaked ranges of the Alps. From the Rigi (6000 feet), easily climbed by aid of its famous "mountain train," the view takes in the Bernina, Gothard, Unterwalden, and Bernese Alps, stretching far and wide, from the Sents in the east to the Blum-lisalp in the west, and to northward, the Jura Mountains, the Black Forest, and the Vosges barrier between Frank and Teuton. From the Rigi some fourteen lakes are visible on a clear day, among them Sempach, by the shores of which was fought the famous battle where the Swiss won their freedom.

Buenos Ayres has an eleven-story hotel planned by a New York architect and built throughout of American materials. Most notable is the fact that it is the first steel frame building erected in Argentina, and it was completed only about a year ago.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Silent Call.

Sequels are as much hostages to fortune as wives and children, but Mr. Royle ventures his fate in a confident spirit. And who shall say that he is not justified on the whole? It may be admitted that this continuation, or sequel, or supplement to "The Squaw Man" gets under weigh somewhat slowly, but once the story is started it keeps a brisk pace and holds the interest of the reader at as high a pitch as its predecessor. The hero is the son of the squaw man, but despite his education in England the Indian strain in his blood gradually asserts itself, and his nature develops in tune to the silent spaces of his mother's ancestral home. Hence it is not surprising that his love goes out to a daughter of the Red Man's race, the winning Wah-na-gi, whose character holds within it rich promise of future happiness for both. The landscape of the story is well handled, but never too obtrusively, and the minor characters are true creatures of the West. But why does Mr. Royle handicap his work by allowing as illustrations a number of stage-dressed folk depicted by the stern realism of photography? Such illustrations saddle the text with a difficult burden, for the starkness of photography has no place in connection with romance. This growing habit of the publishers is a deplorable feature of present-day bookmaking.

THE SILENT CALL. By Edwin Milton Royle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

The Rod of Justice.

Authors may be pardoned for quoting from their own works in moderation, but Alice and Claude Askew make too great a claim on the forgiveness of the reading public in this novel, which, in its characters and general situations, is a mere reduplication of "The Shulamite." Once more we have the Boer farmer with his fondness for Bible quotations, once more he is taken captive by the fragile beauty of an Englishwoman, and once more the real lover comes from over the seas to claim the runaway. Nor does the treatment of those old situations compensate for going again over familiar ground. The style is compact of melodrama, while the happenings and timely interventions strain the reader's credulity to the breaking point. South Africa, for the present writers at any rate, does not seem to possess a wide range of inspiration.

THE ROD OF JUSTICE. By Alice and Claude Askew. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

Fanny Lambert.

Not having any "problem" to struggle with, Mr. Stacpoole has written an exceedingly entertaining story. Its chief theme, of course, is the old, old story, and he contrives enough ingenious obstacles to prevent its course running smoothly for the regulation number of chapters. The hero, a bit of an artist and also something of a Bohemian, is an attractive character, while the heroine, Fanny herself, is a "dark-haired girl of that lost type which recalls La Cruche Cassée and the Love-in-April conceptions of Fragonard, exquisitely pretty and exquisitely dressed." Then there is Mr. Lambert, with his passion for lawsuits, and Uncle Hancock, who has reached mature years unmarried because of his dragon of a sister—all of them contributing their part to the liveliness of the story. The situations are refreshingly unconventional, the dialogue sprightly, and the asides of character touches and comment are often full of humor. In short, a novel that is wholesome and winning.

FANNY LAMBERT. By Henry De Vere Stacpoole. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.50.

A Cavalier of Virginia.

Virginia in the romantic days of Indians, and flintlock muskets, and ribbon-tied hair provides the background for the greater part of Mr. Roberts' new story. The hero, Francis Drurie, is an attractive character, brave and handsome of course, but also upright and truthful. And the heroine, Isobel, is a winsome maiden, sufficiently tantalizing and wayward to do things which help to complicate the story. And for second lover there is the hero's brother, John, to whom is ascribed a penchant for literature rather than Indian-killing or like heroic occupations. The story moves across the Atlantic now and then, but preserves the Virginia flavor all the time. After a sufficient amount of incident and cross-purpose, with the fate of the hero hanging in the balance and the fruition of his love held off, the story comes to a satisfactory climax. It is written in an easy style and will pleasantly fill out an idle hour.

A CAVALIER OF VIRGINIA. By G. E. Theodore Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.50.

The American Civil War.

Because after some ten years' study of the American Civil War he knew "little or nothing of the war as a whole," Mr. Formby set himself to the compilation of the present record. His hope is that he has given in one volume of convenient size a connected survey of the entire conflict by land and sea, with a description of contemporary events. The earliest chapters are devoted to an account of the origin of the quarrel, the election of

President Buchanan, a discussion of the right of secession, and an appreciation of the positions, prospects, and plans of the two sides. Thenceforward Mr. Formby enters upon his special task of dealing with the war as a whole, from which, however, details of battles are eliminated. In order that the reader may not be confused between the leaders of the campaign the names of officers on the Confederate side, and also of warships, are printed throughout in italics. Each chapter, too, is followed by a useful chronological table of events. For the further elucidation of his narrative Mr. Formby has gathered together more than sixty maps and plans, which are given in a separate volume. To prevent confusion in the body of the work, biographical sketches of the principal actors in the war are given in a special chapter. Mr. Formby has devoted much labor to his task, and has certainly presented his material in an orderly manner. His book, however, is rather heavy reading, owing to the drab, matter-of-fact style in which it is written.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By John Formby. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Trade-Unionism and Capitalism.

In these two lectures the ex-president of Harvard offers wise counsel to workers and capitalists alike. He seeks to forecast the future of both in democracy, and with regard to unions looks to the time when they will "cease to resist incorporation, to act secretly, to break contracts, to seek monopoly, to restrict output, and to oppose industrial education." On the other hand Mr. Eliot is careful to point out that the first thing democracy expects of its capitalists is "sympathy with democratic ideals, and the consequent abandonment of autocratic and feudal-system ideals. It also expects of capital a rational altruism, or at least an enlightened egotism." He does not believe that democracy dislikes rich men, provided it is convinced their riches have been honestly and fairly acquired. "The democracy is beginning to see, and will soon fully understand that inequality, not equality, of possessions is the inevitable result of freedom." Mr. Eliot holds that the establishment of right relations between capital and labor will not prevent, but may promote, the production in every generation of a small number of rich men, of whom democracy will ask that they share their peculiar pleasures and privileges with the public to the utmost degree possible without destroying their own enjoyments.

THE FUTURE OF TRADE-UNIONISM AND CAPITALISM IN A DEMOCRACY. By Charles W. Eliot. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net.

A Trip to Europe.

Sometimes a travel book is saved by its text, sometimes by its pictures. When both are in considerable the result is rather distressing. Some such result Mrs. Carson has achieved. A few of her photographs are passable, but the majority are exceedingly unattractive. They are from photographs of that flat, blurred, unlevel type which are inexcusable in these days when the use of the camera has been reduced to the utmost simplicity. What notion of Giant's Causeway any one can derive from the photograph of that natural wonder is a puzzle; the male figure is doubtless that of Mrs. Carson's husband, but wifely affection might have taken a more useful form, especially as the tiny corner of the Causeway on which the figure stands gives no conception of the unique formation.

Unhappily the text is not much better than the photographs. There are many errors, as where the Irish form of the synonym for lake is given as "loch" instead of "lough," and the reader is informed that the aspect of Belfast is "decidedly out of keeping with many of the things one hears about Irish poverty and slowness." Mrs. Carson is evidently not aware that there are two Irelands, and that the Ulster district has nothing in common with the rest of the country. Then there is "the wine-driven Burns," which seems a strange phrase in view of the national drink affected by the poet. It is as out of place as "dapper figure" when applied to Thackeray. How many, too, will be surprised to learn that the Child's Shakespeare's memorial fountain "graces" Stratford-on-Avon.

FROM IRISH CASTLES TO FRENCH CHATEAUX. By Norma Bright Carson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A Labrador Spring.

Dr. Townsend's volume is a welcome addition to the literature of Labrador. It gives the results of observations made during a five weeks' visit in May and June of last year, a visit which enabled the author to gratify his desire to see the unfolding of spring in those northern regions. The season is "a hustler" there; "the whole glorious ecstasy of bursting buds and migrating birds is concentrated into the space of a few weeks or even days. As the bake-apple springs into flower when the snowbank melts, so does the spring burst upon the scene in these regions when winter departs." Dr. Townsend gives a vivid description of one particularly active week when flowers seemed to almost leap from the earth.

At Esquimaux Point he found a village settled by descendants of Longfellow's

Acadians. "As the village is a village of fishermen, it is appropriate that St. Peter should be its patron saint, and that a large tin fish perforated with the name of St. Pierre should swim as a weather-vane on a mast in the churchyard, and that St. Peter's cock, very fat and of considerable height, should act as a vane on a large cross at the end of the town. Still more appropriate is the painting over the altar in the church of the miraculous draught of fishes, where the boats are such as might be used at the present day on this stormy coast, and the details of pointed sterns and thole-pins have a familiar look." In addition to notes on the people, there are some interesting studies of Labrador birds.

A LABRADOR SPRING. By Charles W. Townsend. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.50.

The Bourbon Restoration

Rarely has the spirit of Bourbonism been expounded with greater clearness or in a more picturesque manner than in Major Hall's careful study. He manifests an easy mastery over the great mass of documentary and printed material relating to the period in France between 1815 and 1830, and places his results before the reader in an entertaining manner.

Restored by the Allies, Louis XVIII does appear to have set himself honestly to carry out the promises of his declaration, but the work was interrupted by the Hundred Days. Then came his second chance, which Major Hall describes with great minuteness, enlivening his narrative with many admirable character sketches of the leading statesmen. Charles X, however, made a bad start by favoring the revival of antique ceremonial at his coronation, and gradually went from bad to worse owing to his reactionary tendencies. It did not take him many years to complete the ruin of Bourbonism, thus making way for the Duke of Orleans as Louis Philippe. Major Hall is not able to saddle the duke with the ruin of Charles, nor does he think he could have averted it. As to the extreme unpopularity of the Bourbons, he finds the explanation in the conditions which attended the re-establishment of the monarchy. "Not only was it galling to the national pride that the sovereign should owe his crown to foreign intervention, but the unreasonable suspicion was entertained that the loss of territory, to which France had been subjected, was the price which the Bourbons had agreed to pay the Allies for their assistance."

THE BOURBON RESTORATION. By Major John F. Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4 net.

Brief Reviews.

George Haven Putnam's "Abraham Lincoln" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net) is a valuable study of the development of the great President's character, from his earliest boyhood to the tragic climax of his beneficent career. The volume is enriched by a reprint of the famous speech given by Lincoln at the Cooper Institute in February, 1860, with annotations by Chief Justice Charles C. Nott and Cephas Brainerd. An admirable photograph of Lincoln is given as frontispiece.

Esther Singleton's "A Guide to Great Cities" (the Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.25 net) is concerned with the capitals of north-western Europe and designed specially for the use of young travelers. The cities described are London, Antwerp, The Hague, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and in each case an account of present-day conditions is prefaced by a glance at past history. Miss Singleton writes too hastily to make sure of her facts, otherwise the reader would be spared such guesses as that the famous inn at the foot of Ludgate Hill "is supposed to have been named in honor of Pocahontas."

In addition to a thorough revision of his text, Peter J. Hamilton has taken advantage of the demand for a new edition of his "Colonial Mobile" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50 net) to embody a large amount of new material. The larger portion of this will be found among the notes, while many fresh illustrations of exceptional value are scattered through the text. In its present form, then, this classic of American history is still more essential for the library of the student and general reader, for it stands alone as a vivid and authoritative picture of the vast region draining to Mobile Bay. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that Mr. Hamilton writes throughout in picturesque style.

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Indianapolis News: "A well-told story—there are pictures that stamp themselves upon one's brain."

The Dial: "Vigorous and effective."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Lord Glenesk and the "Morning Post."

Reginald Lucas's biography of Algernon Borthwick, afterwards Lord Glenesk, is an interesting contribution to the history of London journalism and to British politics from the middle of the last century to recent years. There is a brief account of the founding of the *Morning Post*, which leads the way naturally to the editorship of Algernon's father, by whom, at the age of twenty, he was appointed Paris correspondent. The paper was not able to pay its representative more than twenty dollars a week, but on that sum he seems to have been able to maintain a good showing among the other journalists. The chapter devoted to this phase of Mr. Borthwick's career shows how alert he was for important news, and reveals a wonderful maturity of judgment in one so young. He worked hard, frequently not getting to bed until three in the morning, but his labors were thoroughly appreciated and did much towards establishing the reputation of his paper. In one admirable letter to his father he wrote: "There are three powers in France—the Salon, the Shop, and the Street. I think we can work round the Shop and the Street to our friendship, in fact we have them with us to a very great extent. Damn the Salons."

On the death of his father, Algernon became editor of the *Morning Post* and eventually its owner. And his services as a public man were at length rewarded by elevation to the peerage. In the later years of his life he entered Parliament, and although always taking a controlling interest in his paper handed over the actual editorship to others. At the time of the Russo-Turkish War he made a public speech in defense of Turkey and an indictment of Russia. Sir William Harcourt's criticism of that effort was that "Borthwick, in selecting the Turks, has made as great a mistake as the Almighty when he adopted the Jews as the chosen people." Although his life was crowned by material success, Lord Glenesk had many private sorrows, notably that which robbed him of his only son, who had given great promise in his connection with the paper. Mr. Lucas has discharged his task with good taste, but his writing does not rise much above the ordinary level. And his assertion that Borthwick Castle "still stands in repair" needs serious qualification.

LORD GLENESK AND THE "MORNING POST." By Reginald Lucas. New York: John Lane Company; \$6 net.

With the Professor.

Is there room for another professor in American literature? Boston, no doubt, will answer with an emphatic negative; he of the breakfast-table holds and fills the field. And yet perhaps Holmes himself would have given a hearty welcome to Mr. Showerman's professor and derived not a little enjoyment from these chapters devoted to various phases of his mental biography.

Leaving Boston out of account, it seems highly probable that Mr. Showerman will find numerous and appreciative readers for his gentle satires. Among the foibles at which they are aimed are dry-as-dust scholarship, muckraking, certain types of education, etc. Now and then Mr. Showerman is inclined to carry his point a little too far, as, for example, in the dissertation on Dr. Scholarship and Mr. Homo, which gives too much advantage to the enemy of humanism, but his excuse will probably be that over-emphasis is hardly dangerous in this case. Wholly wholesome is the moral of "A Desperate Situation," which depicts the professor in tribulation to find the cash to pay for a new overcoat, from which he attempts to escape by penning a muckraking article. How and why that resource failed him may be commended to the muckraking fraternity at large. How tellingly Mr. Showerman can put the case of the college professor is shown with much humor and underlying satire in "The Professor Recants." That worthy had no more money than most professors have, "and yet he was not poor. I know you will find it hard to believe me, but you must learn not to judge a man's income merely by his salary." For he had perquisites, including the covers and unused leaves of his students' examination books. To this was to be added the pleasure he took in his work. "He sometimes felt ashamed to look his friends in the face. Though they did receive larger salaries and work fewer hours, their work was really laborious. They had need of expensive vacation trips to restore their spirits; while his main trouble was that he could not work more hours in the day, and his chief use for vacation the doing of more of his chosen work." Such is the spirit in which Mr. Showerman writes, and consequently his pages bite while they amuse. It was worth while creating this professor.

WITH THE PROFESSOR. By Grant Showerman. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

My Army Life.

Much has been written of the heroism of the soldiers who fought the Indians after the Civil War, but less attention has been given to the sufferings and bravery of the women who accompanied them on their expeditions.

Hence the value of this vivid record by Mrs. Carrington, who went with her husband when he was ordered to Fort Kearney in 1866. The journey to the fort is described in a telling manner, with all its hardships and dangers, and when the little force reached its destination the first object Mrs. Carrington saw was a wagon hearing the naked body of a soldier who had been scalped almost within the shadow of the fort.

Garrison life was not an ideal existence. "I can speak of it now in calm terms, but at the moment I had such a sensation of actual desperation come over me that with a butcher-knife in hand for preparation of something for breakfast I almost threatened then and there to end it all, and I could have settled the question 'to be, or not to be' in short order." The days were passed in humdrum duties, and the nights were made hideous by the howling of hungry wolves and screeching savages. As the year closed the danger from the Indians increased, and then, four days before Christmas, came that terrible massacre which deprived the writer of her husband. Her narrative of that tragedy is direct, simple, and poignant. But the final section of the volume, which tells of "Wyoming opened," gives a brighter picture, and is a valuable contribution to the history of national expansion.

MY ARMY LIFE AND THE FORT PHIL. KEARNEY MASSACRE. By Frances C. Carrington. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Having promised to read a paper on Walt Whitman, an English minister wrote to his bookseller for a complete edition of the poet's works, to receive the reply that the bookseller declined to furnish his customer with "indecent literature."

H. G. Wells's new novel is to be entitled "The New Machiavelli," and will be a study of modern life and society.

As certain plans for the further improvement of the Keats-Shelley house at Rome are being held in abeyance for the lack of funds, Mr. R. U. Johnson, the secretary and treasurer of the American committee, makes an appeal for further subscriptions, at the same time pointing out that American admirers of the poets have contributed by far the larger share of the money already spent.

Many unpublished letters from Charles Dickens and George Cruikshank are to appear in the volume on "Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends," which is promised for early publication.

Ferris Greenslet has been elected a director of the Houghton Mifflin Company. He became connected with the house in 1902 as associate editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and since 1907 has been chief literary adviser. His election to the directorate is a guaranty that the high literary standards of the firm will be worthily sustained and that the author's point of view will not be ignored.

Among the books announced for early publication by Paul Elder & Co. are: "The Vanished Ruin Era," by Louis J. Stellmann; "Slumber Sea Chanteys," by Lucia Chase Bell and Carrie Stone Freeman; and "The College Freshman's Don't Book," by George Fullerton Evans. The first-named volume is to be an art work commemorating the wonder and beauty of the disaster of 1906 by means of many striking photographs taken by Mr. Stellmann. The pictures are to be reproduced as mezzo-gravure prints mounted on leaves of a rich brown tone.

Why will authors confuse book-buyers by re-using old and familiar titles? It is reported that Dr. Lyman Abbott has a new volume nearly ready bearing the title of "Seekers After God," oblivious, apparently, of the fact that Canon Farrar appropriated that title long ago. Dr. Abbott's object, it is stated, is to refute the criticism that Americans use all their energies in the pursuit of wealth and power, to the exclusion of things religious.

John Murray, the well-known London publisher, says there are books published at the present day on religion, social questions, and philosophy which do more harm than the immoral books, because they can be more openly talked about and people can read them without

shame. "I believe," he adds, "the hooks of Henry George, Karl Marx, and Nietzsche have done and are doing a great deal of harm." A leading bookseller of London testifies that the hooks written by women are far the worse, and that women are far more eager to obtain such hooks than men.

George Meredith's unfinished novel, "Celt and Saxon," which will be in the stores shortly, was written nearly forty years ago, and hence must not be expected to have much in common with his later work. It does, however, give an interesting insight into the novelist's political opinions.

Elihu Vedder is to give us his autobiography this fall under the title of "The Digressions of V." Mr. Vedder would have fame enough had he accomplished nothing more than his unique illustrations of Omar Khayyam, but he has won many other distinctions and has known the most interesting people of his time.

Further letters of Lafcadio Hearn have been edited by Elizabeth Bisland for publication during the coming season. They were all written in Japan to Japanese correspondents and contain Hearn's mature views on life and his methods of work.

Mark Twain's death has revived interest in his writings to such an extent that nearly a dozen of his books have had to be reprinted within the last few weeks.

A life of Lord Beaconsfield based upon his papers and wholly authoritative is to be one of the fall or winter books.

Kipling's somewhat puzzling line, "the dawn comes up like thunder out China 'crost the bay," is said to embody a legend of the Cham of Tartary and his people, who "lived underground to escape the noise of the sun's rising." The same legend is more specifically used by Francis Thompson in a stanza of his "Mistress of Vision":

East, ah, east of Himalay,
Dwell the nations underground;
Hiding from the shock of day,
For the sun's uprising-sound:
Dare not issue from the ground
At the tumults of the day,
So fearfully the sun doth sound
Clanging up beyond Cathay;
For the great earthquake sunrise rolling up beyond Cathay.

New Books Received.

THE FRUIT OF DESIRE. By Virginia Demarest. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net.

Virginia Demarest is stated to be the assumed name of "a successful author with a wide reputation in a particular field" who takes a pen name because this novel is "of a totally different kind" and the writer is anxious that it be received wholly on its merits. It deals with a couple who "without the reality of marriage are united by a closer, stronger bond than are most married people."

STORM AND TREASURE. By H. C. Bailey. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

A novel of French history, whose hero, Jan, "acquires himself with a fine gallantry and joyous spirit in the many extraordinary and daring adventures in which he finds himself."

WILD OATS. By James Oppenheim. New York: B. W. Hensch; \$1.20 net.

In a foreword Edward Bok says this novel comes at a psychological moment when "we are slowly but surely awakening, in part, to a realizing sense that somewhere in the social body there is a festering sore that needs the surgery and cleansing process of the light of public discussion."

THE CHILDREN'S PLUTARCH. TALES OF THE GREEKS. TALES OF THE ROMANS. Arranged by F. J. Gould. With an introduction by W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; 75 cents each.

An attempt to tell in simple language the main facts of Plutarch's Lives. Mr. Howells says the "work is very well done, indeed, with a feeling for the original and a faith in it which no criticism or research will ever quite dissipate."

THE POETIC NEW-WORLD. Compiled by Lucy H. Humphrey. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An anthology intended "for travelers, but even more for patriots." An admirable collection of poems describing the scenery and historic associations of America.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA. By Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 25 cents.

An official handbook of the organization, giving details of woodcraft, scouting, and life-craft.

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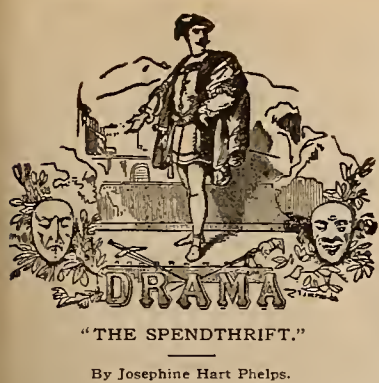
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“THE SPENDTHRIFT.”

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

In a course of admirable lectures on the drama, given at the State University summer school by Professor Burton of the University of Minnesota, the lecturer, who inspired confidence in the soundness of his premises, said that a playwright should see his climax first, and those things that precede it later. It is entirely established, however, after one has seen Porter Emerson Browne's "The Spendthrift," that the author did no such thing. In fact, Mr. Browne started in with a thesis, instead of a story, and proceeded to invent a story to fit his theme.

In the play the rich aunt of two extravagant girls, who is built on Hetty Green lines, inveighs vigorously against the ostentation, the luxury, and the spendthrift habits prevalent among the members of the upper four hundred. A distracted husband, who on account of his weak indigulgence toward his pretty wife is facing bankruptcy, rises to eloquence in a warning to his younger brother, while painting the penalty of being married to a loved wife who wants the earth, and all the goodly things thereof that cost money.

But the story, or plot, is not logical. The author has an undoubted talent for having his characters say sharp, bright things. He seems also to have a flair for hitting on the sayings and opinions that please men. The women, no doubt, will be irritated by the summary manner in which the wife is made the scapegoat for the sins of up-to-date spendthrifts, but Frances Ward is such a poor creature, so brainless, so soulless, so heartless, that no woman can champion her cause.

The only outcome of marriage with such a pretty piece of impracticability would be shipwreck; and shipwreck it was. Only the author precipitated the catastrophe—and the grand scene—by departing from the probabilities in a manner which, while fairly justifiable, renders his play, from the standpoint of art, as thoroughly open to criticism. The third act is a sensational piecing out of a situation which, logically, demanded no such drastic treatment, and the fourth is pure drive. The author wrote it without conviction, first because he had no real plot in the beginning, and he was obliged to piece out; and, second, because he lacks the courage to give a logically unhappy ending; that is, an unhappy ending so called, because it would, in fact, in the long run, have been a happy relief for any sensible man to be freed from the incubus of such a wife as is the heroine of "The Spendthrift."

All this is not to say that the piece is uninteresting. On the contrary, when things begin to hum, it becomes quite absorbing. The dialogue, or much of it, is very good. To be sure, the rich aunt sermonizes more than a little, but she does it in a genuine, sledgehammer style which prevents the auditor from being rebellious. And when the husband lets loose his pent-up desperation and despair in a torrent of eloquence, not only the matter of his discourse is gripping to the mind and the sympathies, but the manner of it, as delivered by Lionel Adams, is earnest, manly, and impressive.

But, to follow up such convincing reality of emotion by the sentimental insincerities of the last act was an error, and a serious one. Everybody in the audience was distinctly aware that the wife could not be made over again. A fool she was born, and a fool she would remain, and a heartless fool at that. This had been made quite manifest in the sequel to the pretended weeping in the scene of the second act, when she cast aside all pretense, after a moving interview with her husband, and nibbled chocolates and played with cosmetics as cheerfully as if the man who had just hared his desperate soul to her were a hired entertainer.

Apparently the author forgot this revelation of character when he wrote the fourth act, for here we are asked to believe that the pretty cockatoo of the earlier acts has developed a heart, a soul, and some principles.

It never fails, when players are called upon to act such sentimental insincerities, that all naturalness of tone and manner dies. They fall into a sort of drone. It is the unconscious rebellion of their inner selves, I suppose. Fortunately the last act is short, and did not make too great a demand on the husband who had struck the note of convincing sincerity.

The play, as may be seen, is uneven in

merit through the different acts. Probably the second act is the best—they seem such a casual lot in the first. There is a casual engagement, a casual announcement, and a casual reception of the news. The rattling young man rattles rather too much, and the fatiguing artificiality of manner of Doris Mitchell, the leading lady of the company, is more pronounced here because of the lightness of the scenes. Miss Mitchell's trouble, I should say, is that she is thinking more of herself than she is of her rôle. She is too much of an overstudied poser to be quite acceptable, in spite of a number of credentials for the part: a pretty face, an ornamental presence, a talent for dress: and an effect that she succeeds in conveying of the shallowness of the wife. The trouble is, nevertheless, that Miss Mitchell is shallow in her method of depicting shallowness.

Pretty little Vivian Martin is the daintiest of ingénues, a little crude, somewhat unfinished, as yet, but gifted not only with Dresden-shepherdess beauty, but with winsomeness. Lizzie McCall has appropriate genuineness of manner, and vigor of expression as the aunt, and she and Forrest Orr, who plays the rôle of the rattling young man, have enough humor in their lines, and in their way of delivering them, to furnish a cheerful comedy element in the evening's entertainment.

The move that the management had made in the reduction of prices was evidently a wise one. For a performance without a star or notables it was the best attended that I remember in the new Columbia Theatre. I think, however, that the glad tidings had come by some underground railway of communication that there was to be a night-gown scene in the third act. At any rate, there was an unusually large and noticeably expectant audience of men, who, apparently, were not disappointed, and who frankly showed their delight at Aunt Gretchen's vigorous thrusts against the wives of the day who toil not, neither do they spin, and still further evade their responsibilities by the later-day sin of race suicide.

What the men thought who customarily urge their wives on to sartorial and motor-car extravagance in order to convince a doubting world of their prosperity, we have no means of knowing. They were lost sight of in the wave of warm approval that swept toward the footlights from treacherous husbands, and, no doubt, prudent yet longing bachelors.

The author, by the way, brought in a bit of psychology in the third act that was interesting enough to balance partly its sensationalism. It lay in the revelation made by the wife, of that curious sexlessness of attitude toward men, characteristic of one type of the American girl, which so excites the scorn and wrath of French observers, as evidenced in their fiction and books of comment. The wife has calmly accepted twenty thousand dollars from a millionaire admirer; because accepting was her strong card. She "promised him nothing, and gave him nothing," as he told the husband in the night-gown scene. The wife, meanwhile, is trembling and shuddering from head to foot, not only with fear, but with offended modesty. The woman who could so degrade her dignity and do that insensate thing was outraged in every fibre of her body by the indignity that was put upon her. It will perhaps seem improbable, yet that is unquestionably one phase of the American temperament which so puzzles and disconcerts European observers, throwing them all out in their calculations.

The privilege of participating in the selection of plays has been restored to the leading actors and actresses of the Comédie Française; a privilege of which they were deprived about ten years ago. This is as it should be in the case of that institution, for the *sociétaires* in question are well qualified to pass judgment on such matters. It would be disastrous, however, to allow the average actor to have a choice in the selection of plays that depended for success on the prosperity of the box-office returns. It has been frequently said that when the actors are particularly enthusiastic at rehearsal in predicting the success of a forthcoming production, the play is usually far from proving just "the thing" the public wants. On the other hand, it has been no unusual occurrence for a play to make a pronounced hit after the actors and actresses at rehearsal had predicted its signal failure.

The Parisians spent more than \$10,000,000 on public amusements last year. The figure is official, being known because of the tax for the poor leveled on all public entertainments. This tax is now paid by the public, the managers having raised their prices a year ago sufficiently to cover it.

She—There's baby crying again; I'll go and sing to him. He—For heaven's sake, sit still and let him holler.—Musical Courier.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Spendthrift" has made a success at the Columbia Theatre, where it is to remain the attraction for a second and final week, commencing Monday night, August 8. A new scale of prices has been proving a big magnet. The new scale calls for \$1.50 and \$2 seats on the lower floor; first balcony, \$1 and 75c; second balcony, 50c and 25c. At the Wednesday matinées the prices are, lower floor, all seats, \$1; balcony, 50c; second balcony, 25c.

A sharp encounter of wits between a clever detective and a rich criminal is the keynote of Clay M. Greene and Harrison Armstrong's latest one-act drama, "The Police Inspector," which is to be performed next week at the Orpheum. They are the first to present on the stage the idea of an inspector of detectives pitting his skill in the third degree against the will-power and keen brain of a great man of unquestioned social and financial standing. The cast of "The Police Inspector" will include Scott Siggins, John T. Doyle, J. J. Williams, Fred A. Turner, and Josephine Foy. Gus Sohlke's Bama Girls, in the musical frivolity, "Toy Shop Pastimes," will be also included in next week's programme. Jimmie Lucas and Josephine Fields are features of this act, which is rich in song, dance, and lively repartee, and introduces a dashing girl chorus. Stepp, Mehlinger and King will present a singing and instrumental act. The three, include in their numbers "The Rosary" and conclude with an operatic travesty. Lou Anger, the German soldier, who has just finished a successful engagement as the principal comedian of Henry W. Savage's New York and Chicago success, "The Gay Hussars," will describe the trials and tribulations of a soldier in a humorous manner. Next week will be the last of Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield, who will present another Cressy skit called "Mag Haggerty, M. D."; Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGreevy, and Granville and Rogers. It will also conclude the engagement of the dancers, the Four Fords.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre, commencing with the night of Monday, August 15, will be the comedy triumph, "Seven Days," which has been the leading success in New York since its opening early last season. In this piece a party of New York's smart set meet for dinner and are quarantined for a week. The complications are amusing in the extreme.

Cohan and Harris will send "The Fortune Hunter" to this city later in the season. It is by the author of "Brewster's Millions," and is even a greater hit than that play.

What has been undoubtedly the dullest summer theatrically that San Francisco has ever known, with the exception, of course, of that of 1906, is drawing to a close with no immediate prospect of sudden change for the better. There are few announcements of coming attractions outside of the Columbia

Theatre list. Ferris Hartman and company will return to the Princess Theatre late this month for an indefinite season. The Garrick, Novelty, Van Ness, and Savoy Theatres are still dark. The Valencia Theatre is now a five-cent moving picture house.

A new Tivoli Opera House, to be opened with Mme. Tetrassini as the grand opera star, is one of the promises for the future. It can not be realized too soon.

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Aug. 15—The great comedy hit, "SEVEN DAYS."

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VANITY FAIR.

Chicago is heavily handicapped. Conscious of its shortcomings from the standpoint of culture and society, the packing city neglects no opportunity to get ahead of the times; it has its eye on Boston as a model in refinement, and on New York as a pattern of high life. Do we not know our failings? recently asked the local *Tribune*. "Are we not even now edging stealthily on culture with a cluh in one hand and salt in the other, hoping and praying that it will stand still long enough for us to use the one or the other on it? If we can't get it alive with the salt, at least we may be able to get it dead with the cluh." In view of such earnestness of purpose, no wonder Chicago is grieved that its pursuit of culture is greeted with sneers. Nor is that all, or the worst. By reckless expenditure, the fashion leaders of the windy city have amassed a formidable outfit of gowns, diamond tiaras, pearl dog collars, necklaces, and other insignia of social distinction for display at the opera, halls, and high festivals. These things ought to have been the pride of Chicago, the proud answer of the city to the haughty airs of New York's Four Hundred, the indubitable proof that society flourishes as luxuriantly on the shores of Lake Michigan as by the banks of the Hudson. But the civic glory of Chicago does not take that form; those diamond tiaras and other emblems of wealth have caught the eye of the Board of Review as possible objects of taxation, and their wearers are threatened with being asked to show cause why they should not be assessed on their costly belongings. It's a distressing situation, accountable for only on the theory that the winds have carried some Milwaukee atmosphere down the lake.

With the return of the summer wanderers from Paris the whole country is likely to be inoculated with a revival of sealing-wax language. The latest fad of the gay city in the stationary line is attractive boxes containing twelve different colored sticks of sealing-wax, with the explanation that white is to be used for marriages, black for mourning, violet for condolence, chocolate for invitations to dinner parties, scarlet for ordinary business, ruby for love letters, green for hope, blue for constancy, yellow for jealousy, pale green for letters of reproach, pale pink for young girls, and gray for friends. This may be confusing on occasion. For example, what would be the proper course if one wanted to write to a business friend who was in mourning for his wife and whose daughter was about to be married? The wish to condole and at the same time express hopes for his daughter's happiness, and a possible desire to invite him to dinner at the same time would make perplexing demands on the sealing-wax department. It will be observed, too, that no specific color is designated as particularly appropriate for dunning letters.

Now we know the reason. For several years past our newspapers and critical magazines have been deploring the dearth of men of genius; we have been told, until we have blushed with shame, that we of the twentieth century are a degenerate race, with no great artists, or great poets, or great novelists, or great anything. But we are not to blame. Mr. Marcus Stone says so. This authority will be remembered as a painter of prettiness, an exponent of the "Kiss-Me-Mammy" school, whose heroes are always so sweet and heroines sweeter. Mr. Stone calls our attention to the fact that during the first twenty years of the last century women were uncorseted, and that they were the mothers of such men as Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, and so on. The inference is obvious. No corseted mother can possibly have a son or daughter of genius. And, according to Mr. Stone, no great man or woman has been born since 1820. This news must be carefully censored from all newspapers mailed to Oyster Bay, for it would be a pity to have so graceful a painter as Mr. Stone added to the Ananias Club.

What's this about the Kaiser's champagne? Why, 'twas hut a month or so ago he addressed a glowing letter to German students in favor of strict temperance, and it stands to his record that he informed the officers of his army and navy that it was quite "good form" to drink his health in water. Who, then, has dared to even couple his name with champagne? The *Strassburger Post*, which commits itself to the assertion that among those who took time by the forelock in importing heavy consignments of French champagne before the recent increased import duty came into effect was none other than the Kaiser himself. It was done on a wholesale scale, too, for "several truckloads" of the sparkling tittle were hurried across the frontier for the imperial cellars. And all this notwithstanding the Kaiser's recent increase in salary!

There are occasions when the observant student of the passing show must wish the newspapers would imitate the "follow-up" system of the business man. Take the case of that New York pastor, for example. He "mys-

teriously disappeared" on a Friday night while on his way home from church, and was heard of no more until late Sunday night, when he got home "half dazed." His explanation was that a strange man gave him a cigar in the street-car, and that he lost consciousness after smoking it, remembering nothing until he found himself wandering in the Bronx. But there is a footnote to the story. The pastor had a hundred dollars in his possession when he set out from his church for home, and what one would like to know is how his wife regarded the cigar yarn, and whether the pastor has ever been known to yearn after intimate knowledge of the Great White Way? True, a hundred dollars do not go far in the lobster palaces when the spender knows the ropes, but an unsophisticated pastor might have quite a lot of fun on that sum. Enough, at any rate, to leave him "half dazed."

So a vice-chancellor in New Jersey has decided that under certain circumstances a wife is not obliged to make her home with her husband's relatives, and that a husband who refuses to give her a home of her own may be required to provide for her separate maintenance. The New York *Globe* asks, Does it work both ways? May a husband require his wife to live apart from his mother-in-law or other in-laws? If she refuses to do so, could he be held responsible for her maintenance and support? New Jersey justice is oftentimes a fearful and wonderful thing—a thing possessed of unique capacities and powers—but even it will be treading on dangerous ground if it undertakes to codify the relations of mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, father-in-law and son-in-law, sister-in-law and brother-in-law. There are some things the attempted regulation of which is much worse than no regulation. Better leave them to *Punch* and *Judge* and *Life*. The buffoon makes rules concerning them every day, rules which he has been making from time immemorial. His laughter goes further than laws and policemen.

Who shall decide, for example, just how late a bride may change her mind? If ever a man was sure of his partner it was he who, an hour before the wedding ceremony, met his bride on the street, and was told by her to wait round the corner sixty minutes later, because she did not want her mother to know she was going out to be married. He waited, but instead of the bride there came a little sister with a message saying the proposed candidate for matrimony had "changed her mind." So the bridegroom waited round the corner some more, prolonged his vigil, in fact, till nearly midnight. Then he was rewarded by the casual passing-by of his fair one, whom he greeted not with kisses and cuddles, but with fisticuffs. And the man of law who was requisitioned to adjudicate on the circumstances upheld the right of the coy one to alter her mind at the eleventh hour, but also decided that under such conditions the bridegroom might be excused a "revulsion of feeling."

A poetry dinner killed an evening for a hundred Londoners the other night. They were a random lot, it seems, characters jostling one another irrespective of proportion or merit. Thus there were fourteen Byron characters to eleven of Shakespeare, none of Chaucer, none of Spenser, two of Robert Buchanan, and one of that illustrious poet, George R. Sims. The dinner seems to have been a challenge rather than a stimulus to the poetic afflatus. There was a touch of peculiar irony in seeing the Blessed Damozel and Fra Lippo Lippi comparing notes over filleted turbot and lamb cutlets, or Juliet toying with a cigarette and the Arch Druid wrestling with a huge cigar. The hostess of the occasion, the Baroness de Bertouch, defended the festival on the plea that money is wanted to carry out the "missionary object" of securing a revival of interest in poetry, "and the best way to get people together is to have a dinner."

In a comparison between American and English girlhood the London *Times* has something to say incidentally about the American man. By nature, we are assured, the American girl is colder and less emotional than the English girl, and her attitude towards men is one of unflinching good comradeship. Yet at the same time women are considered by American men as a race apart, who must be placed on a pedestal and propitiated by much attention and many offerings. In a sense the chivalric instinct is almost too deeply implanted in the American man, and in many of his ideas concerning women he is, although he would be horrified to be told so, curiously mediæval. And here again we come upon one of those deep lines of cleavage which divide the American ideals for womanhood from the English. In England, before marriage, the man and the girl see comparatively little of each other, but after marriage the common life is a necessity, and the woman must be prepared to study his interests and to make them more or less her own. In America, before marriage, the man and the girl are excellent friends and comrades, enjoying much freedom in their intercourse; after marriage the two seem to lead separate lives. The

man is wholly wrapped up in his business, and the woman, when her work in the house is over, devotes most of her energies to the pursuit of social pleasures. In fact, they can not really be said to lead a common life. To a large extent this is the man's fault; for he as a rule considers his wife such a delicate object that she is, so to speak, put under a glass case, and all cares and worries and even rightful responsibilities are carefully kept from her. She takes no active part in the man's everyday life, for she is often completely ignorant of his financial position, and is absolutely dependent upon him for every penny. The idea of marriage settlements or a definite allowance is abhorrent to the American mind; and yet, when all is said and done, the American woman, with all her independence, is the most dependent of women; for is not he who holds the purse-strings after all the real master?

Upwards of two hundred thousand dollars were expended on the funeral of Edward VII. The heaviest item was entailed by the traveling and subsistence expenses of the soldiers and sailors who figured in the ceremony, and next came the cost of entertaining the royal and foreign guests, but no light is thrown on the cost of America's representative. The fact that the account includes over twenty thousand dollars for "railway expenses" is a solid contradiction of the popular impression that royalty can use the railroad free of cost. As a matter of fact royal trains have not only to be paid for, but to be paid for at much higher than the usual rates.

David Belasco is writing a series of articles entitled "Six Talks to the Stage-Struck Girl" for the New York *American*. The key-note, or rather the theme, of his remarks, is summed up as follows: "The public, which is collectively supposed to demand youth and beauty to the exclusion of all else, vastly prefers real women to jellyfish actresses." "There is perhaps nothing," says Mr. Belasco, "quite so much overrated, in this day and generation, as is youth in its relation to success. . . . Now it is not my purpose in this paper to

differ with the learned Dr. Osler as to the limit of the average man's usefulness, nor shall I touch upon the subject of what I consider to be that of the male actor; but I do want to say, and I want to say it emphatically, that there is positively no age limit for the woman actor. All else being equal, a dramatic artiste at thirty years of age ought to far excel herself at twenty; and when she reaches fifty she ought to show as much improvement over what she was at forty as at the latter age she showed over what she had been at twenty-five." This certainly ought to make Mr. Belasco very popular with American actresses of uncertain age.

An English north-country paper frowns upon the known ambition of the mayor of its town to be made a knight for his distinguished services in receiving royalty, and narrates for the benefit of the aspirant this anecdote: When Adam Black, the Edinburgh publisher, was sounded on the subject of receiving knighthood, he said: "Nae, nae; it wadna dee. You see," he added, "if a boy cam into ma' shop and said, 'A ha'peth o' slate-pencil, Sir Adam,' it wadna sound weel."

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At his first wedding engagement, as of-
ficiating clergyman, the nervous young minister
asked: "Is it kistomary to cuss the
bride?"

The subjoined item appeared in a French
newspaper: "There was found in the river
this morning the body of a soldier cut to
pieces and sewed up in a sack. The circum-
stances seem to preclude any suspicion of sui-
cide."

When some celebrated pictures of Adam
and Eve were seen on exhibition, Mr. McNah
was taken to see them. "I think no great
things of the painter," said the gardener;
"why, man! tempting Adam wi' a pippin of
a variety that wasna known until about twenty
years ago!"

A lady undertook to explain to Douglas
Jerold the beauties of the five points of Cal-
vanism. Jerold listened patiently until the
doctrine of election had been elucidated, when
he exclaimed: "Well, if I had known that
I was born to be damned, I'll be damned if I
would have been horn."

James Albery, the dramatist, was descend-
ing the steps of his club, when a stranger
addressed him thus: "I beg your pardon,
but is there a gentleman in this club with one
eye of the name of X—?" Albery answered
the question at once by another: "Stop a
moment. What's the name of his other eye?"

Makart, the great Viennese painter, was
taciturn to a fault. It is related of him that
once at a dinner party he sat next to Mme.
Gallmeyer for a whole hour without uttering
a syllable, when his fair neighbor playfully
nuzzled him with her elbow and said: "Come,
Herr von Makart, let us change the conversa-
tion."

A famous North Carolina clergyman, while
preaching from the text, "He giveth his be-
loved sleep," stopped in the middle of his
discourse, gazed upon his slumbering congrega-
tion, and said: "Brethren, it is hard to
realize the unbounded love which the Lord
appears to have for a large portion of my
auditory."

The late John Heneage Jesse, the well-
known author, had an aversion, amounting to
a positive phobia, for the British Jeames. He
has been known to stand in St. James Street,
on a drawing-room day, at the edge of the
curb, and with the end of his stick, which he
dipped into the road-puddle, daub the immacu-
late stockings of the passing flunkies, who, as
he well knew, dare not move from their sta-
tions, accompanying the act with much oppro-
brious language.

A blind man in Khoota (a Caucasian vil-
lage) came back from the river one night,
bringing a pitcher of water and carrying in
his hand a lighted lantern. Some one, meet-
ing him, said: "You're blind; it's all the
same to you whether it's day or night. Of
what use to you is a lantern?" "I don't
carry the lantern in order to see the road,"
replied the blind man, "but to keep some fool
like you from running against me and break-
ing my pitcher."

The children of an infant school in Wales
are taught very much by signs. The hand of
the teacher sloped signifies "oblique"; the
hand held flat, "horizontal"; the hand upright,
"perpendicular." One of the Welsh bishops
was preaching one day in behalf of the school,
when, observing several children whispering
together, he held his hand upright in a warn-
ing manner, meaning thereby to impose
silence, on which almost the whole school,
in the midst of the sermon, shouted out,
"Perpendicular!"

An old lawyer in Paris had instructed a
very young client of his to weep every time
he struck the desk with his hand. Unfortu-
nately, the harrier forgot himself and struck
the desk at the wrong moment; the client fell
to sobbing and crying. "What is the matter
with you?" asked the presiding judge. "Well,"
he told me to cry as often as he struck the
table." Here was a nice predicament, but
the astute lawyer was equal to the occasion.
Addressing the jury, he said: "Well, gentle-
men, let me ask you how you can reconcile
the idea of crime in conjunction with such
candor and simplicity? I await your verdict
with the most perfect confidence."

Mary was a huxom country lass, and her
father was an upright deacon in a Connecti-
cut village. Mary's plan of joining the hoys
and girls in a nutting party was frustrated by
the unexpected arrival of a number of the
"brethren" on their way to conference, and
Mary had to stay at home and get dinner for
her father's clerical guests. Her already
ruffled temper was increased by the reverend
visitors themselves, who sat about the stove
and in the way. One of the good ministers

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Limit.

Brothers, I am sixty-one,
And my work on earth is done;
Peace should follow after storm,
Reach me down the chloroform.
—Dr. Osler.

An Unpleasant Tendency.

It gives a married man the chills
And chronic blues
When marriage merely runs to hills.
Instead of coos. —Pittsburg Post.

Incognito.

[Read at a recent social gathering of army
officers on Governors Island.]

The shades of night were falling fast
As through a town in Europe passed
A quiet man, with stealthy tread,
Who now and then in whisper said,
Incognito!

Before him blared a big brass band,
He shot off guns with either hand;
A red torch flared above his head,
And as he cheered again he said,
Incognito!

He wore a sash red, white and blue,
At times he beat a bass drum, too,
And then he stood upon his head,
As with a wink he said,
Incognito!

"Is that your name?" the old man cried,
He waved the questioner aside,
"Begone! thy query gives me dread,
I'm traveling you see," he said,
Incognito!

"Stay!" cried a maid, "aren't you T. R.,
The mighty hunter from afar?"
The stranger flushed and hung his head,
I'm trying hard to keep, he said,
Incognito!

Where'er he went 'twas just the same,
But when they asked him for his name
He would not mention it; instead,
He tried to ride away and said,
Incognito!

And then as through the land he passed
And when he sailed for home at last,
Nobody knew the strange man's name,
Nobody knew from whence he came.
His modest ways, his cringing mien
Left memories calm, and most serene.
And, if you ask the people there
Just who he was, with puzzled air
Each one will say, and shake his head,
He never told, be only said,
Incognito!
—New York Times.

Out of Reach.

Pretty little chorus girl sitting on the heach;
Along comes a chappie, and says, "You're a
peach!"
"I may be what you say," she speaks, putting on
a frown,
"But don't think for a minute that you'll ever
shake me down!"
—The Quince.

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MANAGER ASSISTANT MAN.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The social events of the week have followed in quiet sequence with nothing suggestive as yet of an awakening from the monotonous calm prevailing in town for the past month.

Activities continue at Santa Barbara, though a number of those instrumental in promoting gayeties during July, have returned to their homes here, preparatory to a few weeks at Tahoe and the golf tournament at Del Monte.

Picnics and outdoor parties during the daylight hours, and in the evening as well, are the favorite forms of amusement at the present moment, and from Santa Barbara to San Rafael have been recorded any number of these pleasant affairs—all informal and thoroughly characteristic of vacation and summer.

Engagements and weddings are furnishing little food for social gossip; only one or two having been noted within the last few days.

The "matinée" dance on board the *California* was the one pretentious event of the week, and served to assemble a large number of the younger set identified with the entertainments in service circles, and to afford the unusual pleasure of a large midsummer dance.

The engagement was announced during the week of Miss B. Lilienthal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lilienthal and a niece of the late Mr. Philip Lilienthal and Dr. Harry Wiel. No date has been set for the wedding.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Lolita Folsom of San Francisco and Mr. J. E. Elliott of Pacific Grove. Miss Folsom is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene H. Folsom and Mr. Elliott is a graduate of Stanford University. No date has been set for the wedding.

Miss Marie Lundeen, daughter of Colonel John A. Lundeen and Mrs. Lundeen, was married Thursday evening, August 4, to Lieutenant Pritchett, U. S. A., at the home of her uncle at Minneapolis.

The wedding of Miss Harriett Sterling and Ensign Richmond Kelley Turner took place Wednesday evening at the bride's home at Stockton and was attended by a large number of guests from this city.

The matinee dance on board the *California* at Mare Island on Monday was attended by a large number of guests from town. Among those who went up from here were Miss Anna Peters, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Jennie Lee, Miss Edith Metcalfe, Miss Florence Cluff, and Miss Nina Blow. Among others present were Admiral and Mrs. Giles Harber, Lieutenant and Mrs. Ward Ellis, Paymaster and Mrs. Eugene H. Douglas, Miss Virginia Dickens, Miss Sally Simons, Miss Emily Simons, Admiral and Mrs. Hugo Osterhaus, Ensign and Mrs. Crosse, Ensign and Mrs. William Glassford, Naval Constructor and Mrs. Duncan Gatewood.

Mrs. Charles M. Hathaway entertained Mrs. Kip and her daughter, Mrs. Robinson, at luncheon at her home, Sycamore Park, on Monday. Among those present were Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, Mrs. Emilia F. Ashburner, Mrs. William Hathaway, Mrs. Clinton Day, Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, Miss Day, and Miss Hathaway.

Miss Lily O'Connor entertained at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday in honor of Mrs. Smith Hollis McKim and the Baroness de Chaubant.

Miss Sarah Redington entertained at a luncheon on Friday in honor of Mrs. Harry Stetson. Her guests included Mrs. Arturo Oreno, Mrs. Arthur Alexander, Miss Delfino Diblee, and Miss Elizalde, Miss Mary Ward, Miss Kathleen Clashy, Miss Virginia Cleary, Miss Elsie Tracy, Miss Margaret Cleary, Miss Gladys Ragan, Miss Helen Barry, Miss Margaret Bayreuther, Miss Henrietta O'Neil, Miss May McKinley, Miss May Fitzgerald, Miss Ethel Browne, Miss Helen Bruce, Miss

Myrtle Mollette, Miss Claire Steinbring, Miss Gladys Cronan, Miss Ada Howard, Miss Ruth Ryan, Miss Margaret McElearney, and Miss Ethel Williams.

Mr. Knox Maddox, who is at Santa Barbara for the summer, entertained fourteen guests at a luncheon Saturday at the Potter Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. James Garneau of St. Louis were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan on Tuesday night.

Lieutenant and Mrs. C. P. Huff entertained at a dinner at their quarters at Yerba Buena Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Huff's mother, Mrs. Klieneberger, who has been their guest for the past two weeks. Among those present were Admiral and Mrs. John Milton, Major and Mrs. Hall, Lieutenant and Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Harrington, Paymaster Skipworth, Mrs. R. A. Saeltzer, and Mr. Walter Diehl.

Mrs. John Milton entertained at a bridge party and tea at her home Saturday in honor of Mrs. Reginald Nicholson of Washington, D. C. Among the guests were Mrs. E. A. Selfridge, Mrs. Edward Le Fevre, Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. A. C. Whiting, Mrs. Willis Kelley, Mrs. Edward Eberle, Mrs. Thomas Lake Miller, Miss Palmer, Mrs. Guy Brown, Mrs. Charles Huff, Mrs. Klieneberger, and Mrs. Hall. Mr. John Lawson entertained at an informal luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis Monday, at which his guests were Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Virginia Joffie, Mr. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. Stewart Lowery, and Mr. Raymond Armsby.

Miss Louise Runyon of New York, who is the guest of Miss Dorothy Boericke, was the guest of honor at a moonlight party at Tamalpais on Saturday evening. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Ralston White. Among the guests were Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Florida Hunt, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Lillian Whitney, Miss Maud Wilson, Mr. Spencer Grant, Mr. Garth Boericke, Mr. Harry Miller, and Mr. Herbert Gallagher.

Mrs. Mountford Wilson was hostess at a moonlight picnic at Santa Barbara on Saturday evening. Her guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Miss Marion Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. Templeton Crocker, and Mr. Knox Maddox.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood entertained informally at luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday.

Miss Christine Pomeroy was hostess at a luncheon at the Francesca Club on Thursday, which she gave in honor of Miss Jeanette Klauder of Philadelphia, who has been her guest for several weeks.

Captain and Mrs. Oscar W. Koester entertained at dinner Saturday complimentary to Lieutenant Commander Pollock and Mrs. Pollock, who leave shortly for the East. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Gatewood, Miss Nina Blow, Miss Virginia Dickens, Captain James T. Gilmore, and Ensign Newton.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Higgins entertained at dinner at the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. R. Schmidt, Mrs. J. H. Wallace, and Miss Carlotta Mahury.

At the Hotels.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the past week included Mr. Charles Fletcher Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chambers, Miss Helen Chambers, Mr. R. L. Chambers, Mr. H. E. Chambers, Mrs. M. I. Sichel, Mrs. Lillian Wolcott-Thomas, Mr. J. L. Harrington, Mr. Sidney L. Plant, Mr. Henry Rathjen and daughter, Mr. A. Paget, and Mr. E. S. Wann.

Among recent arrivals at Etna Springs were Mr. and Mrs. A. Schilling, Miss Schilling, Mr. Alphonse Hirsch, Mrs. A. S. Larkey, Mr. Sanford Larkey, Mr. Jefferson Larkey, Mr. Chapin Tubbs, Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Marion Stone, Mr. Harold W. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hess, Miss Carolina Hess, Miss Ella Hess, Miss S. L. Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McDonald, Mrs. F. W. Morse, Mr. Wellington Morse, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lavenson and child, Mr. Nathan F. Coombs, Mr. Foster H. Rober, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Trouty, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Francis, and Mr. J. A. Willis.

Bohemian Club Concert.

One of the features of the Bohemian Club concert, to be held Tuesday afternoon, August 9, at the Van Ness Theatre, will be the first appearance of Henry Hadley, leader of the Symphony Orchestra of Seattle. He will conduct an overture of his own composition entitled "In Bohemia." Most of the programme will naturally be given up to the music of this year's Grove Jinks, "The Cave Man," of which Mr. Charles K. Field is Sire, and for which Mr. W. J. McCoy has written the music. The soloists of the grove play lyrics will include Vail Bakewell, David Bispham, and Mrs. J. C. Brickell.

Herman Perlet will be the musical director, with sixty men in the orchestra and the full club chorus. Other numbers besides those noted above will be selections from "St. Patrick at Tara," by Wallace Sabin; the finale and dance from "The Triumph of Bohemia," by Edward F. Schneider; song by George Walker, "St. Anthony's Sermons"; music by Mr. Perlet, and a tone picture by Mr. Perlet called "Mt. Tamalpais."

Tickets will be sold and seats reserved for members of the club only up to five o'clock, Saturday, August 6, 1910, at which time the seats will be assigned by impartial allotment at the Grove. All seats remaining unsold will be open to the public at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday morning, August 8. The proceeds of the concert will be applied to the unpaid balance due for the property in West-over Canon. The committee in charge consists of Willard T. Barton, W. H. Leahy, Joseph D. Redding, J. C. Wilson, Charles S. Aiken, and J. C. Dornin.

CURRENT VERSE.

Crooked-Heart.

I loosed an arrow from my bow
Down into the world below;
Thinking—"This will surely dart,
Guided by my guiding fate,
Into the malignant heart
Of the person whom I hate."

So by hatred feathered well
Swift the flashing arrow fell:
And I saw it from above
Disappear,
Cleaving sheer
Through the only heart I love.

Such the guard my angels keep!
But my foe is guarded well:
I have slain my love and weep
Tears of blood, while he, asleep,
Does not know an arrow fell.
—James Stephens, in the Spectator.

The Trail Among the Foothills.

Up low, verd-dotted hillslopes fair,
Where golden-crested poppies wave,
Across the fretful mountain streams
That rugged, fern-edged boulders lave—
The trail among the foothills winds
Along yon hollow's deep, gaunt sides,
Then on, away through live-oak glades
Where never-ending summer hides.

Round knolls that face the west it curves,
Where lilac haze of sunset falls,
Then off through tangled chaparral,
Where sound a lost quail's lone love-calls.
Into the cañon's heryled depths
It leads, where Night's dun shadows creep,
Where witch-toned winds from orange groves
Lull baby-blue-eyes to soft sleep.

Beneath the ghost-limbed sycamores
The curving road seems then to rest;
A heekoning star far in the East,
Glowing on the blue sky's brooding breast;
The heights a lone sequoia keeps
As sentinel o'er hills afar;
More dim, more shadowy grows the way;
Along the trail still guides the star.
—Addison Howard Gibson, in Harper's Weekly.

The Old Hills and Further.

Old hills, that break the far horizon's fall,
Within my heart again I hear your call,
Bidding me on to Circe mysteries
Of forest where dark pooled waters lie,
In whose enchanted glass the wildwood sees
Its form reflected and the dreams go by,
Of silence and of solitude, who keep
Watch round its mirror, gazing long and deep.

My hills! Oft peopled with the ghosts of rain,
Pale mists that gather and dissolve again;
Gray exhalations that in cool retreats
Of foam and glimmer, o'er the slim cascade,
Fling wild a rainbow, or in slender sheets
Of foggy stealth phantom the dripping glade;
Where Witchcraft cabins with her wildflower spells,
Taking the wood with magic of their bells.

Hills, that the moon's white feet how oft have
Kissed,
Where pale Endymion and his dreams keep tryst,
Where the white soul of Beauty doth preside,
Whispering her legends to the cradled flowers,
Of filmy things, moth-gowned and firefly-eyed,
Who lace the ways and gossamer the bowers
With webs for dew and starlight, and hewitch
The wood with pearl until each weed is rich.

Hills, from whose breasts in drowsy fancy rise
The fragrant thoughts of flowers, their perfumed
Sighs,
And the damp dreams of fungus, imagings
Of hauntings of the ferns who through the night
Speed thin the tumult of invisible wings,
That take the heart with terror and delight,
Dreaming it hears the nymph that fled from Pan
And all the immortal myths that with her ran.

Old hills! Beyond you, in my soul I know,
Still lies the Wonderland of Long Ago,
High-Avaloned, deep-valleyed, elfed with streams,
Where old Enchantment huddles her hower of
bloom,
And Magic rears her City of Lost Dreams,
Templed with glory that no time shall doom,
The shadow of whose wonders, as of old,
Still lures me in the sunset's towers of gold.
—Madison Cawein, in Smart Set.

Thomas Hill's Paintings.

The art public is hereby notified that the paintings comprising the estate of my father, the late Thomas Hill, are in my sole possession, and are not being offered for sale in Oakland or elsewhere. Public notice of their exhibition and sale will be given soon. Robert R. Hill, administrator of the estate, 1606 Steiner Street, San Francisco.

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1:45p	9:15a	1:40p	1:40p	1:40p	1:15p
* 4:45p	* 9:45a	* 2:40p	12:50p	4:14p	12:40p
.....	10:45a	4:20p	2:40p	9:50p	2:32p
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READERS who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of the Argonaut will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Publishers, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

PERSONAL.
Movements and Whereabouts.
Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon are expected in a few days from Europe.
Captain and Mrs. Alfred Bjornstedt have arrived from Fort Leavenworth and will visit their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. John Sabin, at Mountain View.
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., have returned from Santa Barbara and have taken the Rudolph Spreckels house on Pacific Avenue for a year.
Mrs. Earl Cummings has returned to San Francisco, after a visit of several months with her mother, Mrs. I. Rivas, of Los Angeles.
Miss Lillie Cheda of San Rafael is traveling in the southern part of the State with Mrs. Beggs.
Mr. John Gallois has returned from a visit to Atna Springs and is occupying his apartment at the University Club.
Mrs. William Gibbs of Pittsburg is spending a few weeks in California as the guest of friends at Ross.
Mrs. Edward Eberle will leave next week for Santa Barbara, after a pleasant visit in San Francisco.
Mr. and Mrs. John Landers have returned from a trip to Alaska and Yellowstone Park.
Mr. and Mrs. Gamhill arrived from the Yellowstone Park Sunday and were at the Palace Hotel until the sailing of the transport yesterday which takes them to the Philippines.
Miss J. C. Cherry, who has been touring the Orient, returned from Honolulu on Friday.
Miss Mary Helen Carlyle of London spent several days in San Francisco en route to Mexico City.
President A. F. Griffiths of Oahu College, Honolulu, and Mrs. Griffiths are in the city on their return to the Islands, after a year's absence.
Mr. Roderick McCleay, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, in England, has returned to his home in Portland.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston have joined Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames at Santa Barbara.
Miss Henriette Blanding and her guest, Miss Lewis, of New York, have returned from a visit with the Charles Wheelers on the McCloud River.
Dr. and Mrs. Edward Sewall (formerly Miss Amy Heitshu) have arrived in San Francisco, where they will make their home in future.
Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst will return very soon from Japan.
Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick and Miss Louise McCormick have reached here from Chicago and will spend the winter in San Francisco.
Mrs. W. C. Ralston, who has been spending the summer in Europe, has returned and is again occupying her home on Vallejo Street.
Mr. and Mrs. S. Marcus of San Rafael and their daughter, Mrs. H. Cecil Kerr, are at present at Gruenau, a pleasure resort near Berlin.
Count S. L. Rocca has joined Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund at Lake Tahoe.
Mrs. Mary Hanson Smyth, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb and Mr. Hanson Grubb are spending the month at Crater Lake, Oregon.
Mrs. Richard William Davis is enjoying the sights at Constantinople, after a delightful trip up the Bosphorus to the summer palace.
Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps has returned from Lake Tahoe.
Miss Amy Scoville of New York is the guest of Miss Miriam McNear.
Mrs. M. A. Huntington, Miss Marion Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Perkins of Washington, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. John Brockway Metcalf are in the high Sierras, but will return shortly to San Francisco.
Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman will leave next month for Europe, to be absent several months.
Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Baker (formerly Miss Pansy Perkins) have been guests at the Perkins home for several weeks. Senator Perkins will leave shortly for a trip to Tahiti.
Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Costigan entertained guests over the week end at their Mill Valley home.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes sailed for Honolulu on Tuesday and will spend six weeks touring the Islands.
Mrs. S. L. Braverman and Miss Florence Braverman have returned from Lake Tahoe.
Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham of Los Angeles are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Williams at their country place on the McCloud River.
Dr. and Mrs. David Starr Jordan have arrived in Europe, and will spend several months in Germany.
Mrs. Wain-Morgan Draper is expected home from Oregon this week, and with her daughter, Miss Elsa Draper, will take possession of a new home at Sausalito.
Dr. and Mrs. Emmet Rixford have returned from Europe, where they spent several months in travel.
Mrs. Thomas Barry and Miss Ellen Barry left on Sunday for Nashville, South Carolina, where they will visit relatives before joining General Barry at West Point.
Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, Miss Florence Whittell, and Mr. George Whittell, Jr., are in Switzerland, after a brief visit in Paris.
Colonel R. R. Stevens, U. S. A. (retired), is spending a month at the Army and Navy Club.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith left Wednesday for New York, whence they will sail for Europe to spend several months.
Mr. and Mrs. William Burke (formerly Miss Genevieve Walker) are at their country home, Laurelwood, where they have been entertaining Miss Edith von Schroder.
Lieutenant Max Garber, U. S. A., and Mrs. Garber have arrived from Fort Sam Houston and will be the guests for a short time of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Willard at the Fairmont Hotel.
Mrs. P. S. Bruguiere, Mrs. Pedar Bruguiere, and the latter's sister, Mrs. Easton, are at Newport since their return from Paris.
Mr. and Mrs. Burke Cockran (formerly Miss Annie Ide) are spending the month at Newport.
Miss Marjorie Ide is in Madrid with her father, who is minister to Spain.
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin will go to Los An-

ges this week and before their return will visit Santa Barbara.
Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney, who have spent the greater part of the summer in town, will return to their ranch in Rocklin the last of this month.
Miss Janet Coleman, who has been at Santa Barbara, will spend September with her parents at Lake Tahoe.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have returned to England, after an automobile trip through France and Belgium.
Mr. Christian de Guigne, Jr., has returned from Santa Barbara, and is the guest of Mrs. Abby Parrott at San Mateo.
Miss Persis Coleman is in Munich, after a month spent with friends in Brussels.
Admiral and Mrs. Reginald Nicholson of Washington, D. C., were the guests of Admiral and Mrs. John Milton at Yerba Buena last week. Admiral Nicholson will be one of the guests of honor at the Bohemian Club Jinks this week.
Dr. Harry Weil has returned to San Francisco, after spending several months abroad.
Miss Lucy Page-Brown of New York is the guest of Mrs. W. C. Miller and Miss Beatrice Miller at the Fairmont Hotel.
Mr. John Lawson has returned from Europe, where he was the guest during part of his stay of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, who are spending the summer in England.
Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Robert Coleman, Mr. Mountford Wilson, Jr., Mr. Robert Coleman, Jr., and Mr. Douglas Alexander have returned from their hunting trip in the Sierras.
Mr. Joseph Eastland and Mr. Frank Goad have decided on an indefinite stay in Paris.
Mr. and Mrs. William Tuhhs will go to Del Monte for the golf tournament in August.
Mr. Edward M. Greenway has gone to Baltimore for a visit with relatives, after a stay of two weeks in New York.
Professor Henry Morse Stephens is at present in Paris, after a tour of the continent.
Mr. Allan Van Fleet, who has been visiting his cousin, Mr. Henry Crocker, Jr., at the Crocker ranch at Cloverdale, has returned to Inverness, where Judge and Mrs. Van Fleet are entertaining a house party composed of members of the younger set.
Miss Marguerite Doe was hostess at a luncheon at Santa Barbara on Saturday. With her mother she is spending the summer at the Potter Hotel, and her guests included Miss Nina Jones, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Marian Miller, and Miss Acacia Oreno.
Miss Cora Smedberg and the Misses Helen and Bessie Ashton have returned from Yosemite.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering have returned from Santa Barbara.
Princess Kawanakaoa is still in Honolulu, but contemplates returning here this month.
Mrs. R. P. Schwerin has been the guest recently of Prince and Princess Hadtfeldt in London.
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan are at present in Paris, after a visit to the Tyrolean Alps.
Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin will be the guests of Mrs. L. L. Baker for several weeks.
Miss Edith Lowe and Miss Fernanda Pratt are the guests of Miss Erna St. Goar at her home at Ross.
Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels have returned from Lake Tahoe and are again at the Hotel St. Francis.
Miss Helen Jones, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Webb Ballard, at Portland, has joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, at Castle Crags.
Major and Mrs. Louis R. Burgess, who have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Henry C. Davis, will leave for Fort Morgan, Alabama, next month.
Mrs. Thomas Richardson Kurtz (formerly Miss Irene Van Arsdale) is spending a month at Long Beach. Later she will go to Portsmouth, Virginia, where she will be the guest of Mrs. John Brook Kaufman (formerly Miss Katherine Metcalf) while her husband, Lieutenant Kurtz, is cruising in Atlantic waters.
Mr. and Mrs. William Dunning and Miss Helen Dunning have returned from Yosemite.
Mrs. William Cluff and Miss Florence Cluff have gone to Santa Barbara for a brief visit.
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Freeman have returned from Atna Springs.
Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bogue are spending the summer at the resorts on the Atlantic seaboard as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Bogue.
Mrs. George Mendell, Jr., and her daughter are spending the summer at Belvedere.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Sherman, who have been at Lake Independence, will return this week to their home at Berkeley.
Mrs. Leonard Cheney, who has been spending a month at Atna Springs, is expected home in a few days.
Mrs. E. A. Dohrmann has returned from New York, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Eddy.
Miss Della Jones has returned to the Presidio, after a trip to Mendocino County.
Mr. Sidney Pringle has been the guest for the past few weeks of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Livermore at their country home, Montesol.
Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will spend the month of August.
Mr. George H. Henshall, a journalist of Honolulu, returned to his home on Tuesday, after a month spent with his family, who are passing part of the summer on the Coast.
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike (formerly Miss Edith Simpson) are expected to return in a day or two from their honeymoon trip to Mendocino County.
Mr. William O. Smith, former Attorney-General of the Hawaiian Islands, and Mrs. Smith are en route from Honolulu to France, where their son is ill at school.
Mr. Robert Lewers of Honolulu with his family is spending a few weeks in San Francisco.
Miss Anna Peters has returned from Mare Island and is again at the Fairmont Hotel.
Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin went to Santa Barbara on Wednesday, following Mr. Irwin's return from Honolulu. With their daughter, Miss Helene Irwin, they will remain till September.
Mr. Buckley Wells arrived a few days ago from Colorado, and is at the Hotel St. Francis during his stay in the city.
Mrs. Alfred B. Ford has returned to the city,

after a visit with Mrs. Drury Melone in Napa County.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Byron Beasley of Los Angeles have returned to their home in the south, after a visit of several weeks in San Francisco and a brief sojourn at Lake Tahoe.
Mr. Willard Brown of Honolulu with his family has been in the city this week, returning from a visit to the Atlantic coast.
Mr. Gerald Halsey and Mr. Loring Rixford returned Saturday from a motor trip to Del Monte.
Mr. Charles Adams has returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler at their country home on the McCloud River.
Mrs. John C. Klein, who has lived in Washington, D. C., for the past two years, is here for the summer visiting relatives in Oakland and Byron Hot Springs.

Bon Voyage Boxes.
The best parting gift to travelers—one of Geo. Haas & Sons' Bon Voyage Boxes filled with candies. At all four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What makes Gillet so sad?" "He has a subway income and an aeroplane wife."—*Life*.

"We were rivals in a love affair." "And you were the victor?" "No. I married the girl."—*Houston Post*.

"Automobiling is a fine sport, isn't it?" "Yes; but it is the fines which make it so expensive."—*Baltimore American*.

"He knows all the best people in town." "Why doesn't he associate with them, then?" "They know him."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Cholly—May I have the next waltz? *Widow*—Yes, but dance slowly, as I only recently have gone into mourning.—*The Club-Fellow*.

Model—I think I shall spend a week in Paris. *Artist*—How the dickens can you afford to do that? *Model*—I can't, but I can afford to think I will.—*Illustrated Bits*.

Scribbles—Quiller tells me he has a great mind to write a book. *Dribbles*—I don't believe it. *Scribbles*—Don't believe what—that he can write a book? *Dribbles*—Oh, he may be able to write a book, but I don't believe he has a great mind.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Territorial (his first experience as sentry, going over his instructions)—If any one comes along, I say, "Halt! Who goes there?" Then he says, "Friend!" and I say, "Pass,

friend; all's well." But some silly ass'll say "Enemy," and then I shan't know what to do. Rotten job. I call it.—*Punch*.

"He seems to lack the sense of humor." "Why do you think so?" "I pulled his chair away when he was about to sit down and he treated me as if I had been totally unworthy of respect.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Shop Walker—Gloves, miss? Yes, you will find the kids counter on the right. *Rising Fifteen* (witheringly)—Really! And where, pray, shall I find the ladies' counter?—*Tit-Bits*.

Madge—She said I put rouge on my face to deceive people. Wasn't that mean? *Majorie*—It was indeed, my dear. The way you put it on doesn't deceive anybody.—*Ally Sloper's Half Holiday*.

"How much the baby looks like its father," said the visitor who meant to be agreeable. "It's only the warm weather," replied Mrs. Rasper. "The child is usually right cheerful and handsome."—*Washington Star*.

Mildred—Since our engagement George has been perfectly devoted to me. Do you think he will continue to love me when I am old? *Clorice*—Really, dear, I can't say—but you'll soon know.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"You are constantly finding fault with our statuary," said the prominent citizen. "Well," answered the captious critic, "statuary is a

hard matter to adjust. You are so likely to find either that the artist wasn't worthy of the subject or the subject wasn't worthy of the artist."—*Washington Star*.

"I think I'll spend my vacation on the lynx," said the first flea. "I'm fond of golf." "The giraffe for mine," declared the second flea. "I need the highest altitude I can find."—*Washington Herald*.

Mrs. X—The flat above us is unoccupied right now—why don't you come and live there? *Mrs. Y*—Oh, my dear! We've been such good friends, and I hate to start quarreling with you!—*Cleveland Leader*.

Cholly had put on his necktie and was looking over his supply of hosiery. "I wonder now," he said, turning pale, "whether the socks have to match the tie or whether the tie has to match the socks."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I made a discovery of queer coincidences lately." "What was it?" "In the poultry journal you mention, it was a hen-pecked poet, egged on by need of cash, who wrote that lay about the setting sun."—*Baltimore American*.

Mrs. Newed—Oh, John, I baked a cake this morning, and set it on the window sill and a tramp came along and stole it. I feel like crying. *Newed*—Oh, don't cry. One tramp less in the world doesn't matter.—*Chicago Daily News*.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

HENRY A. MELVIN

(Incumbent)

Seeking
REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

for

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court

Primary Election August 16, 1910

Republican Candidate

For Railroad Commissioner

2d District

H. D. LOVELAND

(Incumbent)

For STATE SENATOR

22d Senatorial District

Comprising the 39th and 40th
Assembly Districts

JOHN J. CASSIDY

(REPUBLICAN)

GEORGE H. BAHRIS

Candidate for

Judge of Superior Court

(Former Incumbent)

REPUBLICAN

CHARLES E. A.

CREIGHTON

For

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

REPUBLICAN

WILLIAM P. CAUBU

For the

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

for

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Present Assistant District Attorney

FOR

Justice of the Peace

W. H. SMITH, JR.

(Incumbent)

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

Primary Election August 16, 1910

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF PLACE OF BUSINESS

Pursuant to the written consent of the holder of more than two-thirds of the issued capital stock of PENNA. MINING, DEVELOPING & OPE RATING COMPANY, a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, which consent was duly filed in the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco in said State on the 1st day of August, 1910, and pursuant to the resolution of the board of directors of said corporation, which resolution was duly passed at a regular meeting of said board of directors duly called and held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of August, 1910, at which a quorum of the director of said corporation was present:

Notice is hereby given that the principal place of business of said corporation will, on the 1st day of September, 1910, be changed and removed from the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the City of Fresno, County of Fresno, in said State, at Room 7 in the Farmer National Bank Building therein, after which date the principal place of business of said corporation will be the said Room 7 in the Farmers National Bank Building at said City of Fresno.

This notice is published by order of the board of directors of said Penna. Mining, Developing & Operating Company.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 1, 1910
F. G. PHILLIPPS,
Secretary of Penna. Mining, Developing & Operating Company.

Roy C. Ward
Jas. K. PolkJas. W. Dean
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The Argonaut.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Lawlor Incident.

No possible good to anybody can come from revitalization of the manifold shames and scandals growing out of and associated with the dead-and-buried graft prosecution, so-called. The *Argonaut*, which in the crisis of that nightmare spoke freely its mind, will not now be drawn into fresh discussion of issues that would better be allowed to slumber.

But this much must be said with respect to the amazing procedure enacted in Judge Lawlor's court last week. Judge Lawlor's "statement" was not only inconsistent with fact and reason, but inconsistent with itself. It was, in truth, nothing better than a cheap campaign appeal in behalf of his own candidacy for a supreme court justiceship. It was inexcusable from any point of view; it discredited the character and profession of the man who uttered it; it adds a new chapter of shame to the too full volume of what has gone before.

Nor is it possible to commend the action of Mr. Caloun and his attorneys, although some lenity of judgment must be yielded in the case of men stung beyond endurance by an outgiving at once untimely, unjust,

gratuitous, and cruel. It is easy to say that they should not have gone to such lengths of "sassing back" as the record reveals; and yet it is difficult to see how men of self-respect could have sat unprotesting under an assault so extraordinary and so cowardly.

To this we believe all men will accede, namely, that Judge Lawlor has established himself beyond question as an embittered factionist. With respect to the pending graft cases he is not a disinterested and impartial figure. Holding as he does an extreme and biased view of the situation, standing as he does a resentful and malicious partisan, he has no right to sit in the character of judge, since no man is competent to render judgment in his own cause.

If Judge Lawlor has any sense of the fitness of things, if he has any sentiment of propriety and decency, he will ask to be relieved from further responsibility in these cases.

The Fate of Insurgency.

The defeat of the insurgent cause in Ohio, Oklahoma, and Washington is a surer sign of the drift of things than are the insurgent victories in Iowa and Kansas. In the three first-named States there was fair fighting ground and the insurgents lost on the argument; but in Iowa and Kansas certain conditions, not nationally possible, settled the issue of the contest before the fight began. In Iowa tariff revision downward was gospel years ago under the name of the "Iowa idea." It was bred in the bone and tattooed in the flesh of Republican voters and to challenge it was to commit a sacrilege. The regulars of the party could expect no show there and no quarter. And as for Kansas, when, since the days of old John Brown of Osawatomie, of John P. St. John, and "Sockless" Simpson has she not lifted her ancient calico and danced the dance of skinny abandon in the presence of some new political god or some old one in new form? There were never two sides to a political question in either State; elsewhere insurgency has had to stand trial on its merits and is convicted of offering nothing to the voters, beyond the satisfaction of personal grievances, which the two old parties do not stand ready to perform.

This is the vital trouble with insurgency—its lack of a distinctive national issue. "Cannonism" is a mere passing grievance; an issue of parliamentary discipline. It will not last. Indeed it has already passed. As for tariff revision, it has appeared in party platforms for thirty years and is one of the issues upon which Hancock was defeated for the presidency; both the Republican and Democratic parties are committed to it and the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill embodied it so far as was practically possible at a time when there was a treasury deficit—which, by the way, this measure seems to have cured. Insurgency, in view of the Republican intent to go on with the revision, offers nothing which the old parties refuse and which the Republican party is withheld from giving. Nor can the "progressives" as they choose to call themselves hug the flattering unctious to their souls that they can arouse the land with the plea of conservation. This issue was long ago precipitated by that most regular of organization Republicans, Theodore Roosevelt, and it is being carried out to the bitter end by President Taft; and as the issue is bound to be repudiated by the people when they fully understand its meaning, the insurgents will be poor indeed if they can find nothing else.

What they have to go by is the spirit of discontent with things as they are. And the things are far from being the same in two States at once. In Massachusetts, the insurgents, led by Butler Ames and his callow kind, have no higher ambition or other object than to get Senator Lodge out of office. Up in New Hampshire the cause centres upon the Winston Churchill policies, in which nobody concerns himself outside the State; in Ohio, insurgency would be a kind nurse to stanch the flow of young Mr. Garfield's precocious tears at not

keeping a seat in the Cabinet; in Kansas its object is just merry hell, as always, and in California, where no worrying is done over Cannonism, where the higher the protective bars are the better the farmers are satisfied, and where the kick is at conservation and not for it, what do we see but an issue which grew out of Pardee's gubernatorial failures, which has soaked up the bitterness of past State campaigns, which has collected men about it who do not commend themselves to the State by their judgment, history, or moderation—an issue which has no national bearing or concern. The only bond between these insurgents, the country over, is that which kept the little community together in the cave of Adullam whom David found in his flight from Saul: "And every one that was in distress and every one that was in debt and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto them."

There is no third party coming out of these conditions, though some senators may read themselves out of the Republican party as Sumner, Schurz, and Teller did; nor is there going to be a dangerous or permanent division of the Republican party. Indeed, so far as the party is concerned there is nothing in the disease that calls for a season in the hospital, least of all for one on the operating table. A good remedy for rash should bring on a satisfactory cure.

Harvey W. Scott.

A great force passed out of the world when Harvey Whitefield Scott, for nearly fifty years editor of the *Oregonian*, died on the 7th instant at the age of seventy-two. Mr. Scott's part in the world was that of a public counsellor; the instrument of his long and eminent service was the profession of journalism. Mr. Scott came to his work in the vigor of early life, bringing to it a trained mind, an unwearying bent toward thoroughgoing analysis of things, a dominant will, and a vital conscience. He became an editor before commercialism had claimed the daily newspaper for its own, while still the sense of intellectual and moral responsibility was its controlling motive.

Events of mighty import held the stage when Mr. Scott came to the *Oregonian*. The Civil War and the issues growing out of it called for judgment, charity, courage to resist the urgency of embittered passions and of transient excitements. And significantly in relation to his personal development, Mr. Scott wrought in a remote and limited field, and singularly alone. There was no other journal within a week's journey; what the *Oregonian* said must be said considerately and authoritatively. It was amid these inspirations, under these responsibilities, that the young editor, already schooled in history and law, a stoic in spirit, a judge by temperament, acquired the intrepid mental habit which dominated his life. It was in this atmosphere that he came to feel his powers and to know in relation to them the value of fixed and essential principles. He never forgot the lesson, for there was in it a philosophy and a spirit suited to the native constitution and temper of his character.

In the nearly fifty years in which Mr. Scott spoke almost daily through the columns of the *Oregonian*, Oregon grew from a remote wilderness to a country of high and varied development. In all this time, amid unnumbered changes, the *Oregonian* has been not merely the chronicler of the country, but its guide, philosopher, friend, spokesman. As the editor of the *Oregonian* Mr. Scott's individual position has never changed. What he was to Oregon in the day when the very name of Oregon was a synonym for solitude and mystery, relatively this he was to Oregon amid all changes to the hour of his death.

Mr. Scott's discussions of national and community interests and of the ten thousand themes related to advancing life and growing fortunes, as they stand spread upon the files of the *Oregonian*, attest the qualities of mind and character out of which have been wrought

singular prestige. Who knows the *Oregonian*—and all the world knows something of it—knows the spirit of the man. Others successful in the journalistic sphere have won through diplomacies, by conciliation of the public, by yielding to even when not respecting its whims, by cajolements, by arts. Mr. Scott won and held leadership in the intellectual and moral life of Oregon by a fortified wisdom and by an unshrinking courage.

Oregon has not wholly escaped the penalties of social and other forms of precipitancy. But she has avoided much of what has embarrassed the life of other States through the counsels of her preëminent editor. Missteps and mistakes have befallen her, but in every crisis she has had the light and leading of a journalism guided by a hand not infallible indeed, but firm in its grasp of fixed principles, devoted almost beyond example to the essential wisdoms and moralities of community life.

Mr. Scott's professional character was formed before the news-gathering impulse and the purely business aims of the publishing trade had overslaughed and subordinated the judicial function of the newspaper. His journalism was not that of the hustling reporter, not that of the circulation expert, most certainly not that of the exploiter of the public through its curiosities and weaknesses. His was the journalism of social responsibility, of the spirit of statecraft. Of course, such an editor must needs have worthy coöperation in co-ordinate departments. This up-bearing and sustaining aid was not lacking in all of Mr. Scott's long career. In Henry L. Pittock, first his employer, later his partner, a business man of eminent capacity, a journalist of the highest aims and the firmest resolution—here lay the complementary powers which gave to Mr. Scott's professional career its commanding significance. The two men have wrought together for nearly half a century side by side, with a single aim and a single purpose, as brother and brother. Is it surprising that men so mated and so high of purpose, clean of character, liberal, devoted, untiring in later wealth as in early poverty—is it surprising that they have created and sustained a newspaper which stands a tower of strength in the State where it abides, a continuing benefit and a public honor, a pride and a glory to the very name of journalism?

If there is enthusiasm in what is written, there is reason for it, for there is reverence and grief in the heart of him who writes. One who lived for twenty years as the companion and helper of Harvey Whitefield Scott, one familiar in all its phases with the workings of his great mind, who has almost seen the throbbing of his great heart, drunk at the abounding fountains of his wisdom, felt the inspiration of his fortune, and the thrill of his almost fatherly sympathy, is not one to stand without emotion beside his bier.

Religious Liberty.

It is conceded that the long struggle for civil liberty followed that for religious liberty, so that the rights of conscience and civil rights are linked together in the progress of man. The present alignment in Spain is of religious liberty on one side and on the other a denial of the rights of reason and conscience.

Centuries of comparative peace between theology and freedom of conscience have not yet dulled the apprehensions of men nor quenched their longing for religious liberty when it is denied. It would seem to the unprejudiced mind that the experience of the Roman Catholic Church in all nations where religious liberty prevails should have convinced its hierarchy that a monopoly of the spiritual training and allegiance of a people is not necessary for its prosperity and growth. But events in France and Spain and, still farther away in point of time, in Italy, prove that such impression has not been made upon the rulers of the church. Everywhere they have fought inch by inch the grant to others of the rights they claim for themselves.

The case for the church in Spain has been put in a way that to say the least is startling to American sentiment and that may well arouse the solicitude of American Catholics. This statement is made in a communication to a daily paper in San Francisco by Father Santandreu, of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. This priest says: "The anti-clericals of Spain are of the lower classes, of the type of the man Ferrer, who was dangerous to society."

Now Professor Ferrer, who was shot to death in Barcelona under the sentence of a court-martial, and denial of defense, is not believed to have been of the lower classes or dangerous to society. He was

a scholar and a professor, whose offense seems to have been that he advocated religious liberty and the rights of human reason.

The enthusiastic priest continues: "The anti-clericals in Spain want to give to all religions the same liberty to establish their churches and cathedrals and to have street processions that is now enjoyed by the Catholic Church." For people of "the lower orders," this must seem even to an American Catholic a quite reasonable thing. But Father Santandreu explains why it is not considered reasonable by the church: "The attitude of the Catholic Church in Spain toward Protestant churches is this: the church is willing that Protestants observe the rites of their religion, *but in the interest of the faith and of morals*, it is thought that Protestants should not be given use of the streets for public religious processions, nor that they display the emblems of their religion in the form of public churches and cathedrals."

How out of time and far away that sounds! Now the Catholic hierarchy in the United States ostentatiously extols the religious liberty guaranteed by our Federal Constitution. Does it mean it? If religious liberty is a principle precious to men and necessary to their freedom, it is equally good and necessary in every land. If it is right here, it is equally right and necessary to the well being of man in Rome and Lhasa, under the shadow of the mosque of San Sophia, and by the Great Wall and the burnished domes of India.

Again, if the Catholic Church hold that to permit Protestants to use the streets and have churches and cathedrals in Spain is opposed to "the faith and to morals," to give Protestants the same rights in the United States must be equally opposed to faith and morals. There can not be one kind of truth and right respecting religious liberty in the United States and another kind in Spain.

The frank expressions of this priest may well raise a doubt in the American mind respecting Catholic loyalty to our institutions which have for their foundation religious and civil liberty.

Titles for Americans.

The King of Portugal offered the title of baron to an American who had probably earned it by staying in that country while he had a chance to get out, and the American, not wishing to raise any doubt as to his nativity, was eager to accept. But there were property reasons why he wanted to first make sure that he could be a Baron of Portugal and a citizen of the United States at the same time; so he inquired of the United States minister. The latter answered that there was no law to hinder and then, unmindful of the fact that there are more titles in America than anywhere else, advised the baron expectant that acceptance would be contrary to the spirit of our glorious institutions. Then the State Department was asked. The Assistant Secretary was forced to admit that an unofficial citizen of the United States could, if he wanted to, accept a foreign title, but that if the applicant chose to do so it would be not only un-American, but raise the citizenship issue. So the disappointed American is expected to beg leave of the King of Portugal to decline the honor, passing on any question of citizenship in such cases to be raised, if at all, for the benefit of those pious laymen who have become knights, marquises, and chamberlains at the hands of the tiaraed beneficiary of Peter's Pence.

There are several surprising things in this brief chronicle. One is that an appeal to Minister Gage should have been bootless. Another is that the ministry and, apparently, the State Department should have forgotten that the spirit of our institutions in the matter of taking on foreign titles was officially expressed a century ago in the defeat of an amendment prohibiting the act. But the real surprise—the thing which goes to show how much stranger truth is than fiction—must be looked for in the fact that any free-born American citizen should have considered a Portuguese barony when more splendid titles may be had at home by paying an initiation fee. Tens of thousands of us, if we do not express our inherent sense of dignity through military rank, are nobles, patriarchs-militant, knight-companions, crowned chieftains, chancellors, royal shepherds, sheiks, and sachems, and the favored few wear the titles of exalted rulers and even imperial potentates. How presumptuous would a mere Baron of Portugal appear in that august assemblage! How pitiful would his dress suit with a green ribbon in the lapel seem in the midst of a con-

clave of the American nobility in its plumes, swords, sashes, and medals, an imposing and glittering array!

Still, we could almost wish the foreign title habit had not received such a melancholy set-back; because there are so many people among us with money enough to buy, who might be tempted by even the lesser dignity to purchase it and return and settle by the peat bogs or the cabbage fields from which their ancestors were evicted, lords where their forebears dug sod or made sauerkraut. A title of baron for Mr. Phelan or Mr. Spreckels, one for Mr. Heney—who is already Barren of Results, a title of purely professional origin—one, perhaps, made out of the by-products for Judge Lawlor, might answer a beneficent purpose not possibly to be reached by even the most exalted titles supplied either by the American militia or the fraternal societies.

The "Attitude" of Organized Labor.

The strike of the hod-carriers in San Francisco has been settled by defeat of the strikers. Work has been resumed practically upon the old terms. Presumably the board of supervisors and board of public works, which under the lead of the mayor adopted a series of coercive ordinances in support of the strikers, will seek means of retraction. The situation, broadly speaking, is what it was before.

But we have had an instructive demonstration of the attitude of organized labor in San Francisco. What the hod-carriers demanded is a fair sample of what organized labor in its extreme and aggressive forms wants all down the line. First, there was demanded monopoly of all work for organized as distinguished from unorganized labor. Second, there was demanded less work and more pay. Third, there was used in an attempt to enforce these demands the full power of the municipality under the domination of a labor mayor, a labor board of supervisors, and a labor board of public works. There was no consideration of the fact that hod-carrying is paid higher wage rates in San Francisco than in any other place in the world. There was no consideration of the fact that industry of all kinds is depressed and business dull. There was no respect for the neutrality and integrity of the city government. The demand was founded in the spirit of selfishness and arrogance. It was urged without respect for the decencies of time and condition. It was sought to be enforced through the arbitrary powers of men in office as the representatives not of the people, not of the law, but of a selfish and irresponsible interest.

We have in current dispatches another illustration of the spirit of organized labor as it manifests itself in connection with the strike of metal workers at Los Angeles. It has been the policy of the Los Angeles strikers to "picket" the streets adjacent to the metal-working establishments, and jeer at non-union men going to and from their work, to deal out offensive epithets, and even to hurl stones and brickbats. This line of action had been carried to the point of public outrage and the municipal council under its obligation to maintain the public peace enacted an ordinance prohibiting picketing. This ordinance did not come between the strikers and any established personal right; it did not prohibit them the use of the streets nor deny them the right of decent free speech. What it did do was to prevent them from interfering with the going and coming of citizens whose right was the same as their own. But no sooner had this ordinance been promulgated than there arose a great uproar in the counsels of organized labor. It was boldly claimed that organized labor had the right to demand monopoly of labor in the metal works; that it had the right to pester and harass non-union men and to make itself a general public nuisance. But this was not all, for the leaders of organized labor openly and defiantly instructed their followers to disregard the law, to proceed in contempt and defiance of it.

In these two instances concurrently developed in the two leading cities of California we have a plain presentment of the spirit and purpose of organized labor in its aggressive character. It would absolutely monopolize labor. It would penalize every man who does not accept its overlordship and pay tribute to it. It would enforce by violence where persuasion fails. It disregards economic and industrial conditions and would have its pound of flesh, no matter what the general business and financial situation. It would disregard the law. It would, as in the case of San Francisco, use whatever political powers may be in its hands to enforce an aggressive partisan class interest. The programme of organized labor thus plainly defined, plainly charac-

terizes organized labor as the enemy not only of industrial prosperity, but of social order as well. It hardly needs to be said that the success of organized labor under this programme would put every other element of the commonwealth in subordination and subjection. It would establish the extravagance, the selfishness, the arrogance, the brutality of organized labor as the rule of the land.

And now, men and brethren, what are we going to do about it? Are we going to continue to treat labor in its aggressive and tyrannical spirit as a thing worthy of respect, as a thing safe to be humored and coddled; or are we in the spirit of 1776 to stand by the liberties and maintain the rights guaranteed to free men and free communities?

What Shall We Eat?

Let us turn away from the frivolities of State and national politics, and the fascinating but fatiguing pursuit of rumors concerning the flow of the one pure and faithful geyser of political truth, and devote a quarter of an hour to a nearer and more important issue—what we shall eat. The considerations that urge the timeliness of this inquiry are the present necessity of economy, the enduring interest of physical and mental well-being, and the laudable desire for future progress along right lines. Can it be possible that a new discovery, or a conclusive demonstration of an old but neglected truth, may at any time start the human family on a glorious ascent that will not only enable it to grasp higher powers, but forever emancipate it from a condition of servitude? As the invention of the pneumatic tire gave us the bicycle, and the development of the gasoline engine led to the automobile and the flying machine, may it be that the acquirement of a genuine ration of reason will put us all on easy rollers or lift us with safety into the upper air?

There are those who say that the impulse will be toward revision of victualing processes rather than advance in the methods of the chemists with their tabloid foods. In one of the vaudeville magazines of the month an "apostle of the limited diet" makes startling claims. He writes under the name of Hereward Carrington, but in spite of the savor of significant service in the appellation, his arguments are weak, his instances are unwisely selected, and more than one of his statements are manifestly inaccurate. With all this, his conclusions may be of real value, though he stops short of picturing the logical and far-reaching results. He advocates an exclusive regimen of raw fruits and nuts. He says that he was a pallid and unhealthy child, and a weak and flabby youth, but that uncooked food has made him vigorous. Unfortunately, he admits that he used his newly required strength to write two books in one month. Should his advice be taken, and with good effect, certainly some means may be found to divert resultant excesses of energy into less pernicious channels.

Mr. Carrington presents with his own portrait that of a much advertised young person who is said to be "the perfect type of physical womanhood." This young person, a famous swimmer and vaudeville performer, has been seen here—in fact her beautiful figure has been admired on the stage by thousands, and were the assertions concerning her diet to be accepted without argument, in this and other cities where she has exhibited the meat markets and bakeries would face immediate disaster. Envious women and beauty-worshipping men would begin a crusade against them. But Mr. Carrington says that this perfection of form, like his own new health and strength, has been builded on faulty, not to say misshapen, beginnings. He claims too much. His diet should be urged as a perfect food, not as a remedy. There is danger that way. One important medical sect practices with reliance on the belief that the toxin which produces disease will also destroy it. That which cures the afflicted, it is to be presumed, would bring affliction if administered to those in health.

Again, the propagandist says that "All meat contains a certain amount of poison which is inseparable from it. . . . Vegetables and nuts supply the required proteid, without the objectionable, fatigue-producing poisons." But he is wrong. Scores have died or suffered from eating wild vegetables. Expert knowledge is required to distinguish the deadly toadstool from the nutritious mushroom. Even the luscious peach bears prussic acid, one of the swiftest and most certainly fatal of poisons, in its seed, and that seed is merely an almond changed and developed by culture. It is submitted that the olfactory nerve which is gratified by the

effluvia of the strawberry and distressed by the fragrance of the onion will quickly detect raw or cooked meat which is in a poisonous condition. That is a powerfully condemnatory phrase in which the dietetic reformer disposes of cooked fruits or plants—"the dead remnants of a once glorious past." But, later, he forgets and recommends "whole-wheat or gluten bread." To such consistency does he reduce his soaring rhetoric. He mentions "strict vegetarians" as such, though admitting without shyness that they indulge in milk and eggs. Perhaps this is fair, for it is an incontrovertible fact that, whatever diet is taken up in more advanced age, every human being begins life on animal food. It is not worth while here to argue the well-sustained hypothesis that there is life in everything, and that the digestive process is as destructive to the living, reproductive principle in vegetables, fruits, and nuts as it is to that in animals. The rubicund and joyous tomato may throb and thrill with anguish in the salad bowl no less certainly, than the mute and sedentary oyster served alive on its icy bier.

Yet it is pleasing to come over in fancy to the side of the limited dietist, and peer into a future frightened with the inspiration of his experience. Should his theory work out and its adoption follow naturally, what changes would be marked. The Pinchots of that time would sue in vain for sinecures. All the world would plant and water, and the lush growth of vine and briar, the waving foliage of rhubarb and peanut, the bending boughs of banana, shellbark hickory, and chestnut, would embower even the present unfertile regions. Surely then would be the beating of swords into plowshares and pruning-hooks. Best of all, with the disappearance of quadrupeds and fowls bred for slaughter, the passing of odorous ovens and rotisseries, would go the tyranny of cooks, the incapacity, greed, and insolence of dining-room waiters. It is, without a palpitating perhaps, the consummation most devoutly to be wished.

Men, women, and children are creatures of habit. They become addicted with ease to foods vegetable, animal, and mineral—for there are clay and glass eaters. They quench thirst and create it with anything in liquid form and at all temperatures. They trifle recklessly with death-dealing stimulants and narcotics, and by long practice become immune. They are born as beings suited to daytime activities, for they can not see in the dark, yet for ages they have more and more seized upon the hours of the night for work and for play. Habits easily classified as injurious are acquired with little difficulty, yet it is not safe to say that those which encourage exercise and self-denial are always better than those which tend to inaction. There is need of rest, regular and plentiful, in this day of incessant motion. Variety is more than the spice of life, it is the sustenance. Man's nature demands it in food for the stomach no less than in pleasurable and sustaining sensations for the eye, the ear, the heart, and the nerves. It is as absurd to believe that one kind of food is perfectly suited to all human needs as it is to assume that one type of beauty, one kind of art, one system of religion, or one branch of literature will satisfy all students. Transcontinental mails will be carried on aeroplanes long before the salad, the fruit, and the nuts crowd the soup and the fish, the roast and the entrée, the pie and the cheese, off the bill of fare.

The Assault on Mayor Gaynor.

No one need be surprised to learn that a clipping from the New York Journal, expressing contempt for the heads of the city government and sympathy with the men working for it in humble positions, was found in the pocket of the discharged employee, Gallagher, who shot down Mayor Gaynor in cold blood. Gallagher was a reader of the Journal and had lost his job for neglect of duty and disrespect to an official above him. The clipping referred to a proposal to put the rank and file of city employees in uniform, so they could be better kept track of and any of them more easily spotted when loafing on public time in the saloons, and proposed instead to uniform the higher officials, "those who get the big salaries and often don't earn them." It was the kind of article to inflame the prejudices of a minor employee of the city government, and especially one who had lost his place and had been refused reinstatement by the official who got the biggest salary of them all. How much it helped to send Gallagher out gunning for the mayor may only be conjectured; but the would-be assassin seems to have cherished it in the manner of a man who had found

justification in it for his own attitude towards the "men higher up."

The journalism which incites violence against public officials who have committed no public wrongs cost the country two out of three murdered Presidents; was instrumental in the death or injury of men like Carter Harrison and Senator Carnack, and of a number of lesser dignitaries, and is becoming more and more a menace to faithful public service. Would it not be natural for the next mayor of New York to give pause before ridding the pay-roll of worthless stipendiaries, lest the yellow press should take up their cause and bring upon him the blind fury of some fanatic? Unless a man of rare and firm qualities, as Mayor Gaynor has proved himself to be, would he not be likely to pursue a shifting and temporizing course? Here is one of the crying evils of the journalism Mr. Hearst so conspicuously represents; and in looking at it in all its bearings one begins to see that a press censorship, so common to strong governments, is quite as likely to grow out of actual public needs as out of the fears and anxieties of a chief of state.

Where Little Things Count.

The complaint of the master of the *Mongolia* that, when she ran aground in the outer harbor of Yokohama, the captain of a Japanese warship lying near refused assistance, is one of several signs which reveal an undercurrent of Japanese hostility to the United States. It is noticed that the Japanese clubs are not so open as they used to be to Americans; that the attitude of the common people towards American tourists is not so civil as it was; and the *Yokohama Box of Curios*, a paper edited by an American, has frequent reason to condemn the hostility shown his country by the vernacular press. It was by indications like these that so conservative a man as Mr. Schiff not long ago expressed the view that careful diplomacy must be used with Japan to prevent a crisis. He did not believe the policy of the imperial government to be unfriendly, but he feared the influence of the mob. Official Japan, as Mr. Schiff knew, is peculiarly sensitive to a public opinion which not only shows itself violently in parliament and the press, but is ready to go further, on occasion, and kill a minister. At the time of the Portsmouth treaty, when the Harriman tourists were stoned in the streets of Tokio, even the favorite Prince Ito could not go abroad without an armed guard, and his statue at Kobe was pulled down by the mob and broken into pieces. There is not one of the imperial ministry, not one of the associates of the late Prince Ito in the genro cabinet, who does not understand that his life would pay the forfeit if he should fail to realize that fantastic conception of a Japanese statesman's duty in dealing with foreigners who evince disrespect for the nation's honor, which inflames even the humblest farmer or 'ricksha man. Once in the house of parliament itself a minister lost a leg in a bomb explosion because he had not taken a high enough national tone to satisfy some of the patriots of the gutter.

Statesmen who dispute the possibilities of trouble between the United States and Japan are apt to overlook the small things that sometimes cause it. It is true, as the diplomats say, that there is no occasion for war; and but for the unfortunate note of Mr. Knox about the Manchurian railroads there could be no real pretext for Japan to conceive a desire on the part of this country to interfere unduly with Oriental politics. But aside from all this, one must consider the abnormal sensitiveness of the Japanese character and the way in which public sentiment all through the empire shows its teeth over things of the slightest international moment. All the civil words which the Secretary of War said in Tokio the other day went for very little, the Japanese being past masters in the art of empty civility themselves; but when the San Francisco correspondents of the *Mainichi*, the *Jiji*, and the various *Shinpos* write up a trifling incident which took place on Polk Street the other day in their usual hyperbolic style a million little brown men will froth at the mouth. It was just a curbstone parade of yawping vagabonds with red badges before a little bakery restaurant, each man yelling "Unfair! Unfair! This café employs a Japanese. It is unfair to organized labor. No white man or white woman will patronize it!" The incident, when described in tea-chest characters will read like one of Mr. Hearst's reconcentrado stories which preceded the Spanish war; and there is no telling what effect it may have on the mob spirit. And to continue the

lel of 1898, the government officials did their best on both sides to keep the peace, but the press, magnifying little things, and stirring the war spirit, finally brought on a collision.

Editorial Notes.

The *Argonaut* thinks so highly of Governor Gillett, both as to his abilities and his motives, that it dislikes to find him in a situation impossible to be approved. We agree with Mr. Gillett that despite the verdict of the board of trustees in the Chico college case, Professor Van Liew is a man unfit for the presidency of the Normal School. However capable he may be—and even though he may be innocent in the special instance—there are still reasons why he should retire. None the less we think the governor has gone about the business of his removal in the wrong way. The duty of examining the charges against Van Liew was not with the governor, but with the board of trustees. That duty has been discharged, whether rightly or wrongly, by the board, which listened to the charges, heard all the evidence, and rendered judgment under its own oath of fidelity. Now all this being so, it is not for the governor, who did not attend the inquiry, who did not hear the testimony in all its phases, to condemn the findings of the board. Under his general authority he has the right to see to it that Van Liew is dismissed, but he has gone out of his way, we think, to discredit and besmirch the members of the board because their judgment after full and judicial inquiry has failed to accord with his own impressions.

Hiram Johnson did not commend himself for the governorship of California by the vituperative tirade which he poured out against General Otis in the course of a recent speech at Los Angeles. If Otis had been a grafter, a thief, a seducer, and an incendiary, Johnson could not have spoken of him in more censorious or hateful terms. All this because General Otis has pointed out the reasons why in his judgment he (Johnson) should not be made governor. The reflection is not upon General Otis, whom we all know to be a man of the highest character and a citizen of preëminent usefulness, but upon the author of this vulgar outburst—upon Mr. Johnson himself. His assault upon Otis is the mark and measure of his own mind and character. By temperament Johnson is an extremist, by habit he is a denunciator, a breaker-down, a destroyer. His politics is the politics of destruction; his methods are the methods which weaken faith and destroy patriotic spirit. His habit with respect to situations or to men is to seek out whatever may be turned to evil account. He has no instinct for the good in men; he has no ambition, no spirit to build up, to create. It goes without saying that a man of this sort would be unthinkable in the governorship. Personalism, sensationalism, the spirit of the muckraker and the passion of the evil eye—California wants none of these in her governor's chair.

The *Argonaut* has no wish to interfere even by suggestion with the processes of the law. But we believe we voice the judgment of scores of Californians familiar with the facts in holding the opinion that Mr. Daniell of London is playing a very sordid and nasty part in the matter of Miss Hastings's money. It is the case of a young woman fortunately well endowed, but whose mind appears not to have developed normally. Nobody who has ever seen her regards her as competent in the ordinary sense. Somebody must administer upon the property left to her by her father, a Californian long since dead. Shall it be those of her own blood, persons in close sympathy, resident here, familiar with all the conditions, or shall it be this insolent foreigner whose interest may be honest but is quite as likely under all the circumstances to be selfish? The courts must decide; but the opinion and sympathies of right-minded and right-hearted persons familiar with all the facts do not wait upon the action of the court.

Century plants are found wild in deserts or other dry places in continental, tropical, and sub-tropical America, and in the West Indies; in the Spanish-speaking lands they are called maguey; in the Lesser Antilles karata; in the Bahamas, curiously, bamboo. Two species are native in southern Florida and about twenty in the Southwestern States. The "false aloe" of the South-eastern States, called *Agave virginica* by Linnæus, is now included in the genus *Manfreda*. The *Agave americana* is commonly found in cultivation in many parts of the world, and is said to have been introduced into Europe about 1561. It is probably a native of Mexico, where the plants are plentiful on the tablelands, and flower when they are from seven to ten years old.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

There are so many points of likeness between San Francisco and Cape Town that it is surprising no Plutarchian traveler has drawn the parallel. In the matter of sunshine the two cities probably run a neck-and-neck race with each other, for, as with the capital of the Pacific Coast, the metropolis of Table Bay has but few days in the year when the sun does not break through. Perhaps the wind does not blow so persistently at the Cape, but it makes up in violence what it lacks in daily quantity, and in that respect, as well as in dust, the advantage is with San Francisco. For a dust storm in Cape Town is a serious business, comparable at times to the density and gloom of an old-fashioned London fog. Even so, those visitations at the Cape are trifling when compared with the whirlwinds at Johannesburg, where every store-door bears the legend: "Come in. Closed on account of the dust."

Market Street even in transition is a pertinent reminder of Adderley Street in Cape Town, though the South African thoroughfare can not compete with the Californian highway for length, and the height and importance of its buildings. In the question of natural setting there is little to choose between the two cities, for if San Francisco has not the solid background of Table Mountain it can make up for the deficiency by the number of its surrounding peaks. Perhaps the strongest feature of resemblance is provided by the vegetation of the two cities, in each case so semi-tropical, so notable for its wealth of blossom, and so distinctive for the supremacy of the gum-tree. Looking over San Francisco from any elevation, with its flat roofs and generally light-colored buildings and half-continental aspect, it is difficult to realize that one is not gazing over the capital of Cape Colony.

And the parallel extends much further than to the two cities. A voyager from South Africa landing at the Golden Gate and journeying eastward would discern many striking points of resemblance to the scenery which meets his eyes going inland from Cape Town. The climb over the Sierra Nevada will recall the ascent of Hex River pass even though there the landscape is not seen as through a cinematograph of snow-sheds, and once the table land is reached the traveler will have to pinch himself hard to make sure he is not passing over the veldt once more. In fact, the route of the Overland Limited through Nevada and across Utah and Wyoming gives the passenger a lifelike picture of the country in which the Boer War was fought. If the sagebrush is own botanical cousin to the karoo bush then the likeness is complete. The ranges of flat-topped hills have a topographical brotherhood to the kopjes so beloved by the Boers and so hated by Tommy Atkins.

With the near approach of a new theatrical season and Charles Frohman's promised production of "Chantecler," a revival of interest in M. Rostand's barnyard play is inevitable. Those who have read the text will have noticed that the French playwright quotes a memorable phrase from George Eliot, namely, "the choir invisible," but it is strange M. Rostand does not carry the acknowledgment of his indebtedness still further and confess that the novelist forestalled him in the germ-idea of his entire play. It will be found in the eighteenth chapter of "Adam Bede," which introduces Mr. Craig, the Scottish gardener to whom Mr. Poyser was so partial. That view of the worthy Craig, however, was not shared by the sharp-tongued Mrs. Poyser, who expressed her opinion thus: "You're mighty fond o' Craig; but for my part, I think he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow." Here is a pretty subject for a Brander Matthews essay, and indeed it is amazing that that industrious revamp of essay material has not turned his attention to the subject ere this. But in addition it is up to M. Rostand to give credit where credit is evidently due, for he must not suppose that he is the only reader of George Eliot in these days.

All parents, whether republican or royalist, who wish their sons to grow up as gentlemen will read with absorbed interest those instructions and admonitions which were drawn up by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert for the guidance of those to whom was committed the training of the late King Edward. When the prince had reached the age of fifteen his queen mother wrote him this advice as to dress, for from that age he had to furnish his own wardrobe on a moderate allowance:

Dress is a trifling matter which ought not to be raised to too much importance in our eyes. But it gives also the one outward sign from which people in general can and often do judge upon the internal state of mind and feeling of a person, for this they all see, whilst the other they can not see. On that account it is of some importance, particularly in persons of high rank. I must now say that we do not wish to control your own taste and fancies, which, on the contrary, we wish you to indulge and develop, but we do expect that you will never wear anything *extravagant* or *slang*, not because we don't like it, but because it would prove a want of self-respect and be an offense against decency, leading—as it has often done before in others—to an indifference to what is morally wrong.

Two years later, when the future king had reached his seventeenth year, and had received the Order of the Garter, his parents gave him a long memorandum, couched in the same simple terms as the letter quoted above. One paragraph seems of wider than royal application:

To the servants and those below you, you will always be courteous and kind, remembering that by having engaged to serve you in return for certain money payments they have not surrendered their dignity, which belongs to them as brother men and brother Christians. You will try to emancipate yourself as much as possible from the thraldom of abject dependence for your daily wants of life on your servants. The more you can do for yourself and the less you need their help the greater will be your independence and real comfort.

But not all the admonitions of the careful parents were ad-

ressed to the prince; there were fine-spirited instructions to those intrusted with his education and general training. They were reminded that their ambition should be to train their pupil to be "the first gentleman in the country," and duly warned that mere games of cards, billiards, and idle gossiping talk would not attain that end. The parents were anxious that their son should have around him "a good set":

In settling, therefore, the gentlemen to attend upon the future Prince of Wales, the royal parents have chosen them with great care, with a view to their supplying, in some degree, this want, and becoming themselves the representatives, as it were, of that "good set," by associating with whom the Prince of Wales may acquire such a tone, and learn such manners and conduct, as may make him socially what his parents wish, and what the country will expect.

Doubtless the historian of the future will be grateful for these documents as affording him a clew to the development of King Edward's character, but in the meantime their healthy democratic spirit makes them invaluable for immediate example in every home where boys are growing to manhood.

Uncle Sam is not so hardly pressed for a few dollars that he need have auctioned off the *Hornet*, even had it fetched five million instead of the five thousand dollars for which it has been sold. Falling heir to the name of that sloop-of-war which did such heroic service in the conflict of 1812, the *Hornet* will be remembered as belonging to that "Mosquito Fleet" which was hurriedly organized at the beginning of the Spanish War. That service should have prevented her sale. To the present generation the yacht is perhaps too contemporary to be of great interest, but generations to come would look upon her in another light. By far the most interesting exhibits at the Hudson-Fulton celebration were the replicas of the *Half Moon* and the *Clermont*, but it does not require a great effort to imagine what absorbed attention would have been concentrated on the originals had they been preserved to take part in the procession up the river. Yet with reverent care there is no reason why both Hudson's ship and Fulton's original vessel should not be with us today, or at least the latter. Nelson's *Victory* still keeps the waters of Portsmouth harbor hale and sound, and the *Clermont* ought to be still afloat in some peaceful haven on the Hudson. The moral is of wide application. And perhaps some day America will awake to the educational and sentimental value of preserving her ancient landmarks.

Of course it will be deemed ingrate heresy to ask, notwithstanding the near vicinity of Santa Clara College, what is the practical utility of seismology? But the question is suggested by the announcement that a Russian prince has invented a new recording instrument which will give an actual scale reproduction of the earth movement. Whenever seismologists foregather they wax eloquent in their demands for additional stations at critical points, the need for more perfect instruments, and larger funds for investigations. We have been learnedly assured that two types of earthquakes are now "recognized," namely the "volcanic" and the "tectonic," and that the former are rarely destructive, but that the latter generally are. Also we are told that it is possible to indicate with reasonable accuracy where earthquakes are likely to occur, but that there is little hope of seismology ever being able to forecast when the shocks may be expected. Exhaustive treatises on earthquakes announce that such and such parts of the globe are in the "earthquake belt," but what heed has ever been paid to that fact? Besides, is it always so? Who does not remember the tender solicitude of Los Angeles for San Francisco; the expressions of unselfish regret that it was "such a pity the city was so liable to earthquakes, whereas if it had only been as Los Angeles is," and so on. But this tearful sympathy has been sadly lacking since Los Angeles had its shaking up.

Seismology, in fact, appears to be about the most useless science studied by man. Of what actual value has been the investigation into the San Francisco shock of 1906, or that into the overthrow of Messina? It does not help to the rebuilding of the most modest store to be told that the shock lasted one minute and five seconds, or put a cent into the pocket of the poorest Sicilian to inform him what was "the cause" of the event which left him a beggar. Seismographs are no doubt harmless enough toys for men who have nothing more important to do, but it does seem a travesty of the principles of science to make so much fuss over them. They are a learned embodiment of the old folly of "locking the stable-door after the horse is stolen," and the plain man can not but wonder of what value is an instrument the sole utility of which is to tell him something has happened of which his own senses have already given him adequate information.

What community has ever deserted its home because of an earthquake? Lishon stands where it did, Kingston is rising from its ashes, and San Francisco has shown the most indomitable phoenix spirit of all. Truth to tell, it would almost seem as though earthquakes are a wholesome tonic, putting human nature to the test and bringing out its most heroic qualities. Then why bother about those strips of paper and their wriggling lines?

Chewing gum is nothing but chicle mixed with sugar and flavoring; and chicle is the gum of a tree that grows plentifully in Mexico and Central America and that of recent years has been cultivated on a large scale in Yucatan, where the American Chicle Company owns several million acres of it. The chicle tree is not unlike the India rubber tree, and the gum was first shipped to America by men who believed that in it they had a perfect substitute for rubber. In this, however, they were mistaken, as it was found that the chicle gum was insoluble. Not to this day has any medium, acid or alkali, spirit or ether, been found that will dissolve it.

A HAUNT OF ANCIENT PEACE.

A Unique English Survival from the Twelfth Century.

Seventy miles southwest of London, almost in the shadow of Winchester Cathedral, where rest the ashes of Egbert, Canute, Edmund, and other early monarchs of the sea-girt isle, is a haunt of ancient peace which few sight-seers ever discover.

Yet it should not be unknown to the attentive reader of Emerson's "English Traits," for the philosopher of Concord has recorded how he and Thomas Carlyle, when returning from their memorable pilgrimage to Stonehenge, "stopped at the Church of Saint Cross, and, after looking through the quaint antiquity, we demanded a piece of bread and a draught of beer, which the founder, Henry de Blois in 1136, commanded should be given to every one who should ask it at the gate."

More than seven and a half centuries, then, have passed since this "quaint antiquity" took shape under the hands of man. In that prodigious span of time empires have grown and decayed, but their coming or their passing has made no stir in the peaceful life of these age-worn cloisters. Since the twelfth century, when Bishop Henry de Blois reared this monastic almshouse amid the green fields by the side of the river Itchen, there has been no change at Saint Cross, and the brethren, in their accomplishment of the "daily round, the common task," in the reign of King George V perpetuate the life of their predecessors in the far-off reign of King Stephen.

Who that is familiar with the sites of ancient religious houses can have failed to observe that the monks of the olden time knew where to build their homes? Renunciation of the world, apparently, was not deemed inconsistent with selecting the most picturesque spot in which is to endure that renunciation. True, Saint Cross is not exactly a monastery, but its original foundation approached near enough to that class of religious establishment to warrant Henry de Blois in selecting a site for his building on the monkish principle of tempering one's renunciation of the world as far as possible. What a site it is! At the foot of St. Catherine's Hill, about a mile from Winchester, the placid Itchen has moistened a little valley into a verdant paradise, and here, amid bosky trees, with their roots deep buried under velvety sward, Henry de Blois builded his Hospital of Saint Cross.

But it should be remembered that not all the honor of Saint Cross belongs to Henry de Blois. Three centuries after the first foundation was made, Cardinal Beaufort added to its wealth, and to the present day a distinction is made between the Henry de Blois brethren and the Beaufort brethren. The distinction, however, practically resolves itself into one of dress, for while the pensioners of Saint Cross are attired in a long black gown, whose sole ornament is that of a silver cross on the left breast, the Beaufort brethren are resplendent in a red robe embroidered with a cardinal's hat and tassels. The two foundations conjointly provide a peaceful old-age haven for seventeen brethren, who, with their delightful little homes, their well-tended gardens, their daily dinner from the common hall, and their modest income of hard cash, provide the statesman with ideal examples of an old-age pension state.

Under the Beaufort Tower, which insures lasting memory for at least one of the founders' names, is situated the porter's lodge, and in that lodge the visitor finds the raw materials by which Saint Cross maintains its most interesting link with the past. Those materials are a barrel of beer and a loaf of bread. No one knocks in vain at the door of Saint Cross. It is a picturesque and irritating legend of history that in the good old times every great house of England kept open table, whereat the hungry wayfarer was certain of a welcome and a meal. Perhaps that picture is a pleasing generalization of the historic imagination, but Saint Cross can claim to furnish concrete proof of its truth in at least one case. For more than seven centuries the hungry and thirsty have never called here to be sent empty away. Every applicant has had a horn of beer and a slice of bread for nothing.

Of course there are many people who drink the beer and eat the bread of Saint Cross without having any pressing necessity for either. Emerson and Carlyle could not have been distressingly hungry or wholly devoid of cash on the day they called at this "quaint antiquity." But their visit has added another association of interest to Saint Cross, for the silver-mounted cups and the wooden platter which served the usual dole to those distinguished visitors are now numbered among the relics of the place. Nor are they relics merely, for the ordinary visitor is privileged to have his dole handed out on the same platter and in the same cup. For the use of the tramp there is a larger horn, innocent of silver mountings, and with that longer draught of ale is supplied a portion of bread in keeping.

Among the show buildings of Saint Cross are the old kitchen, the dining-hall, and the church. Time has stood still in that kitchen as well as elsewhere in this mediæval retreat. All the appliances for cooking are of a long past age, and would strike the twentieth-century chef as little better than relics of barbarism. In the dining-hall it is still the past rather than the present which is still in evidence—the black leathern jacks, the candlesticks, the saltcellars, the pewter dishes, and the dinner-bell, all dating from the fifteenth century. The church, too, is of venerable age, its oldest portions having been reared in the twelfth century.

While wandering round the cloisters of this old-world haven, which give witness so mutely yet so eloquently to an age so foreign to our own, the memory naturally strives to recall some mellowed passage of prose or verse by which to voice the emotions which rise unbidden to the heart, and instinctively there recurs that passage in which Ruskin so subtly analyzed the charm of ancient buildings: "The greatest glory of a building is not in its stones nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. . . . It is in that golden stain of time that we are to look for the real light and color and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been intrusted with the fame and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witness of suffering and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess of language and of life."

And if the musing spirit demands verse for its surcease of emotion, the lines of Matthew Arnold will give relief:

Ob, bide me in your gloom profound,
Ye solemn seats of holy pain!
Take me, cow'd forms, and fence me round,
Till I possess my soul again;
Till free my thoughts before me roll,
Not chafed by bourly false control!

Southward a mile or two from Saint Cross lies the hamlet of Twyford, which claims not unjustly to be the queen of Hampshire villages. But it has more than beauty in its favor. On the main road, hidden by a high, ivy-clad wall, is Twyford House, where Benjamin Franklin conceived the idea and penned the early chapters of his "Autobiography." The "few weeks' uninterrupted leisure" of which he writes in the opening paragraph of that American classic were spent under this roof as the guest of Dr. Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph, and in the field opposite the mansion there yet flourishes that row of trees known as "Franklin's Grove" because it was there the illustrious American loved best to pace to and fro as he meditated over the story of his remarkable life.

LONDON, July 30, 1910.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Congressman Nehemiah D. Sperry of New Haven is eighty-three years old, but he is still young enough to be mentioned as the compromise Republican candidate for governor of Connecticut.

Dr. Maude Abbott of Montreal has won an international reputation in the science and practice of medicine. She studied in Europe as well as in Canada, and has recently been given an honorary degree by McGill University.

President Taft is an original member of the conservation association, having joined when Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard was its head, and before the noisiest of the present advocates were ever heard of in connection with its interests.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, and other American educators are attending the sessions of the International School Hygiene Congress at Paris. Among the most interesting questions under consideration are open-air schools and the introduction of systematic instruction for girls in household economics and the care of children.

Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, a lawyer and woman writer of Washington, is the founder and dean of the Washington College of Law. Mrs. Mussey's chief work has been the securing from Congress of a bill giving married women the right to control their own earnings and to carry on their own business. For years Mrs. Mussey has been a member of the school board of Washington.

Nikolas von Ostrowsky, president of the Moscow and Windau-Rybinsk Railroad, is in this country to study railroad conditions and problems. Mr. von Ostrowsky has charge of nearly all lines covering the eastern half of Russia. The trunk line of the system is 8000 miles in length, and the company has a capitalization of \$200,000,000. He is regarded as one of the most important and most expert railroad men in Russia.

Princess Milena of Montenegro is the wife of Prince Nicholas, and, with her husband, will this month assume royal rank as a sovereign, and become the Queen of Zeta. She was born at Cevo in 1847, and is the mother of nine children—three sons and six daughters. One of her daughters is the Queen of Italy, two others have married Russian grand dukes, and one is married to Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg. The two youngest are unmarried.

John Paget Mellor, king's proctor, is said to be the most mysterious official in England. He gets a salary of \$10,000 a year, and has an assistant proctor at \$5000, and a staff of clerks to help him. The king's proctor is supposed to inquire into every undefended divorce suit, and for this purpose he can call on the detective staff of Scotland Yard. His activities add much to the difficulties of divorce in the kingdom, though the great expense of securing a decree is perhaps even a greater obstacle.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Prize-Fight.

[This verse was written thirty odd years ago. It has been reprinted often in the *Argonaut*, especially when current events made it timely. An apology is due old-time readers who looked in vain for its reappearance a month ago.]

Hammer and tongs! What have we here?
Let us approach, but not too near.
Two men standing breast to breast,
Head erect and arching chest;
Shoulders square and bands hard clenched,
And both their faces a trifle blenched.
Their lips are set in a smile so grim,
And sturdily set each muscular limb.
Round them circles a ring of rope.
Over them bangs the heavens' blue cope.
Why do they glare at each other so?
What! you really then don't know?
This is a prize-fight, gentle sir!
This is what makes the papers stir.
Talk of your ocean telegraph!
'Tisn't so great an event by half.
As when two young men lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
Come together to batter and maul,
Come to fight till one shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

Round about is a bestial crowd,
Heavily-jawed and beetle-browed:
Concave faces, trampled in
As if with the iron hoof of sin;
Blasphemies dripping from off their lips,
Pistols hulging behind their hips;
Hands accustomed to deal the cards,
Or strike with the cowardly knuckle-guards.
Who are these ruffianly fellows, you say,
That taint the breath of this autumn day?
These are "the Fancy," gentle sir,
The Fancy? What are they to her?
Oh, 'tis their fancy to look at a fight.
To see men struggle, and gouge, and bite.
Bloody noses and hung-up eyes—
These are the things the Fancy prize.
And so they get men, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs.
To come together to batter and maul,
To come and fight till one shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

Grandly the autumn forests shine,
Red as the gold in an Indian mine!
A dreamy mist, a vapory smoke,
Hangs round the patches of evergreen oak.
Over the broad lake shines the sun,
Striking the upland fields of maize
That glow through the soft October haze.
Nature is tracing with languid hand
Lessons of peace over lake and land.
Ay! yet this is the tranquil spot
Chosen by hully, assassin, and sot
To pit two young men, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs.
One with the other, to batter and maul,
To tussle and fight till one shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

Their faces are rich with a healthy hue,
Their eyes are clear, and bright, and blue;
Every muscle is clean and fine,
And their blood is pure as the purest wine.
It is a pleasure their limbs to scan—
Splendid types of the animal man,
Splendid types of that human grace,
The noblest that God has willed to trace.
Brought to this by science and art;
Trained, and nourished, and kept apart;
Cunningly fed on the wholesomest food,
Carefully watched in every mood;
Brought to this state, so noble and proud,
To savagely tussle before a crowd—
To dim the light of the eyes so clear,
To maul the face to a bloody smear,
To maim, deface, and kill, if they can,
The glory of all creation—Man!
T'is the task of those, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs—
To bruise and wrestle, and batter and maul,
And fight till one or the other shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

With feet firm planted upon the sand,
Face to face at "the scratch" they stand.
Feinting first—a blow—a guard!
Then some hitting, heavy and bard.
The round fist falls with a horrible thud;
Wherever it falls comes a spout of blood!
Blow after blow, fall after fall,
For twenty minutes they tussle and maul.
The lips of the one are a gory gash.
The other's are knocked to eternal smash!
The bold, bright eyes are bloody and dim,
And, staggering, shivers each stalwart limb.
Faces glowing with stupid wrath,
Hard breaths breathed through a bloody froth;
Blind and faint, they rain their blows
On cheeks like jelly and shapeless nose;
While the concave faces around the rope
Darken with panic or light with hope,
Till one fierce brute, with a terrible blow,
Lays the other poor animal low.
Are these the forms so noble and proud,
That, kinglike, towered above the crowd?
Where are the faces so healthy and fresh?
There! those illegible masses of flesh!
Thus we see men lusty and tall,
Who, with nothing between them of hate or wrongs
Will bruise and batter, and tussle and maul,
And fight till one or the other shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

Trainers, backers, and betters all—
Who teach young men to tussle and maul,
And spend their muscle, and blood, and life,
Given for good, in a loathsome strife—
I know what the Devil will do for you,
You pistoling, bullying, cowardly crew!
He'll light up his furnaces red and blue,
And treat you all to a roast and stew.
Oh, he'll do you up, and he'll do you brown,
On pitchforks cleft into mighty prongs,
While chuckling fiends your agonies crown
By stirring you up and keeping you down
With hammer and tongs!

—Fitz-James O'Brien.

Nearly five tons of postage stamps are issued annually by the British Controller of Stamps.

BEFORE THE DUEL.

How the Viscount Faced a Great Fear.

In society they called him "Adonis Querne." His name was Viscount Gontran Joseph de Querne.

An orphan and master of a large fortune, he made quite a figure, as they say. He had style, readiness enough to appear witty, a certain natural grace, a proud, well-bred bearing, a fierce moustache, and a gentle eye—the combination women like.

He was invited everywhere, was in demand as a partner in the german, and inspired men with the smiling unfriendliness that a strong face usually begets. He was suspected of a few love affairs that go to make a bachelor interesting. He was happy, calm, and self-satisfied, known to be an expert swordsman and a good shot.

"If I ever fight a duel," he used to say, "I shall choose pistols. I shall be sure then of killing my man."

One evening he went to the theatre with two ladies and their husbands, and after the play invited them to go to Tortoni's for an ice. When they had been seated there a few minutes, he observed that a gentleman at a neighboring table was keeping his eyes obstinately fixed on one of the ladies of De Querne's party. She seemed troubled and uncomfortable, and held her head down. Finally she said to her husband:

"That man is staring at me. I don't know him, do you?"

The husband, who had seen nothing, looked up, but said at once, "No, not at all."

The young wife continued, half smiling and half annoyed:

"It's very provoking; that individual spoils my ice for me."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders: "Pshaw! Pay no attention to him. If we took notice of every loafer we met there'd be no end to it."

But the viscount rose abruptly.

He would not permit a strange man to spoil an ice of his offering. The insult was to him, since it was by his invitation that his friends were in the café. The thing devolved upon him to settle.

He approached the man, and said to him:

"Sir, I can not tolerate your manner of staring at these ladies. I beg you will desist."

The other replied:

"Do you want to make a row about it?"

The viscount set his teeth, and continued: "Be careful, sir, or you will provoke me beyond bounds."

The man answered by a single word, a vile name that rang from one end of the café to the other, and had the effect of a spring on every one at the tables.

Every one turned round, the three waiters spun on their heels like tops, the two *dames du comptoir* jumped and then leaned forward to see, and a great silence fell. Then all at once a sharp sound cut the air. The viscount had struck his adversary in the face. Everybody rose to interfere. The two men exchanged cards.

* * * * *

When the viscount reached home he walked up and down his room, too agitated to reflect. The single idea of a duel hovered in his mind, but without awakening the smallest emotion. He had done as he ought; shown himself as he wished to be. He would be talked about, approved, congratulated.

He repeated aloud, as we often speak when the mind is wrought up, "What a brute that man was!"

Then he sat down to think. In the morning he must find his seconds. Who should they be? Men of position and standing! He finally chose the Marquis de la Tour-Noire and Colonel Bourdin, a great lord and a soldier; their names would look well in the newspapers. He felt thirsty and drank three glasses of water, one after the other; then he began to walk up and down again. He felt very determined. If he showed himself bold and resolute, insisted on rigorous conditions, and demanded a serious duel, a duel to the death, probably his adversary would withdraw and apologize.

He took up the card he had drawn from his pocket and thrown on the table, and read it, as he had already read it at a glance in the café, and in the cab coming home, by the light of every street-lamp:

GEORGE LAMIL,
51 Moncey Street.

Nothing more.

He examined the way the letters followed each other: George Lamil! Who was he? What did he do? Why had he stared at the woman? How revolting that a stranger, an unknown man, should trouble the course of your existence suddenly, because he chose to look insolently at a woman. The viscount repeated aloud:

"What a brute!"

Then he stood motionless awhile, in a sort of trance, his eyes fixed on the card. Rage was awakening in him against this piece of pasteboard, a rage mingled with hate and with a strange feeling of uneasiness. The whole affair was idiotic! He took an open pen-knife and stuck it into the printed name, as if he were stabbing somebody.

So he was going to fight a duel! Should he choose cards or pistols, for he considered himself the insulted person. With swords he ran less risk, but by choosing pistols he had the chance of making his adversary with-

draw. A duel with swords is rarely fatal—mutual prudence keeps the combatants too far apart. With pistols he seriously hazarded his life: but he might also get off with all the honors of the situation and without any meeting.

He spoke aloud:

"I must be firm. He will be frightened."

The sound of his voice made him shiver, and he glanced round. He felt very nervous. He drank another glass of water, undressed, and went to bed.

In bed, with the lights out, he closed his eyes and began to think:

"I have all day tomorrow to attend to things. I must go to sleep now so as to have my head clear."

The coverings seemed oppressive. He could not fall asleep. He turned over and over, lying five minutes on his back, then on his right side, then on his left.

He felt thirsty again. He rose to get a drink. Then a genuine anxiety seized him:

"Am I afraid?"

Why did his heart beat so wildly at all the familiar sounds in the room? When the clock was going to strike, the little click of the spring made him start, and he was obliged to open his mouth to breathe for several seconds after, he felt so oppressed. He began to reason with himself on the possibility of such a thing:

"Am I afraid?"

No, assuredly he could not be afraid when he had just announced himself resolved to push the thing to extremity, when he had such a determination to fight. But he was so deeply moved that he said to himself:

"Can one be afraid in spite of one's self?"

And the doubt grew upon him—an anxiety, a dread; if a force stronger than his will overcame him, what should he do? He would go to the place of meeting, because he willed to appear there. But if he trembled? If he lost consciousness? And he thought of his position, his reputation, and his name.

He felt a compelling wish to see his own face in the mirror. He lighted a candle. When he saw his reflection in the polished glass he hardly recognized it, it was like one he had never seen. His eyes looked enormous, and he was pale; he was certainly very pale.

He stood there before the mirror. He even looked at his tongue to see if it were feverish, and all at once the thought shot through him:

"Day after tomorrow, at this time, I may be dead."

And his heart began to beat furiously again.

"Day after tomorrow this, that I see in the glass, may be no more. I am here, I look at myself, I feel that I am alive, and in twenty-four hours I may be laid on that bed dead, my eyes closed, cold, inanimate, ended!"

He went back toward his bed, and could see himself stretched out on his back on the very sheets he had just left. His face had fallen in like a dead man's, and his hands were leaden as if they would never move again.

He hated his bed, and in order not to see it, went into his smoking-room. He mechanically lighted a cigar, and began to walk about. He felt chilled, and was about to ring for his servant, but he paused, with his hand raised above the bell:

"The fellow will see I am afraid."

He did not ring, he built a fire himself. His hands trembled a little with a nervous recoil when they touched anything. His mind wandered; his confused thoughts began to grow fleeting, broken off, and painful; fumes clouded his mind as if he had been drinking.

He repeated continually:

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

His whole body vibrated, shaken by chills; he rose, and going to the window, opened the curtains. Day was breaking—a summer day. The flushed sky warmed the roofs and walls of the city. A long beam of light, like a caress from the rising sun, wrapped the waking world, and with the light swiftly, and almost with the pain of a shock, hope sprang up in the viscount's heart! What a fool he was, to be overcome with fear before anything was decided, before his seconds had seen George Lamil's, before he even knew whether there would really be a duel.

He dressed, and left the house with a firm step. He repeated to himself, as he walked:

"I must be very decided. I must prove that I am not afraid."

His seconds, the marquis and the colonel, consented to act, shook hands with him, and discussed the conditions.

The colonel asked, "You are in earnest about the character of the duel itself?"

The viscount replied: "Thoroughly in earnest."

The marquis added: "You insist upon pistols?"

"Yes."

"Leave us to settle the rest."

The viscount pronounced with dry, jerky articulation: "Twenty paces, at the word of command, raising the weapon instead of lowering it. Shots exchanged till there is a serious wound."

The colonel remarked that they were excellent conditions, the viscount was a good shot, and all the chances were on his side.

Then they went away, the viscount returned home to wait for them. His agitation, which had lessened for a time, now increased every moment. He could feel that chill running along his arms, his legs, his chest, shaking his whole body. He could not sit still. There was not a trace of moisture in his mouth, and he continually made a little clacking sound with his tongue as if to limber his palate.

He wished to breakfast, but could not eat. Then he

thought drinking would give him courage, so he sent for a bottle of brandy and drank six small glasses in succession. A burning heat rushed over him, accompanied by giddiness.

"I have it now," he thought, "this is the thing!"

But at the end of an hour he had emptied the bottle, and his agitation had become intolerable. He felt an insane desire to roll on the ground, to scream, to tear something with his teeth.

A jingling at the bell so excited him that he had not the strength to rise and receive his seconds.

He did not even dare to speak to them, for fear they would guess all from his altered voice.

The colonel spoke: "Everything is settled according to your own conditions. At first your adversary claimed the privileges of the offended person, but he yielded almost immediately and accepted everything. His seconds are two army officers."

The viscount said, "Thank you."

The marquis added: "Excuse us if we only come in to go directly away, but we have a thousand things to arrange. We must have a good surgeon, as the duel goes on till there is a serious wound, and you know cold lead is no joke. We must find a place for the meeting near some dwelling, where the wounded man may be carried, if necessary, and so on. At least we have two or three hours to do it in."

Again the viscount said, "Thank you."

The colonel asked: "Are you all right? Not shaky?"

"Not at all, thank you."

The two men went away.

* * * * *

When he was alone again, he believed he was going mad. The servant had lighted the lamps, so he sat down at the table to write letters. Having traced "This is my will" at the top of the page, he sprang up and walked down the room, feeling himself incapable of writing two ideas, of taking any resolve, or deciding upon anything.

What was it all? He was to fight a duel—he wished it, it was his settled intention; and yet he knew, in spite of every effort of his will, every assertion of his mind, that he was not going to have the necessary strength even to go to the place of meeting. He tried to fancy the duel, his own attitude, and his opponent's bearing.

From time to time his teeth chattered in his head. He took up Châteauevillard's dueling code, and tried to read it. Then he asked himself:

"Has my adversary practiced in shooting-galleries? Is he known? Has he reputation? How could I find out?"

He remembered Baron de Vaux's book on noted shots with the pistol, and went through it from beginning to end. George Lamil was not mentioned. But if the man was not an expert, he would not have accepted at once that dangerous weapon under mortal conditions.

He opened a case of pistols, took one out, and stood up as if to fire, raising his arm. He trembled from head to foot, and the barrel wavered in every direction.

Then he said: "The thing is impossible. I can not fight a duel like this."

He examined the little black hole in the end of the barrel, that spits out death, and thought of disgrace, whispers in clubs, sneers in society, women's contempt, allusions in the newspapers, insults from cowards.

He kept examining the weapon and, pressing back the trigger, suddenly saw a cap under it like a little red flame. Through neglect the pistol had been put away loaded. It gave him a confused, inexplicable pleasure.

If he could not stand up before that man with calm, unblenching front, he would be lost, branded, outcast. He was not capable of assuming or keeping that impassive front, he knew it, he felt it. But he must be a brave man, because he wished to fight a duel! He must be brave since—the thought did not even shape itself clearly in his mind: he opened his mouth, put the barrel of the pistol down his throat, and pulled the trigger.

When his valet rushed in, attracted by the report, he found him dead, lying on his back. The blood had splashed the white paper on the table, and made a great red blot under the four words:

"This is my will."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Guy de Maupassant, by Annie Lake Townsend.

Opposite the ruins of the old castle at Tenby, and separated by a belt of sand which is covered twice a day by a racing tide, stands St. Catherine's Rock, off the coast of Wales. Until some forty years ago it was no more than a rock, with great caverns in its sides and open passageways through its middle above and under water. Then the wisdom of the British war office decided that it should protect Pembroke Docks, perhaps ten miles away by land and thirty by sea, and on the top of the rock was built a fort. But when the big guns were mounted it was found that they could not be fired, for they shook down the rock from the arched passages, and might have shaken down the fort itself. So the fort was dismantled and the guns removed, and a year or two ago the whole rock, fort and all, was sold for a few hundred pounds to a private owner, who uses it as a seaside house for his holidays.

* * * * *

An effort is being made to stock Lake Champlain with Pacific Coast salmon, 20,000 young fish having already been put out. Anglers claim that these fish are going to furnish most of the sport in the future and that they will grow rapidly in Eastern lakes.

IN LOTUS-LAND JAPAN.

A Study Notable for Its Superb Photographs and Glowing Text.

Were it only for the photographs which are scattered so liberally through its pages, Herbert C. Ponting's "In Lotus-Land Japan" must take high rank in the abundant literature relating to the Mikado's kingdom. From the technical point of view they are practically perfect; no matter how far apart foreground and distance may be they are rich in detail, thanks, no doubt, to rigorous "stopping-down." And the exposures have been developed with brains as well as pyro. But, more important, Mr. Ponting has manifested rare artistic skill in selecting his points of view and in composing his pictures. This is specially the case where he uses models to impart vitality and charm to his camera transcripts. It is easy to believe that his camera has been to him "one of the things which made life worth living."

To provide adequate text for such triumphs of photographic art might, one would think, be no easy matter, yet Mr. Ponting need not have been in "trepidation" as to the result. During his several visits to Japan, amounting in all to three years spent in the country, he has kept copious records of his experiences, and from these he has compiled a narrative which is worthy of its pictorial embellishment.

Of course the temples of the country attracted much attention, and there is an admirable chapter on the sacred buildings of Kyoto. Mr. Ponting can distinguish as well as praise:

At Higashiyama's base there is another temple, called San-ju-san-gen-do, the "Hall of Thirty-Three Spaces"—the spaces being those into which it is divided by a single row of thirty-two pillars. The place is as different from Kiyomizu as it well could be. More like a great barn than a religious edifice, it is yet unique and very interesting, and although not resembling it architecturally, nor possessing any of its beauty, it yet reminded me of the "Thousand Buddha Temple" at Peking. The two temples have one feature in common: that at Peking boasts one thousand images of Buddha; San-ju-san-gen-do possesses one thousand and one effigies of Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy. These effigies are covered with smaller ones on their foreheads, halos, and hands, until it is said the grand total of 33,333 is reached—a statement which I accepted without attempting to verify its correctness.

They are a tawdry, motley company, these tiers of gilded goddesses, whose serried ranks, a hundred yards long and a full battalion strong, fill the vast building from end to end. The images, many of which are of great age, are continually being restored. In a workshop behind the vast stage an old wood-carver sits, his life occupation being the carving and mending of hands and arms, which are constantly dropping off, like branches, from the forest of divine trunks—for Kwannon is a many-limbed deity, and few of the images have less than a dozen arms. Rats scuttled over the floors and hid in the host of idols as we made our way round them; and at the back of the building we were stopped by an old priest, who sat at the receipt of custom and demanded a contribution from every visitor.

Inari temples, two miles from the heart of Kyoto, are types of those dedicated to the Rice Goddess, in the court-yards of which are crowds of diviners and fortune-tellers as well as mendicant cripples. As a postscript to the following Mr. Ponting relates how his servant, during his absence in India, learned from a fortune-teller almost the exact time of his return:

The Japanese *uranaisha*, or fortune-teller, fills a very serious and material place in the estimation of the lower classes of the people. They resort to him in every conceivable form of trouble. For a small sum he barters advice to the love-lorn maiden or the unhappy wife; instructs mothers as to the probable outcome of the ailments afflicting their children; warns his patrons against, or gives his assent to, proposed journeys; counsels them in business undertakings; looks into the future for them, or lays bare the past; delineates character in their palms and faces; advises them in matrimonial affairs; indicates where lost articles can be found, and in a hundred ways comforts and assists them in distress.

With a small pile of books, and a joint of bamboo filled with his divining rods, he is to be found at more than one temple in most cities of any size. How much reliance may be placed on his advice and prognostications is a matter for the individual to decide. The following cases, however, have come within my own experience, and I offer them as of possible interest, knowing them to be actual facts.

A friend, an Englishman many years resident in Japan, contemplating embarking in business of a seafaring nature necessitating a long and risky voyage in a sailing ship, was admonished to consult a Japanese *uranaisha* before accepting the command of the vessel offered him. He did so, and was advised that the venture would be a sound success. Acting on this advice, he signed the agreement at once and embarked on the voyage, which proved eminently successful. Again he started off, after securing the fortune-teller's assurance that fortune would follow him. Again he returned, happy over a prosperous voyage. A third time he consulted the *uranaisha* with like results. A fourth time he went to him: but on this occasion the old man, after shuffling his rods and searching his books, anxiously urged him to abandon the venture, as the luck had turned against him, and nothing but direst misfortune would overtake him if he persisted in the enterprise. So firm had his belief in the fortune-teller's powers become, that he immediately sent in his resignation. In due course the vessel, under another master, set forth again. That was many years ago, and to this day no soul has ever heard of her. Superstition finds no place in this friend's composition, but his faith in the power of the *uranaisha* is unshakable. In relating this incident he said, "I have told it to you for what it is worth. You can laugh at it or not, as you like; but for my part I am absolutely certain that these fellows are not humbugs, but have studied the science of divination so deeply that it is possible for them actually to look into the future." He has always been true to his conviction, and has never embarked in any business venture since without first laying the whole matter before the same fortune-teller, and he strongly advised me to consult the old fellow too.

In addition to its temples, Kyoto is notable for its artist-craftsmen, for the bronzes, embroideries, silks, porcelain, and many other products for which Japan is famous, come mainly from Kyoto. The spirit of the craftsman is well illustrated by this incident:

A few years ago one of these old Kyoto pottery-painters, who works alone in his own home, one day visited a foreign

merchant in Kobe. Entering the merchant's office, and receiving permission to show his wares, he brought forth from his bundle some ten or a dozen small boxes, from each of which he extracted a dainty piece of minutely painted pottery. These he tenderly and modestly arranged upon the floor, and, kneeling beside them, submitted each in turn for examination. When all had been appraised and a price quoted for each separate piece, the prospective buyer, indicating them with his foot, remarked, "How much reduction will you make if I buy the whole lot?" The old man sprang up with anger blazing in his eyes, saying, "Not all the money you have would buy them now," and, quickly packing them up, he bowed and left the house without another word.

This incident was related to me by a friend of the baffled buyer. There is no greater affront one can offer in a Japanese house than to use one's foot to denote an object; and when this old painter, born and bred in an atmosphere of strict etiquette—as even pottery-painters are in Japan—saw the work, over which he had bestowed so many weeks of jealous care, thus, as he thought, abused, he preferred to lose the sale rather than that the little pieces he loved should pass into the hands of any one who regarded them so lightly.

Mr. Ponting devotes many pages and photographs to the lovely Shoji district, not overlooking Yoshida and the hotel register:

Yoshida's one and only street must be a mile or more in length. In the midst of it there is a fine old stone *torii* which makes a splendid foreground for Fuji, towering up beyond. On a subsequent tour of this district, when I again visited the old Fuji temple, I thought I had never seen so truly depressing a place. Save for the bright red *torii* at the entrance all was dismal indeed, for a drizzling rain was falling, and the tall cryptomerias, in the midst of which the rickety old temple stands, threw deep gloom over everything. Great heavy drops splashed from their branches on to the row of mossy stone lanterns that stood below, and shivering crows, with ruffled feathers, sat above, emitting hoarse croaks and croupy caws.

In the temple a priest was mumbling in sepulchral tones which sounded like a dirge, now and again punctuating the weary monotony of his recitation with a drum-tap, whilst swirling clouds of mist swept through the tree-tops and wound themselves about the temple like a shroud. The whole place seemed redolent of death and spirits of the past, and I was glad to leave it and get back to my room with its warm *hibachi*, for the chill of the weather and the abject dreariness of the place sent cold shivers down my spine, and set me wondering how any human beings could spend their lives in such a lonely, cheerless, ghostly spot and still retain their reason.

Whilst I was dining on grilled eels and rice—a dish for which this place is noted, as the eels caught in the lakes are of a particularly delicate flavor—mine host entered, with many prostrations, and presented the register for my name, age, occupation, and other information such as the police require. An inspection of this volume indicated that these officials must be sorely puzzled at times to decide where truth ends and humbug begins. For instance, a talented New York authoress, who is in her twenties, and a maiden lady artist and art-school lecturer of uncertain years, from San Francisco, had described themselves as "ballet girls," aged sixty-seven and seventy-five respectively, and amongst the notabilities who had recently visited the district was "Abraham Lincoln," whilst another visitor, according to the book, was a veteran of 107 years. One brilliant wit had described his residence as "a dog kennel," to which some other traveler had added the appropriate line, "A very proper domicile for such a silly pup."

The landlord told me that such trifling with his register caused him serious trouble, and in the case of the two ladies mentioned, a police officer had been sent all the way to Shoji to warn Mr. Hoshino that "questionable characters" were coming his way. Hoshino confirmed this statement, and the story was retailed by him as one of his best to every visitor who afterwards visited Shoji.

As may be anticipated, Japan's most famous mountain, Fuji-San, is not neglected. The photographs devoted to that glory of Japanese landscape are unique for the views they give of the summit in cloud and shine, and the chapter describing the ascent is one of the best in the book:

Other mountains may be painted with some degree of truth—even the beautiful Jungfrau—but not so Fuji-san. Its loveliness is so delicate, and its moods so everchanging and so evanescent, that the most the artist can ever hope to accomplish is to give some idea of the mountain's charm at a particular moment. Every nature-worshiper visiting Japan has fallen in adoration at the foot of Fuji, and foreign writers and poets have followed their Japanese brethren in attempting to describe the beauty that has inspired them. Who, that has seen its snow-clad crest floating in the deep blue of the winter sky, will not admit that the mountain is worthy of all the praise that has been bestowed upon it—and more?

It is not only that the physical charms of the mountain cast so powerful a spell—though they alone would make of Fuji an object of homage to every lover of the beautiful in any land on earth—but also that the web of history and legend spun round the snowy peak is as charming and full of delightful mystery and sentiment as the moods of the beauty are capricious and fitful—a combination that marks Fuji as unique among the mountains of the earth.

Fuji is a dormant volcano, an isolated cone 12,365 feet in height—figures easy to remember if one thinks of the days and months that make a year—tapering from a circumference of over eighty miles at its base to but two and a half miles at the summit. It can not be accounted extinct, for at the northeast side of the mountain-crest the ground is so hot in places that in cold weather steam may be seen rising from the ash, testifying to the presence of fissures leading to subterranean fires which may at any time burst forth again. Geology shows that Fuji is but a young volcano which has not yet destroyed its beauty by bursting its crater rim—a fate that usually overtakes mountains of this nature sooner or later. Up to the present time the only sign of degradation in Fuji's shape is a small hump on the southeastern slope. This is the crater Hoeizan; it opened up during the last eruption, which began in December, 1707, and lasted until 22d January, 1708.

Every year for a week or two all Japan is a shrine to Flora. The love of the people for flowers amounts to almost worship. In 1905 Mr. Ponting asked a Japanese friend if he observed much excitement among the people over the near approach of the Russian fleet and was answered, "They are already too excited about the cherry-blossoms to think of it." The Japanese attitude toward the cherry-blossom and the lotus is described in glowing terms:

If you are fortunate enough to be in Tokyo in early April the stream of eager humanity which surges eastwards across the broad Sumida-gawa will surely gather you in its vortex. From every side the people come, and the crowds grow thicker as the Azuma bridge is approached. They are coming to see

a truly wondrous sight, for on the left bank of the river is Mukojima—an avenue of cherry-trees a mile long, which is one glorious mass of blossom. Japanese cherry-blossoms are pink, not white like ours, and from a distance the trees resemble a bank of clouds softly flushed by the rays of the rising sun.

Under this exquisite canopy Carnival is king, and from morning till long after midnight the avenue rings with music and shouts of revelry and laughter, for Mukojima is the festival of the *bourgeoisie*. The river is crowded with house-boats, and under the spreading branches the avenue is lined with impromptu tea-houses and refreshment stalls. *Saké* is in evidence everywhere. Nearly every one is drinking it or carrying a gourd of it at his belt, and the crowd is beaming with rubicund *saké* faces. Everybody is good-natured, for the intoxication set up by the insipid rice-distilled spirit does not make for contentiousness, but only serves to render the carouser's spirits more convivial and hilarious than ever. Reeling *saké*-drinkers offer their gourds to every kindred spirit, and constantly replenish them from the hogsheads at the wayside stalls, whilst people who have never seen each other before are in a minute the best of friends, and cementing their vows of lifelong amity with draughts of the national beverage, as they hang on to each other's necks. False moustaches, whiskers, and noses make caricatures of the revelers, and wandering *getkin* and *samisen* players set every one into merry peals of laughter, as they pick their way through the crowd, twanging accompaniments to their comic and topical songs as they go. The crowd is warm with humanity, joyous with humor, and amiable with courtesy. No irascibility or pugnaciousness mars the merriment, and roughness is conspicuous by its absence, for the Japanese crowd is a lovable crowd—the best behaved and tempered in the world.

At night-time each tree and tea-house is festooned with paper lanterns, and the dainty, fairy-like screen of pink overhead is suffused with their soft glow, which falls on the gay kimono of many a butterfly geisha and prettily dressed dancing girl in the passing throng below.

There is no gladsome fête for the lotus, for it is no flower of joy and frolic. The lotus is a food. Its roots and seeds are eaten in Japan. Besides, too, it has a deeper, allegorical meaning. It is a Buddhist emblem—the symbol of triumph over self; of extinction of the fires of passion; of abnegation and self-control. The lovely blooms are also the token for all that is best in man and woman; for, because the plant thrives best when growing in the foulest mud, and raises its great pink blossoms high above the poisonous slime below to open petals of surpassing loveliness to the morning sun, they typify a chaste and noble heart—unstained, unsullied, and untouched by the insidious breath of evil with which life is permeated—opening to the light of truth and knowledge.

People are to be seen astir early in the garden where the lotus grows. They come to see the huge blossoms, which close at eventide, unfold their petals as the great disperser of "the shadow called 'Night'" rises in the sky. But few ever come to the garden of the lotus in festive mood. Most come to watch, and meditate in silence, and to pray; for the holy flower, beautiful as it is to the eye, brings often only memories of sorrow to the heart. Who that has not sounded something of the soul of this people can know anything of the pain that sometimes wrings the heart of the Japanese when visiting the garden of the sacred flower "that shrinks into itself at evening hour"? The subdued demeanor and sad faces of the early wanderers too often show that they are nursing grief within, and plainly tell of sorrowful memories recalled by the blooms; for the lotus not only is the token of truth, and light, and purity, but is also a symbol of that grim Reaper whose path is wet with tears. It is the Buddhist emblem of Death. For a few weeks only the flowers display their glory. Then the ponds which were so beautiful with pink and green become all unkempt, bedraggled, and forlorn with dying stalks and leaves. They are a sad, depressing spectacle in the midst of summer joys, and remind the thoughtful Japanese that beauty is but evanescent and life but a passing dream.

No book on Japan is complete without a discussion of the Japanese woman. Mr. Ponting does not break the rule. But he is exceedingly wroth with those erotic writers who look at the entire sex from the standpoint of the *yoshiwara*. He agrees with Lafcadio Hearn in describing the Japanese woman as "the sweetest" the world has ever known:

The position which the Japanese wife occupies in the respect and affections of her husband even today is but little understood, for so much misinformation has been disseminated about her that a wholly wrong impression is generally held of one who is the most amiable of man's helpmates in the world. The Japanese home is perhaps the most difficult of any to gain intimate access to, yet almost every globe-trotter who dashes through Japan is a self-constituted authority on the gracious matron who presides over that home, and many make the unpardonable and fatal mistake of classing the modest, retiring lady of the land, whom probably he never sees, with the popular favorites of the capital and the treaty ports.

Even the humbler members of the Japanese feminine world—such as waitresses and hotel servants—have been cruelly maligned, and represented to be what they never at any time were, as their pretty fascinating ways are often misunderstood by those who come from lands where customs are so different, and who can not speak the language. "Too many foreigners, we fear," says Professor Chamberlain, "give not only trouble and offense, but just cause for indignation by their disrespect of propriety, especially in their behavior towards Japanese women, whose engaging manners and naive ways they misinterpret. . . . The waitresses at any respectable Japanese inn deserve the same respectful treatment as is accorded the girls in a similar position at home."

No class of Japanese womanhood is more misunderstood by foreigners than the geisha. The geisha has no prototype in Europe; she is unique—a purely Japanese creation. To mention the name geisha amongst English people unversed in matters Japanese is to cause uneasy looks and suggestive smiles. Why the geisha should be so misapprehended is difficult to tell. I have often wondered, too, why it is that when European ladies wear Japanese clothes, or array themselves as "Japanese geisha," they invariably make the most glaring errors—wear elaborately embroidered kimonos, stick many long pins in their hair, tie their sashes in front, and, in short, make themselves resemble neither geisha nor ladies, but public women of the *yoshiwara*. Neither Japanese ladies nor geisha wear embroidered kimonos; they never wear a halo of long pins in their hair, nor do they tie their sashes in front. These things are the badges of prostitution.

As supplementary to his eulogy of the Japanese woman, Mr. Ponting is equally warm in his praise of the Japanese home and children. Further enthusiastic chapters are devoted to Nikko and Chuzenji, Matsu-shima and Yezo, the Bay of Enoura, and Hikone and its castle.

IN LOTUS-LAND JAPAN. By Herbert C. Ponting. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$6 net.

POEMS OF SAMUEL L. SIMPSON.

Selections from the Memorial Volume, "The Gold-Gated West."

In the memory of every reader to whom poetry has a meaning there are carried fragments of melody and rhyme, driftwood of remembrance, from days of youth in the school-room. Many will recall these lines from the refrain of a poem on the Willamette River which became familiar through its use in a school reader:

Time, that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

Those verses were by Samuel L. Simpson, a true poet, not merely of the West but of America. He wrote many poems, and all are native to the soil, as all are melodious, fragrant, and a-wing with fancy. Some of them will surely be retained in the anthologies of the future, for their truth and their beauty.

Samuel L. Simpson was born in Missouri, but as a child in his mother's arms he was carried with a caravan "across the plains" in 1846, his father having organized and led the expedition of pioneers. His youth and early manhood were passed in the beautiful Willamette Valley. He was educated at Willamette University, in Salem, Oregon, and he died in Portland in his fifty-fifth year. He was a lawyer and a journalist, but his career held more of promise than of notable achievement, aside from his poems. Few poets have been commanding figures, either in old or new civilizations; it is theirs to celebrate the victories of others. Though but half his life-work had been done before the day closed, he has left a worthy monument, reared by himself. None has sung more sweetly or more clearly the charms of nature which surrounded the homes in a new and virgin country; none has described with greater power the seeking out and the winning of those homes in an unconquered wilderness.

With care and loving regard the poems have been gathered and printed by the sister and sons of the poet. The volume, entitled "The Gold-Gated West: Songs and Poems by Samuel L. Simpson, edited, with an introductory preface, by W. T. Burney," is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. It should have a place on the table of every home where there is pride in the courage and industry of the pioneers, or becoming gratitude for the possessions which they secured to those who followed them.

The Simpson family was intimately connected with the early history of Oregon, as is shown by the record of Benjamin Simpson, the father of the poet. Its members were pioneers and State builders, and their influence continues. A brother of the poet, Sylvester C. Simpson, and his son, Ernest S. Simpson, managing editor of the *Call*, have long been residents of San Francisco.

From the book, now fresh from the press, some selections are made to prove the quality of Samuel L. Simpson's gift. There are many more no less inviting and impressive. They are spontaneous, free, the facile compositions of one whose thoughts flowed easily and definitely. The poet saw the grace of all moving and growing things; he heard the music of the streams and the forests; the glory of the sunset, the unchanging brilliance of the stars, were mirrored in his moods; and it was these, and their accompaniment to the aspirations and efforts of men, that inspired his muse. There is philosophy, too, in his verse—it is not merely descriptive; but he sang more nearly as the birds sing, with a full heart, which could give back only the beauty and pathos of life as a reflection from the scenes around him. There are lines in almost every one of his poems which are nobly perfect; there are but few which are not in keeping with the plan and purpose of the work.

This is the modest prelude of the collection:

SALUTATION.

Where the lords of the mountains are lifted
In a lustre of silver and pearl,
And the shadows of ages are drifted
In the hanners the forests unfurl,—
Where the Oregon's gathering waters
Go down to the strife of the sea,
And Willamette meanders and loiters
By many a rose-clustered lea,—
In the regions of Hesper, the star-lands,
Abloom in the gold-gated West,
I have crowned a wild muse with these garlands—
Some rue-leaves along with the rest;—
If perchance in the chaplets I bring her
There is something your heart will prolong,
Then to me is the joy of the singer,
And to you the delight of the song.

THE LOST PATH.

In the plaintive light of the past it lies
Where young dreams garland the gentle skies,
Wayward and winding, smooth and cool,
The foot-worn path to the country school!

Along the lane where the orchard trees
Were bright with blossoms and brave with bees,
Across, where the white-crowned clover knelt,
To the rustling ranks of the richer field;
And out where the oaks and maples made
A hazy mystery of light and shade,
Kissed and dallied, and mocked at rule,
And the drowsy tasks of the country school.

Now swerving wide on a ruthless raid,
Where the merry squirrels romped and played,

And pausing long where the eagle's nest
Was ever a dream of knightly quest,
Then away through the rainbow clouds of flowers
That tangled the feet of the laughing hours;—
There was little thought of the desk and stool,
On that winding way to the country school.

But look, where the pathway climbs the stile
Some one has waited a weary while;
She has decked her hair with a bramble rose,
And a sweet, shy light in her brown eye glows.
"It is late," you sigh, but you loiter yet
Tho' the gossiping blackbirds flounce and fret
In the golden willows beside the pool,
Like the scolding crones of the country school.

Alas, Life's river is swirling fast,
But the rose has tinted the dewy Past,
And up from its crimson mists at times
The winding and wayward pathway climbs
In the old, wild way, with a careless art,
To loiter and curve in a fading heart,
In the old wild way as smooth and cool
Is all that is left of the country school.

FALLS OF THE WILLAMETTE.

Here wheels the thunder-breathing steed,
As if in dread to stay and heed
A grander pageant than his own,
Wild waters whirl in cresting spray,
Fair as the fragrant wreaths of May,
And loud with laughter, song and moan.

Yonder embattled firs around,
Chant high above, in martial sound,
The prans of the marching years;
And here a dark, historic cliff,
Writ o'er with many a hieroglyph,
Echoes and answers, leans and hears.

And lo! Within the surge and roar,
Scarfed with a rainbow evermore,
The pallid priestess of the flood,
Swinging her censer to and fro,
As swift suns wheel and soft moons glow
Aloof, through lapsing time has stood.

The tented and the tawny hands
Whose camp-smoke curled along these sands,
And climbed and crowned the rocky shore,
To murmur deep seas and pale
Have passed, with gray and slanting sail,
Forgetful of the spear and oar.

So now beside this stormy gate,
Pilgrims of brighter visage wait,
To rest in turn beneath the sod:—
Yet shall this melody be rolled
For aye, these voices manifold
The echo of a changeless God!

This, the most ambitious of the poet's work, is especially notable. It deserves a high place in the poetry that glorifies American achievement. Little more than half of the poem is given, but the omissions are marked, and the thread of the bard's essay, which is so closely hung with pearls, is not carelessly broken. The verses which tell of the home-building in the valley that was found and won by the pioneers are omitted through lack of space:

THE CAMPFIRES OF THE PIONEERS.

"Vincere est vivere!"

And yet, stout hearts, no fitting meed
Of panegyric crowns your deed.

There is no task for you to do—
Your tents are furled, the hughle blown—
But yet another day, and you
Will live in clustered fame alone.
The fir will chant a song of rue,
The pine will drop a wreath, maybe,
And o'er the dim Cascades the stars
Will nightly roll their gleaming cars
You followed well from sea to sea.
Before your scarred battalions wheel
Into the mystic realm of shade,
And on your grizzled brows the seal
Of mystery is softly laid,
Once more around your old campfires,
That smoulder like fulfilled desires,
Rehearse the story of your toil—
Set forth the hero crowned with spoil—
The glimmer of triumphant steel,
Beneath the garland and the braid.

O further than the legions bore
The eagles of imperial Rome,
Three thousand miles, a weary march,
You followed Hesper's golden torch,
Until it stooped on this green shore
And lit the rosy fires of home.
The sad and solemn morn you turned
And quenched the sacred flames that burned
On hearths endeared for years and years;
It seemed your very souls grew dark
With those sweet fires, the latest spark
Was drowned in bitter, bitter tears.
A softer, sweeter sunlight wrapt
The forms of all familiar things,
And as each chord of feeling snapped
Another angel furled its wings:
The lights and shadows in the lane,
The oak beside the foot-worn stile,
Whose wheeling shade a weary while
Had told the hours of joy and pain—
The vine that clambered o'er the door
And many a purple cluster bore—
The vestal flowers of household love—
The sloping roof that wore the stain
Of summer sun and winter rain,
And smoky chimney tops above—
The beauty of the orchard trees,
Bedecked with blossoms, glad with bees—
The brook that all the livelong day
Had many things to sing and say—
All these upon your vision dwell
And weave the sorrow of farewell.
And now the last good-bye is said—
Good-bye! the living and the dead
In those sad words together speak,
And all the chosen ways are bleak!

Forward! The cracking lashes send
A thrill of action down the train.
Their brawny necks the oxen bend
With creaking yoke and clanking chain;

The horsemen gallop down the line,
And swerve around the lowering kine
That straggle loosely on the plain,
And lift glad hands to babes that laugh,
And dash the huttercups like chaff.
Hurrah! the skies are jewel blue:
In softest green and braided gold
The robes of April are unrolled,
And hopes are high and hearts are true!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The bold, the free!
The sudden sweep of ecstasy
That lifts the soul on wings of fire
When fears consume and doubts expire
And life in one swift torrent speeds
To the great tide of stirring deeds.

And now the sun is dropping down
The lights and shadows, red and brown,
Arc weaving sunset's purple spell:
The teams are freed, the fires are made,
Like scarlet night-flow'rs in the shade,
And pleasant groups before, between,
Are thronging in the fitful sheen—
The day is done and all is well.

So pass the days, so fall the nights,
A banquet of renewed delights—
The old horizons lift and pass
In magic changes like a dream,
And in heaven's azure glass
Tomorrow's Jasper arches gleam
With many a vale and mountain-mass
And many a singing, shining stream.
The past is dead and daisied now—
Its shadow fades from heart and brow—
The air is incense, and the breeze
Is sweet with siren melodies,
And all the castled hills before
In blooming vistas sweep and soar.
Like silver lace the clouds are strewn
Along the distant, dreamy zone;
It is a happy, happy time,
As wayward as a poet's rhyme,
And ever as the sun goes down
The West is shut with rosy bars,
When Night puts on her ebony crown
And lights the watch fires of the stars.

A hundred nights, a hundred days;
Nor folded cloud nor silken haze
Mellow the sun's midsummer blaze.
Along the brown and barren plain
In silence drags the wasted train,
The dust starts up beneath your tread,
Like angry ashes of the dead,
To blind you with a choking cloud
And wrap you in a yellow shroud.
There are no birds to sing your joy,
You have no joy for birds to sing,
A hundred fangs your hearts destroy—
A thousand troubles fret and sting.
The desert mocks you all the while
With that dry shimmer of a smile
That dazzles on a bleaching skull;—
The bloom is withered on your cheek,
You slowly move and lowly speak,
And every eye is dim and dull.
Alas, it is a lonesome land
Of bitter sage and barren sand,
Under a bitter, barren sky
That never heard the robin sing,
Nor kissed the lark's exultant wing,
Nor breathed the rose's fragrant sigh!
A weary land—alas! alas!

The shadows of the vultures pass—
A spectral sign across your path;
The gaunt, gray wolf, with head askance,
Throws back at you a scowling glance
Of cringing hate and coward wrath,
And like a wraith accursed and hanned
Fades out before your lifted hand.
A dim, sad land, forgot, forsworn,
By all bright life that may not mourn,
And crazed with glistening ghost of seas
In hroideries of flowers and trees,
And rivers, blue and cool, that seem
To ripple as in fevered dream
Only to taunt the thirst and fly
From withered lip and lurid eye.
A hundred days, a hundred nights,—
The goal is further than before,
And all the changing shades and lights
Are wrought in Fancy's woof no more.
The sun is weary overhead,
And pallid deserts round you spread
A sorrowful eternity;
And if some grizzly mountains here
Confront your march with forms of fear,
You turn aside and pass them by.
And all are over-worn—the flesh
Is now a frayed and faded mesh
That will not mask the inward flame;
There is no longer any care
To round the speech, or speak men fair,
Or any gentle sense of shame;
The hearts of all are sifted through—
The grain drops through the windy husks,
And false lights flickering round the true
Are quenched at last in dews and dusks.
And some are silent, some are loud,
And rage like beasts among the crowd,—
And some are mild, and some are sharp
In word and deed, and snarl and carp,
And fret the camp with petty broils;
While some of temper sweet and bland
Do seem to hear a magic wand
That wins the secret of their toils—
Rare souls that waste like sandal-wood
In many a fragrant deed and mood;
And some invoke the wrath of God,
Or feign to kiss the scourging rod,—
And some, maybe with better prayers,
Stand up in all their griefs and cares
And clench their teeth, and do and die,
Without a whine, a curse or cry.
And so the dust and grit and stain
Of travel wears into the grain,
And so the hearts and souls of men
Were darkly tried and tested then,
So that in happy after years,
When rainbows gild remembered tears,
Should any friend inquire of you
If such or such an one you knew—
I hear the answer, terse and grim,
"Ah, yes, I crossed the plains with him!"

And lo! a moaning phantom stands
To greet you in the lonely lands,

Among all lesser shadows dight,
With spoils of death; his meagre hands
Salute you as you pass, and claim
The sacrifice that feeds his flame.
The march has broken into flight,
And wreck and ruins strew the road
The flaming phantom has bestowed;
The ox lies gasping in his yoke,
Beside the wagon that he drew,—
Where the forsaken campfires smoke
To hopeless skies of tawny hue;
And here are straight, still mounds that mark
The flight of life's delusive spark—
The sombre points of pause that lie
So thick in human destiny.
And O, so dark on this bleak page
Of drifting sand and dreary sage!
The sultry levels of the day
The night with weird enchantment fills,
And frowning forests stretch away
Along the slopes of shadow hills;
And in the solemn stillness breaks
The wild wolf-music of the plain,
As if a deeper sorrow wakes
The dreary dead in that refrain
That swells and gathers like a wail
Of woe from Pluto's ebony pale,
And sinks in pulseless calm again.

For many days a form of white
Has flashed and faded in your sight
In fleeting glimpses as of wings;
Our God's bright palm in beckonings.
It is a secret nursed of each—
You dare not give the thought in speech,
So weirdly solemn is the sign,
As if upon the western stairs
The angel of a thousand prayers
Were come with sacred bread and wine.
Again the still, enchanted hour
Of sunset burns in crimson flower,
And purple-bearded shadows sleep
Like clustered pansies, warm and deep.
Eastward of wraithen crag and wall
The trail that wound up and wound all day
In many a dark and devious way
At last with one swift curve ascends
A rolling plain, that breaks and bends
Westward, till rose curtains fall
O'er mountains massed and magical.
Resplendent as a pearlly tent,
Upon the fir-fringed battlement,
Serene in sunset gold and rose,
A pyramid of splendor glows
So vast and calm and bright, your dream
Is dust and ashes in its gleam.
A maiden speaks—"He led us far—
It is the golden western star!"
And then a youth—"Our goal is won,—
'Tis the pavilion of the sun!"
A gray sage then, in undertone,
"It must be Hood, so grand and lone—
The shining citadel and throne
Of Terminus, that Roman god,
Who marked the line the legions trod,
And set the limits of the world,
Where Caesar's battle flags were furled!
O, for the dark-eyed prophetess
Who sang in Sinai's wilderness
The gilded chariots' overthrow,
To lead us the cymballed song
To Him, the Merciful, the Strong,
Who dashed the brimming cup of woe
And was our cloud and flame so long!"
Forward! The crested mountains kneel
To patient toils of fire and steel—
"A way is bewn, and you emerge
Upon the Cascades' frozen verge,
And far beneath you and away
To ocean's shining fringe of foam
And summer veil of floating spray,
Behold the land of your emprise,
Serene as tender twilight skies
When day is swooning into gloam!
It is the morning twilight now
That wraps the valley's misted brow;
The burgeoning of blooming dawn—
The reveille of Oregon!
How brightly on your vision first
The pictured vales and woodlands burst,—
The lakelets set like twinkling gems
Along the prairie's pleated hems,—
The silver brooks and rippled sweeps
Of loit'ring rivers here and there,
And many a waterfall that leaps
In rainbow garlands through the air,—
The skirted maples and the groves
Of oak, the mild home-spirit loves,—
Enamelled plains and crencelled hills
And tangled skeins of brooks and rills,
Imperial forest of the fir,
All redolent of musk and myrrh,
That fling and furl their banners old,
And still their gloomy secret hold
As Time his cloudy censer fills.

As for you, you are gray, and the thunder
Of the battle has smitten each brow
Where the freshness of youth was turned under
By Time's immemorial plow;
But the pictures of Memory linger
Like the shadows that turn to the east,
And will point with a tremulous finger
To the things that have perished and ceased;
For the trail and the foot-love have vanished,
The canoe is a song and a tale,
And the flickering church-spire has vanished
The uncanny redman from the vale;

But you builded a State in whose arches
Shall he carven the deed and the name,
And prosperity lengthen its marches
In the glow of your honor and fame!

Among other favorite selections which deserve a passing tribute, are "Planting of the Pine," "Sequoia Sempervirens," and the concluding poem, "A View of Death." There are eighty poems in the volume.

Lecky's "Rationalism" is to appear this fall in a one-volume popular edition. This is the book which George Ticknor welcomed with so much enthusiasm, and also earned for the historian the lifelong friendship of Henry Charles Lee.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Fruit of Desire.

According to the publishers' statement, Virginia Demarest is the assumed name of a "successful author" who, because the present story differs from previous work, is anxious that it be "received wholly on its merits." The hero and heroine are both under a cloud; the first having been imprisoned because he took upon himself the fault of a brother, and the woman charged by her father with immorality of which she was innocent. Having so much in common, Jack and Edith finally resolve to run away to New York, and to prevent discovery agree to pose as man and wife. Owing to events on the train, they have to keep up the fiction, and the reader is asked to believe that the woman found perfect happiness in the relation, but began to be miserable when she was legally married. The marriage ceremony was performed at the urgent request of Jack, in whom "desire" became too strong to be denied. Edith, however, dreaded the departure from a platonic comradeship, and nearly loses her life in childbirth. The story closes with the couple agreeing to revert to the old way of life. From the foregoing it may be inferred what its "merits" are.

THE FRUIT OF DESIRE. By Virginia Demarest. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net.

Storm and Treasure.

"We will not stay in the fog," remarks one of Mr. Bailey's characters. But Mr. Bailey's readers will not find it so easy to escape. The sea fog which plays so conspicuous a rôle in the opening chapter appears to have taken possession of the author's brain as he wrote, with the result that nothing becomes exactly clear. This mistiness of impression is increased by the jerky style in which the book is written, a kind of second-rate imitation of Meredith at his worst. So almost the only clear view one gets of the hero, the Vicomte de Jan, is when that worthy, caught bathing, "feels that he has nothing on." The heroine is also a strange creation, fond of inconsequential remarks which may be intended as epigrams. In fact, most of the conversation is as indirect as human speech can well be and yet preserve a semblance of coherency. As the story deals with the period of the French Revolution, there is a good deal of "Vive le Roi!" and Republican tumult about it. If the fog were dispelled it might be interesting.

STORM AND TREASURE. By H. C. Bailey. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

Following the Conquistadores.

H. J. Mozans's narrative of his journey to the less frequented parts of Venezuela and Colombia is a valuable addition to the literature of South American travel. After some preliminary wanderings, he started on his journey in good earnest from the Port-of-Spain in Trinidad, then followed the Orinoco River across Venezuela, afterwards traversing Colombia by the Meta River, and so out to the Caribbean again and across to Porto Rico.

Many as are the attractions of Trinidad, Mr. Mozans found most delight in the hotanical garden adjoining the residence of the governor. In addition to plants and shrubs and trees of rare bloom, fragrance, and forms, "we behold at almost every step, fluttering across our path, brilliant heliconias and other butterflies that contribute such life and charm to the forest glories of tropical lands. And then the humming birds—those lovely animated gems that flit from hush to hush, and flower to flower—flashing all the fire of the opal, and emitting in rapid succession all the brilliant hues of the topaz and the sapphire, the ruby, and the emerald."

Large as were Mr. Mozans's expectations of the Orinoco, they were not disappointed so far as they related to variety and exuberance of vegetation and beauty of scenery. He declares that the entire delta of the river may be described as one of nature's choicest conservatories, in which Flora has collected together the fairest growths of garden and forest. It was while sailing up this river that Mr. Mozans's attention was called to the Southern Cross, of which he writes in an exalted strain, in marked contrast with other candid travelers who have been honest enough to own that that constellation of the heavens is not altogether so beautiful and bright as they had been led to suppose.

Of course the traveler visited Bogotá, which has been proudly named by its natives as "the Athens of South America." It seems that the claim is based on the literary activity of the inhabitants. Another witness admits that Bogotá is the greatest literary centre south of Panama, for "there all men write, and poets rave and madden through the land, and only wholesome necessary revolutions keep their number down." Or, to take the testimony of one who was once American minister to Bogotá, "Most of the educated classes here, or think they have, the literary faculty. They are particularly fond of writing what they call poetry, and of making post-prandial speeches. The average collegian will write poetry by the yard or speak impromptu by the hour." Consequently, the number of newspapers published in this Athens of South America is surprising—more than there are in Boston or

Philadelphia. Their circulation, however, is extremely limited, notwithstanding the population of about one hundred and twenty thousand. While Mr. Mozans's personal impressions are always of great value and interest, he often enriches his narrative by apt quotations from the records of other travelers. He has also heightened his volume by numerous photographic illustrations.

UP THE ORINOCO AND DOWN THE MAGDALENA. By H. J. Mozans. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The American Merchant Marine.

While not an exhilarating writer, Mr. Spears is eminently industrious. Hence so far as facts go his new contribution to the seafaring history of America is informing and not lacking in suggestion for the present state of affairs. His conclusion is: "We shall never again see the Stars and Stripes triumphant upon the high seas until the American environment evolves, once more, by natural process, the nautical unit as efficient for the modern day as was our ship of the sail in the days long past." He takes up the story of the merchant marine from the laying of the keel of the thirty-ton pinnace *Virginia* in 1607, a vessel designed to reap the cod harvest of the Newfoundland banks, and continues it down to such a fatal experiment as the seven-masted schooner *Thomas Lawson*. In a late chapter Mr. Spears undertakes to explain why American ships lost the trade they once commanded, his theory being that the steam cargo carrier was more efficient than the American ship of sail at its best. Then it must be remembered that while life at sea became unendurable "by a self-respecting American youth in an American ship," a career on land became increasingly attractive. Hence, "when the American merchant marine lost the command of the sea and the British gained it, the result was due to the working of the immutable law of the survival of the fittest." The volume is illustrated by reproductions of old prints and a few modern photographs.

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE. By John R. Spears. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Trails Through Western Woods.

Poetically dedicated to the West that is passing, "to the days that are no more and to the brave, free life of the wilderness," these sympathetic studies of nature and the Red Man deserve to find many readers. They are evidently based upon intimate knowledge, while nearly every page bears witness to the loving care with which the nature pictures have been observed.

In the first chapter a meed of praise is bestowed upon the gentle Selish Indians, undeservedly called Flatheads, whose war dance is thus interpreted: "It was a portrayal of the glorious deeds of the warriors, a recitation of victorious achievement, a picture of battle, of striking the body of the fallen enemy—one of the greatest tests of valor. The act of striking was considered a far more gallant feat than the taking of a scalp." Then there was the pleasing contrast provided by the marriage dance. "The young squaws, in their gayest attire, ornamented with the best samples of their head work and painted bright vermilion about the lips and cheeks, formed a chain around the tom-tom, singing shrilly. Then a brave with a party of friends stepped within the circle, hearing in his hand a stick, generally a small branch of pine or other native tree. He approached the object of his love and laid the branch on her shoulder. If she rejected his suit she pushed the branch aside, and he, with his flowers, retired in humiliation and chagrin. It often happened that more than one youth desired the hand of the same maiden, and the place of the rejected lover was taken immediately by a rival who made his prayer. If the maid looked with favor upon him she inclined her head laying her cheek upon the branch." That action was at once the betrothal and the marriage.

Notwithstanding the legends which are gathered in this book, and the many particulars given of manners and customs, the writer is fain to confess that after all the Indians are the mystery of the American continent. "They speak to us, they smile at us, they sit within our churches and use our tongue, but for all that they remain forever strangers. What Pagan beliefs vibrating through the loves, aspirations, and bitter griefs, separate from our comprehension as the poles, thrill out of the darkness of yesterday and die unspoken, unformed, beneath those calm, bronzed brows? They are a problem to be studied, never solved; a riddle, one with the Sphinx, the Cliff Dwellers, and the Aztec ruins." Perhaps it is because of that very mystery that the Indian has given so much romance to the American continent, and inspired such an attractive record as the present.

TRAILS THROUGH WESTERN WOODS. By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$2 net.

Europe Since 1815.

Clear understanding of present-day happenings in European politics is impossible without some knowledge of the events which have transpired since the downfall of Napoleon. There are, however, few single-volume works to which the student of politics can turn when

anxious to learn the origins of contemporary events, and hence there should be a large audience for Professor Hazen's careful history. It is virtually the story of the nineteenth century in Europe, and gives a lucid account of the development of the different nations, besides providing the reader with data for tracing the great tendencies of the century, including the transference of power from oligarchies to democracies, and the growth of nations like Germany, Italy, and the Balkan States. Professor Hazen's method is to treat first the histories of the countries which have interacted upon each other, such as Austria, Prussia, France, and Italy, and then go back to his starting point and deal chronologically with England, Russia, Turkey, and the lesser States. The plan has many features in its favor and works well in the present author's hands.

Naturally, in view of the interests involved and the period covered, the treatment has had to be concise rather than exhaustive, and there was no opportunity for picturesque writing; but the narrative is by no means a mere dry catalogue. Also the history is to be commended for its impartial attitude and for the fourteen instructive maps and admirable bibliography with which it is equipped.

EUROPE SINCE 1815. By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Mrs. Addison sets herself a modest task in the present volume. Her object, she says, is not "primarily to describe in detail the treasures displayed in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, but rather to call attention to the various collections, and to prepare visitors to enjoy what is in store for them by outlining in a simple way the general features of the departments and exhibitions." Consequently the reader must not expect much in the way of art criticism or interpretation; Mrs. Addison has none of the gifts of a Vernon Lee; but she has gathered together so many anecdotes about painters and the exhibits in general that her book will be read with much interest.

After a brief account of the history of the museum, the contents are described in the following order: American painting, the Old Masters, pictures of the French school, textiles and pottery, prints, the Egyptian department, Greek vases, Chinese and Japanese exhibits, and Oriental pottery and porcelain. The volume can hardly be used as a handbook, inasmuch as there are no references to the numbers of exhibits, but the reader who is familiar with its pages will be prepared for the adequate enjoyment of the various treasures. And those who can not visit the museum will derive much information and entertainment from Mrs. Addison's pages, which, by the way, are generously illustrated by excellent half-tone reproductions of admirable photographs.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. By Julia de Wolf Addison. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$3.

Brief Reviews.

That the frankly and well-written type of melodramatic novel can command a large audience is proved by the fact that a second edition of Bernard Capes's "Why Did He Do It?" (Brentano's; \$1.50) has been called for so soon. Mr. Capes has the story-telling gift developed to a high pitch, and is a master of sensationalism.

Holding that the best method of gaining an idea of "The Real Roosevelt" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net) is to sample his various speeches and writings, Alan Warner has gleaned far and wide in both fields for the making of this book. The arrangement of the extracts is orderly and there is a full index of subjects. There is a glowing foreword from the pen of Lyman Ahcott.

All in search of information as to how to form a horticultural society or to improve one already in existence will find much useful information in Charles H. Curtis's "The Book of the Flower Show" (John Lane Company; \$1 net). The point of view is English, but the suggestions are of wide application. There is an excellent chapter on horticultural societies in general, which is followed by a discussion of constitutions and rules, show regulations, and numerous hints on how to prepare flowers, fruits, and vegetables for exhibition. The book is well illustrated from photographs.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Robert Dodsley.

Perhaps it is too late in the day to create any great enthusiasm over the poetic efforts of Robert Dodsley, but Mr. Straus deserves the gratitude of students of the eighteenth century for the industry he has displayed in the compilation of this biography of the famous publisher. His "literary eminence" is neither here nor there for the present generation, but his relations with Dr. Johnson, Thomas Gray, Horace Walpole, and William Shenstone have an abiding interest.

Dodsley it was who gave Johnson's "London" to the world, and later took a leading part among the publishers who shared the expense of the dictionary. He it was also who advised the inscription of the plan of the dictionary to Lord Chesterfield, with what ultimate result the world knows. And Dodsley was the publisher of "Rasselas," written, it will be remembered, to pay the funeral expenses of Johnson's mother.

One of the most interesting passages in Mr. Straus's book is that devoted to the first publication of a poem which was to become so famous. This was the "Elegy" of Gray, which was finished in the summer of 1750. "A copy was sent immediately to Walpole, whose enthusiasm led him to commit the grave indiscretion of handing it about from friend to friend, and even distributing copies of it, without Gray's cognizance." One of these made its way into the office of a literary periodical, but lately started under no very grand auspices by one of the minor booksellers. On February 10, 1751, Gray quite unexpectedly received the information, couched in politely impertinent terms, from the "Society of Gentlemen" who were editing this *Magazine of Magazines*, as it was called, that they had received a copy of "an ingenious poem, called 'Reflections in a Country Churchyard,'" which they proposed forthwith to print. The identity, then, of the "excellent author" had already been discovered—Walpole, it would seem, had taken no pains to preserve its anonymity—and they begged "not only his indulgence, but the honor of his correspondence." Whereupon Gray wrote in high indignation to Walpole. "As I am not at all disposed," he declares, "to be either so indulgent, or so correspondent, as they desire, I have but one bad way left to escape the honor they would inflict upon me; and therefore am obliged to desire that you would make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time) from your own copy, but without my name, in what form is most convenient for him, but on his best paper and character; he must correct the press himself, and print it without any interval between the stanzas, because the sense is in some places continued beyond them; and the title must be, 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.'"

Perhaps the most disappointing feature of the book is its paucity of information regarding the "Annual Register," by far the most useful and valuable of Dodsley's enterprises. Mr. Straus's somewhat commonplace and careless style of writing is illustrated by the quotation given above.

ROBERT DODSLEY: POET, PUBLISHER AND PLAY-WRIGHT. By Ralph Straus. New York: John Lane Company; \$6.50 net.

Romantic Germany.

With the natural enthusiasm of the book-maker, Mr. Schaffner waxes eloquent over all the cities chosen for treatment in this richly illustrated volume. He has even much praise for Berlin in spite of the drawbacks which he is honest enough to set down. But this spirit of hearty appreciation makes for the reader's enjoyment of what is throughout an entertaining volume.

Berlin is second on Mr. Schaffner's list. Danzig coming first, and the other points of his pilgrimage including Potsdam, Brunswick, Leipzig, Meissen, Dresden, Munich, Augsburg, and Rothenburg, which is characterized as "the City of Dreams." It is frankly admitted that there is nothing romantic about Berlin, that the Berliner is trying to be superior, that he is unapproachable and cold, and that the city is alive with uniforms. "The citizen brings the manners of the camp into his daily life, and, in lieu of an epaulet, goes about with a chip on his shoulder. In the shops it is common for the clerk to inquire sneeringly. 'Is that all you're going to buy?'" The aesthetic standards of Berlin are not exalted; hence the point of the criticism, "Their ideal in domestic architecture is that of the universal exposition." Still, Mr. Schaffner finds the taste of official Berlin improving, and asserts that although it takes years to make a friend of a Berliner, he is worth the trouble. The city government is unique; more than forty thousand citizens participate in the administration without reward!

As he nowhere reveals his preference, it is difficult to decide to which city Mr. Schaffner would give the palm, but it is obvious that he has a warm corner in his heart for Munich. That is not surprising. It is the city of good fare. The Münchener avoids the German thing of "trying to look impressive," and is as natural as a lumberman or a farmer. Few other places are so democratic, and the natives are "so good-natured that they hate to trouble

one for their just dues. I have had more than one landlady who could hardly be induced to present her bill, and even then half the extras were not included." The natives can extract pleasure from anything, even the gaudy new annex to the court of justice. Hence the condemned murderer who, allowed a last wish, said, "Kindly lead me past the new court of justice that I may have one more good laugh before I die." He was probably a saner critic of art than Mr. Schaffner proves himself to be when he speaks of Max Klinger's hideous Beethoven as "the greatest achievement of recent German sculpture." But that lapse may be forgiven him in view of these readable pages.

ROMANTIC GERMANY. By Robert Haven Schaffner. New York: The Century Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

An announcement of unusual interest is made by Little, Brown & Co. to the effect that they will begin in the fall the publication of a Modern Criminal Science series, consisting of books by continental authorities. The first volume will be "Criminal Psychology," a translation from the German of Professor Hans Gross, and subsequent issues will include "Modern Theories of Criminology," "Crime, Its Causes and Remedies," and "Criminal Sociology."

Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, London, is "to let." It was his residence from 1748 to 1758 and the scene of the greater part of his labors on his dictionary. There, too, Johnson's wife died, and it was under this roof he was arrested for a small debt and taken to a sponging-house.

Bret Harte's "Salomy Jane," which has never been published separately, will be issued in an attractive holiday form shortly by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The same firm will begin their fall season today by publishing "Enchanted Ground," a new novel by Harry James Smith, "The Meddlings of Eve," by William J. Hopkins, and other books.

During the past year 217,975 students have used the reading-room of the British Museum, a daily average of 719. The additions of books and magazines amounted to 68,975.

Anglo-Italian dialect verse of a quality so distinctive and charming that it gains the attention of those who have a distaste for the ordinary examples of mutilated speech, are often discovered in the columns of newspapers, credited to T. A. Daly, of the *Catholic Standard and Times*. Mr. Daly has written many poems in perfect English, and all his work is evidence of refined art. More than this, he is a humorist without grievance. This from the *Catholic World* is a deserved tribute to Mr. Daly, who has just been honored with the Litt. D. degree from Fordham University: "The breath of spontaneity is present in every stanza he has given us. What is in some sense still more laudable, as it is more rare, is the ever-abiding kindness of his tone. In all his singing we find never a trace of sourness, never a sting of cynicism."

An order for a copy of "Long Tom's Accordion" puzzled a publisher's assistant considerably the other day, especially as the customer was certain as to the correctness of the title. What was wanted was a little pamphlet bearing the name of "L'Entente Cordiale."

There is a slump in Shakespeare folios. A perfect set of the first four, for which in 1908 the sum of £3850 was refused, failed at a recent sale to elicit a higher offer than £1800 for the first folio and £1136 for the other three. Another copy of the first folio with some leaves in facsimile fetched £600.

Irish, Jews, and Frenchmen were, it seems, cordially disliked by the late Goldwin Smith. A friend tells that he detested Disraeli worst of all, and asks, "Was he especially bitter against Disraeli for having sprung from the Jewish race, or against the Jewish race for having given birth to Disraeli?" The same friend remarks: "The crushing personality of Goldwin Smith stunted his powers of sympathy. Like Freeman, and perhaps like Macaulay, he was lacking in the Shakespearean faculty of catching a villain's point of view."

To affirm that Scottish poetry has suffered from "anthological neglect" is to ignore many books which have been published during the past decade, but at the same time there should be a welcome for the "Anthology of Scottish Verse" which Sir George Douglas has in preparation, especially as an effort will be made to represent the older poets worthily.

What is the American book of today? asks H. L. Cooper, librarian of Brown University, and answers: "It is a one-volume novel, a rather clumsy duodecimo, with a showy cover adorned with a colored picture of the heroine. It is printed on thick paper of poor quality, with type too large for the page, and ugly margins equal all around. Its binding is weak, often good for only a dozen readings, though quite as lasting as the paper deserves. For merits it can usually offer clear type, black ink, and good presswork." On the other hand, the Edinburgh chamber of commerce, referring to mechanical aids to bookbinding, reports: "The United States has taken the

lead in new inventions. German manufacturers have either copied the American machines, sometimes with scarcely creditable closeness, and offered them in this country, or produced machines of their own design for similar work. These latter, while invariably finished with mechanical excellence, frequently lack the workmanlike compactness and fitness characteristic of American machines."

Burns's "auld brig o' Ayr," the arches and pillars of which had been undermined by water and time, has been thoroughly restored and reopened by Lord Rosebery to the accompaniment of a historical fête.

According to the *Bookman*, some of the foggiest questions about literature are asked of library assistants in tenement district branches. A survey of the recent "information" statistics reveals the facts that one patron asked what Milton's last name was; that a second wished to learn if he could obtain any more books by Ivanhoe; that a third—a woman about thirty-five years old—asked to be given a story by "the lady that wrote Miss Erables"; and that still another woman, evidently having encountered a similar merit in Hugo's works, asked if "Hugo Victoria" was the author of "any story telling about English queens."

Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" legend is described by Sir Edward Fry, an acute jurist, as a myth. No piece of historical evidence has ever been produced, he says, to show that the band existed, though their long-continued misdeeds were of a nature to produce a whole library of chapbooks. It is a magnificent story, he admits, "but the efforts to give it a basis of fact provide painful reading for those who desire the progress of historical studies."

Among the fall books promised by Sturgis & Walton Company is an edited version of Pepys's famous "Diary," which is thought to be too long for present-day reading. The fact that Henry B. Wheatley is to provide the introduction is somewhat reassuring.

Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," which was written in prison, has led to the incarceration of two men who have been selling large quantities of a pirated edition in England. The evidence at the trial showed that the book quickly went through thirteen editions when first published, and realized sufficient money to pay off the author's debts and to provide for his children.

Among the new civil pensions recently granted in England are annual sums of £100, £80, £70, and £55 to Richard Whiteing, Arthur Granville Bradley, Mrs. Constance Garrett, and Mrs. Ellen Beardsley respectively. That to the first-named is in consideration of the literary merit of his "No. 5 John Street" and other books, to the second in recognition of the value of his writings on Canadian history, to the third in appreciation of her translations from the Russian, and to the fourth in consideration of the merits of her son, Aubrey Beardsley.

New Books Received.

THE GLORY AND THE ABYSS. By Vincent Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A quiet but arresting story of life in rural England with landscape painting of a poetic quality.

THE GOLDEN CENTPEDE. By Louise Gerard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

An expedition to German West Africa lands, the hero in a series of exciting adventures which culminate in an attractive version of the old, old story.

SABLE AND PURPLE. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

Four poems, the first in commemoration of the death of Edward VII. The others are "King Alfred," "In the Midst of the Seas," and "The Threatened Towers."

BACKWOODS SURGERY AND MEDICINE. By Charles Stuart Moody. New York: Outing Publishing Company; 75 cents net.

Describes "common-sense methods for the treatment of the ordinary wounds and accidents," designed for the lover of the woods "who doesn't expect to be ill but believes in being on the safe side."

CHINESE FAIRY STORIES. By Norman H. Pitman. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.

Eleven stories typical of the fairy tales loved by children of the Flowery Kingdom, told in a manner which should make them equally attractive to the children of the West. Numerous illustrations in color.

GOD'S TROUPEADOUR. By Sophie Jewett. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.25 net.

An admirable re-telling of the story of Saint Francis of Assisi for the use of children. Songs of the period are scattered through the narrative and there are many illustrations from photographs.

DAYS BEFORE HISTORY. By H. R. Hall. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50.

Sketches of prehistoric times in England specially designed for boy readers. An excellent and trustworthy picture of primitive life.

THE WHITE MERLE. By Lilian Gask. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Based on the tradition that at the first clear notes of a white merle's song, sight will return to the eyes of the blind. A winsome story for children.

THE BOYS' CUCHULAIN. By Eleanor Hull. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Heroic legends of Ireland related for young readers in an interesting style. Excellent pictures in color.

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GRAND OPERA AT IDORA PARK.

By George L. Shoals.

Have you ever been to Coney Island? Greater New York has claimed you as a sight-seer any time during the past ten years, it is safe to assume that you have visited that greatest of summer-time amusement capitals. If all you know of it has been gathered from newspaper and magazine articles, it is equally certain that you would like to see the place, for it has been advertised—often without cost to its showmen—magnificently and multifariously. But if your home is in any leaner, cooler, quieter place than Manhattan, no visit has been or will be a sufficiency.

No, this article is not in the wrong column, and by accident under that time-honored symbolic heading. It will justify itself later on; but there are times when it is difficult to refrain from moralizing. It will surprise many readers of this page to be told that a forty-minute ride from the down-town part of San Francisco will bring one to an amusement park that is much more attractive, more sanely amusing, more wholesome and healthful, more comfortable, and more honest and respectable, than either one of the two great aggregations at Coney Island. Idora Park, situated somewhere about midway between the business centres of Oakland and Berkeley, and a mile back from the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay, has Dreamland or Luna Park whipped to a whisper. It is as lavender to Jimson-weed, a music-box to a hurdy-gurdy. Take the ferry from the foot of Market Street to the other side, then a fifteen-minute ride in an electric car, and you are there. And you will not be beaten or hurried, jerked or hustled, half as much as you will be when you go to Coney Island, whether by steamer, train, or motor-car.

Idora Park lacks some of the remarkable features of that famous Eastern playground: first, the broiling summer heat, that drives motorists to all kinds of distractions and excesses; second, the immense crowds, made up of all sorts and conditions of mankind; third, the sandy beach, with its nondescript population. But it can afford to miss them. In their place it has genial climate the year around, wide breathing spaces, shady trees and green grass, banks and borders of bright-blooming flowers, which are unknown at Coney Island. And it has nearly all the devices for thrills and laughter, for swift motion and sudden checks, for dazzling the eyes, and ravishing the ears, and tickling the fancy, that distinguish the hundreds of summer parks which have been created in the past fifteen years. It has the scenic railway and shooting the rapids enterprises patented and owned by Thompson, of Luna Park fame. The circle wing, the roller coaster, the merry-go-round, the devil slide, the automobile race-course, the miniature railway, are all there, and in addition a spacious, smooth-floored skating rink, a big shell band-stand, and a handsome, well-appointed opera house.

At night it is a scene of brilliance and mysterious shadows. Electric lights outline every structure with stars, and glow from the depths of bowers and fountains. Some of the flowers about the walks and trees close their blossoms in sleep, but most of them though pale are as wide awake as the moving spectators. Music pulses from every quarter, oftener discordant than pleasing. The merry-go-round organ gasps and whistles like some decrepit titan of tune, straining and wheezing up to the shreds and tatters of old-age efforts. Some youthful Wagner or Strauss may get inspiration for new effects in the gaps and patches of that tortured mechanism. But the lesser instruments seem to sink into silence when the big band in the shell stand strikes up. Fifty or more girls, in rose-colored blouses, with hussar capes of blue and white over their shoulders, manipulate the keys of flutes and clarionets, oboes and bassoons, cornets and horns, trombones and tubas, and blow soft or loud as the girl conductor signals. And they are good expression to scores from Gounod, Verdi, Eilenberg, Godfrey, Lincke, Lefebvre, Pabani, and Pryor Monday evening. Old and new joined in the applause when the soloist, with hair the color of her shining cornet, triple-tongued the vivacious passages of a cotish medley.

This merely by way of introduction. What an active, full-facultied press agent could do with such possibilities, here set down without extenuation or extravagance, it is painful to consider. But there is a better topic. In

the opera house there was a feast of the sort that gives the name to such temples—a name more often misapplied than truly descriptive.

Just bere the shadow of pathos is approached; but it will be avoided. The average American, and several millions above and below the average, have the same firmly rooted desire for grand opera that they have for caviare and kirschwasser. They huy-it in measured quantities as a public ceremonial, but they spread pleasures more frivolous or more prosaic over the long stretches of their existence. They love music and its imitations, good, bad, and indifferent, but contrapuntal complexities and symbolic theme motives are olives to the general. They are stirred to enthusiasm frequently by a glorious voice or an orchestra of marvelous tone and technic, but the simulated emotions of opera singers rarely evoke a thrill of genuine sympathy. This is not so sad as true. Perhaps when opera singers sing in the English language to English-speaking audiences, and—more important still—sing with words and phrases so articulated that their hearers may understand them, there will be another story to write.

But that is not the pathetic thing. How many Italian opera companies have come to San Francisco with good ability and high hopes, and after laudable effort have been extinguished by a blanket of indifference as unavoidable and inevitable as the five o'clock fog? Never mind; the Bevani Grand Opera Company at Idora Park is—well, it is across the bay. It has already had its four-weeks season extended, and the prospect before it is as fair as the flowers that bloom on the sunny side of the opera house. It is singing "I Pagliacci" this week, preceded by the second act of "Lucia." And it is strong enough in principals to offer alternate casts.

Achille Alberti sang the famous prologue before the curtain as Tonio Monday night, and there, and in the later scenes, showed a fair haritone voice and good dramatic ability. Ettore Campana has the part alternate evenings. Umberto Sacchetti, the tenor, who is the Canio in Leoncavallo's opera and the Edgardo in "Lucia" half the time, is a round-faced young man, with much ardor and sufficient grace. Eugenio Battain, his alternate, is said to have a more remarkable voice, but Sacchetti wins and deserves high favor. Regina Vicarino, a young and slender singer, whose voice is high and pleasing though not rich, is the Nedda and Lucia of this cast. Guiditta Francini is the other soprano mentioned in the programme. Edmee de Dreux sings the part of Beppe, in the harlequin costume, and has little opportunity to display the quality of her gifts. Charles Swickard, who may perhaps be claimed as a San Franciscan, because of his many appearances here, is the Silvio in "Pagliacci" and the Ashton in "Lucia." His voice is notably good in these rôles, and he is in no wise to be unfavorably compared with his associates. A. Mesmer, another singer of old-time acquaintance, was the Arthur in "Lucia."

The chorus is more than ordinarily recognizable. It sings in English a part of the time, with a somewhat incongruous effect, but it is demonstrably alive and usually punctual. Its readiness and volume reflect creditably upon the conductor, who is an intellectual personage with a Creator wisp down his forehead. The orchestra is nearly adequate, especially in the strings. There is a jovial, plump-cheeked first violin, who plays with the divine rapture of one who has gladly escaped from the bondage of Berlin or Vienna or Heidelberg. The cello and bass prove their presence in the tragic Leoncavallo passages, even when the eye is held by the rhythmic sweep of the violin bows in unison. Familiar faces among the wood-winds and brasses show the derivation of the greater part of the organization. The player of the kettledrums alone mistakes the really good acoustics of the place.

Monday evening the audience was not large, but it was enthusiastic or voracious. It applauded loudly and insistently. Quite as many demands for repetition and for post-scene appearances as good taste would require were granted. The odds for graciousness were with the singers. Were the spacious auditorium filled to capacity at every performance, the Bevani Grand Opera Company would render a full equivalent for the favor shown. And this, though the greatest, is but one of the attractions of the summer nights at Idora Park.

The August meteors are believed to originate from a large cluster or zone of meteoric bodies, which revolves around the sun in an elliptical orbit, extending far beyond the orbit of the remote planet Neptune, and through which the earth plunges annually. It is also believed by most astronomers that these bodies are scattered over the entire path of the cluster to which they belong, but not in equal numbers throughout. The earth is about ten days in passing through the entire cluster, which, from our velocity in space, indicates that the thickness of the cluster is about 16,000,000 miles. The annual August display usually lasts about six hours, and it is always an event of peculiar interest to astronomers.

CHOOSING THE CHORUS.

How the Career of the Singing and Dancing Girls Is Begun.

Everybody knows the importance of those daisies of the musical-comedy and comic-opera stage, the chorus girls, but just how they happen is not often told, and rarely indeed so well as Richard Henry Little has done in a recent issue of the Chicago Tribune. Most properly, the writer was not in a "black beetle" mood when he took observations:

The way to the promised land did not look especially prescient of fame, and wealth, and automobiles, and white poodle dogs, and a summer residence on Long Island. It first led down an alley, where the red-faced driver of a beer wagon was relating in a dispassionate manner various shortcomings of the ancestry of the driver of the ice wagon who insisted on blocking the alley against further traffic. Dodging under the noses of the ice wagon horses, the pilgrim en route to the promised land walked on to where a narrow door was set in the alley wall. Over this door was marked the single word "Stage."

Within all was as dark as a cave. A single light burned over a table where a man in his shirt sleeves perspired and fumed over a notebook in which he was writing. Little groups of girls and men stood silently about until the man at the table called their names. The last arrival stood doubtfully for a while at the door and then with a loudly beating heart walked in. For through that door led the path that might lead on and on until at last at the summit she would stand, a Leading Lady.

The man at the table was picking the chorus for the new comic opera, "The Sweetest Girl in Paris," which is to open the La Salle Theatre. Before you cook a rabbit, the old recipe says, you must first catch your rabbit. And before the grand opening night, with its fashionable audience and its bushels of roses and its scintillating and bedizened chorus, you must first get your chorus. One of the favorite bromides of a first night's audience at a musical comedy is, "Where in the world do all these pretty girls come from?"

They are the cullings of that little army of girls that walked down the alley, under the horses, and stood around on the dark stage during a hot summer's day. And it wasn't the \$18 a week that lured a single one of them, although that's good wages for a young woman these days. It was the deeply guarded ambition of developing through the chorus into a prima donna or a leading lady.

It's hard work selecting a chorus. The man in his shirt sleeves at the table on the stage of the Grand Opera House who picked the chorus for "The Sweetest Girl in Paris" company had chosen many choruses, however, and he was as brusque and businesslike as a recruiting sergeant for the army. Letters of introduction, fulsome recommendations from influential citizens, musical colleges, and elocution teachers, deft references to high social position, or reminders of old friendships impressed him no more than did the lamentation of the painter behind him who was redecorating the steel curtain and lamenting the loss of his most cherished brush.

"What I want," said the man at the table, "is girls for the chorus. Good looking girls that can dance and sing. I'm not signing up debutantes for the charity ball. Next girl in line there, what's your name?"

The young woman stepped up coyly to the table.

"Imogene De Lancey."

"You picked a good one. What's your voice?"

"Soprano."

"Let's see your elbow."

The man at the table stopped to explain that a pretty elbow was important because on the stage elbows were very noticeable. And a bad one couldn't be bidden. Also that a pretty forearm and elbow meant that its owner possessed a well-proportioned figure.

The elbow clinic ended, the man at the table said:

"All right. Go over there to the piano and get your voice tried."

Imogene went over to the piano and asked the shirt-sleeved man who sat in front of it smoking a pipe if she should render the "Stabat Mater" or the "Jewel Song" from "Faust."

"Nix," said the man at the piano. "Jump on that note." He banged a key on the piano. "La," sang Imogene De Lancey.

"Now hit this one," and the man sounded another note, which Imogene tried.

"Right, Gus," said the man at the piano.

"What'll I do now," asked Imogene.

"Sit down," said the man at the piano, "or stand up, just so you stick around."

Imogene retired. She had been accepted so quick it made her head swim.

The next young woman to approach the comic-opera recruiting officer did not give her name when asked, but leaned over and whispered something to him. He looked at her and said:

"Well, some of the girls will be expected to wear 'em, but we'd never ask you to—never in the world."

"Well, all right, then," said the young

woman. "You see, I have to remember my social position."

"Try this girl's voice," said the man at the table to the man at the piano.

The man at the piano banged a big note and the young woman let out something that resembled a stifled scream for assistance.

"Trial's over," said the man at the piano. "Six months at hard labor."

The young woman didn't understand the verdict, but some one explained to her that her voice had not been found satisfactory. But before she left she said that none of her set would ever go near "The Sweetest Girl in Paris" and that it was bound to be a miserable failure.

The next girl in line had big tears in her eyes when she faced the inquisition.

"I suppose I ought to tell you," she said, "that at present I am washing dishes in a restaurant."

The man at the table was as indignant as though the girl had handed him a letter of introduction from President Taft.

"What's that got to do with it?" he snapped.

"Go over there and get your voice tried."

The girl sang a few notes and came back. "You needn't wash any more dishes," said the man at the table. "You'll do. Put your name down."

And when the long afternoon was finished the chorus had been selected and the girls filed out of the stage door and back down the alley.

"And every one of 'em thinks she's a-going ter be a primmer donner," said the painter as he ceased his labors on the steel curtain. The stage door man resented the idle words of the painter, because the painter knew naught of the little world that lies back of the scenes.

"And so some of 'em are, maybe," said the stage door man. "You don't know and I don't know, but just the same there may be a Eames or a Melba or a Nordica in that crowd."

"And also mebbe not," said the painter.

But the stage door man scorned to answer the painter. In the eyes of the stage door man the painter belonged to a different planet.

"Chantecler" is to be played in the open air at Carcassone, at Toulouse, and elsewhere during this month and September. It is said that the receipts from the play in Paris have amounted to \$120,000; and it is now being played at popular prices, with stalls at \$1.40.

Chicago preparations for the conclave of Knights Templar included the posting of an attendant on every block along the march to aid beat sufferers.

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VANITY FAIR.

Imitating the example of the sweet young things of Barnard College, some English girls have been holding a symposium on the subject of the ideal man, but they seem to have reached a different conclusion, mainly, no doubt, because the back pages of the magazines over-seas are unadorned by the Googenheimer model. John Bull's daughters, then, agreed that on the whole they prefer an ugly man, with a temper and an enormous appetite. So the poet of the *Sketch* puts their aspirations into verse:

No beauty man with a barber's smile,
No finicking lady's pet,
Or dandified fop can ever beguile
The militant Suffragette.
The man who tames her will have to be
Designed on a sterner plan—
A kind of modified chimpanzee,
Magnificent ugly man.

Ideal man is distinctly plain,
Dark, and of medium height,
Forceful and calm, with a moderate brain,
And a fabulous appetite;
Affection little, ill-temper much—
That's the only man to suit,
For, oh! there's nothing on earth to touch
The masterful, ugly brute.

Not even the most exhaustive "Complete Letter-Writer" has ever catered for the needs of the house-mistress who has parted from her cook and yet can not refuse her a "character." But the Viscountess de Fontenay comes to the aid of distressed housekeepers with an epistle which is as much a model of its kind as Dr. Johnson's famous castigation of Lord Chesterfield. Cook and mistress had lived together for three years in a state of armed neutrality, cook giving "notice" regularly once a fortnight. Then she was dismissed, and all her efforts to obtain another situation proved amazingly fruitless, despite the "character" her mistress had written. This document was in French, whereas cook's linguistic accomplishments stopped at her native German. Growing suspicious at last that something was amiss, she had the "character" translated, and this is what she read:

"I, Viscountess de Fontenay, hereby certify that I have been in M. N.'s excellent and genial service for three years and that I have done my best to satisfy her demands.
"I was much upset on recognizing the impossibility of adapting myself to her peculiar character, but I unceasingly renewed my efforts to keep on good terms with her on account of her really excellent sauces, which greatly pleased my husband.
"I should have liked to remain in her service, but my patience was too severely tried. I am quite willing to furnish further complimentary particulars."

Devotees of the links will be interested to learn that, in the opinion of a philosophical student of their ancient game, a bag of golf clubs is a symbolical epitome of human society. In the front rank you have the driver, smooth, polished, elegant, the aristocrat of the circle, to whose lot falls the showy rôle in the day's performance, who disdains to play his part on the level of his fellows, and must have his sphere of operations artificially raised above the plane of the common earth. The brassy is your rich commoner, substituting a barrier of metal for the tee that confers rank on his social superior. After these come the humbler cleecks, lofters, and mashies, the common herd, who, like the butchers, shoemakers, and tillers of the ground among human beings, have the bulk of the work to do, and can afford no polish save what comes from keeping themselves clean, which at times is no easy task. Apart from them all stands the niblick, the good Samaritan of golf, resorted to only when the player is in a serious difficulty. The function of the niblick is to aid the golfer in the day of trouble, and his destiny, after having done his duty in that state of life, is to be relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness.

G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, is rapidly qualifying as the mentor of lovers at large. It is not alone that he defends the girls for flirting, which is their "emotional safety valve" and does them no harm, but he has discovered the six kinds of love and sets them forth in all their formidable terminology:
Emotive delusion.
Fixed idea.
Rudimentary paranoia.
Psychic neurasthenia.
Episodic symptoms of hereditary degeneracy.
Psychic emotive obsession.
As might have been anticipated, Mr. Hall warns us that some of the above-named lead to the divorce courts, especially the third. The fourth and fifth look, in print, as though they might be equally dangerous.

After all, and notwithstanding the seeming modernness of his diagnosis, Mr. Hall is really late in the field. He may not be aware that he had a forerunner in the late eighteenth century in the person of a Dr. Moore, tutor to the young Duke of Hamilton of those days, whom he accompanied on the usual continental tour. The duke was then eighteen, and was

susceptible to feminine charms. He had just fallen a victim to the black eyes of a married lady when Dr. Moore made this report to the youthful peer's mother:

"This is the third passion the duke has had since we crossed the sea. They generally affect his appetite, and I can make a pretty good guess at the height of his love by the victuals he refuses to eat. A slight touch of love puts him immediately from legumes and all kinds of jarding. If it arises a degree higher he turns up his nose at fricassées and ragouts. Another degree, and he will rather go to bed supperless than taste plain roasted veal or poulets of any sort. This is the utmost length his passion has ever come hither-to, for when he was at the court with Mlle. Marchenville, though she put him entirely from greens, ragouts, and veal, yet she made no impression on his roast beef or mutton appetite. He fed plentifully upon those in spite of her charms. I intend to make a thermometer for the duke's passion with four degrees—(1) greens, (2) fricassées and ragouts, (3) roast veal and fowls, (4) plain roast mutton or beef; and if ever the mercury mounts as high as the last I shall think the case alarming."

Among the epicures of New York the nine members of the Lucullus Club are distinguished for the quality of their menus. They have not eclipsed the record of Cleopatra's banquet, but a recent dinner—distinguished as a "C. T. C." function—was notable for the serving of the most expensive viands in the market, namely, caviare, terrapin, and canvas-back duck. Here is the menu:

Buffet Russe.	
Lynnhaven Oysters.	
Nuts.	Olives.
Green Turtle Soup.	
Planked Boneless Shad.	
Diamondback Terrapin, Baltimore.	
Asparagus, Hollandaise.	
Canvasback Duck, Rouennaise.	
Salad, St. Georges.	
Bombe, Lucullus.	
Café.	

Talking of dinners suggests an incident in connection with the recent visit of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium to Paris. Royal guests of the Third Republic are usually entertained in somewhat spartan simplicity, but Albert and Elizabeth were particularly charmed with a delicate attention which was paid them, as they thought, when dining at the Quai d'Orsay, in the decoration of the magnificent Sèvres dinner service. On each plate and dish above the Gallic Chantecler were the initials, "A. E.," which the royal guests interpreted as a compliment to themselves. They did not reflect that the letters stand, not for Albert and Elizabeth, but for *Affaires Etrangères*, that is, Foreign Affairs.

As is the custom in giving hospitality to royal guests, the Quai d'Orsay is rechristened Palais Royal for the time being, but the letter-paper provided for their use is generally printed by the economical rubber-stamp. Hence the little prank of a member of the suite of the King of Bulgaria who was commissioned to distribute the parting gifts of his ruler. That to the official in charge of the Quai d'Orsay took the form of a steel die duly engraved "Palais Royal."

Men have so few hearty doctors that they should be especially grateful for the instructions given by Homer Croy in the manipulation of their hair. Leaving out of account those males who have got to the stage of using a huckaback towel for parting their scanty locks, Mr. Croy considers the needs of others with painstaking thoughtfulness:

Men with low, squatting foreheads should not pull their hair down over their brows, and men whose foreheads are beginning to work back should invite their locks down. If your hair has quietly slipped down toward your ears on each side, leave it there. If you bring it up in strings and wisps it will merely look like climbing vines, and will never really have the free-and-easy, homelike appearance that ought to be the part of all natural hair.

Do not part your hair any earlier than you can help. Hair is in a hurry these days, anyway. Usually it doesn't stay more than long enough to make sure that the baby is going to be a boy before it hastens off. It will part of itself soon enough, the best you can do.

Before combing your hair you should get acquainted with the architecture of your face. If your face is of the harvest moon variety, do not inlay your hair. Puff it up as much as possible. It's better to look like a feather duster on a Monday morning than a scratched billiard ball on a Saturday night.

But if your face is of a long, galloping ensemble, do not encourage your hair to fluff. If your head inclines to run up to a cone, do not spread your hair around in imitation of a palm-tree thatch; rather fluff it up and winnow it for fear some unbrid person will begin to talk about spring radish tops.

After all that's not such an important innovation which Mayor Gaynor has authorized in connection with the examination of candi-

dates for admission to the police force of New York. It seems that notwithstanding the lucrative allurements of that distinguished profession, the applicants are growing fewer in number save among out-of-town aspirants. And the latter, it appears, are completely nonplused by that part of the examination which demands a knowledge of the topography of the city. Strangers, in short, who had all those physical qualities which enable the New York policeman to pose as the bully of the high-ways, were completely floored by the street test. So it has been abolished. It was a needless test; for if the despot in blue ever had any knowledge of Manhattan topography he generally kept it to himself.

For once literature and society in Russia have a sensation in common (remarks the *New York World*). Because, all unwittingly, the Russian censor has condemned the work of a princess—an unthinkable thing in a land where royalty can do no wrong. This is how it came about. A novel entitled "The World of Horses" appeared a short time ago, and on account of its risky nature and the fact that it was evidently written by one who knew the highest Russian society perfectly had a considerable success. The censor of hooks, a man of severe views, had his attention called to the novel after it had already been allowed to be in circulation. On careful examination he decided that it was highly im-

proper and ordered steps to be taken to discover the anonymous author with a view to taking proceedings against him and his publisher for pornography. But on inquiry it turned out that the book had been written by no less a personage than Princess Gortchakoff, wife of the governor of Kaluga. The censor was horrified at the discovery, fearing the displeasure of the Czar. Legally he could do nothing, yet to rescind his decision was out of the question. The matter has, therefore, been referred to St. Petersburg, where, doubtless, a decision favorable to the princess will be given.

There was a time when it was believed possible to prevent seasickness by means of specially constructed vessels (says the *London Chronicle*). The *Calais-Douvres*, a twin ship, was used on the channel service for many years. Great things were expected from this, but she proved a slow boat, and her passengers were by no means immune from seasickness. Another attempt in this direction was the *Castalia*, in which the saloon was suspended like a hammock with a view to minimizing the pitching and rolling. This turned out an utter failure. If the rolling was less than in ordinary vessels the pitching was quite as bad and, moreover, the swinging mechanism occasionally stuck. After a very few trips across the channel the *Castalia* was taken off the service.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Duke of Wellington once expressed to Isquierdo his wonder at the enormous number of charlatans that there were in the world. Isquierdo quietly said: "I beg your pardon; I do not think there are enough—in proportion to the dupes."

A mendicant approached a Westchester man on the cars the other day, and said: "Dear sir, I have lost my leg," to which the Westchester man replied, as he hurried away: "My dear friend, I am very sorry, but I have not seen anything of it."

A witty Frenchman wrote at the commencement of this century a very interesting and amusing book hearing the title, "Les agréments et les chagrins des mariages." In this work the first four pages are devoted to the "agréments" (joys), and the remaining three hundred and fifty to the "chagrins" (sorrows).

A physician was driving along the street when his horse took fright and ran away. He was thrown violently to the sidewalk, and knocked senseless. Presently he recovered a little from his unconsciousness, and, noticing the crowd which had gathered about him, remarked: "What's the matter, gentleman? Anybody hurt? I'm Doctor B——. Can I be of any service?"

The haldest man in Congress is Representative Ollie James of Kentucky. One hot afternoon, when he was engaged in a heated colloquy with Mr. Payne of New York, he shook his fist and wagged his head with great energy. "Will the gentleman from Kentucky allow me to interrupt him?" queried Mr. Payne politely. "For a question, of course," agreed James. "Well," retorted Payne, "shake not your gory locks at me." That ended the debate.

A philosophical individual once refused point blank to lend fifty dollars to a hosom friend. "Well, I did not expect that of you," said the would-be borrower, rising and preparing to leave indignantly; "I will never forgive you for this refusal." "Of course you won't, my dear fellow," replied the philosopher, with the utmost calmness; "but if I'd lent you the fifty dollars, you wouldn't have paid me, and we should have quarreled about that; so it's as well to get the row over at once. Good-morning."

Mr. Gladstone was once making one of his great speeches in the House when Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) was leader of the opposition. Gladstone had worked himself up into a great state, and referred to "the right honorable gentleman and his 'satellites.'" On this there were cries of "Order, order," "Question," etc., which so disconcerted the right honorable gentleman that he lost the thread of his discourse. He threw back his head, and in vain tried to remember where he left off, when Mr. Disraeli leaned across the table, and said, quietly, "The last word was 'satellites.'"

Several members of a boat club at Frankfort-on-the-Main recently resolved to row to Mayence by night. It was just twelve o'clock when they seated themselves in their boat, grasped their oars, and bade their friends on shore farewell. They pulled vigorously all night, greatly enjoying the healthful exercise, the gloom and quiet, and the weird beauty of the river. Their own chagrin and the wild delight of their friends may be imagined when they found at sunrise they had forgotten to weigh anchor, and were still fast to the float from which they embarked. They are now mown to all Frankfort as "the explorers."

Harry Carr, of Broadway, New York, recently made a trip to Reno, and owing to a sudden turn of circumstances lingered there until he was hungry. At length Mr. Carr, having detached a dollar from a protesting friend, entered a Reno restaurant. "Sage hen," said the waiter, not as one offering a query, but as a person stating a fact. "What's sage hen?" asked Mr. Carr. The waiter said it was a bird, native to the desert country. "Has it got wings?" asked Mr. Carr. The waiter said it had. "Then," said Mr. Carr, decisively, "I don't want no sage hen. I won't eat nothin' that has wings—and yet tays in Nevada."

Theatre parties are now generally dubbed nuisances for their persistent talking. At ne given a few evenings since by some "fashionable" Bostonians an outsider in the audience would be forgiven for wishing for the resence and action of the late Mrs. John Blake, who, when similarly annoyed—while

trying to hear the delicious music of an opera—by some thoughtless, selfish persons behind her, made several attempts to silence them by her looks; finding this measure unsuccessful, she again turned around, and, looking the offenders in the face, said in an emphatic tone indicating her long-suppressed feeling: "For God's sake, hold your tongues, will you?" And they did!

The "cub" reporter had gone with the dramatic critic to see his first rehearsal, and after gazing at Miss Brown for nearly a whole act, said timidly to the older man, "I wonder whether any girl could be as innocent as Miss Brown looks." "You might ask her," the older man replied. The "cub" said he'd rather not; he didn't want to ask so leading a question, but the older and more cynical representative of the press took him hack up on the stage to see the young lady. The "cub" gathered his nerves and asked: "Miss Brown, could—er—any girl be as innocent as you look?" "Y-es, I think she could, but—she wouldn't want to be."

After having wrestled with about thirty dishes at a dinner, and after all this being called upon to speak, Horace Porter declared that he felt a great sympathy with that woman in Ireland who had had something of a field-day on hand. She began by knocking down two somewhat unpopular agents of her absence landlord, and was seen later in the day dancing a jig on the stomach of the prostrate form of the Presbyterian minister. One of her friends admired her prowess in this direction and invited her in and gave her a good stiff glass of whisky. Her friend said, "Shall I pour some water in your whisky?" and the woman replied, "For God's sake, haven't I had trouble enough already today?"

The head of a manufacturing concern who built up his business from nothing by his own dogged and persistent toil, and who has never felt that he could spare the time for a vacation, not long ago, however, decided that he was getting along in years, and that he was entitled to a rest. Calling his son into the library, he said: "Tom, I've worked pretty hard for quite a while now and have done very well, so I have decided to retire and turn the business over to you. What do you say?" The young man pondered the situation gravely. Then a bright idea seemed to strike him. "I say, dad," he suggested, "how would it do for you to work a few years longer and then the two of us retire together?"

A characteristic anecdote is told of Cherubini, the most jealous of the irritable genus of composers. He had been prevailed upon to be present at the first representation of the work of a confrère, and, during the first acts, which were much applauded by the public, he had kept a gloomy silence. The third act was less favorably received, and a certain passage especially seemed to cast a cold blanket over the spectators, when the old maestro, to the astonishment of his friends, was seen to applaud heartily. "Do you really like that duo?" asked one of them; "I should have thought it was one of the poorest and coldest in the whole opera." "You idiot," answered the maestro, with genuine naïveté, "don't you see that if I did not applaud it he might possibly cut it out?"

Many years ago, in consequence of a commercial panic, there was a severe run on a bank in South Wales, and the small farmers jostled each other in crowds to draw out their money. Things were rapidly going from bad to worse, when the bank manager, in a fit of desperation, suddenly hethought him of an expedient. By his directions a clerk, having heated some sovereigns in a frying-pan, paid them over the counter to an anxious applicant. "Why, they're quite hot!" said the latter, as he took them up. "Of course," was the reply; "what else could you expect? They are only just out of the mold. We are coining them by hundreds as fast as we can." "Coining them!" thought the simple agriculturists; "then there is no fear of the money running short!" With this their confidence revived, the panic abated, and the bank was enabled to weather the storm.

While on Their Vacation.

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THE MERRY MUSE.

Naughty Polly.

A young lady Dr. named Pr.
Had a parrot that constantly shr.
That parrot would swear
Till he brimstoned the air
And if she protested he mr.
—Boston Transcript.

Vacation Triangle.

O large and fat was Clarkson's wad
When Clarkson journeyed blithely
forth with fly-hook, line, and
jointed rod to spend the summer
in the North! Alas! It
proved a costly play, for
Clarkson freely bought
and bought. That wad
it dwindled day by
day—It vanished,
dribbled, s p e d
away—And so
poor Clerk-
son—sad
to say!
H a d
O
!

—Puck.

When a Man Don't Marry.

Friends all around him he sees—
Follies forgot—
Married and settled, while he's
Going to pot.
Happy are they with their wives and their
progenies;
He in his rooms, vainly trying to lodge in ease,
Gloomily sits, an unwilling Diogenes—
Pity his lot!

There in those homes of the Blest
Fain would he sit,
Welcomed by all as a guest,
Famed for his wit.
But the young wives view his schemes with
anxiety,
Fearing less, in his unhallowed society,
John may be lured from his newly found piety
Back to the Pit.

Plainly his clothing reveals
Needs of a wife—
Socks that are lacking in heels
Burden his life—
Frayed are his cuffs, and his collars are tastily
Garish with spikes, and they grow in disgrace
till he
Burns them, and shirts with new buttonholes hastily
Bored with a knife.

What though, to banish Despair,
Clubward he wends?
Lonely his heart even there—
Gone are his friends.
So by the fire, in the gloom of his garret, he
Muses, till, sent by the gods of their charity,
Thoughts unaccustomed arise, and hilarity
On him attends—

Thoughts of the men he knows
Bound for their sins,
Deep in connubial woes,
Up to their chins;
Bliss in perfection they sought, and, in quest of it,
Bartered their souls, and their friends make a jest
of it;
That's when he feels that he still has the best
of it—
That's when he grins!
—The Club-Fellow.

The Quarrel.

She had begged and beseeched me to change my
position,
To view the affair in the same light that she
Had done, but I vowed under no such condition
Could I be inveigled with her to agree.
Then she argued the question at issue with fervor,
And emphasized strongly her "darlings" and
"dears."

But, seeing that none of these tactics would serve
her,
She used then a woman's prerogative—tears.
She had scolded me sharply, with sarcasm cut me.
She'd flayed me with irony's torturing tools,
And vowed if her wish was respected they'd shut
me
In some close asylum for obstinate fools!
But seeing that none of these things seemed to
move me,
And keenly discerning with only deaf ears
I'd listed her outburst, she sought to reprove me
By sobbing her heart out in copious tears.

And then—(what would you do, I ask it sincerely!)—
I pardoned her temper, and owned, by the way,
That I'd been a brute, but that loving her dearly
I could not get mad at a thing she might say.
For it's easy to turn from a plea that's appealing,
And it's easy to list an arraignment that sears,
But show me a man who's so cold and unfeeling,
He'll not yield a point to a woman in tears!
—Roy Farrell Greene, in Leslie's Weekly.

"Why do widows almost always marry again?" "Because dead men tell no tales."—
Cleveland Leader.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Not a single event of absorbing interest has disturbed the social calm of the week just closed. Frequent meetings at informal dinners and luncheons still tend to satisfy the social demands of those who have returned to the city after their summer outings.

No event of any pretension has yet been planned, and whatever of entertainment approaches in any degree toward the nature of a function is still taking place out of town.

Week-end house parties are still furnishing a medium for hospitality and afford those who have remained near the city all summer a relaxation in the country.

A few weddings have been scheduled for the end of the month, and entertaining for the October brides-elect will furnish a motif for activity in the near future.

The afternoon of music given by the Bohemian Club on Tuesday afternoon at the Van Ness Theatre furnished evidences as to the presence in town of a great many who have but recently returned from the East and Europe. This was the most pretentious society gathering of the week, as the large audience included many of those prominent in club and professional circles, as well as those well known in the social world.

An interesting engagement announcement of the week was that of Miss Dorothy Florence Eaton and Mr. Rufus Kimball. Both young people are prominent in the younger set. The wedding will take place in the early winter.

The engagement has been announced in New York of Miss Gladys Jones of San Rafael and Lieutenant Owen Bartlett, U. S. N. Miss Jones is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Boswell and her family is prominent socially in San Francisco.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Ritchie and Mr. Kenneth Read was one of the pleasing announcements of the week. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mrs. Robert Ritchie and the late Rev. Robert Ritchie of Oakland. The wedding will take place next month.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Sullivan and Mr. Bartlett Doe will take place on August 31 at the home of the bride on Page Street and will be a home wedding. A reception will follow the ceremony, and after a honeymoon trip the young people will make their home in this city.

The wedding of Miss Harriett Snyder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Snyder, and Mr. Harry Rhys Davids took place Wednesday at the bride's home at Santa Cruz. After a brief honeymoon trip Mr. Davids and his bride will be at home at 246 Presidio Avenue.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Beauvais Mendell and Mr. Coert du Bois took place Tuesday in Boston and is of much local interest, as the groom is well known in society here, and after a brief wedding trip in the East he will bring his bride to San Francisco.

Mrs. J. P. O'Neill was hostess at a bridge party and tea on Wednesday afternoon at her home at the Presidio in honor of her house guests, Miss Goodhue and Miss Reynolds. Among her guests were Mrs. Frederick von Schroeder, Mrs. Elizabeth Furneal, Mrs. Frederick Stopfard, Mrs. M. S. Crissy, Mrs. John B. Corey, Mrs. George Grimes, Mrs. Robert Welsh, Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Mrs. George Apple, Mrs. Frederick Prince, Mrs. T. B. Steele, and Mrs. Abney Payne.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a luncheon at the Bellevue Hotel on Wednesday.

Miss Laura McKinstry entertained at a bridge party Monday at her new home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and their daughter, Lydia, are at Del Monte, and on Thursday they entertained at a luncheon at Pebble Beach

Lodge, at which their guests were Mr. and Mrs. William A. Washington, Miss Elizabeth Perry, Mrs. Thomas E. Wall, and Miss Rosella Wall of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee entertained at dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge on Sunday, at which their guests were Miss Genevieve King, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Mr. D. Lawrence, and Mr. E. Green.

Miss Gertrude Perry was hostess at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Thursday. The decorations were red poppies and the affair was one of the most daintily arranged of the week. Among those present were Mrs. Allan MacDonald (formerly Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick), Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Martha Foster, and Miss Henriette Blanding.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury was hostess at a luncheon at the Francesca Club on Friday at which the complimented guest was Miss Edith Pillsbury, the fiancée of Mr. Walter Bliss. A dozen guests gathered to greet the guest of honor.

The Daughters of the Confederacy were entertained Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Selden Wright. Among those who assisted Mrs. Wright in receiving were Mrs. J. de Barth Shorh, Mrs. George Maynard, Mrs. Alexander McAchie, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. C. C. Clay, Mrs. Angelotti, Mrs. Aldrich, and Mrs. Virginia Aldrich Beedy.

Miss Sarah Redington was hostess at a tea at Santa Barbara in honor of Mrs. Harry Stetson prior to her departure for home. Among Miss Redington's guests were Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Arturo Orena, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Miss Delfina Dibblee, Mrs. John Beale, Mrs. Cameron Rogers, Mrs. Arthur Alexander, Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, Miss Aeacia Orena, and Mrs. James Robinson.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden was hostess at a dinner last Saturday at Santa Barbara at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winslip, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mrs. Harry Stetson, and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr.

An informal dance was enjoyed at the Menlo Golf and Country Club on Saturday evening which was attended by the younger set down the peninsula. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Kathleen Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer, and Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor.

Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., was hostess at a beach party at Belvedere at which she entertained a group of friends spending the summer across the bay.

The half-hundred Iroquois Indians who are presenting Longfellow's legendary poem, "Hiawatha," at Glen Island, are, aside from their massed work as a thespian organization, furnishing in their individual personalities much material of more than passing interest. That many of them are excellent actors is a discovery that is being driven home to the mind of all who see them (remarks the dramatic critic of the New York Globe). To the white brother who has met the Indian on the plains or reservations and has had opportunity to study him at close range this is not a surprise, for it is known to him that the Indian is constantly acting. His stoical taciturnity, his immobility of feature is a mask. Nine times out of ten he understands your English, yet he never gives you a hint of it; not even when you are talking at him in the usual foolish manner, as: "Heap big chief." If when among his own people, you could see the play of countenance, the varied gesture, and hear the fluent speech in which he describes your talk and you, it would give you one of the surprises of your life. Yet, were he to say the same things to one of his own race, while you were present, he would do it all without the least outward display of emotion. His mastery over himself, in this regard, is complete.

When a Chicago pork-packer's pew rent was raised during a depressed condition of the market he exclaimed in despair: "The gospel going up with pork going down! What are we coming to?" Well, we may be coming to a condition in which the supply of clergymen will be so short that their price, like that of corn or cotton when the harvest is unfavorable, will advance (observes the Philadelphia Record). Within the last few days two clergymen have left the pulpit on the ground that their incomes were insufficient. One minister gave up \$600 a year to become floorwalker in a Boston store, and the other has resigned a pastorate with a salary of \$1200 without making any arrangements for his future. Nearly all the denominations have been complaining that the attendance at the theological seminaries has been falling off. If the supply of new ministers be reduced and the number of those already in the pulpit be depleted by resignations, the time will soon come when the churches will have to raise salaries or go without pastors.

In Strassbourg (according to the Paris *Matin*) the police administrator has issued a decree forbidding the "Kiss Waltz," and says: "I learn that in the course of halls organized in the communes of my district, a dance called the 'Kiss Waltz' is danced. During this dance women and girls allow themselves to be kissed publicly. This constitutes an offense against good German manners that I can not tolerate. In the name of morality, I formally prohibit the 'Kiss Waltz.' The police organizations will see that this order is strictly complied with."

CURRENT VERSE.

The Wind in the Leaves.

The wind that moves among the leaves
Is some slim maiden none perceives,
Who evermore her magic weaves,
And dances;
You hear her feet, as soft as thieves';
And then the silken swish of sleeves,
Fluttered along the forest's eaves,
Entrances.

She leans and whispers in the ear
Of every wild-flower something dear—
How to protect their hearts from fear
Of dying;
Then takes the thistle's feathery sphere
And glimmers it across the mere,
Or on a cobweb, trailing clear,
Goes flying.

The butterfly, that comes and goes,
She tosses on the wild wood rose;
And, standing sly on elfin toes,
She teases

The ealxed her that whines; then blows
Into each bud till wide it grows;
And swift the musk that in it glows
She seizes.

Then, faery-fair, away she trips,
Wild perfume on her wildwood lips,
To where, with twinkling finger-tips,
Day's daughter,
Dusk, waits her where the silence drips;
There from her gown of light she slips,
And with the star of twilight dips
The water.

—Madison Caccin, in the Outlook.

Home Coming.

As I rode North, as I rode North,
My heart came out of prison.
I saw the hills go shaking forth
Like strong men newly risen.
Oh, the South is soft and merry, but she touches
lighter strings
Than the fury of the battle when the North wind
pipes and sings.

As I neared home, as I neared home,
My heart was like a lover's.
I heard across the windy gloam
The harsh voice of the plovers.
Oh, the South is wide and kindly, and its hearth
is warm and bright,
But the North born needs the welcome of a rough
and windy night.

As I rode in, as I rode in,
The wind roved wide of prison.
I was a free man, near of kin
To strong winds newly risen.
Oh, the South is soft and merry and the South
is good to see,
But the stubborn lands and thrifty are the garden
soil for me.

—Halliwell Sutcliffe, in New York American.

Till Night Shall Come.

"How breaks the day?" you ask with patient eyes—
Cold broods the earth; no breath along the skies.
The hills yet watch the paling planets tread
Their muted paths; but o'er the long lake's
head
One fainting star concedes its sacrifice;
So close your eyes awhile till night is dead.

"How runs the hour?" you breathe with fevered
lips—
White noon is here. The drifting bee that sips
Its rose inclines the wing. Along the shore
The timid wind sings low; and ever lower
The lazy wave among the rushes slips:
So drowse again till dusk shall touch your door.

"Is night yet come?"—thin fingers on your
breast—
The clamorous rooks drop down the amber west
Where veiled fields their praying hands uphold.
Again the fireflies swing their lamps of gold,
And white moths flicker in unseeing quest:
So rest you softly now—your day is told.
—Gardner Weeks Wood, in Harper's Weekly.

Pyrrha on the Hill.

My mother danced in Agamemnon's house.
The myrtle wreath still clasps her withered brows
Where the earth holds her deep.
And I who breathe her spirit must remain
Here on the hill between the sun and rain
And tend the crying sheep.

This old gray shepherd is no kin of mine.
His blood is water to my leaping wine,
His heart ash to my fire.
He lies all day upon the sun-warmed grass,
Content to watch the idle seasons pass,
Without dream or desire.

Doom came upon the king ere I was born.
My mother fled toward the shepherd's horn
Among the junipers.
The shepherd made a grave for her, no more,
And here he reared me for the love he bore
That stricken face of hers.

And must I stay until my body fades
And I grow reconciled to seek the shades,
That see all beauty's end,
Here on the windy hill of empty days
With foolish sheep that only care to graze
And have no thought to spend?

I would be closed about with silk-hung walls,
That seem to live when passionate music calls,
And have my senses filled
With chant of fierce armed men, with heavy air
When dawn makes violet the torches' flare,
With scent of wine new-spilled.

Dead Agamemnon, help me to my hour.
Deep-buried mother, give me of your power,
Inform me with your breath.
Let me but once, with jeweled arms held up,
Drain of desire and dream the golden cup
E'en though to drink be death.

—Ethel Clifford, in Ainslee's Magazine.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Sewall have arrived from Portland and will make their home in San Francisco.

Miss Mary Carrigan is visiting friends at San Mateo.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and her daughter, Miss Meta McMahon, have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Fannie McCreary has returned to the city, after a visit at Inverness with her sister, Mrs. William Cary Van Fleet.

Mrs. J. C. Stuhls, who arrived with Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick and Miss Louise McCormick from Chicago, spent several days with her daughter, Mrs. Morton Gibbons, before leaving again for her home on Lake Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. George Willcutt, Mr. George Willcutt, and Mr. Arthur Fennimore have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin have returned from Sacramento.

Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb has returned to San Francisco from Mendocino.

Mrs. Allan Lee Green returned to Del Monte last week with Mrs. S. B. Cushing, who will remain for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are at Del Monte for two or three weeks, where they joined their daughter, Genevieve, and their son, Mr. Frank King, who have been at the hotel for several weeks.

Mrs. Virginia Ford and her son, Courtney, have taken apartments at the Bellevue for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Baker (formerly Miss Pansy Perkins) returned to their home at Tonoah on Monday, after a visit to the Perkins home in Oakland.

Dr. Tracy Russell spent the week end at Idlewild, on the shores of Lake Tahoe, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl.

Miss Florence Braverman spent the week end at Del Monte with a party of friends.

Senator George C. Perkins and his niece, Miss Alma Perkins, sailed Saturday for Tahiti, where they will spend six weeks.

Mrs. Edward Eherle went to Santa Barbara on Wednesday, where she will spend a month before going to Washington to await the arrival of Commander Eherle, who is returning from a tour of the world in command of the gunboat *Wheeling*.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Harley will go to their ranch in Lassen County after a few weeks longer at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Germaine Vincent has returned to her home in Berkeley, after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Barry Coleman, at San Mateo.

Miss Dorothy Chapman and Miss Clara Allen, who were chaperoned on their trip abroad by Miss Sara Gamble, will reach New York in a few weeks en route to California.

Mrs. Clinton Jones and Miss Helen Jones returned Monday from Castle Crag.

Mrs. Joseph A. Chanslor is in Paris, after a visit of six weeks at Carlshad. She will be the guest of relatives in England before returning in the fall.

Miss Laura Bates is leaving in a few days for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Young (formerly Miss Ella Bender) in Boston.

Mrs. Sidney Cushing has returned to her home at San Rafael from Santa Barbara, where she accompanied Mrs. William Brodie.

Mr. Christian de Guigne, Jr., left a few days ago to join his father in France. He will visit his sisters, Vicomtesse de Dampierre and Vicomtesse de Tristan in Paris before his return to San Mateo in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Aylett Cotton, who spent the month of July at Lake Tahoe, have returned to their home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sears Bates have returned to their home on Broadway, after having spent several months at Blithedale.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George Rhulin are spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe, and will return September 1 to occupy their quarters at the Presidio.

Miss Helen and Miss Bessie Ashton will be the guests of Major and Mrs. Melvor at the Presidio of Monterey during the golf tournament at Del Monte.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe, en route home from Europe. He will reach San Francisco about September 1.

Mrs. Frederick Poett, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. de la Guerra Dibley, in Santa Barbara, has joined Mr. Poett in San Francisco, where they will make their home in future.

Miss Constance Delaney, who has been the guest of Miss Elizabeth Livermore at her country home, Montecito, will return to Santa Barbara September 1.

Miss Hilda Stedman of Indiana is visiting her cousin, Miss Ethel Crocker, at her home at Burlingame.

Dr. and Mrs. Albion Hewlett, who are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William P. Reddington, will return in September to Ann Arbor, where Dr. Hewlett is a member of the faculty.

Mrs. Edwin A. Anderson has returned to Mare Island, after a visit of some weeks at Annapolis.

Mrs. Harry Stetson has returned from Santa Barbara, where she spent the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Miss Marian Miller have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie MacKillop of Seattle are visiting their daughter, Mrs. E. S. Riggins.

Miss Wilmot Holton has gone to Lake Tahoe with Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Holton.

Miss Ethel Shorb has been touring England and Scotland with Captain Sidney Cloman, military attaché at the American embassy in London, and Mrs. Cloman. Miss Shorb will return to San Francisco in September.

Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels and her children have returned from Castle Crag, where they spent the summer months.

Miss Rhoda Niehling and her cousin, Miss Freda Smith, have returned from Shasta.

Miss Sidney Davis has returned from Montecito, where she spent several weeks.

Mr. Frederick Tillman, Mr. Frederick Tillman,

Jr., and Miss Agnes Tillman are motoring in Washington.

Mrs. Mary Hanson Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb, and Mr. D. Hanson Grubb returned Thursday from a motor trip to Klamath and Crater Lake, Oregon.

Mrs. Richard William Davis was recently at Sofia, and after a brief stay in Constantinople will go to Bucharest and then return to Bad Nauheim to join Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins.

Mrs. Anna Farrell and her daughter, Miss Kathleen Farrell, are at Lake Tahoe. Later they will go to Del Monte for the golf tournament.

Dr. William J. Younger, accompanied by Mrs. Younger, arrived in San Francisco from Paris to visit their daughter, Miss Maud Younger.

Mrs. Uriel Schree has returned to Coronado, after a visit with Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase.

Mrs. Antoine Borel, Miss Lupita Borel, and Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis have returned to San Mateo, after a visit at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Kate Beaver and Miss Ethel Beaver are making a three months' tour in Mexico. They expect to return to San Francisco about October 1.

Among recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, were Mr. and Mrs. John Tonington, Mr. W. H. Hovey, Mr. G. Albert Lansburgh, Mr. William D. B. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. B. U. Steinman, Miss Lillian Steinman, Mrs. Louis Heilbron, Mr. W. G. Pippitt, Mr. R. C. Peck, Mr. Walter L. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Mooney, Mr. E. Parish, Mr. Arthur P. Huntington, Mr. Charles Fletcher Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chambers, Miss Helen Chambers, Mr. H. E. Chambers, Mr. R. L. Chambers, and Mrs. M. I. Siehl.

Recent arrivals at Aetna Springs included Miss Michelson, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Tognazzini, Mrs. H. S. Blood, Mr. H. C. Ahlers, Mrs. F. A. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Ballard, Miss Mary Margaret Dinmore, Mr. and Mrs. A. Alper, Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Brownstone, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gross, Mr. and Mrs. John Hinkel, Miss Katherine D. Burke, Mr. F. W. Foss, Mr. George H. Lavenson, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mrs. M. J. Dandy, Mr. E. B. Price, Mr. W. G. Morrow, Dr. and Mrs. Barton J. Powell, Miss Katharine Winslip, Miss Janet Winslip, Mr. E. H. Winslip, Miss Norma J. Burling, Mrs. A. H. Koerber, Mr. C. H. Marshall, and Mrs. George Fields.

Popular Taste in Drama and Music.

Bernard Shaw has an interesting letter in the London *Saturday Review* on Herbert Trench's views of the public taste in drama.

Mr. Trench had remarked that "The Bad Girl of the Family" will outrun a thousand "Candidas," which says Mr. Shaw, "is true within certain time limits, just as it would be true, within similar limits, if I said that 'Bill Bailey' would outsell a thousand such poems as Mr. Trench's 'Apollo and the Seaman.'"

"But to all wildly popular things comes suddenly and inexorably, death without hope of resurrection. All the king's horses and all the king's men can not set the street pianos playing 'Nancy Lee' again, though the tune is as good as ever it was, and they once played nothing else. No hook within our recollection had so mad a vogue in America as Du Maurier's 'Trilby.' . . . But the American booksellers aver that the demand stopped in one day.

"It is to be considered, further, that in gambling for a 'catch on' prodigious sums of money are lost. Managers who have to take off plays because they draw 'only' £800 a week, or, in some cases, 'only' £1500 a week, and who would not touch Ibsen or Granville Barker with a pair of tongs often lose more money in one week with 'popular' plays than the entire capital with which Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker entered upon and carried on their campaign at the Court Theatre."

The only songs that live outside of the immortals, the classics, and even many of those are in constant danger, are the folksongs, first of all, and then the national songs, which are, however, imperative and not spontaneous, as the folksong is (adds the editor of the New York *Musical Courier*). "Way Down upon the Swance River" is folk; has become more extensively folk as we grew along. "Dixie" is folk and so is "Yankee Doodle." These and a dozen more live, because the people want them. The national songs spring from limited and prejudiced feeling called patriotism, which is an elaboration of the individual egoism, and these songs have no such musical value as the folksong; some of them are, as we would say in England, "simply awful." "America," copied from the English hymn, is a torture to a musical ear, and yet not as unbearable and antipathetic as the "Star Spangled Banner" with its indigestible unisono rise in thirds and its commonplace development. Patriotism is responsible for these and other unmusical national songs.

Laura Jean Lihhey made her first appearance on the stage a few days ago in New York at the American Roof Garden in a monologue on "Love," and, in addition, recited a song poem of her own composition.

Lillian Russell is to be seen early in the season in a new play by Charlotte Thompson, called "In Search of a Sinner."

Bon Voyage Boxes.

A thoughtful memento for friends starting on a journey. Appropriately decorated Bon Voyage Boxes filled with candies. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Seven Days," the famous farce which comes to the Columbia Theatre next Monday evening, has passed its three hundredth performance in New York, and is still a laughing festival. When it was first produced the critics of the metropolis agreed with the public that it was an assured comedy success. One of the guild declared it to be funnier than "Charley's Aunt," and evidently thought he could not write higher praise. The Wagenhals and Kemper company has been especially chosen for the piece, and are said to make the most of all its situations. The cast includes Hughie Beatty, Ned Finley, Ben Wilson, Hugh Cameron, William Wadsworth, Jack Sheehan, Madeline Winthrop, Clare Weldon, Norma Mitchell, and Florence Robinson.

The Operatic Festival is the appropriate title of the headline attraction for next week at the Orpheum. Two beautiful stage-settings, "Gypsy Life" and "The Carnival of Venice," are being used for this episode. The cast includes fifteen soloists capable of doing justice to grand opera numbers. The roster of the company is as follows: Sopranos—Bertha Seifert, Elizabetha Rossini, Jessie Quinn, Rae Ward; contraltos—Elsa Olga Saylor, Betty Delmo, Elizabeth Ward; tenors—Stefano Petrone, Leopold Lief; haritones—Henri Santry, William Elmore; basses—A. L. Pellaton, Gustave Schult; violinist, Eula Brunelle; conductor, A. Zamharano. The act includes selections from "The Bohemian Girl," "Il Trovatore," "Lucia," "Rigoletto," "Martha," and other favorite operas and a violin solo by Mme. Brunelle. J. C. Nugent, assisted by Jule York, will present a sketch of which he is the author, called "The Squarer." It abounds in diverting complications. Edward Flanagan and Neely Edwards, in "On and Off," are sure to please. The Harvey-De Vora Trio will appear in a dancing review. Miss De Vora is an eccentric toe-dancer of great ability, and little John Dough is the smallest comedian on the vaudeville stage. Next week will be the last of Gus Sohlke's "Top Shop Pastimes," Stepp, Mehlinger and King, Lou Anger, and the dramatic playlet, "The Police Inspector."

Charles Frohman has decided to send the principals of the English cast of "The Arcadians" to this city. The manager has hired the London company intact, thus putting into practical operation his plan for an international circuit of plays.

The closing performance of "The Spendthrift" will be given Sunday night at the Columbia Theatre, where large houses have seen the Porter Emerson Browne play during the past two weeks.

Arrangements have been made for the early appearance here of Henry Miller and his company in what is said to be one of the big hits of the season in New York, "My Wife's Husband." Laura Crews of this city is said to have achieved a genuine triumph in the principal feminine rôle.

The world-famous Leaning Tower of Pisa has always been popularly supposed to have been built out of the perpendicular of set purpose, but that interesting legend seems now to be untrue. And, worse still, it is leaning more and more, to its assured and speedy fall, just as the Campanile of St. Mark's crashed down to ruin. That is the finding of an Italian royal commission, who state that it can not remain upright much longer, and demand the taking of immediate measures for its safety. They have found also that the foundations of the tower are only nine feet nine inches below the surface, and that it originally stood bolt upright. Also they state that the base of the tower is immersed in a watery subsoil. The tower, which was begun in 1170, is known to have been affected by earthquake shocks. In 1829 the tower was fourteen feet four inches out of the vertical line; it is now fifteen feet four inches—i. e., leaning a foot more.

"Why raise your hat?" is the motto of the Society for the Promotion of German Modes of Greeting, whose headquarters are at Darmstadt. It is a wasteful habit, the society urges, because it wears out the hat trim. It is unhealthy because in bad weather it is apt to bring on colds. And, worst of all, it is unpatriotic, for the custom was adopted from the French, the first nation in Europe to have the head as a form of politeness. The true mode of greeting for Germans, the members say, is the military salute, which is of purely Teuton origin, having originated among the officers of the Prussian grenadiers. The society has gained many adherents, and the inhabitants of Darmstadt are now accustomed to see elderly civilians stand rigidly at attention and bring the hand smartly to the forehead when they meet acquaintances in the street.

He—I dreamt last night that your mother was ill. She—Brute! I heard you laugh in your sleep.—Life.

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Primary Election August 16, 1910

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22d Senatorial District
Comprising the 39th and 40th
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Candidate for

Judge of Superior Court

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REPUBLICAN

CHARLES E. A.

CREIGHTON

For

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
REPUBLICAN**WILLIAM P. CAUBU**

For the

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

for

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Present Assistant District Attorney

FOR

Justice of the Peace**W. H. SMITH, JR.**

(Incumbent)

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

Primary Election August 16, 1910

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Pursuant to the written consent of the holders of more than two-thirds of the issued capital stock of PENNA. MINING, DEVELOPING & OPERATING COMPANY, a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, which consent was duly filed in the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco in said State on the 1st day of August, 1910, and pursuant to the resolution of the board of directors of said corporation, which resolution was duly passed at a regular meeting of said board of directors duly called and held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of August, 1910, at which a quorum of the directors of said corporation was present;

Notice is hereby given that the principal place of business of said corporation will, on the 1st day of September, 1910, be changed and removed from the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the City of Fresno, County of Fresno, in said State, at Room 7 in the Farmers National Bank Building therein, after which date the principal place of business of said corporation will be the said Room 7 in the Farmers National Bank Building at said City of Fresno.

This notice is published by order of the board of directors of said Penna. Mining, Developing & Operating Company.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 1, 1910.
F. G. PHILLIPS,
Secretary of Penna. Mining, Developing & Operating Company.

Roy C. Ward Jas. W. Dean
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Friend—Pretty busy just now, Mr. Klexl? Artist—Very, thanks. Painting all my creditors.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"The man I marry must have common sense," said the haughty one. "He won't," the other answered, bitterly.—*Buffalo Express*.

The Fisherman—I've bought a fly book for each of us. The Novice—Do you suppose we'll have time to read them?—*Brooklyn Life*.

"What's the matter with that child now?" "They're playing house and George won't let her go through his pockets."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"That 'ere dawg's dripping wet. Dawgs aint allowed in the water." Small Boy—That aint water, guv'nor; that's perspiration.—*London Opinion*.

Knicker—Where was Jones going when arrested for speeding? Bocker—To deliver a speech on the extravagance of automobiles.—*New York Sun*.

Bill (of the field-day)—Aint that the "enemy" over there, 'Arry? 'Arry (of the same firm)—You're right—it's the "boss!"—*London Opinion*.

She—I don't see why women shouldn't make as good swimmers as men. He—Yes; but you see, a swimmer has to keep his mouth shut.—*Illustrated Bits*.

"But why do you talk of getting a divorce; you told me yourself that I make biscuits just like your mother used to make." "That's the reason."—*Houston Post*.

"How do you like the new oatmeal soap?" inquired the barber. "Seems nourishing," replied the customer, "but I've had my breakfast."—*Washington Herald*.

"Paw, what is the great continental divide?" "It's the final division of the continent, my son, between the Morgans and the Guggenheims!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Sentimental One—The beautiful beach was covered with shells this morning. Practical One—Yes; it's a shame to allow 'em to eat peanuts down there!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Friend—I suppose there is a great deal of money in contributing to the leading magazines? Author—Yes, but there's a great deal more in contributing to the misleading ones.—*Puck*.

"I see you have an actor employed on the farm." "Yes, I put him on. He's a darn good actor, too. I thought he was working the first week he was here."—*Kansas City Times*.

Low—I went to the phrenologist's last week. Sue—Oh! what did he tell you? Low—Well, I can't understand. He coughed a little and then gave me back my money.—*Catholic News*.

Chief—Tell me, sir, why you have so utterly failed to get a clew to this crime? Detective—Taint my fault. The reporters are down on me, an' they won't tell me nothing!—*Cleveland Leader*.

First Summer Girl—That girl from Cincinnati is awfully stuck up, isn't she? Second Girl—Yes. She seems to think she's the whole ocean because she wears a marcel wave.—*Chicago News*.

Friend—Now that you have been married some time, old friend, tell me frankly your opinion on the marriage state. Much-Morried Mon (to his wife)—Just go outside, my dear, will you?—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Flubdub says he is thinking seriously about marriage." "Why, I thought he was married two or three months ago." "So he was, but he is just beginning to think seriously about it."—*Town Topics*.

Inquiring Tourist—Would you call this a tough town? Stray Native—Tough? Say, stranger, when we have Old Home Week here, detectives from all over the country come and pick out just who they want!—*Puck*.

The Widow—Oh, sir! My poor husband has died, and I've chosen you to officiate at his funeral. The Preacher—But, madam, I never knew your husband. The Widow—That's why I chose you.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Mr. Recentmarrie (who has plunged a spoon into dish, preparatory to helping to the pudding)—Why, Mary, I feel some hard, smooth, round things in the dish; I wonder what they can be. Mrs. Recentmarrie—Why, they're eggs, John; there are six, just as the recipe says.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Mrs. Bronx—Isn't it perfectly frightful? Mrs. Van Sant eloped with her chauffeur! Mrs. Lenox—O-o, there is no accounting for some people's taste, my dear. Mrs. Bronx—But you don't understand. Mr. Van Sant was to take Miss Footlights out in the car to-night, and he can't run the machine himself.—*The Widow*.

"Why didn't you protest when they charged you with violating the speed regula-

tions?" "I was too thankful to kick," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I've been trying to sell that automobile, and it takes a good deal of strain off my conscience to have somebody else testify that she can go faster than a mile in ten minutes."—*Washington Star*.

"I got to preach a sermon 'bout de ol' man," said the colored deacon, "an' yit I makes no doubt but Satan got him." "Why," objected a brother, "he was a mighty good man." "I well know he wus," replied the deacon, "but Satan got mighty queer ways 'bout him. He sometimes wants a saint ter season de soup!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Ascum—I saw your wife at the dance last night. She certainly did look magnificent. By the way, old man, you're rather thin, aren't you? Mutley—I guess I am. You see, we went to housekeeping recently, and I arranged with my wife to give her a certain allowance each week to provide for the table and buy clothes for herself.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

NATURE NOTES, BY LITTLE JOHNNY.

THE RAT.

The rat shoud ot to foller the cat in books, but it aint so in real life.

The rat eats chees when he can git some thats good, but Dutch nocks him! There was a man bated a trap with Dutch chees, and pretty sune he began to find ded rats evry mornin, but the trap had never been sprang. Then he foun out the rats was starved to death, cos they had wore off their teeths a nawing the trap and eudent take their meals. They thot, poor things, the traps was the bate and the Dutch was the trap.

It was my sister's young man tole me that about the Dutch. When be comes for to see my sister he asks me how am I a gittin on with my natural hisory, and then he tels me things wich Ime welcom for to put into it, and my sister says wot a fib, and I mussent bleve a word he tels me, and looks in his eys with hern, but he aint a bit a frade. Hern are brown, but hisn is gray, and so is rats.

Rats is kild by tairiers, wich are put into a circus pformance, where the rats is cetched and let go. If it wasent for these tairiers the rats would be too many to live. Bishop Hatto was et by rats evry little tiny bit up, and serve him mighty well rite, too; but rats dont eat bishops now, cos there is more bishops than there is rats.

GRAS HOPPERS.

Uncle Ned be said: "Johnny, have you rote eny thing about gras hoppers?"

And I said: "How cude I, wen they wont set stil long enuff for to be rote a bout, like babys, wich wont be took fotografhts."

But Uncle Ned he said: "Wel, Johany, you kno best, and I spose you are rite. I had a little story a bout gras hoppers, but if you dont care for em, Ile tel it to Mister Pitchbel," thats the parson.

Then wen I cride, Uncle Ned tole me the story.

Once there was some Injun sabbages had a big war dance, all fethers an paint like hornets, and shakin their Tommy hox, and yellin fritefle! One of em he roled his ey and said: "Big Injun me, I sla the bul bufler and cook him in his own grece, and eats him bole!"

Then a other Injun he twisted his mouth and said: "Me heep brave, me slatter the oflie grizzly bare and pollish his bones with my teetbs!"

And a other he squoled like a wile cat and said: "I fetch the ragin terridaetle in thunder to the plain, and chew his neck til Ime jest sick!"

At last the old Cheef he shot of his gun, an smiled wicked, and sed: "The rippin and rolin meggy theorem knows me for his marster, I spile him as he runs and gulleps his smoking blud like it was wisky!"

Two wite men wich was a lookin on, one of em said, one wite man did:

"Wot dredfle fellers, lets lite out for dear life."

But the other wite man, he sed: "No, lets see this thing thro, we wont go til the cloze of the pformance."

Then the one wich was a frade he said: "How can they jump up an down so wen they got sech lodes on their stummucks?"

The other he sed: "Ile tel you wot makes em, coz I have et with em a hundred times, an I know the nasty wrasdes dont eat a blessid vittle xcept jest dubble handfles of gras hoppers a live, and its their dinners a kickin wich gives em Saint Vitesses dance like any thing!"

One time there was one of them kind of Pie Oots in Nevaddy seen a gras hopper a settin on a stone with its feet pulled in, redy to take leave at a moments notice, and the Injen he smiled a sweet, sad smile, like a hipotamus, and said:

"How mournfule to think that critters wich is like 2 brothers shud distrust one a other jest cos Ime a Injin, wich has red skins, how can I hellup that?"

But the gras hopper it wiggled one wisker, like sayin: "Sech a sentiment does you grate honner, but you mis the pint. It aint so much the culler of yure skin as the uncommon way you have of tuckin it out."

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Senior, Arthur

Was known to be at San Reno, Nevada, in April, 1907, and went from there to Mount Sicker, Vancouver Island, B. C., in Sept., 1907. May have gone back to Canada or to San Francisco, Cal. Inquirer, mother, Calton House, Thornton Road, Thornton, near Bradford, England

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Election Returns.

With returns from a little less than one-third of the vote in the State, it is apparent at the time the *Argonaut* goes to press that Hiram Johnson has obtained the Republican nomination for governor. Out of 53,000 votes, a registration of nearly 300,000, Mr. Johnson has 25,000, Charles F. Curry 18,000, Alden Anderson 10,000. These are fairly indicative of the result. It remains to be seen if Republicans of California will regard as authoritative a nomination won in enmity to party, and in which thousands of Democrats participated. In a similar situation, Oregon, a Republican State, elected a Democratic governor, also a Democratic senator.

Concerning other nominations there is, with few exceptions, no definite results to be announced. Indications point to the nomination of William Kent for Congress, over Duncan McKinlay, and in the indorsement of E. A. Hayes for another term.

Complete returns will present surprising achievements. There are many lessons to be learned from the play's work, or play, for the entire proceeding must seem farce to the voter who is able to reflect and decide

for himself. There is ample time to consider the various features of the situation and to gain a thorough appreciation of its possible and probable developments. That there are puzzles which may grow into serious problems in the campaign of something more than sixty days which will carry the issues to the polls in November, no man can reasonably doubt.

One of the mildly amusing aspects of the first reports is the entire absence of any mention of Democratic candidates. In the first-page, scare-head gatherings and presentments of the *Chronicle* and the *Call* there is no word about the unterrified vote, and readers only fairly well informed may infer that this primary was for Republicans exclusively. Yet there were more Democratic candidates than offices, if not many more. Theodore Bell will head the State ticket of his party, and Walter Macarthur will oppose Julius Kahn in the race for Congress from the Fourth District. There are other contests in view that will gather interest in time.

It can not be said, however, that this quiet is ominous for their opponents, for one of the sages of Democracy long ago put on record the truism that "When Democrats fight among themselves it means more Democrats." The remark may well be called to mind just now, with a wider application. Out of the disturbance in Republican ranks has certainly come a registration of a hundred thousand more Republicans in California than supported the ticket two short years ago.

Governors and Public Outbreaks.

There is political dynamite in strikes, and when the unionized street-car motormen and conductors in Columbus, Ohio, struck for recognition, they counted on a spirit of neutrality in Governor Harmon, as an aspirant to the Democratic nomination for the presidency. But they counted without knowing the man. When the mayor of Columbus had exhausted his powers, when the police had mutinied on his hands, and he had called in due course upon the governor for aid, there was no dilly-dallying at the State House. Governor Harmon summoned the troops and kept them in Columbus until rioting had ceased. Then he recalled them; but as more violence ensued he issued another military order, and now, with a sufficient force of infantry and artillery in hand, he confronts the mob with a shotted assertion of the law. Come what may to his chances as the presidential favorite of his party in Ohio, he has shown his determination to do the full duty, military as well as civil, which the obligations of his office impose upon him. And in fairness to Republican United States Senator and party leader Charles Dick, the latter, in his capacity of a major-general of the Ohio National Guard, volunteered to command the troops. He also had political prestige at stake, and was equally willing to risk it in the enforcement of the law.

There are few things in the administration of a State that test the courage of a governor more than the suppression of a riot or a strike. The political undoing of many a State executive has come of such a crisis. One of the reasons why the defeat of Horatio Seymour was so signal in the presidential canvass of 1868 was the temporizing spirit he had shown as governor in 1863 towards the New York draft rioters; and, on the other hand, John T. Hoffman lost the support of the Empire State Democracy for the presidential nomination four years later because he had suppressed the Orange Day riot by force of arms. Political oblivion also came to several governors, including Lucius Robinson of New York, for their attitude in 1877 towards the insurrection of railway laborers. These executives had either "fired on the people," as the demagogues said, and thus made themselves politically unavailable, or they had failed to fire when duty urged, and gained the unforgivable reputation of cowardice.

In a time when expediency is a political gospel, it is refreshing and encouraging to find leaders who, whatever the result may be to themselves, first make sure

of being right. Sometimes courage of that kind involves sacrifice, but the sacrifice of self-respect and a reputation for honest fearlessness in the performance of duty is infinitely the greater loss.

Lessons of the Direct Primary.

The *Argonaut's* columns were closed before complete results of the primaries became known, but nothing which may have happened can logically justify the primary system as a sure method of expressing the party will or as a means of carrying out the reforms for which the direct process of making nominations was adopted.

The registration throughout California has been so remarkably large as to make it clear that the Democrats are on the Republican roll for purposes of their own, just as insurgents and labor men registered as Republicans at the party primaries in this city last year, with the object of putting up Crocker for mayor—a man they thought they could easily beat and did. The Crocker registration was largest, yet Crocker was a bad third in the race. Primaries in which the common enemy is free to take part can not, if the enemy is strong and alert, register the will of the party in whose name they are held. One need not have ever cast a Republican vote in his life to contribute to the result last Tuesday. By simply enrolling, any Democrat or third-party man was at liberty to vote for the weakest Republican nomination he could find. If he did not, the fault was his. The way was wide open and the lamps lit. The bars were down, the latch-string was out. Where such conditions exist the power of the party to choose its own men from its own ranks is distinctly limited, and there need be no end to the interference of one party with the nominating machinery of the other.

The direct primary, like the referendum and recall, was foisted on this State by men who professed a zeal for reform, especially reform away from the machine. Now a machine is as necessary to a party or a faction as it is to an army, a ship, a factory, or a cattle ranch; and in proportion to its efficacy the party gains elections, the army wins battles, the ship makes a safe voyage, the factory turns out the largest amount of merchandise at the smallest possible cost, and the cattle ranch prospers in the numbers and quality of its stock and in the returns from its market. No enterprise can do well without organization, which is the machine under a longer name. Of course a machine may vary in its claims upon party support; it may come to represent only a cabal of the party and make up in trickery what it lacks in votes; and here, precisely, is where the direct primary, instituted to take control away from the machine and vest it in the rank and file of the voters, may be able to undo the stratagems of the cleverest reformers and make the worst machine practically invulnerable.

Do we need to do more than point out that a machine or a boss has less work when 21 per cent of the vote cast will nominate than when it requires 51 per cent? When the boss can keep out of sight and make the voters do his work for him, as under the present system, is there any reason why he should hark back enviously to the day of caucus and convention? All the machine now has to do is to encourage a lot of people to run in the direct primary for a given nomination and then concentrate upon the one it wants. It gets its favorite with a small vote, while the other candidates divide the rest of the ballots into small and negligible detachments. The only disturbing force is the participation of the political enemy, but a machine can more easily enlist him on its side than it can a disgruntled faction of its own party.

Every experiment we have with the direct primary and with the referendum and recall goes to show that the political methods of the republic are wiser than those of the democracy—that political authority de-

gated to the few by the many may be trusted to bring safer and more judicious results than political authority directly exercised by the masses. That was the view of the founders of American institutions, who kept democracy within town-meeting bounds, where the concerns were small and understood by every one, giving larger affairs to men who, for their wisdom, knowledge, and force, were granted representative powers. The system is precisely that which obtains all through the business world of affairs. When a ship goes to sea the power to control it is vested in a set of competent officers. Democracy might suggest a vote of the crew as to what should be done in a storm, but that method would probably wreck the ship, or cripple it, or retard its voyage. A railway system is not run by direct vote of its shareholders. They confer their powers by ballot on men who know how, and these in turn select experts to operate the line. The result is seen in dividends. A bank is run by the republican method. If every loan or other investment were decided by a vote of the stockholders, the democratic method, the bank would not last long. Nor could so complex and mighty an affair as our government long withstand the application of pure democracy to its voting processes. Government is a science. Its human conditions precedent are natural aptness, study, a taste for administration, the mental and moral functions of leadership. Not all, or half, or five per cent of men are born with these special qualities; the great majority are unfitted by nature and training for the guidance of large affairs; yet those who demand a purely democratic form of government insist that they shall rule in proportion to their numbers. Legislation, whatever the organic law has to say about it, must be referred to them, and if the Constitution is in the way, so much the worse for the Constitution. They must decide upon tariff and financial questions, even diplomatic questions, off-hand, in five minutes' occupancy of a voting booth, rubber stamp in hand. The issues of war and peace would be theirs to solve at the instigation of yellow newspapers. One needs but state the obligations to expose the folly of the method and to lend a force which should be irresistible towards bringing the nation back to the voting institutions with which it started and which has resulted in a country as prosperous and great as it is free and independent in the exercise of its powers.

Choosing "the Best Books."

Harvard's ex-head must not be unduly depressed because the Burlington railroad officials have turned down his five-foot book-shelf. They claim to have given it a fair trial on the four limited trains running from Chicago to Denver, having installed the selected volumes more than a year ago and kept a record of the number of times the books were called for. Certainly that record is not encouraging on a surface view. The trains, it seems, carry an average of more than four hundred passengers over a journey exceeding a thousand miles, and yet in a couple of months there were but thirty-five demands on the five-foot shelf. This looks bad, a reflection, in fact, on the mentality of Burlington passengers, until note is taken of the conditions under which the books were available. It appears they were kept locked up and could be obtained only upon application to the porter. That alters the case entirely. To requisition the services of a Pullman porter in any capacity means another tip, and it may well be that the failure of Burlington passengers to avail themselves of the classics approved by Dr. Eliot resolves itself into a commendable repulsion to increase the librarian's rake-off.

Yet, on the other hand, it is at least probable that the adoption of the open-shelf policy in connection with the Eliot classics might not have led to a more satisfactory result. People can not be forced to read by rule. If it were possible to learn the history of all the hundred-best-book enterprises, it would probably be found that nothing but failure awaits the individual who attempts infallible prescriptions for the equipment of a first-class mental interior. Because Dr. Eliot has found his five-foot books the best for himself is presumably the strongest proof that other readers would do well to avoid them. He and all the other best-hundred advocates might with equal reason advise us as to the best hundred pills, or the best hundred tunes, or the best hundred pictures. At the utmost, all that a conscientious perusal of any selection of books can result in is to impart to the reader a fine level of superior stodginess. For different people read for different purposes; some for pleasure, some in conformity

to the usages of polite society; but not many as a business investment, a casting of the bread on the waters in the hope that it will come back "an" buttered, too, for sartin."

After all, there is much to be said for the symbolist who traces a likeness between reading and eating and drinking. The brain has its moods of ravenous hunger and epicureanism. Sometimes it wants a full meal of solid body; sometimes a mere snack of tempting dainties. Besides, as each man is "heir to all the ages," his book cravings will infallibly reflect the generations which make up his mental equipment. If the primitive asserts itself today and calls for an orgy of uncooked flesh and blood, the Elizabethan strain may avow itself tomorrow and demand a banquet of romance. One hour the lust of Red Man conquest makes Cooper in season, another the Puritan conscience may not be allayed save by a dose of Hawthorne. Hence the folly of the best-hundred dictators, whose labors result mainly in people being led to use books as furniture to adorn their rooms rather than enrich their minds. Your browser is the best book-lover after all, and it must not be forgotten that "every size of readers requires a genius of correspondent capacity." As well make shoes all of one size or pattern as libraries of one rigid mold. At the most those cast-iron lists are but monuments to the "deceitfulness of hope and the uncertainty of honor." The golden rule is that of Montaigne, who in the reading of books sought only to please himself, and if one volume did not appeal to him, promptly reached for another.

Changing Functions of the Pulpit.

"Decline in the authority of the pulpit" and "the intolerable demands upon his profession" are given as reasons why a Chicago Protestant clergyman has resigned his charge. This minister finds that it does not matter much to public opinion what he says, however earnestly; and that the calls upon him to be a charity trustee, bond-broker, gymnasium director, chief settlement-worker, corresponding member of the American Peace Society, member of the Civic Federation, and trustee of the boys' athletic field are too exacting and not altogether to his taste. So he has doffed his "customary suit of solemn black," this Chicago clergyman, and will look about for secular employment.

Complaint about the waning authority of the pulpit is not new and the occasion for it is, perhaps, the highest tribute which can be paid to the free press, the free school, and to free speech. A theocracy, to be a successful one, must count upon a certain degree of superstitious acceptance, not to say credulity, among those who receive the pulpit's message. No one knows this better than the Vatican, which keeps its followers ignorant where it can, and where it can't, seeks to supplant the influence of the common school and the free college with that of parochial schools and church universities where knowledge is elaborately misdirected. In New England and the communities derived from it, the Protestant pulpit held its supremacy so long as the Sunday-school influence could be extended to public schools and the colleges were kept sectarian; and while the press, for business reasons, did not dare express itself on religious questions in a way not pleasing to the presbyteries. Over a large part of the East the atmosphere was pretty black with sermons even into the 'sixties, and in the 'seventies also until, at least, the prosperity which vanished in 1873 came back in quadrupled volume and turned human interest to the more material things of life. Then there came a visible decline in the influence of preaching. Schools multiplied and expanded and the protests of Roman Catholic taxpayers did something either to take Scripture readings and hymn-singing out of them or to render the usual morning services perfunctory. In the older universities attendance on chapel was made elective. State colleges or universities grew in number, and these, of course, had to be non-sectarian. They loosed a host of young investigators who would not take the Bible, least of all the theological speculations derived from it, for granted. Cornell University, founded in 1868, never required compulsory religious attendance, but employed the greatest preachers of whatever denominations would lend them in turn on Sunday mornings. Even Catholics were not disbarred, though they held aloof. Finally Ingersoll took the popular platform, and his influence, which grew more expansive every year until his death, had much to do with the spread of agnosticism in the pulpit under the guise of Higher Criticism, which has sapped the old foundations of theology and left the

Protestant minister without a definite answer to the questions of the inquiring soul. And the minister without a gospel which he believes himself and which he can impress upon others has no reason to wonder why his authority has gone. When the pew can reply to its own spiritual inquiries as well as the priest, it has no use for the priest as a teacher.

This state of dissatisfaction or apathy in churches makes it difficult to get the best class of young men to enter the ministry, and this, in turn, adds to the causes of pulpit decadence. It is noticeable we have no ministers left who are intellectual rivals of our statesmen, our university presidents, our political leaders, our best editors, or our captains of industry. The Beechers and Spurgeons, the Channings and Cuylers, of America and England, have left no spiritual descendants of their own stature. At the great crises who wants to hear the word from the pulpit? Generally the solvent phrases come from the editorial rooms, to which the seats of the mighty have long since been transferred.

Yet in the very complaint of the Chicago clergyman—the "intolerable" call for the things which direct and ameliorate the life of the young and the poor, is revealed a mission for the ministry—one which is needed and for which the ministry is fit. One may no longer reach the people with the relics of an outgrown theological dogmatism. The pew may no longer feel interested when a preacher takes a mindless flight into the unknown. Dogma, dealing in miracles and relying upon credulity, may no longer loosen the devotion of men and women who think. But for all that, the pulpit has its mission of good, its revelation to humanity, its appeal to the higher nature, its function of relief for mind and body. The Chicago pulpiter, now happily out of an uncongenial life, had no reason to sneer at the pursuits of charity, which were those of the Master; he could have been in much worse work for his kind than to inculcate the sound mind in the sound body; settlement work is a process by which the apostles made their proselytes among the lowly and the poor; the inculcation of peace is labor worthy of the followers of the Prince of Peace; all these semi-secular activities which the Chicago man found too exacting are those which mark some of the spheres of influence in which the Protestant minister may still be of service and gain reputation. Nor need he cease to be a spiritual force while the worship of God remains common to all religions and all sects. But let him forever dismiss the hope, if he holds it, that he will rule from a high pulpit as Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards did or ever as Finney and Moody did, spiritual popes whom their followers bowed down to as to those who could loose or bind in the world to come. The day for that illusion has gone; the day of reason is here; and if there is not so much faith as there was in old forms of biblical interpretation, there is still the opportunity to lift men to higher levels and nobler altitudes of life—to make them better fitted, not for a problematical future world but the world they live in.

Flannery and the Toga.

The question of what we shall do with Flannery has been answered by that distinguished gentleman himself. He wants to be elected United States senator from California. This useful ambition he has long held, and, on the occasion when former Mayor Phelan sought the senatorial indorsement of his party, Mr. Flannery intervened and got it for himself. At that time the Republicans held all the senatorial cards, and they hold them yet, but one never knows what may happen in this day of Republican faction-fighting; and the leader of a forlorn Democratic hope now may fall heir to a triumphant election the next time. Who know but that the toga of the late Stephen M. White, with several tucks let out and new flask pockets sewed in may yet envelop the noble figure of the former police commissioner, covering as with a silken compassion a memories and scars of that grievous day in the pool room.

But we do not mean to borrow unnecessary trouble for even Flannery, in those sanguine moments which come to the most conservative dealer in wet goods about closing time, does not expect to win the tog right now. He is simply moving into position and gazing beyond the present, through a glass redly, at the noble prize; and he is willing to bide his time. So we need have no fear that the cause of good government in this town, the kind that is transforming the place into the Paris of America, will lose Flannery at the critical time of its development. He will be hei

to do what he can to spread liberal ideas about family entrances, private rooms near the bars, nickel-in-the-slot machines, road-houses, pool-rooms, and other facilities of Paris civilization: and having done his duty, especially his "full" duty, we can give him the toga later with a sense of gain to the State unembittered by any feeling of mere municipal loss.

Prison Reform and Sentiment.

When George V. succeeded to the throne of Great Britain one of the first wishes he expressed was that something should be done to bring renewed hope to the prison population of his dominions. Of course that wish was respected by the authorities, but its gratification took a new form. In past generations the accession of a new sovereign has been signalized by the absolute release of a number of prisoners; in the case of George V the policy was adopted of making a *pro rata* reduction of sentences over the entire prison population. This has resulted in leniency being shown to some eleven thousand prisoners, from whose sentences in their sum total no less a period than five hundred years has been struck off.

In harmony with this novel method of manifesting a king's good-will towards the most miserable of his subjects, the closing days of the British Parliament's session were rendered notable by the Home Secretary's exposition of a far-reaching scheme of prison reform. At the root of this scheme lies the determination to reduce, as far as is consistent with the upholding of law and order, the number of first offenders committed to jail. Such law-breakers are to be treated in that spirit of probationary leniency which is represented by the indeterminate sentence now so general in this country, and when fines are imposed as alternatives to imprisonment reasonable time is to be allowed for the payment of those fines ere the offender is clapped behind the prison door. Inasmuch as last year ninety thousand persons were sent to prison in default of fine payment, it will be seen that this innovation promises to protect a vast number from that first taint of jail life which has transformed so many thousands into criminals. Further, to safeguard still more novices in crime from the fatal prison taint, young offenders between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, guilty of minor offenses, are to be sentenced to defaulters' drill of a disciplinary rather than a punitive character. Other features of the new scheme contemplate the reduction of solitary confinement from six months to one month save in the case of confirmed criminals, the institution of lectures and concerts as a means of rescuing the mentality and spirituality of convicts from the sullen backwater in which they are liable to stagnate, and an effort to coordinate in a systematic way the labors of those numerous agencies engaged in reformation and rescue work.

On a broad view, then, it will be seen that this latest attempt at prison reform attacks the problem from two points. It aims to make entrance into prison more difficult, and exit more easy. Who can doubt that that way wisdom lies? There is always a danger that attempts to solve the baffling problem of criminality will err on the side of sentimental humanitarianism. When the reformer looks back on the past, and is reminded that less than a century ago the sentence of leath was imposed for offenses which today are thought to be adequately expiated by a month or two of confinement, he is liable to lose all sense of proportion, and to ask himself seriously whether the standards of the present do not still savor too much of barbarism. After all, crime is relative, the reprobation of which takes its color from changing moral standards. Crime legends primarily upon the conception of the state, for where there is no state against which to be disobedient here can be no crime. And then there is the further actor of the sense of wrong, which varies from age to age and is different for different nations. Hence those countless criminal laws which, serious enough to past generations, are merely food for merriment today, and, as a set-off to those absurdities, modern ages have made crimes of actions which by-gone peoples would have regarded as harmless. Such are some of the considerations which may well suggest caution when the tendency to deal lightly with criminality becomes too pronounced. In an age when standards are shifting, and when human judgment is more responsive than ever to humanitarian ideals, there is grave need that very innovation be carefully pondered. Not only have we no settled theory of punishment, but there is the further disturbing thought that social and economic

conditions may be responsible for much that is regarded as punishable. Emerson's words are still true: "We make, by distrust, the thief and burglar and incendiary, and by our court and jail we keep him so." After all we have not outgrown the necessity of being guided by the maxim of sagacious Bacon: "In causes of life and death, judges ought (so far as the law permiteth) in justice to remember mercy; and to cast a severe eye on the example, but a merciful eye upon the person."

At this stage of civilization, no one can think without sympathetic pity of the innumerable thousands who have lost for the time the chief joy of life; to whom the dawning of each new day is not a call to renewed freedom of activity, to the pleasure of congenial labor, the companionship of friends, the love of family. And no one can wish other than godspeed to every effort which promises to lessen the number of those so miserably shut off from all that nature and human comradeship can give. Yet pity may defeat its own end if it is not intelligent. There can be no dallying with crime as such. Law can not afford to be sentimental or weak. By all means let every effort be made to thwart the manufacture of criminals, to rehabilitate those who have fallen by the way, but in the last resort crime which is recognized as crime must be repressed with unflinching rigor.

Massed Capital and Prosperity.

One of the chief functions of united or corporate wealth is to make big things possible; that is to say, big things industrially and commercially. While individualism had its way, the growth of the United States was slow and unambitious. There were few private fortunes of a million; the average prosperity was that of a day of small beginnings and it grew out of the hoarded sixpence rather than the busy pound; the spirit of the nation was laggard, not enterprising in outlay and expressing itself, except where the government took a hand, in terms of hundreds of thousands rather than of millions.

The Civil War called for vaster sums than the American people had ever massed, and in the nature of things it raised business to an imperial scale. Contracts for the manufacture of arms, munitions, warships, clothing, locomotives, and the machinery for their rapid production, compelled men of large means to merge their capital; and the corporation as we understand it came into being. Eventually corporations went into partnership with each other, and the result was not only the immense development of resources, as in the way of iron and steel, oil, and other staple commodities, but the utilization of waste products, which is no small item. Indeed, we have a right to believe that the by-products of the present day yield more money than the main product did a few years ago. For example, note the varied output of the great pork-packers, including bristles for hair-brushes and various cleansers made from refuse fat.

Touching the latter benefit, one may find handy examples in the lumber industry. The old system of lumbering was to set up a small sawmill by a stream and cut the trees down around it, a tree at a time. The trunk, sawed in handy lengths, was hauled to the mill by horses, a slow and clumsy process, and there sawed, four or five trunks constituting a day's work. Now a tree is felled by machinery, is hauled out of the woods by a steam-roller, is loaded on a car by a derrick apparatus, hurried to the mill, where it is quickly reduced to lumber. The tops of the trees have been saved and the undergrowths which the tree in falling crushed and the defective hardwoods growing near are collected and run off to a portable chemical plant, where from one cord of this material is secured sixty bushels of charcoal, ten gallons of wood alcohol, and 145 pounds of acetate of lime. In the day of individualism nothing of this sort was done; and, besides, lack of the transportation facilities which corporate resources alone could have brought into being made the market chiefly local. With large available wealth to meet the need, invention has been summoned and rewarded, science has yielded its skill, and the lumber industry has fitted itself to meet the increasing demands of a continental empire. Only by this means have the American people been able to develop their mines, adequately till their fields, open up their wilderness, reclaim their deserts, harness their rivers, meet their own manufacturing needs, and gain, in 120 years, more wealth in the mass or per capita than any European country can show at the end of a thousand years.

It is the custom, especially among farmers, to de-

claim against aggregations of corporate wealth; yet but for its influence, its ministry to the industrious, the farmers would be scarcely better off than they were a hundred years ago. That was the day of log cabins and husk beds and open-air cooking; the day of homespun, and tallow dips, and of corn pone; the day of small schooling and long hours of work with the crudest implements; the day of barter rather than of sale; the day when progress towards what are now looked upon as the simplest comforts and the commonest utilities was made but at the pace of the ox team or the battue. Once the farmer was a crude, whiskered fellow in overalls and a hickory shirt, a true peasant, poor in pocket and in mind; a hewer of wood and drawer of water. But the typical farmer of today is a man of affairs, watching the markets, organizing his farm on business principles, educating his sons and daughters and laying up something in the bank, an intelligent, progressive, generally well-to-do citizen and taxpayer. Why the change? Simply because the men he is asked to vote down as enemies of his industrial liberty have built up manufacturing cities full of people who consume his products, have given him railroads to connect him with the market, and have by their great activities in trade and commerce created a prosperity in which he gets his share according to his ability and his means. He of all men has no quarrel with capital, and capital, realizing that he does his full part in the economy of things American, has no quarrel with him.

Editorial Notes.

Our American aristocracy feels that it has got so far along that it can quarrel about its origin and compare dates. Thus, Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, a Vanderbilt, reproached Mrs. Nannie Langhorne Astor as one of the newly rich, whereupon Mrs. Astor replied with fine scorn: "Why, Consuelo, the Astors had stopped skinning skunks generations before the Vanderbilts began collecting ferry tolls." It was true enough, but what matters it in America, where the sure foundation of aristocracy is wealth rather than birth? If the latter really counted, society in this country would be full of queer people. For instance, great-grandsons of Benjamin Franklin are represented by a family of half Japanese children, living in Tokio, only distinguishable by a somewhat lighter complexion from the slant-eyed, shoebrush-haired, wooden-shod, kimonoed urchins about them. And in the person of a bewhiskered spieler of the San Francisco labor unions, whom an irate restaurant man knocked down the other day for bawling "unfair" about his café door, appeared one Polk Dallas Edwards, all three genealogical names representing notable characters in American history, including one President. As a rule, the long-descended American family is like a potato plant, the better part being under ground. It is money that talks; and if Polk Dallas Edwards had an Astor or Vanderbilt fortune he might have easily placed a daughter among the duchesses or a son in the Life Guards, irrespective of his undoubtedly brilliant lineage.

It is gravely announced that Mr. Roosevelt is likely to be at odds with the President in regard to conservation. Except that Mr. Taft did not conserve Pinchot, it is difficult to see what there is, in the Taft-Ballinger policy, for the Rough Rider to quarrel with. The process of segregating the mineral, oil and timber resources has gone steadily on since Roosevelt retired, and only the other day the empire of solitude in California alone was widened by the withdrawal from entry of 800,000 acres. Much more conservation than there is would, except for the opening of some Indian lands, roll back the tide of westbound homeseekers altogether and give the benefit to Canada, where the material welfare of the living is not subordinated, as yet, to that of the unborn.

The chief lesson of the fire which destroyed the buildings of the Brussels Exposition, at a loss which will not be less than \$10,000,000, is that a world's fair should have space enough to place its big and inflammable structures far apart and at a safe distance from the habitations of the city.

In the State of Chiapas, Mexico, a bridge which spans the Rio Michol, which, with its approaches, is one hundred and fifty feet long, with a width of fifteen feet, is built entirely of solid mahogany. The bridge is used both by teams and by foot passengers, and, though roughly constructed, is very substantial. None of the massive timbers were sawn, as there is not a saw-mill in the region, but all were hewn out with the axe from the logs.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Although President Taft has never laid claim in any way to that omniscience of knowledge which is the proud possession of his predecessor, he triumphantly survived that test of distinguishing between things that differ which is applied to all public men when they venture to speak at Provincetown. When the late occupant of the White House visited that historic spot on Cape Cod in connection with the rearing of the Pilgrim Monument, he got sadly mixed between the Pilgrims and the Puritans, using their names as exact synonyms. His profound knowledge of everything took no note of the fact that the Puritan was really a member, and a devoted member, of the Church of England, whereas the Pilgrim was a Separatist, with whom the Puritan in England would have no communion. Of course Puritans and Separatists were alike typically represented among the earliest settlers in New England, but the passengers of the *Mayflower* were not Puritans, but Separatists. Unlike his forerunner, President Taft is well aware of that distinction, and he must have taken a sardonic pleasure in his speech at the dedication of the Pilgrim Monument in showing by inference how ignorant the Provincetown speaker of a few years ago was. Mr. Taft pointed out that the Pilgrims were not of the nobility, or of the upper middle class, but just yeomen from the land, and added:

The differences between the Pilgrims and Puritans emphasize the heroism of the Plymouth colonists. The Puritans had been a very powerful party in England. They had wealth and social prominence and influence. When they came they sailed in comfort and freedom from danger, and they came in thousands. Not so with the Pilgrims. They were the humble men whose faith was extreme in its simplicity, and stern. The spirit which prompted them to brave the seas, to land on this forbidding coast in winter and to live here has made the history of this country what it is.

Usually so careful in its statements, the *Springfield Republican* blunders sadly in its notice of the monument to Sir Edward Pynchon, a cousin of the founder of Springfield, Massachusetts. It is had enough for the reader to be informed that the English Writtle is "a village in the town of Chelmsford, of which Springfield is also a village," which is about equal to saying that "Concord is a village in Boston, of which Lexington is also a village"; but that is a venial slip compared with the assertion that John Harvard is buried in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, England. 'Tis true the genial Autocrat sang:

In vain the delving antiquary tries
To find the tomb where generous Harvard lies,

but what Holmes meant by those lines was that the exact site of his grave is known but by tradition. If, however, the next time the *Springfield Republican* takes a jaunt to Boston, it will select that not inconspicuous landmark to the memory of Bunker Hill as its guide, and then seek out the Phipps Street burying-ground at Charlestown, it will have the satisfaction of being within a few yards of the place where "generous Harvard" was laid to rest.

Rudyard Kipling has been unaccountably silent for a long time, and now we know the reason. He has been inventing. Would it not be possible, he has been asking himself, to evolve some type of air-cushioned body armor which would give the airman at least one chance for his life when he has to drop? He thinks it would, and gives his reasons:

As far as I can make out at present, men go up with less protection, except against cold, than the catcher of a baseball team, and with less body guards than an American football player. A little protection about the head and shoulders might make all the difference between life and death at the moment of the smash.

I suggest a helmet of rubber inflated on the crown of the head and round the back and over the collar-bone—the whole need not be much heavier than a wickerwork singletick mask. What you want is the protection of the neck against a backward or forward wrench.

Away in the Mediterranean, at Rantidi, in the southwest corner of the island of Cyprus, untouched by human hands for at least seven centuries before Christ, the spade of the antiquary has uncovered the shrine of Venus, otherwise Paphos, or Aphrodite, or Astarte, whichever you please. As was fitting, the real discoverer was a peasant of pastoral occupation. The account reads like a page from Theocritus:

One day a shepherd was sitting on one of the ancient stonefields of Rantidi. After playing for a long time on his reed-flute he grew tired of his pastoral airs and began to scratch with his long staff one of the stones at his feet. As he did so he saw appearing on the surface of the stone in two regularly chiseled lines most curious signs unknown to him and quite different from the Greek inscriptions lying about in the temple yard of Kouklia, his native home, which he passed every day with his flock.

There the idyl ends. The shepherd began to talk of his discovery, and his reports reached learned ears. Then diplomacy had to be used, in the form of a sumptuous dinner, a hunky packet of tobacco, and much haksheesh. By such mundane inducements was the shrine of Cupid's mother finally located, henceforth, no doubt, to become the chief magnet of Cyprus.

Half an hour in Berlin is sufficient to convince the most casual observer that military despotism does not make for the amenities of life. The men who are not in uniform—and they appear a minority—look and act as though they had just slipped out of martial garb. It has been noted again and again that the Berliner takes the manners of the camp into his daily life, and even though he be a clerk in a store can not resist a martinet behavior. And the man who is or has been an officer in the army is an autocrat of the worst description. This arises from the fact that as the power of the Kaiser is based on the army, the cult of the officer is the

most potent factor in German life. The officer, in short, is regarded in fact and theory as a superior being, as a first-class man compared with citizens of other professions, a presumption which is of course fostered by the military authorities and largely accepted in German society. These pampered martinets are specially favored in the dining-rooms and drawing-rooms of the land, and are paid much homage and given the places of chief honor. The young women deem it a special privilege to dance or flirt with anything in uniform, and in some garrison towns many restaurants reserve a certain number of tables for these superior beings, citizens being relegated to inferior quarters. What wonder, then, that officers associate almost solely with officers, and that they are ever ready with their contempt for a man in a black coat. If these jacks-in-office ordered their lives in accordance with a code of honor in keeping with their pretensions the state of Germany would not be so censurable, but the recent Allenstein trial led to an exposé which is exceedingly distasteful to the military caste, for the sworn evidence revealed conditions of moral depravity and of utter absence of decency of feeling among the officers of the garrison. Hence the confiscation of Herr Harden's paper, the *Zukunft*, for its trenchant comment on the "moral lepers" found among the Allenstein officers. Such is the result of making "the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power."

So Huher's Museum, that delectable resort of Ezra and Reuben on East Fourteenth Street, New York, is no more. For more than a generation its curious odds and ends, its alligators and turtles, its cases of minerals and seashells, its relics of the Civil War and dismal mummies, its collection of weapons that had been used in a murder, its mermaids and pickled snakes, have given mild enjoyment to countless thousands, but now everything has gone under the hammer. In the byways of its life New York has many points in common with old London, Huher's Museum having an exact parallel in that Don Saltero's which was a favorite haunt with Dick Steele. The Don had a poetic catalogue of his treasures which might have been pirated for Huher's:

Monsters of all sorts here are seen,
Strange things in nature as they grew so,
Some relics of the Sheba Queen,
And fragments of the famed Bob Crusoe.

But Steele would fault with the Don for some of his flights of imagination:

I can not allow the liberty he takes of imposing several names (without my license) on the collections he has made, to abuse the good people of England; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious persons, to the great scandal of the well-disposed, and may introduce heterodox opinions. He shews you a straw hat, which I know to be made by Madge Peskad, within three miles of Bedford; and tells you, "It is Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's sister's hat." To my knowledge of this very hat it may be added that the covering of straw was never used among the Jews, since it was demanded of them to make bricks without it.

Like the proprietor of the New York museum, Don Saltero finally disposed of his collection by auction, and in his case as well as that of Mr. Huher, the prices realized were in pitiful contrast with the one-time attractiveness of the objects. The Don's treasures commanded less than two dollars and a half apiece, and the average for the Huher exhibits was probably less.

With the imminence of college and university reopenings, it is safe to prophesy that the paucity of professional salaries will emerge once more as a topic for indignant comment. It has been treated by a member of the fraternity with considerable humor within the past few months, the conclusion being that one saving professor had calculated that if he perseveres in laying by at his present rate until he reaches the age of eighty-two he will have sufficient to support himself and his family for a year and three months. But the professors who so piteously deplore their lack of means, their debts, their devices to meet financial obligations, have at least the classical satisfaction of knowing that their colleagues of ancient times were no better off. Lihanius, the famous sophist of the fourth century, has left a picture of professional poverty which is as modern as the plaint of any victim of learning knocking at the doors of the Carnegie Foundation. All that is necessary is to change the word sophist into professor:

Some of these sophists do not even have homes of their own, but, like cohlhers, they live in rented houses. Those who have bought houses are still in debt for the purchase money, and therefore in worse plight than those who have not. One of them has three servants, another two, and a third not even two, and the servants are all insolent and ill-behaved, because they are so few in number. This sophist blesses his stars that he has only one child, that, having several children, thinks himself in great misfortune, a third has to be careful that he gets no children, while the fourth acts the sensible part and avoids matrimony altogether. It used to be the case that those who were engaged in this profession went to the silversmith's and left orders for goods, and then, standing by, conversed with those who did the work, sometimes finding fault with the workmanship, and sometimes pointing out something better; sometimes praising those who were quick, and sometimes urging on the slow. But these have the most of their conversation with the hakers, not asking for the bread that has been promised them or demanding back their money, but making excuses for what they themselves owe. Always saying that they will pay, they are always compelled to take more, and so, hesh by two opposing evils, they have to avoid and seek the same persons; for they avoid by reason of their debts, and they seek by reason of their needs. Then, when the debts have grown to great size and there is nothing wherewith to pay them, they take their wives' ear-rings or bracelets, removing them from their wives' persons, and, carrying them to the haker's, leave them in his hands, cursing, as they do so, the profession of letters.

Perhaps the American professor may deem his Greek prototype a more fortunate mortal in having a wife who would give up her jewels to pay the haker's bill, but the Greek might reply that he had no Pittsburg benefactor.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Rajput Nurse.

"Whose tomb have they builded, Vittoo! under this tamarind tree.
With its door of the rose-veined marble, and white dome stately to see,
Was he holy Brahman, or Yogi, or Chief of the Rajpūt line,
Whose urn rests here by the river, in the shade of the beautiful shrine?"

"May it please you," quoth Vittoo, salaaming, "Protector of all the poor!"
It was not for holy Brahman they carved that delicate door;
Nor for Yogi, nor Rajpūt Rana, huilt they this gem of our land;
But to tell of a Rajpūt woman, as long as the stones should stand.

"Her name was Mōti, the pearl-name; 'twas far in the ancient times;
But her moon-like face and her teeth of pearl are sung of still in our rhymes;
And because she was young and comely, and of good repute, and had laid
A hahe in the arms of her husband, the Palace-Nurse she was made:

"For the sweet chief-queen of the Rana in Joudhpore city had died,
Leaving a motherless infant, the heir to that race of pride;
The heir of the peacock-hanner, of the five-colored flag, of the throne
Which traces its record of glory from days when it ruled alone;

"From times when, forth from the sunlight, the first of our kings came down
And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars for his crown,
As all good Rajpūts have told us; so Mōti was proud and true,
With the Prince of the land on her bosom, and her own brown baby too.

"And the Rajpūt women will have it (I know not myself of these things)
As the two babes lay on her lap there, her lord's and the Joudhpore King's;
So loyal was the blood of her body, so fast the faith of her heart,
It passed to her new-horn infant, who took of her trust its part.

"He would not suck of the breast-milk till the Prince had drunken his fill;
He would not sleep to the cradle-song till the Prince was lulled and still;
And he lay at night with his small arms clasped around the Rana's child,
As if those hands like the rose-leaf could shelter from treason wild.

"For treason was wild in the country, and villainous men had sought
The life of the heir of the gadi, to the Palace in secret brought;
With bribes to the hase, and with knife-thrusts for the faithful, they made their way
Through the line of the guards, the gateways, to the hall where the women lay.

"There Mōti, the foster-mother, sat singing the children to rest,
Her baby at play on her crossed knees, and the King's son held to her breast;
And the dark slave-maidens round her heat low on the cym-hal's skin
Keeping the time of her soft song—when—Saheh!—there hurried in

"A hreathless watcher, who whispered, with horror in eyes and face:
'Oh! Mōti! men come to murder my Lord the Prince in this place!
They have boughed the help of the gate-guards, or slaughtered them unawares,
Hark! that is the noise of their tulwars, the clatter upon the stairs!'

"For one hreath she caught her baby from her lap to her heart, and let
The King's child sink from her nipple, with lips still clinging and wet,
Then tore from the Prince his head-cloth, and the putta of pearls from his waist,
And bound the belt on her infant, and the cap on his brows, in haste;

"And laid her own dear offspring, her flesh and blood, on the floor,
With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap that the King's son wore;
While close to her heart, which was breaking, she folded the Rāja's joy,
And—even as the murderers lifted the purdah—she fled with his boy.

"But there (so they deemed) in his jewels, lay the Chota Rana, the Heir;
'The cow with two calves has escaped us,' cried one, 'it is right and fair
She should save her own hutchu; no matter! the edge of the dagger ends
This spark of Lord Raghoah's sunlight; stah thrice and four times, O friends!'

"And the Rajpūt women will have it (I know not if this can be so)
That Mōti's son in the putta and golden cap cooed low,
When the sharp blades met in his small heart, with never one moan or wince,
But died with a hahe's light laughter, because he died for a Prince.

"Thereby did that Rajpūt mother preserve the line of our Kings."
'Oh! Vittoo," I said, "but they gave her much gold and beautiful things,
And garments, and land for her people, and a home in the Palace! May he
She had grown to love that Princeling even more than the child on her knee."

"May it please the Presence!" quoth Vittoo, "it seemeth not so! they gave
The gold and the garments and jewels, as much as the proudest would have;
But the same night deep in her true heart she hurried a knife, and smiled,
Saying this: 'I have saved my Rana! I must go to suckle my child!'

—Edwin Arnold.

THE ATTACK UPON MAYOR GAYNOR.

Expression of Greater New York's Esteem.

New York recognized the full extent of her esteem for Mayor Gaynor only when she seemed about to lose him by the bullet of a murderer. Indeed the first reports said that the mayor was dead, and for a time the city seemed to be stunned as by the news of an irretrievable and personal disaster. It is no mere figure of speech to say that the ordinary sounds of the street were hushed and that men spoke softly as though in the presence of a domestic grief. Then came a hopeful report from the surgeons, who said that the wound was not necessarily a fatal one, and now, ten hours after the crime, we have an authoritative assurance that there are no grave symptoms, and that if these can be warded off there is no reason to fear the issue. But the wound is a bad one, and that it was not instantly fatal, seeing that the bullet was fired at a distance of two feet, is one of those incomprehensible facts of which the history of such crimes is full.

To few public men has come such swift popularity as has fallen to the lot of Mr. Gaynor. Had it been coveted perhaps it would not have come at all, but the mayor belongs to that small circle of public officials who expect nothing, and who make not the smallest bid for applause except that of their own consciences. No doubt he "did politics" as one of the unavoidable duties of his position, but it is not as a politician that he appeals to the public imagination. With all his grim exterior and a personality that is far from being magnetic, he has impressed the people as being wholehearted in their service, as a hater of oppression, as a friend of the poor, and as contemptuous of the conventions that strangle action and initiative. Nothing is so pleasing to the masses of men as unconventionality in pursuit of a high aim.

Mr. Gaynor has reached that point in public esteem where his daily sayings and doings become matters of public interest. And the interest is nearly always an approving one because both sayings and doings are marked by a shrewd common sense and by a tang of a homely philosophy that understands both the facts and their significance. "Nagging at me does no good," he said a few weeks ago. "My job is not easy. I shall no doubt make mistakes, but judge me justly and help me." To a magistrate whom he appointed recently he wrote a letter of counsel in which he said, "Make a resolution when you are sworn in never to allow yourself to be moved by political influence or by any improper interference." And to another he wrote, "I hope and trust that the morning of the day you assume this powerful office you will feel more like bowing your head for assistance and strength than strutting about. Be a good man and you will be a great magistrate." And to still another he wrote, "Be humble." Then, too, there was his refusal to issue a license to a certain busybody who wanted to preach in the street for the conversion of the Jews. "Certainly not," he said in effect. "The religion of the Jews is just as good as your own, and in fact your own was mainly derived from theirs." All these things and many more were widely quoted to his credit, and the public approval was marked and unstinted. Even the closing of the midnight restaurants, which struck deeply at certain special interests, was received without a word of adverse criticism. There was a certain distinctive humor in the mayor's opinion as to the rights of those who were "legitimately" hungry and those who had attained to hunger by devious ways, that appealed to the public mind.

But perhaps the mayor's most notable action was his warning to the police not to make arrests for small offenses, but rather to issue summonses, and so to place themselves in line with civilized practice. Only those who understand the shameful evils of the bailing system will appreciate the severity of this blow at an evil that stinks in the nostrils of decent citizens everywhere. But Mr. Gaynor went further than this. He gave the police to understand that they hold no property interests in human beings and that they have no more right to bludgeon a tramp or a friendless boy than to drag a millionaire from his automobile. Not only did he abate the arrest evil, and what may be called the bludgeon evil, but he put an end to the plain-clothes constable who calls himself a detective as an excuse for loafing and worse, and once more, it is only those who know the true inwardness of the "detective" who can appreciate the magnitude of the reform. And the mayor was not among those complacent officials who issue an order and so assume that something has actually been done. No one knows better than he what such orders amount to without the personal supervision that insures obedience. And so a few night ago Mr. Gaynor put in an appearance at the night court in order to see for himself how the police dragnet is emptied and the fate of its wretched contents. It was a *mauvais quart d'heure* for the police, some of whom may have ample leisure to ruminate on the unprecedented doings of the city's executive and on the note-book in which he made such copious entries.

The first prisoner was a boy who, incredible as it may seem, had been "disorderly." The case would have been over in one minute but for the mayor's irrelevant question, "How did you get that bump on your forehead?" The boy said that the "cop" had hit him, and the "cop," being asked to explain, had to confess that he had hit him, but did not quite know why he had done

so. Down went that policeman's name in the mayor's note-book. Then came another young criminal. He had thrown a ball in the street—New York boys are a desperate lot—and the mayor remarked audibly that the officer was "silly." The next was a girl who in pursuit of her ancient calling had accosted a plain-clothes constable. Mr. Gaynor looked right over the head of the girl at the officer. "Were you on duty in street clothes?" "Yes," replied the constable. "I thought that there were no officers assigned to duty in plain clothes. Who sent you out?" "Captain O'Brien," was the answer. Then there was another entry in the little book and one that portended trouble for the brave Captain O'Brien. The mayor was right on deck all through the session and it would seem to the casual observer that the usual rôles were reversed and that the police were in deeper trouble than the prisoners. The mayor's note-book became a charged bomb and there were a good many uneasy minds that wondered when and how it would explode.

Is it any wonder that the mayor has arrested the popular imagination or that the poor should feel that they have found a spokesman? Is it any wonder that citizens of every grade should recognize and appreciate a power and an intention rare enough in civic administration, or that the attack upon the mayor's life should be a matter of personal concern throughout the length of the city?

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, August 9, 1910.

Brussels, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Dresden, Vienna, Budapest, and even Rome itself would not be today what they are without the example of Paris. It was the first to conceive the ideas of symmetry and spaciousness, of order and convenience, and of wholesomeness and cleanliness. Medieval Paris was a labyrinthine tangle of narrow, dark, and foul passageways and alleys. The original Paris, ancient Lutetia, was nothing more than the island in the Seine upon which the cathedral of Notre Dame stands; it contained at the period of the Revolution a great number of small streets, fifteen or twenty churches, and a population of 20,000 or more. Those who visit it today find the island given over to a few great public buildings; the courts, an immense hospital, the prefecture of police, the tribunal of commerce, and two or three other public establishments. It is flanked by broad and smooth stone quays, is symmetrically laid out with open squares and a few spacious streets, and not more than perhaps one-tenth of its area is occupied by private buildings. Thousands of small houses were cleared away, and the modern island, with the restored cathedral, the splendid quays, the massive public edifices, the new bridges, and the flower market, made its appearance.

All world's harness race records were eclipsed at North Randall track, Cleveland, August 12, when Uhlán, black son of Bingen and Blonde, driven by Doc Tanner, trotted a mile in the phenomenal time of 1:58¾ to sulky. Paced by a runner, which at no time headed the dashing trotter, Uhlán circled the fastest track in the world, and accomplished an unprecedented feat for light harness bred horses. The mile of 1:58¾ by Lou Dillon, the pacing performance of Dan Patch of 1:55, and all other world's records had been beaten. Lou Dillon's record of 1:58½ was made in October at Memphis, with a runner in front to serve as a windshield. Dan Patch's performance of 1:55 was made under a similar arrangement at Hamline, Minnesota, in 1906. The fastest mile ever paced without a wind shield in front is jointly held by Audubon Boy, Star Pointer, and Minor Heir at 1:59¼. The fastest mile ever trotted by a gelding in the open until Uhlán's last three performances of 2:02¾, 2:01, and 1:58¾, was held by Major Delmar at 2:03¾, and behind wind shield of 1:59¾. At Columbus, in 1901, Cresceus established a world's record for trotting stallions of 2:02¼. Uhlán is owned by C. K. G. Billings, and was bought last fall for \$35,000.

Few New Yorkers ever stop to think that one of that city's chief attractions is the surf. Philadelphians must go fifty-six miles to the ocean; though the folk of Baltimore and Washington live on tidewater, they must travel for surf bathing to the Capes. Boston is the only other large town on the Atlantic seaboard (besides New York) that has the ocean at its back door. San Francisco and Los Angeles are the only Pacific Coast cities within trolley ride of ocean beach. None of the Mexican Gulf cities can be compared to New York as a seaside resort, and as to New Orleans, another Mecca of the pleasure-seekers, that lies more than a hundred miles above the mouth of the Mississippi. But, including Coney Island and Rockaway, a good many miles of Greater New York are bounded by the ocean. This fact (just to consider the money-making side of it) means an enormous revenue to the metropolis from the inland parts of the country. It is an advantage other great world-centres, such as London, Paris, and Berlin, do not enjoy.

Mount Everest, the "apex of the world," is guarded from approach on either side by Tibet and Nepal, undoubtedly the two most inaccessible countries in the entire earth. The mountain range between Everest and Kanchinjunga contains a series of very high mountains, several of them over 25,000 feet. The lowest of the mountains in this range are higher than St. Elias, in North America.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Carl Hagenbeck, famous buyer and trainer of wild animals, has been familiar with tigers for fifty years.

Cardinal Gibbons has just entered his seventy-seventh year. He was born in Baltimore, and has been a cardinal nearly twenty-five years.

Lord Strathcona celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday on August 6. He is Canadian High Commissioner, and is busy in his offices in London every day.

Joseph and Alexandre Riel, two brothers of Louis Riel, the Canadian leader of an Indian insurrection in 1885, are still living in St. Boniface, Manitoba, and are widely known among the pioneers of the fur-trade time.

George E. Kessler, the landscape architect of Kansas City, has earned fame by providing his home city with a fine system of boulevards, and by adding to the natural beauties of Fort Worth, Pensacola, Memphis, and other Southern cities.

Count de Lesseps, among the most famous of French aviators, has recently been giving exhibitions of the power of his aeroplane in Canada. He is particularly at home among his countrymen in the Dominion, as he speaks no English.

Richard Burdon Haldane, British secretary of state for war, is well beyond his fiftieth year, but he thinks a day's walk of sixty miles on country roads just the thing for his health, and often indulges in such a bit of strenuous exercise in spite of his years and two hundred pounds weight.

Wallace Goodrich is another American who is contending with the idea that opera conductors must come from Italy or Germany. Mr. Goodrich was born in Massachusetts, acquired some of his musical education abroad, and now, at forty, sits in the conductor's chair at the Boston Opera House.

Miss Clara D. True is the head of the Potrero Indian Agency in California, and has accomplished some notable reforms since taking this unusual place for a woman. Miss True had been teacher of an Indian school in New Mexico before she was chosen for her present work by Indian Commissioner Leupp.

Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck, wife of the Belgian dramatist and philosopher, has achieved distinction apart from that pertaining to her position as the wife of a famous writer. Mme. Maeterlinck is known as an opera-singer, essayist, lecturer, and as a suggestive commentator on her husband's works.

The Tsar of Bulgaria is the only monarch who ever went up in a flying machine. He is said to be the most unpopular ruler in Europe, yet one of the most diligent, determined, and effective. He has done more to pull Bulgaria together than any of his predecessors. His kingdom is not large, but the head of it rules.

Huntington Wilson is the young man who keeps his mind and both hands on the direction of affairs in the Department of State during Secretary Knox's summer vacation. Mr. Wilson has been United States minister to Argentina, in addition to former service in the State Department, and is eminently diplomatic in disposition and manner.

George C. Boldt came to America in 1871 from Germany, but he has taught New York hotel proprietors a good many things in the line of necessary improvements and luxurious appointments. The "peacock alley" is his invention, and palm gardens, sun parlors, and royal suites have been wonderfully developed and beautified under his direction.

James Edward Gaffney, who for nearly twenty years officiated as the school clerk at Eton, has just retired. He had to know about everything connected with the administration of the school down to the initials of a member of the third form. The majority of famous Etonians' names are to be found in his "Tardy Book." He had to see that a fresh birch was made for every boy "swished."

Camille Saint-Saëns completes his seventy-fifth year in October, and instead of resting on laurels he is writing the text for his nearly completed opera "Dejanira," the subject being derived from one of the tragedies of Sophocles. In his young days Saint-Saëns wrote poetry and published it, and then he entered upon a period of literature covering such practical studies as political economy.

Mrs. Harriet Chalmers Adams has recently completed a journey which encircled the entire South American continent within three years, and is the first white woman to set foot upon many points reached by her in her travels. Mrs. Adams is the wife of Franklin Adams, editor of the "Bulletin of the International Bureau of American Republics." A Californian by birth, as is also her husband, Mrs. Adams became interested in the early Spanish history of the Pacific Coast. This led her to study the Latin-American republics, and before Mr. Adams became identified with the Bureau of American Republics she had accompanied him on an extensive trip through Mexico and Central America. Then, starting from Panama, the couple traveled southward through Ecuador, Peru, Chili, Patagonia, Argentina, Brazil, Guiana, Venezuela, Colombia, and other countries, including the West Indies, making a trip of approximately forty thousand miles.

NO LADY.

Relating the Social and Political Activity of Shrimp Horan.

Mrs. Ezra Hoyt Bennington descended the staircase of "New York's most famous hostelry" with the non-chalance of long custom. She had several times that winter run—if such an action may be ascribed even figuratively to a lady of Mrs. Bennington's age and proportions—over from Boston in the interests of the great Cause. In her hand she carried some letters—as Mrs. Jennie Joralemon Jones, the local society's president, had not called, she proposed to spend the short time till dinner going through her mail.

Mrs. Bennington trailed into the writing-room, but despite the demand of her unopened letters, she leaned back in her desk-chair to take a short breathing spell. She was a bit tired, having arrived in town at 1:30, attended a convention luncheon at two with speeches dragging on till 4:30, and even while waiting for the refractory Mrs. Joralemon Jones she had revised the manuscript of the booklet she was getting out entitled, "Are You Aware?" She therefore sat idle at her desk toying with the much-monogramed stationery, and watching the parade which, brook-like, goes on forever in a New York hotel of the better sort. She had never before stopped here alone, preferring one of the smaller, exclusive, downtown hotels; but her husband, the judge, had had to give up the trip at the last moment, and as rooms had been engaged it did not seem worth while to change for so short a stay.

"How they do dress," she observed to herself, and mentally compared her own Boylston Street frock with the airy concoctions floating past. "I don't know what we are coming to." And with this profound reflection she began to busy herself with her mail.

She had snatched it up off the hall table as she was leaving for her train and it was decidedly miscellaneous. A chauffeur in Denver wished to come to her, passage prepaid; a young man in Milpitas, California, having seen her name in suffrage literature, addressed her as "Dear Friend," and asked if she could get him a position in the grand opera company in "her town"; a woman's banking-house in Chicago, newly organized, besought her to take a thousand shares as the independent woman's friend. The last was a mis-sive from a person who signed himself "One of the Contrary Sex," and below, in smaller letters, John P. Biles:

COFFEEVILLE, Monday.

MY DEAR PRISCILLA: You probably less expect a letter from me than from anybody you know. So here goes for a nice long fraternal letter. I picked up the paper this morning and read that you are greatly interested in Women's Rights. That partially explains this *spjel*. After giving our sublime tenets much thought, I have come to the conclusion that we can best win votes for our cause if we do not attempt to assist the incompetents in mismanaging our municipal and national affairs, but rather relieve the brute sex of all work and mismanage everything ourselves.

The other day I was idling in my office when enter a sergeant of police. After identifying me, he remarked he had a warrant for my arrest. He said it so pleasantly I took it as a compliment and asked him to be seated. We chatted for a while, then I asked him what he would like me to do? He rose to go and said my bail was fifty dollars. Now I had just balanced my bank-book to forty-nine dollars and thirty-seven cents, so I asked him to be seated again. I asked him if he did not think it unfair to fix my bail at fifty dollars when any scrupulous crook would be allowed a thousand, and that an arrest made by a sergeant should call for not less than five thousand. That seemed to please the old fellow, for he fixed it accordingly. As he started to go I asked him, "What if I don't pay my bail?" He answered promptly that I would be kept in jail for contempt of court. That made me sit up and take notice, and I hastened to ask, "What if I don't own an automobile?"

"Well, then," he said, scratching his chin, "it must be for something else." But he usually arrested for speeding. He sat down again and went through his papers. Pretty soon he exclaimed with triumph, "Oh, here it is. It is for not having out a red light when you excavated your basement. You own the hole in the ground at X and Y Streets."

Now I do not own this particular hole. It belongs to my wife, and I knew what would happen to that poor wretch if he tried to arrest her. It called for prompt heroics, so I said, "If you will kindly wait a few moments I will send for a lawyer to look after the case."

Policeman politely obeys, and enter lawyer. The three of us went to the station together, the sergeant far enough behind to be in easy gun-shot. We had the case set for Monday.

Monday at nine I presented myself with my lawyer friend. The prison door opened and a score of hattered men and women filed up before the police judge. He fined each and every one and warned them to keep away from the red lights. I heartily wished I had never heard of my own red light. Each pleaded guilty and they were sent back to their cells.

My lawyer said to me, "Let's see, your's was for not having out a red light, wasn't it?" With that he jumps up and whispers to the judge. They seemed to agree, for my lawyer started to leave the room, motioning me to follow. As we left my lawyer remarked, "We will let the fellow who swore out the complaint do the waiting. They'll forget to tell him."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"It is off," was his reply.

Suffering Suffragettes! Isn't that enough to make a suffragist of any one? It did of me. My wife sends her regards and my brother his love. I do both.

JOHN P. BILES.

"Facetious," she ejaculated, and "Impossible," as she made her way to the dining-room. John P. Biles had not raised her opinion of the sex. Thank Fortune she had married a man who did not wax jocose at her expense, who agreed with the phrases oftenest on her lips: "It is a form of vanity that causes any woman, no matter what her age, to assert that she is not treated exactly as a man. Let her preserve her proper dignity and she may go anywhere unmolested." Little did she suspect that she was pushing on to her Waterloo.

The head waiter selected Mrs. Bennington from a considerable waiting-list at the dining-room door. Though she was wedged in between two very tall men, her gray hair and distinguished bearing worked their spell upon the head waiter, for head waiters are apt to be the most discriminating of men.

"This way, madam," he bowed.

Mrs. Bennington followed him through the dining-room to a small table in a sequestered nook near the musicians. He ostentatiously pulled out her chair and seated her. He hovered about for several moments unarranging and rearranging the knives and forks.

"The gentleman stepped aside for a minute, I presume, madam," he ventured.

"Gentleman! There was no gentleman," returned Mrs. Bennington.

"I beg pardon, madam, were you not with the tall gentleman with the white moustache?"

"I most certainly was not," retorted Mrs. Bennington with decision.

Then the animated shirt front dropped these words: "I am very sorry, madam, but I must ask you to retire. No lady unaccompanied by a gentleman may dine here—"

"Do you know who I am?" and Mrs. Bennington proceeded to inform him in her most superior manner.

"I can not help it, madam. Were you the lady president of these United States I could not permit it. You see for yourself, ma'am, there's not a lady in this here dining-room who hasn't got a gentleman with her."

Mrs. Bennington raised her glasses and swept the room with a fine scorn. It was as the oracle had said. Of course there were not enough to go around, but at each table sat at least one man, passport into the promised land for these over-dressed specimens of femininity. But could it be, Mrs. Bennington asked herself, that she was to be judged by the same standards? Her lip curled as she remarked caustically, "I should judge from the appearance of many of these ladies, that they most probably picked up their escorts on the streets."

But Thomas knew his business: "Even so, madam. If the picking up is done before they enter the dining-room door it makes no difference to us. I must ask you to retire."

"Do you mean to say—" Mrs. Bennington gasped. This was shocking, grossly immoral! She settled back firmly in her chair, Puritan determination spread over her features. "I shall do nothing of the kind. I can pay for my seat and I intend to stay."

But if generations of Puritans gave to Mrs. Bennington the courage of her convictions, years of waiting had taught Thomas that he must not show the white feather on his own domain. He motioned toward the door. Mrs. Bennington saw two men approaching and grasped the situation. She was about to be ejected. Tomorrow every newspaper in New York would headline the event: "Sputtering Suffragette Shown Sidewalk."

She pulled herself together. "Do you mean to say that a man, any man, gains a woman admission to the dining-room?"

"That's it, and get out of here pretty quick or we shall be obliged to use force."

Mrs. Bennington's expression was truly awful as she rose and swept from the room. Once in the hall she had a feminine desire to weep with rage, but she summoned her will-power and, with a calm exterior, presented herself at the desk: "Send for a messenger boy and be quick. It's important."

This is where the Shrimp comes in. He was the quickest boy in the office; otherwise Ignatius O'Brian, or Jakey Goslinsky, or Alphonse Soule, would have been chosen hero of this tale, for they were all standing together in the front office when the call from the Piazza came in. Barring the ability to sprint, which was as much due to his size as anything else—he was a funny little person with the quizzical little face of a mischievous fourteen-year-old—any one of the above-mentioned would have answered heroic requirements, for he was not of the story-book order with a widowed mother and six sisters to support, and had never saved a little girl from drowning. He was not personally acquainted with a single relative of his except a cousin with whom he bunked in a two-dollar-a-week room in Monroe Street.

The cousin, Ignatius O'Brian, heard the call of the desk man now through the tumult and gave him a nudge. "Say, kid, yer wanted."

"I jes' come in. A feller don't get no let-up in this here joint, and that's no kid." Muttering mutinously the Shrimp advanced slowly toward the desk.

"Aw, cut that out," said the man in charge. "It's a party from the Piazza wants a hurry-up, so we're sendin' 'em a feller with somethin' in his head."

The Shrimp's heart sank into his boots as he presented himself before Mrs. Bennington. His profession seldom brought him into such close contact with the Four Hundred. They usually transacted their business through maids, bell-hops, and porters.

Mrs. Bennington eyed him critically through her glass. "Your age?" she inquired, severely.

"Twenty-one last week."

She breathed her relief. "Very well," she answered, rising. "Do as you are told and I'll make it all right with you. Follow me," and to his surprise, she led the way to the dining-room.

"I am accompanied by a man, and I shall dine here and now," spoke Mrs. Ezra Hoyt Bennington, and her

tone was decisive. Not all the head waiters in Christendom could thwart her now.

More confusion, an order issued in suppressed tones, bell-boys swarmed, there was talk of the police. The night clerk, wildly disheveled, appeared upon the scene of action; the august gentleman manager was sent for as a last resort. But even his well-bred remonstrances apparently fell as lightly upon the head of Mrs. Bennington as the blowings of thistledown on the head of a calla lily, and she stood remote and unruffled as one amid the growing redness of faces and raising of voices.

"I intend to remain," reiterated Mrs. Bennington.

In the midst of the general chaos, a short, stout, middle-aged man who had been peering over his glasses at the constantly increasing group from his lonely table rose and walked boldly over.

"Why, how do you do, Priscilla. Anything I can do for you?"

Mrs. Bennington shook hands. "How do you do? When did you leave Coffeeville? I had no idea you were here."

"Neither had I that I'd be here, till night before last," returned Mr. Biles, "till ten minutes before train time. Just got in on a little business. Going back on the Owl. But what's the trouble here?"

Mrs. Bennington maintained a dignified silence. There was not much else to do, as the proprietor, the clerk, the head waiter, and several minor personages were already explaining to him the situation.

"Why that's easy!" laughed Mr. Biles. "You come over and have dinner with me, Priscilla. I'm alone."

The proprietor looked his relief, the clerk took a side step or two, the bell-boys receded to the hall and the Shrimp backed into a dinner party.

But Mrs. Bennington said in a firm, cool tone, "Thank you, my dear John; I appreciate your intervention. Indeed I am deeply grateful and I shall hope to see you before you leave for the West, but I could not think of it."

"But—" Mr. Biles's face was a study. The complexities of Priscilla Wolcott's nature had baffled him as a young man, but years of experience with a wife and three daughters had taught him much. "Was it," he asked himself, "out of consideration for old times or was she—merely stubborn?"

He, of course, protested, but she gave him to understand very subtly that it was "Impossible." "My love to Mrs. Biles and the girls. Au revoir! Later!" And beckoning to the perplexed Shrimp, she made straight for a table that was being vacated.

When the Shrimp "came to" he was sitting opposite Mrs. Bennington at a table well toward the middle of the room. She had ordered dinner for one and was eating her oysters. Five courses she ordered and ate them slowly, deliberately. As he watched her out of the tail of his eye he ruminated, "Gee! aint it funny de way she takes a bite and rubbers around and den takes anoder. She don't care no more for hustlin' dan a nightwatchman."

Indeed it was half-past nine by the clock when Mrs. Bennington rose and with an unusually leisurely gait sauntered out of the dining-room. Even in that jaded hostelry people stared and raised their eyebrows as if some cross-continent rider had appeared in their midst, ox-team and all. The Shrimp's badge gleamed delightfully under the lights, but Mrs. Bennington bore her triumph as only a woman and a Bostonian could.

She led the way to a secluded corner of the hall and took a two-dollar bill from a nameless retreat. "This is for the office. You have been of great service to me. I am exceedingly obliged." She smiled as she pressed the bill into his hand.

"Yes, ma'am," was all he said, but he was fascinated and bound to the spot.

"And this," went on Mrs. Bennington, "is for you. I hope you will go and buy yourself a good big dinner and have a good time."

The Shrimp was speechless for the moment. The bill was a V, and tips like this had never come his way, even at the Piazza. As he turned to go he stammered out: "I—I want to tell you you're a—awful kind lady."

But Mrs. Bennington let drop these astounding words: "Young man, I am not a lady, though you no doubt erred through ignorance. I am an able-bodied woman who is fighting like many another woman to stand shoulder to shoulder with man."

"Yes, ma'am," answered the Shrimp, respectfully.

Mrs. Bennington hesitated an instant then peeled off another bill: "Treat the boys, too," she said, smiling. It was the same smile that had won for her the presidency of the Equality Society. "A man has so much influence," she continued, "You have a vote next month, and remember—Votes for Women."

Out in the night the Shrimp tried to analyze the woman's fascination. She wasn't so young, but she was a good looker all the same. In his set ladies of her age had lost all their subtle charm. With his kind it was a matter of eyes and lips and pompadours; with her it lay in something else. He was sure of one thing—how he would "go" in March.

"Say, Shrimp, wish't I'd 'a been there," cried Ignatius, his eyes sparkling as his cousin finished relating his experiences. "She must 'a been a swell lady."

"You don't understand it at all, you fellers." The Shrimp strutted off, hands in pockets, with the knowledge of true superiority—"She wasn't no lady. She said so herself."

GENEVIEVE THOMPSON.

PORTLAND, OREGON, August, 1910.

THE ACQUISITION OF CALIFORNIA.

An Inside History from the Diary of President James K. Polk.

Among the manuscript treasures of the Chicago Historical Society are twenty-five closely written volumes, each consisting of from one hundred to two hundred and fifty pages. They are a monument to the industry of James K. Polk, eleventh President of the United States, bearing witness to application in record-making which wholly eclipses that of the immortal Pepys. These volumes cover a period from August, 1845, to June, 1849, and give the student of history an invaluable inside picture of the administration of the executive who was frequently called "Polk the Mendacious." A discussion in 1845 with Mr. Buchanan on the Oregon question impressed upon Polk the "necessity of keeping a journal or diary of events and transactions which might occur during my presidency," and that self-imposed task he discharged with a fidelity to which the twenty-five volumes bear witness. Now, some sixty years after the last entry was made, Polk's hurried notes of his Cabinet meetings and other presidential labors are given to the world in four handsome volumes, carefully edited by Milo Milton Quaife for the Chicago Historical Society.

When it is remembered that Polk's administration saw the war with Mexico, the settlement of the Oregon boundary, the admission of Texas, and the acquisition of California and the great Southwest, it will be obvious that the diary contains material of unique historical interest. Of most appeal to Californians, however, are those entries which trace day by day the course of events and development of policy which led to the acquisition of their own State. The most important of these entries are given below in chronological order:

Tuesday, 16th September, 1845.—The Cabinet met today, all the members present. Despatches were read from Dr. Parrott, the confidential agent of the U. S. in Mexico, giving an account of another threatened revolution, & of the refusal of Paredes to march his army to Texas. Dr. Parrott's latest despatch was of date 29th August, 1845. He gives it as his opinion that there will be no declaration of war against the U. S. and no invasion of Texas; that the Government will be kept employed to keep down another revolution which was threatened. He is also of opinion that the Government is desirous to re-establish Diplomatic relations with the U. States, and that a Minister from the U. S. would be received. In these opinions Mr. Black, the U. S. consul at Mexico, of date 23rd Aug't, and Mr. Dimond, U. S. Consul at Vera Cruz, of date 30th Aug't concurred. After much consultation it was agreed unanimously that it was expedient to re-open Diplomatic relations with Mexico; but that it was to be kept a profound secret that such a step was contemplated, for the reason mainly that if it was known in advance in the U. S. that a Minister had been sent to Mexico, it would, of course, be known to the British, French, and other Foreign Ministers at Washington, who might take measures to thwart or defeat the objects of the mission. The President, in consultation with the Cabinet, agreed that the Hon. John Slidell of New Orleans, who spoke the Spanish language and was otherwise well qualified, should be tendered the mission. It was agreed that Mr. Slidell, if he accepted, should leave Pensacola in a National Armed vessel & proceed to Vera Cruz, without disclosing or making known his official character. One great object of the Mission, as stated by the President, would be to adjust a permanent boundary between Mexico and the U. States, and that in doing this the Minister would be instructed to purchase for a pecuniary consideration Upper California and New Mexico. He said that a better boundary would be the Del Norte from its mouth to the Passo, in latitude about 32 deg. North, and thence West to the Pacific Ocean, Mexico ceding to the U. S. all the country East and North of these lines. The President said that for such a boundary the amt. of pecuniary consideration to be paid would be of small importance. He supposed it might be had for fifteen or twenty millions, but he was ready to pay forty millions for it, if it could not be had for less. In these views the Cabinet agreed with the President unanimously.

Saturday, 28th March, 1846.—The Cabinet held a regular meeting today; all the members present. After some unimportant matters of business were disposed of I brought before the Cabinet the State of our relations with Mexico. Despatches received from Mr. Slidell rendered it probable that he would very soon be received by the existing Government in Mexico in his character of Minister of the U. States. I stated to the Cabinet that I apprehended that the greatest obstacle to the conclusion of a Treaty of boundary, such as I had been instructed if practicable to procure, would be the want of authority to make prompt payment of money at the time of signing it. The Government of Gen'l Paredes, having recently overthrown that of President Herrera, was a military Government and depended for its continuance in power upon the allegiance of the army under his command, and by which he had been enabled to effect the late revolution. It was known that the Government of Paredes was in great need of money, and that in consequence of the deficiencies in the Treasury and the deranged state of finances, the army upon whose support Gen'l Paredes depended to uphold him in power, being badly fed and clothed and without pay, might and probably would soon desert him, unless money could be obtained to supply their wants. I stated that if our minister could be authorized upon the signing of the Treaty to pay down a half a million or a million of dollars, it would enable Gen'l Paredes to pay, feed, and clothe the army, and maintain himself in power until the Treaty could be ratified by the U. S., and the subsequent installments which might be stipulated in the Treaty paid. Indeed I thought that the prompt payment of such a sum might induce him to make a Treaty, which he would not otherwise venture to make. In these views there seemed to be a concurrence. The question followed how an appropriation could be obtained from Congress without exposing to the public and to Foreign Governments its object. That object, as may be seen from Mr. Slidell's instructions, would be adjusting a boundary to procure a cession of New Mexico, California, & if possible all North of latitude 32 deg. from the Passo (El Paso) on the Del Norte & West to the Pacific Ocean; or if that precise boundary can not be obtained, then the next best boundary which might be practicable so as to include all the country East of the Del Norte and the Bay of San Francisco. For the boundary desired, see Mr. Slidell's instructions. The Cabinet thought it important that Mr. Slidell should have the command of the money to make a prompt payment on the Signature of the Treaty.

Wednesday, 13th May, 1846.—Mr. Buchanan read the draft of a despatch which he had prepared to our Ministers at Lon-

don, Paris, and other Foreign Courts, announcing the declaration of War against Mexico, with a statement of the causes and objects of the War, with a view that they should communicate its substance to the respective Governments to which they are accredited. Among other things Mr. Buchanan had stated that our object was not to dismember Mexico or to make conquests, and that the Del Norte was the boundary to which we claimed; or rather that in going to war we did not do so with a view to acquire either California or New Mexico or any other portion of the Mexican territory. I told Mr. Buchanan that I thought such a declaration to Foreign Governments unnecessary and improper; that the causes of the war as set forth in my message to Congress and the accompanying documents were altogether satisfactory. I told him that though we had not gone to war for conquest, yet it was clear that in making peace we would if practicable obtain California and such other portion of the Mexican territory as would be sufficient to indemnify our claimants in Mexico, and to defray the expenses of the war which that power by her long continued wrongs and injuries had forced us to wage. I told him it was well known that the Mexican Government had no other means of indemnifying us. Mr. Buchanan said if when Mr. McLane announced to Lord Aberdeen the existence of the War with Mexico the latter should demand of Mr. McLane to know if we intended to acquire California or any other part of the Mexican territory and no satisfactory answer was given, he thought it almost certain that both England and France would join with Mexico in the war against us. I told him that the war with Mexico was an affair with which neither England, France, or any other power had any concern; that such an inquiry would be insulting to our Government, and if made I would not answer it, even if the consequence should be a war with all of them. I told him I would not tie up my hands or make any pledge to any Foreign power as to the terms on which I would ultimately make peace with Mexico. I told him no Foreign (power) had any right to demand any such assurance, and that I would make none such let the consequences be what they might. Then, said Mr. Buchanan, you will have war with England as well as Mexico, and probably with France also, for neither of these powers will ever stand by and (see) California annexed to the U. S. I told him that before I would make the pledge which he proposed, I would meet the war which either England or France or all the Powers of Christendom might wage, and that I would stand and fight until the last man among us fell in the conflict. I told him that neither as a citizen nor as President would I permit or tolerate any intermeddling of any European Power on this Continent. Mr. Buchanan said if my views were carried out, we would not settle the Oregon question & we would have war with England. I told him there was no connection between the Oregon and Mexican questions, and that sooner than give the pledge he proposed that we would not if we could fairly and honorably acquire California or any other part of the Mexican territory which we desired, I would let the war which he apprehended with England come & would take the whole responsibility.

Saturday, 30th May, 1846.—A plan of the campaign against Mexico and the manner of prosecuting the War was fully considered. I brought distinctly to the consideration of the Cabinet the question of ordering an expedition of mounted men to California. I stated that if the war should be protracted for any considerable time, it would in my judgment be very important that the U. S. should hold military possession of California: at the time peace was made, and I declared my purpose to be to acquire for the U. S. California, New Mexico, and perhaps some others of the Northern Provinces of Mexico whenever a peace was made. In Mr. Slidell's Secret instructions last autumn these objects were included. Now that we were at War the prospect of acquiring them was much better, and to secure that object military possession should with as little delay as possible be taken of all these Provinces. In these views the Cabinet concurred. The only doubt which remained was, whether the season was not too far advanced to enable an expedition of mounted men from Missouri to pass the mountains & reach California before the setting in of winter. In winter all whom I had consulted agreed that it was impracticable to make the expedition. Col. Benton had given me his opinion that if the expedition could leave Independence in Mo. there would be time. Col. Benton had brought me Fremont's map and Book and given me much detailed information of the route and of the difficulties attending it, but advised the expedition this season provided it could move from Independence by the 1st of August. Col. B. had written me a note with the outline of the plan of the expedition, which I read to the Cabinet. I finally submitted a distinct proposition to the Cabinet. Col. Kearney of the U. S. Army was as I learned an experienced officer, and had been with a part of his Regiment to the South Pass of the Rocky mountain, and made an extensive tour in that region last year. Immediately after the act declaring war against Mexico was passed (May 13, 1846) orders had been given to Col. Kearney with his Regiment to move to Santa Fé to protect our traders. A requisition had at the same time been made to the Governor of Missouri for 1000 mounted Volunteers to go under Col. Kearney's command on the same service. These troops or a portion of them could be put en route for California three weeks earlier than any new force, which could be now ordered out. The proposition which I submitted was, that Col. Kearney should be ordered as he took Santa Fé, if he thought it safe to do so & practicable for him to reach California before winter, to leave Santa Fé in charge of his Lieut. Col. with a sufficient force to hold it, and proceed towards California with the balance of his command including a portion of the 1000 mounted men who had been ordered out. I proposed further that another 1000 mounted men should be immediately ordered out from Mo. to proceed to Bent's Fort or Santa Fé, and a portion of them to follow Col. Kearney towards California or not, as Col. K. might leave orders behind him, leaving a large discretion to Col. K. whether he should undertake the California expedition this season or not, but expressing to him the strong wish of the Government that he should do so, if he thought it practicable. The Cabinet assented to this proposition.

Thursday, 7th July, 1846.—The Cabinet held a regular meeting today: all the members present except the Attorney-General, who was detained at his residence by continued indisposition. Various questions connected with the manner of conducting the war with Mexico were considered. Among other questions which arose, was one in relation to the municipal & commercial regulations to be established in any Mexican port or town which should be taken by our Navy. After this question was considered, or rather during its consideration, Mr. Buchanan expressed the opinion that our naval forces should be instructed to take and hold Monterey on the Pacific, and the Bay of San Francisco. Farther South than these ports he insisted we should not take or hold, because as he said we intended to hold California permanently & he was opposed to taking or holding permanently the country South of these places. This was the substance of the reason assigned by him for not being in favour of taking and holding the country South of Monterey on the Pacific. He was opposed, too, to giving to the inhabitants of Tamaulipas or of any of the Provinces South of New Mexico any encouragement to annex themselves to the U. S. or that we would receive (them). It was clear from the general tenor of his remarks on this, as well as on former occasions, that he was

unwilling by Treaty with Mexico, or in any other manner to acquire any part of the Mexican Territory South of New Mexico & Upper California. Mr. Walker discussed the matter with him, differing from him in opinion and insisting upon having a more Southern line of boundary, if it could be obtained. Finally I remarked that if when we came to make a Treaty I found that I could obtain a boundary from the Mouth of the Rio Grande West to the Pacific by paying a few millions more for it than for the boundary mentioned by Mr. Buchanan, I should certainly make such a Treaty, but that if I could do no better I would take the boundary mentioned by him. It was very manifest that Mr. Buchanan desired to avoid acquiring any Southern territory below the boundary indicated by him. I differed with him in my views, and was sorry to find him entertaining opinions so contracted & sectional.

Monday, 10th August, 1846.—My object in asking this appropriation (for \$2,000,000) has not been fully stated in this diary. It was this. Mexico is indebted to the U. S. in a large sum, which she is unable to pay. There is also a disputed question of boundary. The two countries are now engaged in War. When peace is made the only indemnity which the U. S. can have will be a cession of territory. The U. S. desires to acquire Upper California, New Mexico, and perhaps some territory South of these Provinces. For a suitable cession of territory we are willing to assume the debts to our own citizens & to pay an additional consideration. My information induces the belief that Mexico would be willing to settle the difficulty in this manner. No Government, however, it is believed, is strong enough to make a treaty ceding territory and long maintain power unless they could receive, at the time of making the treaty, money enough to support the army. Whatever party can keep the army in its support can hold the power. The present Government is without any regular revenue, & without a prompt payment as a part of the consideration would not venture to make a Treaty. Having no doubt that I could effect an adjustment of the pending war if I had the command of \$2,000,000, I felt it to be my duty to ask such an appropriation. This I did in the first instance by a confidential communication made to the Senate in Executive Session on the 4th Instant. The Senate on the 6th Inst. passed resolutions approving my views and declaring that it was proper to make the appropriation asked. The Resolution approving my views passed the Senate by a vote of ayes 43 to nays 3, and the Resolution approving the appropriation by yeas 33 to nays 19 (see Executive Journal, from which the Injunction of Secrecy was this day removed). With a full knowledge of all this Senator Davis had recourse to the desperate resort of speaking against time, to defeat a measure which he had been unable to defeat by his vote. Had the appropriation been passed I am confident I should have made an honorable peace by which we should have acquired California, & such other territory as we desired, before the end of October. Should the war be now protracted, the responsibility will fall more heavily upon the head of Senator Davis than upon any other man, and he will deserve the execrations of the country. I desired when I made the communication to the Senate in Executive Session, to consult that body in secret Session, to the end that the appropriation, if approved, should have been passed quietly and without attracting public attention, or exciting the jealousy of the Powers of Europe; but contrary to my wishes great publicity has been given to it by Congress.

Tuesday, 12th December, 1848.—I then stated to the Cabinet that I feared no action would be had at the present session of Congress for the Government of California & New Mexico: that I feared this would be the case from the want of concert of action or any common views among the members of Congress with whom I had conversed. I stated further than I apprehended if these territories were left without a Government for another year, and especially California, they might be lost to the Union. I gave my views at some length for this apprehension. They were, in substance, that in the course of the next year a large population would be attracted to California by its mineral wealth and other advantages, that among the emigrants would be men of enterprise and adventure, men of talents and Capital; and that finding themselves without a Government or the protection of law, they would probably organize an independent Government, calling it California or Pacific Republic, and might endeavour to induce Oregon to join them. I stated that if this state of things existed when Congress came together twelve months hence, that the leading Federalists (alias Whigs) would be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to give up the country for the purpose of relieving Gen'l Taylor of his embarrassments upon the Wilmot Proviso. I added that the Federal party had from the commencement of our history been opposed to the extension of our limits; that they opposed the acquisition of Louisiana as they had recently done that of our new possessions. To guard against the loss of California I deemed it very important that the question of its Government should be settled at the present Session of Congress. I then stated that I thought (it) indispensable that we should agree upon a plan of settlement (for Congress seemed to have no plan) and exercise what influence we might possess to carry it through at the present Session. All present agreed that this would be proper and, indeed, our duty. It is a question rising above ordinary party considerations. We have a country to serve as well as a party to obey. On comparing information, as far as we had been able to collect it from conversations with members of Congress, we were satisfied that neither of the propositions for the settlement of the Slavery question presented at the last Session of Congress could prevail; and that either of them would be embarrassed by the Wilmot Proviso in the Ho. Repts. What then was to be done, was the question. Senator Douglass of Illinois had introduced a Bill into the Senate to admit both California and New Mexico into the Union as one State. The territory, we were all of opinion, was too large, and the settlements in it too detached & distant from each other to form one State. After full consideration it was agreed that I should see Senator Douglass and advise him to modify his Bill so as to admit California alone into the Union as a State, and to bring in a separate Bill for the Government of New Mexico. All were agreed that this was the most feasible plan of settling the slavery question, by leaving it to the inhabitants of the new state to decide the question for themselves, and at the same time avoid the danger of losing California, of which there was very great danger, if the present session of Congress adjourned without acting on the subject.

Perhaps, as Professor McLaughlin anticipates in his admirable introduction, the publication of the diary will result in a "new and juster estimate" of Polk. In any event these volumes have a value all their own for the intimate picture they give of how one President did his work, how he was interviewed, and how he dealt with congressmen and the office-hunter.

THE DIARY OF JAMES K. POLK: During His Presidency, 1845 to 1849. Edited and annotated by Milo Milton Quaife. With an Introduction by Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin. Four Volumes. Chicago: C. McClurg & Co.

JESSY.

Who Proved the Folly of a Theory of Error.

There lived in London, during the reign of Elizabeth, a savant named Bog, who, under the name of Bogus, became very celebrated owing to a treatise on "Human Errors" which he was compiling. Bogus had been working on it for twenty-five years, but had not yet published any part of it. His manuscript, neatly copied, and placed on shelves in the embrasure of a window, consisted of no less than ten volumes in folio. The first one dealt with the "error" of being born—source of all other errors. In the following ones were found the errors of little boys and little girls, of adolescents, of staid men, and of the old, of those of people of various professions, such as statesmen, merchants, soldiers, cooks, political writers, etc. The last volume, although incomplete, embraced all individual and professional errors. And such was the concatenation of ideas in this beautiful work that not a page could be left out without damage to the rest. The conclusive proofs logically followed one another, and the last one absolutely established the fact that evil is the essence of life, and that, if life is a quantity, it can be affirmed with mathematical accuracy that there is on this earth as much evil as there is life.

Bogus had not committed the "error" of marrying. He lived in a little home alone with an old housekeeper called Kat—which stood for Katherine. The sister of the philosopher, of a less transcendent mind than her brother, had, from error to error, loved a draper of the city, married him, and given birth to a little girl named Jessy. Her last error had been to die—after ten years of conjugal life, and thus to cause the death of the draper who could not survive her.

Bogus took the orphan under his care, out of pity, and also with the hope that she would supply him with a good example of childish errors. She was then six years old. During the first eight days of her stay with her uncle, she cried, and would not speak. On the morning of the ninth she said to Bog: "I saw mother; she was all white; she had flowers in a fold of her dress; she scattered them over my bed, but I did not find them any more this morning. Give them to me, mamma's flowers."

Bogus noted this error, but in his comment on it he admitted that it was innocent and somewhat pleasing.

Some time later Jessy said to Bog: "Uncle Bog, you are old, you are ugly, but I love you well and you must love me well, too!"

Bogus took up his pen, but, after an effort of thought, realizing that he no longer was young and that he had never been handsome, he did not note down the childish remarks; he only said: "Why must I love you, Jessy?" "Because I am small."

"Is it true," wondered Bogus, "is it true that one should love little ones? It might be so, for they have, truly, a great need of being loved. Thus can be excused the common error of mothers who give to their little children their milk and their love. I will have to revise this chapter of my treatise."

On the morning of his birthday, when he entered the room where he kept his books and papers and which he called his library, he noticed a sweet perfume and saw a pot of carnations on his window-sill. There were three scarlet flowers, which the light kissed joyously, and everything seemed to smile in the solemn room. The old arm-chair of tapestry, the walnut table, the antique backs of the books laughed in their binding of tawny calfskin and in their parchment, and Bogus, just as dried up as they were, began to smile as they did.

Jessy said to him, kissing him: "See, Uncle Bog, see, here is the heaven"—and she pointed through the leaden window at the light blue of the sky—"then lower is the earth, the flowery earth"—and she showed the carnations—"then, below the big black books it is hell!" These big black books were precisely the ten volumes of the "Treatise of Human Errors," arranged under the window, in the embrasure.

This error of Jessy reminded the doctor of his work, which he had been neglecting for some time to go out walking on the street and in the parks with his niece. The child discovered a thousand agreeable things and revealed them at the same time to Bogus, who had hardly ever in his life gone out into the world.

He reopened his manuscript, but he no longer recognized himself in his work, where there were neither flowers nor Jessy. Fortunately, philosophy came to his rescue with the suggestion of the transcendent idea that Jessy was good-for-nothing. He clung the more strongly to this truth because it was necessary to the continuation and possibility of his work.

One day, as he was pondering over this subject, he found Jessy, who, in the library, was threading a needle in front of the window where stood the carnations. He asked her what she was going to sew. Jessy answered: "Don't you know, Uncle Bog, that the swallows have gone?"

Bogus knew nothing about it; neither Pliny nor Avicenna made any mention of it.

Jessy continued: "Kat told me so, yesterday."

"Kat," cried Bogus, "that child means the respectable Katherine."

"Kat said to me yesterday: 'The swallows left earlier this year than usual; this foretells an early and severe winter.' That is what Kat told me. And then I saw mamma in a white dress with a white light shining over her hair; only, she had no flowers like the time before."

She said to me: 'Jessy, you must take out of the chest Uncle Bog's fur-lined coat, and mend it if it requires it.' I awakened, and as soon as I was up I took the coat out of the chest, and as it is ripped in several places I will sew it up again."

Winter came and it was such as the swallows had predicted it. Bogus, in his great coat, his feet to the fire, was trying to correct certain chapters of his treatise. But every time he succeeded in making his new experiences consistent with the theory of Universal Evil, Jessy confused his ideas by bringing to him a pot of good ale or just in showing him her eyes and smile.

When summer came, uncle and niece went walking together in the fields. Jessy brought back herbs which he named and which she classified in the evening, according to their properties. She betrayed, on these occasions, a clear mind and a charming, exquisite soul. One evening, as she spread on the table the herbs gathered during the day, she said to Bogus: "Now, Uncle Bog, I know by name all the plants you have shown me. There are those which cure, and those which console. I wish to keep them and make them known to others. I would like to have a big book to dry them in."

"Take this one," said Bog, and he showed her the first volume of the treatise of "Human Errors."

When the volume had a plant in each leaf, they took the following one, and, within three summers, the masterpieces of the doctor were completely transformed into an herb collection.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Anatole France, by Rebecca Godchoux.*

LONDON THEATRICAL MODES.

What an American Finds Odd, Superior, and Open to Criticism.

Clayton Hamilton, the New York dramatic critic and essayist, spent May and June in London, the two months of high tide in theatrical affairs in the English capital. He writes entertainingly of his visit and the peculiarities in the stage show world which attracted his attention, and in the current number of the *Bookman* sets down his impressions and verdicts. The article is compact with information, well illustrated from photographs, and will interest those who like the drama, whether they have seen the English theatres or not. He begins his review naturally—at the beginning of peculiar experiences:

For the ordinary American visitor, the special pleasure of attending the theatre in London begins at the moment when he hooks his seats—or, as we should say it, buys his tickets. When he steps up to the box-office, he will discover with pleasant surprise that it is conducted by a gentleman who speaks the English language, wears the clothes appropriate to the varying hours of the day, and receives him with courtesy and consideration. The names of the men in charge of all the box-offices in London are published in the daily papers; and the public, knowing distinctly who they are, is habituated to expect impeccable attention from them.

Mr. Hamilton does not like to pay for his programme, but it is only fair to say that a few theatres have broken away from this sixpence-grabbing custom:

On the evening of the performance, the visitor is met in the lobby by a uniformed attendant who directs him to a girl who acts as usher. These girls, if they are not always pretty, are always nice—in the proper sense of that abused and suffering adjective—and look very dainty in their little caps and aprons. The visitor is led down an intricate and winding passage with many stairs, and pauses on the way to check his hat and coat. For this service there is a stated charge of sixpence, which obviates all question about tips. The visitor is then shown to his seat in the stalls, and immediately experiences the one annoyance of the evening. The girl hands him a programme and says "Sixpence, please," with an habitual smile.

Greater comfort for the patrons of the theatre might well be considered in many American playhouses:

The stalls in a London orchestra are really articles of furniture, commodious and comfortable. In Mr. Cyril Maude's exquisite theatre, known as The Playhouse, each chair sits solidly on four legs, and has two arms and a back that fit the human body; and in the St. James's Theatre, which is conducted by Mr. George Alexander, and is perhaps the finest playhouse in London, a space of no less than two feet and a half is left between the knees of the spectator and the back of the chair in front of him.

Going to the play in London is not a chance mingling with all sorts of people—that is, if one pays the price:

Looking about him in the stalls, the visitor perceives that everybody, without exception, is in evening dress and is the sort of person he would gladly ask to dinner. He feels like a member of a large theatre party; he is among his own people; and there arises a delightful sense of being at home which he can rarely experience in New York.

One oddity of old-time theatres has never been brought across the ocean:

In the orchestra there are only eight or ten rows of stalls; and immediately behind them is the pit, which is walled off by a barrier, or fence, that stretches clear across the theatre. In the pit there are no individual seats—merely rows of long benches on which the people sit rather closely together. It is, of course, impossible to reserve seats in advance; and people who are going to the pit have to come early on the evening of the performance in order to secure the best places. Hence, in the case of a popular play, a long queue of people may be seen at seven o'clock stretching from the pit door all along the sidewalk, waiting for the house to open. They keep their places very patiently in line, united by a common mood of pleasurable anticipation.

Economy suggests the pit, and its advantages are all along that line:

Whereas a seat in the stalls costs half a guinea (or approximately two dollars and fifty cents), a place in the pit costs only two and six (or approximately sixty cents); and the play can be seen very nearly as well. In the pit the same programme that is sold in the stalls for sixpence is sold for

twopence; and the pit has a refreshment bar of its own which is cheaper than the main bar of the theatre.

Social strata are distinctly marked, or should be, with five grand divisions:

Above the pit there are usually three galleries. The lowest and best of these is called the dress circle. Here the charge for seats is seven and six (or approximately one dollar and eighty cents) and people usually dress. The next gallery, called the balcony, is cheaper and is above the zone of evening dress. Topmost of all is the shilling gallery, in which the seats are not reserved, and for which another queue forms in the street before the theatre opens. It will be seen, therefore, that just as one may travel first, second, or third class on a British railway, so one may go to the theatre first class, in the stalls or the dress circle, second class, in the pit, or third class, in the shilling gallery. There is no pretense at a general and democratic commingling of upper, middle, and lower classes in the auditorium.

Later hours for well-to-do diners affect even the style of the entertainment offered:

Till nine the stalls are empty; but the people in the pit, who had to come early, need to be amused, and the play of the evening is therefore preceded by a curtain-raiser, which begins at half-past eight. Sometimes, as at the Comedy Theatre this season, the initial entertainment is furnished by a performer at the piano; but more often it consists of a one-act play. These little pieces, which are directed at the pit and gallery, usually stand upon a lower level of art than the main piece. In America our playwrights nearly all seem eager to write one-act plays and complain because there is no market for them; and to the American critic in London it seems surprising that a better use is not made by English authors of the opportunity afforded them. Of all the one-act plays disclosed in London during the present season only two showed any merit. One of these, by Mr. Barrie, was put on as an afterpiece; the other, by George Paston, was used as a curtain-raiser.

There is opportunity for argument concerning the real advantage of ease in retiring for and obtaining refreshments:

The *entr'acte* in a London theatre is a delightful interval. If the visitor wishes to remain in his seat, he may listen to an orchestra that is worth listening to; and if he wishes to leave his seat, he may do so without treading on anybody's toes or falling into anybody's lap. To pass out from the very middle of a row is not a physical affliction, and may be accomplished without occasioning scowls. Each theatre is provided with a bar, which is an integral part of the establishment. It is not, indeed, conducted by the theatre manager. The manager sublets the privilege of the bar; and the privilege of selling the programme usually goes to the same man as part of the contract. On the managerial ledger, this arrangement subtracts a considerable figure from the item of the rent of the house. And the bar is a great convenience to the thirsty members of the audience. It is not necessary to plunge forth into the cold gray air of night in search of a half-caste café around the corner.

Beautiful barmaids are more accessible than the Peris of the chorus, yet they are not often the heroines of romantic marriages with titled young men:

Drinks, in all the theatres, as indeed in practically every bar in England, is served by girls instead of men. There is about these barmaids an air of hospitable homeliness—in the correct, historic sense of that most beautiful of words—that raises the entire tone of public drinking in England. But to set forth all the psychologic reasons why barmaids are preferable to bartenders, one would need the felicity of Elia and the scope of an entire essay. In the theatres, the barmaids are affable without being unpleasantly familiar, and one is glad to meet them. Smoking between the acts is enjoyed both in the bar and in the lobby. Nobody leaves the precincts of the theatre, and there is therefore no necessity for our American system of giving out return checks and gathering them in again.

Fancy taking tea comfortably in one's stall, don't you know?

Meanwhile, during the *entr'acte*, the ladies of the audience are not left without attention. The programme girls circulate about, selling ices, coffee, sweets, and cakes from dainty trays; or if the performance be a matinee, they pass out individual services of tea. In a theatre so well equipped as The Playhouse, there is a sort of little counter projecting from the backs of the row of stalls in front of the spectator on which he may set his tea-tray and serve himself in comfort. To the American visitor it looks at first a little quaint to see fully a third of a matinee audience taking tea in this manner between the acts. It is, however, a very comfortable custom and contributes to that feeling of the individual in the stalls that he is socially a factor in one large theatre-party.

Here is a danger, unaccountably persisting and not to be sufficiently condemned:

But the most vital defect of theatre building in London is the habit, everywhere adhered to, of digging a hole deep down in the ground for the stalls and the pit, instead of planting these vital sections of the house on a level with the street. In a typical London theatre, one steps from the street into the lobby and then directly into the dress circle, or first balcony, which is on a level with the lobby. In order to get to the stalls, it is necessary to pass down a long and intricate passage which curves around the pit and descend gradually or abruptly to a level which is an entire story underground. From the stalls there is no exit backward through the pit, and only one exit on each side, giving upon a winding passage that leads uphill, or upstairs, or both. In the event of a sudden terrible fire, everybody in the stalls would be entombed and hurried alive. The main lobby of the theatre would immediately be choked by refugees from the dress circle; and the two intricate uphill exits from the stalls would be of no service in a panic.

London theatre-goers evidently do not care for the late supper in public:

After the theatre in London, there is nothing that parallels at all the café life of New York. By far the greatest number of habituated theatre-goers drive quietly home in cab and go to bed. Almost the only good place for an after-theatre supper is the Carlton; and this is frequented mainly by visitors to London, rather than by the inhabitants themselves. Apart from the great hotels, there are no cafés of the highest class. Even those of the second class thin or at midnight and close their doors at half-past twelve. After the latter hour it is difficult to buy a drink in London. The lights are dark. The streets are silent, except for the occasional clatter of a belated cab-horse. Mysteriously, in the short space of an hour, the great, gigantic city has shut its eyes and gone to sleep.

But then, London has no "great white way." At the time may come when New York will find it possible to cut down the bill for incandescent signs.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Meddlings of Eve.

To convey in a few words the delicate charm of these two studies in the rare art of match-making is impossible. Mr. Hopkins has well named his narrator and his wife Adam and Eve, though he ought to have added some qualifying statement to the effect that the couple antedate the fall. For their life together is a vision of paradise, or Eden, not alone in the ineffable delight of their own perfect love and their rare joy of parenthood, but also in their ministry toward the happiness of others. Tom and Cecily, also, are adorable creations, and the story of their temporary estrangement and final understanding has all the sweetness of an idyl. The second study, in which Margaret is the principal figure, is somewhat less attractive, but it would be sheer ingratitude to imply that that also is not richly endowed with enjoyable qualities. Mr. Hopkins is a benefactor, and his gift of creating an atmosphere of compelling delight has never been so signally illustrated as in these two exquisite stories. Save for the one pinchbeck sentence, "The tooth was out and no gas had been administered," his pen never slips and his taste is never at fault.

THE MEDDLINGS OF EVE. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

The Master Girl.

Pul Yun and Deh-Yan, hero and heroine of this study of prehistoric times, are the Romeo and Juliet of the Stone Age. They belong respectively to the Sun Men and Little Moons, between whom there is a fierce hostility comparable to the enmity of the Montagues and Capulets. Deh-Yan discovers Pul Yun helpless with a broken leg, and at first is inclined to finish him outright and take his scalp back to her people as a trophy and a proof that her aspirations for "a larger life" are reasonable. But the passion of love dawns, and she gives herself willingly to her cave-man. Then the story develops for the purpose of showing the origins of modern emotions and devices, leading to a self-immolation on Pul Yun's dead body.

There can be no question that Mr. Hilliers has delved deeply in the scientific knowledge of his period, for he is well up in all the details of prehistoric life as they have been revealed by cave studies, but he would have attained a far greater and more artistic success had he left out the professor of his prologue and epilogue, and entirely eliminated from the body of his story every reference to the gains of modern knowledge and custom. In other words, he fails to retain the atmosphere of his own setting because of his references to what a "modern woman" does, to "old maids," to the "modern duchess," to "a St. Louis belle," and so on. The reader is consequently jerked at every turn to and fro between historic and prehistoric times, which may be excusable in a work of science, but not in a work of fiction.

THE MASTER GIRL. By Ashton Hilliers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

The Varmint.

John Humperdink Stover, otherwise "Dink" or merely Stover, is not an attractive youth as he appears in the first chapter of Mr. Johnson's latest Lawrenceville story. This may warn off the adult reader who is of the opinion that quite enough has been written about "fresh" boys. That would be unjust to Mr. Johnson and the adult reader. For though this lively tale of school life may be intended for young people in the first place, there are few grown-ups who will not surrender to its high spirits, its sparkling if langy dialogue, and its character gallery of lively boys and sedate but not less likable tutors. In fact, were it only for the portrait of The Roman, that human-hearted teacher of the humanities, the book will be treasured by many. Mr. Hopkins is a wholly lovable scholar, and he it is who is the good genius of Stover, and the means of his transformation into a youth of real promise. Under his seemingly austere manner he hides a genuine liking for the lad because of his "fearlessness and diabolical imagination." From the moment when "Dink" takes his place as a hayseed at Lawrenceville there is never a dull moment in the story. Mr. Johnson has not inside the skin of boy nature, knows his vocabulary to a syllable, and can write about all games, jiggers, and every other phase of school life with the knowledge of an expert.

THE VARMINT. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50.

The Face of China.

No attempt is made in this liberally illustrated volume to analyze Chinese character; people may describe with success the soul of people, provided it is sufficiently near the surface, but the foreigner who has known and loved China for a lifetime would be the first to repudiate the possibility of doing this in the case of China." Here, then, is nothing more ambitious than an attempt to depict the outward aspect of the country as it appears to a careful and sympathetic visitor. And the text is materially helped by the numerous

clever little sketches in color contributed by the author.

Among the places described are Shanghai, Shantung, Tsinan, the sacred shrine of Tai Shan, the home of Confucius, Peking, and journeys on the Yellow River and the Yangtze. At Shanghai a visit was paid to the American college of St. John's, which has the highest reputation of any educational establishment in China. Yet in answer to a geography question, "What are the five principal races?" a pupil replied, "Fifty yards, hurdle race," etc. In the chapter on Kufow there is an account of the tomb of Confucius. "It is approached through a series of gateways of varying sizes and importance. Long avenues of cypresses lead from one gateway to another, and at last a spot is reached from which every one is commanded to approach the grave on foot. This is simple and dignified, as befits a sage—nothing but a tablet bearing an inscription, set up on a plain low pedestal, shaded by trees. Near it are the graves of other members of the family of Confucius, which are much less modest. His grandson's tablet has two curious tall stone figures of servants on each side." The journey throughout was a series of pleasant surprises to the author, who met nothing but courtesy everywhere.

THE FACE OF CHINA. By E. G. Kemp. New York: Duffield & Co.

Skid Puffer.

Dialect has a somewhat forbidding look in print, but the lover of fiction who allows the distorted dialogue of "Skid Puffer" to make him pass the book by will have robbed himself of unique enjoyment. The dialect reads much easier than it looks, and it is so rich in native qualities, in delightful exaggeration, and droll humor that were it ten times more difficult than it is the labor of mastering it would be richly rewarded.

One example may be cited, a part of Skid Puffer's reminiscences of his father's account of a particularly cold winter on the Kankakee swamp. The old Squire was giving some examples of the lowness of the temperature. "Finstans, ef you throwed up a tincup o' water it'd rattle down in a million icicles an'—an' snow. Pervided Skid, remember I'm sayin' pervided, ef you was mighty quick about it. Ef you wasn't it'd freeze solid an' bust the tincup right in yer han'. It was leas' forty degrees b'low Cairo—er—say? thet don't seem the right word neither.

"It froze ev'ry cat in nine miles solid. Sech a night fer cats thiet was! Mighty me-c-e! Ev'ry can o' fruit in the cellar was busted skyhigh and ev'ry winder hed fros' mebbly a foot thick next mornin'.

"The day before New Years was foggy, nen it turned to drizzle, nen rain, nen we piled to bed. I woke up 'bout midnight. Golly whee-ee! W'y Skid, the ice was a foot thick roun' my wiskers. I was froze fast. I jumped up to buil' da fire to keep from freezin' to death. And by bing! I drug two covers off'n the bed froze tight to my beard. I guess I looked jes like Nagra Falls froze up."

One of the most hilarious chapters in the book is that which tells of the Squire's attempts to coerce a hen into setting, while for sheer rough beauty the description of "the Rorbybilus" is a delight. The book has its tender side as well, and altogether is a remarkable achievement. The anonymous author should be proud to claim the merits of his (or her) work.

SKID PUFFER. A Tale of the Kankakee Swamp. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

The Negro in the South.

Data gathered from fifty towns in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and Tennessee have furnished Mr. Odum with the material presented in this study, which aims to contribute something towards a scientific knowledge of the negro. The various chapters deal with negro education, religion, fraternities, home-life, lawlessness, social status, and emotions.

With regard to the first-named Mr. Odum finds that young educated negroes "are not a force for good in the community, but for evil." They quickly outgrow the influence and control of their instructors, lose sympathy with their parents, despise manual labor without being fit for any other, and love only the show of apparent results and do not care for the details of attainment. Nor is the case of the negro preacher much better. He is generally superficial in his work, "and carries with him a sanctity frequently ill-deserved and ill-won. . . . He seldom cares for high principles in his life. Many cases of gross immorality among negro preachers have been noted, which though of the lowest and most corrupt nature, elicit no surprise among the negroes. For it is not expected that the average negro preacher will always be pure in his life; rather his position gives him freedom to do as his inclination dictates."

Perhaps, however, the darkest chapter in the book is that devoted to the home-life of negroes. Their houses are filthy in the extreme, and immorality and crime are the natural outcome of the disorder and confusion prevailing there. "There is little knowledge of the sanctity of home or marital relations; consequently little regard for them.

The open cohabitation of the sexes related by no ties of marriage is a very common practice." Further, "there is no better and more accurate story of the immoral and unmoral life of the negro than is told in his songs. Yet only the better songs may be given to the public; the great mass of vulgar and indecent songs do not admit of publication. Often such songs are in the majority, and they are generally favorites among the negroes." It will be seen, then, that so far as facts go, Mr. Odum presents a depressing picture. Yet he is not without hope for the future. He admits the problem is difficult and will become more difficult and complex, but he argues that the negro may be assisted to become a good negro, and to that end deserves sympathy, encouragement, and positive and firm direction.

SOCIAL AND MENTAL TRAITS OF THE NEGRO. By Howard W. Odum. New York: Columbia University; \$2.

Concealing-Coloration in Animals.

Gerald H. Thayer and Abbott H. Thayer, son and father, have combined in the production of this exhaustive and handsome volume, the latter providing the raw material, the former putting it into shape. There is, however, an introduction by the father, which aims to explain the basic principles of his theory. Unhappily, neither son nor father is an ideal expositor; if ever the theory is to become a matter of popular knowledge, some other writer will have to tackle the theme.

What Mr. Abbott Thayer contends is that the theory of protective coloration in the animal world has been misunderstood because it has been studied by the zoologist rather than the artist. Hence he has no patience with the "nuptial dress" theory, for that would tend to conspicuousness. He holds that the contrary, inconspicuousness, is of far greater value, and this volume is devoted to showing that such a quality is common in nature. It demonstrates, in the words of the author of the theory, that "the colors, patterns, and appendages of animals are the most perfect imaginable effectors under the very circumstances wherein such effacement would most serve the wearers. For any particular animal to be seen looking conspicuous means no more than that he is not at those moments looked at under the circumstances for which his concealing colors are effective; and man's persistent misconception that bold patterns, etc., make the wearer conspicuous, is based on a psychological principle." Many individual examples among birds, mammals, and fishes are discussed at length, to the accompaniment of numerous illustrations, some of which are in color.

CONCEALING-COLORATION IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. By Gerald H. Thayer. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$7 net.

Brief Reviews.

Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Land of the Blue Flower" (Moffat, Yard & Co.; 75 cents net) is a singularly attractive little fairy tale which catches the spirit of ancient times of chivalry and adapts it to modern needs. The conceits are full of poetry and the lesson of the story can not but appeal to all readers and inspire them to kindness.

A suggestive and informing little volume is F. Crawford Burkitt's "The Earliest Sources for the Life of Jesus" (Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net). The conclusion reached is that "we can do very little toward reconstructing the unknown sources used by Matthew and Luke, and that we have to depend on the faithfulness and intelligence of these writers, as well as on the excellence of the material they made use of." Dr. Burkitt claims that a century of investigation has brought Mark's version of the gospel into a position of priority as a historical source.

To the complete edition of "The Poems of James Ryder Randall" (the Tandy-Thomas Company; \$1 net) there is prefaced a brief biography by Matthew Page Andrews which includes a note from Holmes. "I have always felt rather than thought there was a genuine ring and a lifelike spirit in that lyric, 'Maryland, My Maryland,' and only regretted that I could not write a 'Massachusetts, My Massachusetts,' that would be at once as musical and as effective on what was for me the right side of the armed controversy." This volume contains many verses now published for the first time.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Sahle and Purple.

Although there are but four poems in this slim volume, the quality of the verse makes amends. Mr. Watson holds his muse in high respect, and shows in these latest lines that his command of lucidity, elegance, and dignity is still complete. The poem which gives the title to the book is that written in commemoration of King Edward's death; the second is a vivid picture of the last hours of Alfred the Great in his palace at Winchester; the third owes its existence to the journey of the author and his wife to America, and the fourth, "The Threatened Towers," is a political allegory of the times.

American readers will be most interested in "In the Midst of the Seas," and especially in the passage which pays a tribute to New York and Florida:

New York! a city like a chessboard made,
Whereon the multitudinous pawns are swayed
Neither by Knight nor puissant Queen,
And how not unto Castle or King.
Yet hither and thither are moved as though they obeyed,

Half loath, some power half seen,
Some huge, voracious, hundred-headed thing,
Armed with a million tentacles, whereby
He hooks and holds his victims till they die.
There did we tarry, dearest! But one day
There came on us a longing to go forth,
No matter whither, so 't were far away!
Then from the snarl and bite of the sharp North
To Florida's sweet orange-flaming shore,
Through forests and savannas vast we sped,
And found a sea so fair and strange, we said—
"We have but dreamed of splendor heretofore."
For all the sky-line was an emerald ring
Of such deep glow as barks imagining;
And all the tide within it, streak on streak,
Was one extravagant revel and freak
Of amber and amethyst, azure and smouldering red,

With every hue that is child of these
Dancing at noon on the fantastic seas.

Not less happy is the poet in visualizing the far-off days of King Alfred, whose passion for learning and the arts of peace pervades the stately lines put into his mouth. And there is a noble reticence about the tribute to King Edward which establishes it as easily the best of the poetic offerings called forth by his death.

SABLE AND PURPLE WITH OTHER POEMS. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

God's Troubadour.

Copious as is the literature about Francis of Assisi, there is room for this sympathetic study, especially as Miss Jewett has told the life of the gentle saint in a form admirably suited to young readers. There is a picturesque account of the boyhood of Francis, from which may be gleaned all the known particulars about his merchant-prince father, and this is followed by a spirited chapter or two devoted to those years when the future saint responded to the appeal of arms.

Excellent use is made of those stories and legends which link Francis to the birds and beasts. "With birds Francis felt himself always among dear and happy friends. Once these little companions were even too noisy in their merry-making. It was on a day when Francis stood up to speak to a great crowd of men and women gathered out of doors. Hundreds of swallows were wheeling about, as one often sees them of a spring afternoon, twittering and calling with shrill voices while they hunt their supper on the wing. This time the birds flew so low, and were so many and loud, that Francis could not make himself heard. Suddenly he turned from his audience and spoke into the air: 'It is time that I should have my turn to talk, little sister swallows,' he said; 'be quiet and listen until I have finished'; and, so says the old story, the swallows obeyed his voice." In such suitable language does Miss Jewett tell her story, and for illustrations she supplies many photographs taken by her own camera at Assisi and elsewhere, and reproductions of paintings concerned with the life of the saint.

GOD'S TROUBADOUR. By Sophie Jewett. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Making of Species.

Holding that since Darwin's death a number of new facts have come to light which, in their opinion, indicate that the theory of natural selection as propounded by Darwin needs considerable modification, the authors of this volume have set forth certain of those facts. They have been impelled to their task by the persistency with which English men of science cling to natural selection as a key to every zoological problem, to say nothing of the lack of attention paid by those investigators to the study of live animals. The authors are convinced that "the future of biology is largely in the hands of the practical breeder." They also assert that today "it is not among Englishmen, but among Americans and Continentals, that we have to look for advanced scientific ideas."

Yet the present volume must not be regarded as an attack upon Darwinism; on the contrary, it opposes the so-called Neo-Darwinism, and makes it abundantly clear that Darwin himself protested in vain against the length to which some of his followers pushed

his theory. The chief position of the authors is that "the theory of natural selection is no more able to explain all the varied phenomena of nature than is Ricardo's assumption that all men are actuated solely by the love of money capable of accounting for the multifarious existing economic phenomena." An exhaustive chapter is devoted to the examination of the more important objections to the theory of natural selection, which claims that "scarcely a single species of bird or beast exists which does not display some characteristics which are inexplicable on the theory that natural selection, acting on small variations, is the one and only cause of organic evolution."

After producing their illustrations, and setting forth their significance in a lucid manner, the authors declare that evolution is possible without natural selection, and argue that "the real makers of species are the inherent properties of protoplasm and the laws of variation and heredity. These determine the nature of the organism; natural selection and the like factors merely decide for each particular organism whether it shall survive and give rise to a species." But they fully admit that our knowledge of the causes of variation and mutation is practically nil. The study is a valuable contribution to constructive evolution.

THE MAKING OF SPECIES. By Douglas Dewar and Frank Finn. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

More than thirty years have passed since Matthew Arnold remarked that, in spite of his prodigious vogue, Byron has "never yet had the serious admiration which he deserves." That verdict is recalled by the recent assertion of Alfred Austin that Byron is the greatest English poet since Shakespeare.

Goldwin Smith's memoirs are to be seen through the press by Arnold Haultain, for many years his private secretary. They will cover the author's life exhaustively from his earliest days to his closing years.

Robert W. Chambers's forthcoming novel is described as a romance of Civil War days. While a departure for Mr. Chambers, the story will not introduce historical characters.

Dillon Wallace has written for the Outing Publishing Company "Saddle and Camp in the Rockies," a volume which tells the story of the author's experiences and observations in his trip through the Rocky Mountain country from Arizona northward. Other books on the fall list of the same publishers will include "The Horse," by David Buffum; "The Fine Art of Fishing," by Samuel G. Camp; "How to Live in the Country," by E. P. Powell; "The American Shotgun," by Charles Askins; and "Lawn Tennis for Ladies," by Mrs. Lambert Chambers, four times winner of the ladies' single championship of England.

Mary E. Waller, whose "The Wood Carver of 'Lympos'" is in its twenty-fifth edition, has completed a new story, "Flamsted Quarries," dealing with contemporary social and industrial conditions in America.

Under the new copyright act which has been introduced into the English Parliament, authors will be secured sole ownership in their works for their lifetime and fifty years afterwards, as compared with the present law which fixes the period at lifetime and seven years, or for forty-two years, whichever is the longer. The latter regulation owed its existence to Macaulay, who declared that the principle of copyright was "a tax on readers for the sake of giving a bounty to writers."

In connection with the centenary of Thackeray's birth, which is due next summer, the Macmillans announce an edition de luxe of the novelist's works which is to contain reproductions of the original illustrations and five hundred new plates from drawings by Harry Furniss.

Fourteen volumes of the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" are to be published this year. No statement has been made as to the number of volumes which the completed work will comprise.

Joseph Conrad, discussing the question whether poetry can flourish in a scientific age, says, "Much good paper has been lamentably wasted to prove that science has destroyed poetry. Meantime, unblinking, unseen, and often unheard, the guileless poets have gone on singing in a sweet strain. How they dare do the impossible and virtually forbidden thing is a cause for wonder, but not for legislation. Not yet. We are at present too busy reforming the silent burglar and planning concerts to soothe the savage breasts of the yelling hooligan."

At the recent Goethe-Fest at Weimar, according to the New York Evening Post, the programme was appropriately opened with the unveiling of a statue to Alma von Goethe, the grandchild of the poet, who died at the age of seventeen. All who knew her, including Thackeray, agree in ascribing to the girl more than ordinary loveliness, and something of her charm Jerichau, the Danish sculptor,

sought to breathe into his plastic marble in Rome, 1848. Strange to say, this work of art—showing the maiden reclining in sleep, her hands full of roses, her feet amid lilies—disappeared for years, and was only recently rescued by chance from oblivion. Professor von Oettinger traced the strange and varied fate of Goethe's descendants: August, his son, falling in foreign Rome; Otilie, the gifted and cheerful daughter-in-law, long Goethe's faithful companion and nurse, a wanderer after his death, finding nowhere a home; Walther and Wolfgang, her sons, ailing, unhappy epigoni, void of all accomplishment, and finally, Alma von Goethe, their one bright hope, sinking in the flower of her youth.

Burns, it will be remembered, was on the eve of leaving Scotland for Jamaica when the publication of his poems made him famous and kept him at home. Lord Rosebery has exercised his imagination as to what might have happened had Burns carried out his original intention, and believes that amid the tropical luxuriance of Jamaica and the degrading conditions of slavery, together with the convivial associations of the island, the poet would have degenerated into a totally different Burns. His genius could hardly have survived the luxury of wealth. Poverty produced masterpieces, but wealth smothered them. We can, Lord Rosebery declares, count on our fingers all the masterpieces produced by rich people.

Authors on the lookout for recipes should make a note of the following by Edward M. Chapman: "A story of humble life, told with genuine skill and out of first-hand knowledge, will always find readers. Charge such a tale with sentiment which upon the whole is true and sane, spice it with humor, sweeten and light the whole with the faith of wayfaring men who seek a celestial city, and it at once develops the elements of the widest, if not the most permanent, popularity."

Apparently no one can praise Chatterton without defaming Horace Walpole. John H. Ingram, the writer who seems to think he has sole copyright in everything that pertains to the poet, has depicted what he calls "The True Chatterton," and of course with the usual vilification of Walpole. What has always to be remembered is that the gifted poet—one one questions his powers—did indulge in the bad habit of forgery, and that it was the discovery of his forgery of the Rowley manuscripts which lost him the sympathy of Walpole. But on the other hand, Walpole's letters prove beyond question that he had as keen an appreciation of Chatterton's gifts as the irate Mr. Ingram.

New Books Received.

"Now!" By Charles Marriott. New York: The John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A story of present-day life in England, distinguished for the artistic manner in which everyday happenings and conversation are made to serve in lieu of romance. Mr. Marriott is manifesting a unique gift in transforming the commonplace.

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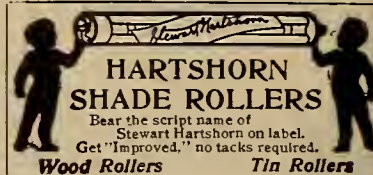
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"SEVEN DAYS."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Every one who has read "When a Man Marries," with its amusing recital of the tribulations that befell a spoiled Society Pet unexpectedly quarantined in a Society Pet's luxurious home, will have immediately recognized the fitness of adapting the hook to the stage. "Seven Days" is a highly amusing farce, the humor of which, except for some rather worked up and lengthened out scenes and situations in the last act, is at once ingenious and spontaneous. That is to say, the fun in the very ingeniously worked up situations is irresistible, and the laughter continuous, hearty, even side-stitching, and, as a consequence, enormously refreshing to a tired mind.

The joke of the thing lies in the fact that Jimmie Wilson, while giving a dinner party, suddenly finds his dinner guests on his hands, without servants to wait on them, the domestics having fled at the first hint of a quarantine.

I read, the other day, a very depressing magazine article which began with the blood-freezing announcement, "The servant girl is disappearing." It is true. She is. And the servant boy is not any too eager in coming to the fore. I think that "Seven Days" could never have had as appreciative a hearing in the past. It struck the psychological moment. Rich people can still tempt wage-earners to domestic service with large pay, but plenty of smart people lack the means. Quantities of pretty, dainty chateaulines in their servantless kitchens have read ambiguously worded cook-book recipes with the same comic despair as Kit.

One of the best things, by the way, quite the best, in fact, that Norma Mitchell did was her reading of the omelet recipe, and Aubrie Beattie, always funny, was regarded by the husbands in the audience as a brother man. They had been there, too—some of them—sympathizing, consoling, assisting, or getting in the way, according to temperament and ability. Just as there was a personal note in the appreciation of the audience on the first "Spendthrift" night, so there was during the culinary perplexities on the first "Seven Days" night.

The play, which is the result of a collaboration by Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of the book, and Avery Hopwood, is a very ingenious piece of work. Like "What Every Woman Knows," it begins with the entrance of a burglar in a dark room. The burglar is a dramatic genius in the handling of his dark lantern, and the authors have laid out excellently his business in the scene. Just as we become inquisitive about some object he turns his quick-glancing light upon it. When we want a longer survey he seems to divine it. When we tremble for his safety, in that inconsequential way that auditors do, the twinkling light goes black and he is invisible. Finally he is obliged to flee to cover just as a deliberate footman, followed by his master and the guests, comes to light the invaded apartment.

During the remainder of the play the burglar, itching like the rest to get away, scared into conniptions of terror by a hurly policeman who is likewise imprisoned on the premises, darts in and out during each act, seeking a safer hiding-place, perpetually abasquating with the few provisions in evidence, and remaining as silent as a trapped fox. But he sometimes his emotions, and he does it well. He excites our sympathy before we know it; perhaps because we are all incipient burglars of a kind. We follow his uneasy gyrations with apprehensive eyes, and heave a sigh of relief when he tucks himself into various hiding-places, just in the nick of time to evade Flanagan's red, extended paw. William Wadsworth deserves praise for putting so much suspense of a comic sort into this lively though all silent rôle.

The burglar has, in some sort, a perfectly lizzy time, as he overhears a number of vivacious interviews. There are quarrels, confidences, cross-purposes, recriminations, reconciliations. There are two love affairs and various romantic misunderstandings in active progression during the play. There is a rich and overwhelming aunt who subjugates everybody, and a rather engaging married couple, besides the two pairs of crossed lovers.

During the course of the play we roam in visualized fancy from the basement to the

roof. We are in Jimmie's blue-tiled kitchen and see Kit in a white-laced, satin-ribbed petticoat and a pajama shirt that matches the blue tiles, revealing her startling limitations on the subject of making raw eggs edible.

A flight of steps descends to the kitchen, and upon the stairway we are able to view the assemblage of Jimmie's hungry guests at their first servantless breakfast. Their melancholy lower limbs are first in evidence, then their whole depressed persons, arrayed in such improvised negligés as a bachelor's quarters were he apt to yield to investigation.

The fun goes merrily on through three acts, although just a little obviously worked up in the third. The dialogue is bright and crisp. The people talk like real people—of their type, I mean. The author has probably been there, and knows what she is talking about and depicting.

In the matter of the company, the players are full of zest, and we need not complain about losing any of the fun of the piece. Yet—it is so often so—the men are better than the women, except for Florence Robinson as Aunt Selina, who is an actress of experience and excellent in the rôle. The other three, Norma Mitchell as Kit, the pretended wife, Madeline Winthrop as Bella, the ex-wife, and Clare Weldon as Anne, the pseudo-psychic guest, would scarcely pass on Broadway. They do not seem *chic* enough for the smart set.

Norma Mitchell is a bright little actress, although she will have to practice considerably the art of weeping aloud; but there is something else she will have to learn, and that is to speak stage English. Her accent is too flat, too crude, too inelegant to make us quite accept Kit as a dainty helle in the exclusive set of New York. It is a long, hard path to shed an accent like hers, but it is worth while, since she has earned the preference of being chosen for the rôle.

Madeline Winthrop is better, but she says "hecuz," and "everyhuddy." It doesn't do in rôles of the kind, for even those who are hoisted by money up to a socially high place look after their speech as they look after their finger-nails. It is part of the generally decorative effect they seek to convey.

During the trials of the imprisoned nine everybody is rubbed the wrong way, and people are supposed to be more or less snappish because they are unaleted and unserved by obsequious attendants. I could not help but believe, however, that more finished actresses would have caused Kit and Bella to have retained more of their girlish attractiveness than did these two young ladies, although they put so much hreeze into their rôles that one partly forgave them for lack of greater finish.

Clare Weldon, also, was full of zip, as Anne, the lady who put the hurglar-wrought aberrations of the furniture down to psychics. Miss Weldon wasn't had in the tippy scene, but she inartistically repeated her comic contention effect later when showing Anne's surprise over the unaccountable antics of inanimate things.

Aubrie Beattie, Ned Finley, and Ben Wilson formed an agreeable masculine trio, the first two being also clever comedians, while Ben Wilson was just a nice young man with a love affair on hand to work out of his system. Hugh Cameron, as Flanagan, wasn't wonderful in the matter of hroque, but he was first rate in making Flanagan so Flanaganish that we quite forgot he was anything else.

In fact, "Seven Days" is a capital entertainment, worthy the patronage of theatre-goers who love to laugh aches into their sides through three acts.

The citizens of Stratford-on-Avon have conferred the honorary freedom of the borough on F. R. Benson, an actor who has conducted the annual series of birthday performances at the Memorial Theatre in Stratford for nearly thirty-three plays of Shakespeare in Shakespeare's town. The last person upon whom the freedom of the ancient borough was conferred was David Garrick, who received the coveted distinction May 8, 1769. It is an honor that to an actor must mean more than a knighthood. In acknowledging it Mr. Benson quoted from the Stratford prize play, "The Piper," by our countrywoman, Miss Josephine Preston Peahody, saying to the citizens that the gift had constituted him "your knight, your friend, your serving man, and I hope I may be spared for many a year to owe you my life and service."

"Pidgin" languages are, of course, "husiness" languages, "pidgin" being the effect upon Chinese vocal organs of the attempt to pronounce "husiness" (says the London Chronicle). All over the East there is a tendency to harden the softer sounds of English. An up-country servant in India, always desirable and desired, is recognized by his pronunciation of the word which Mr. Kipling magnificently translates "the Presence." The town-dweller has learned to utter the soft "hazur," but the unsophisticated Aryan from the districts makes "hajur" out of it—almost exactly the same perversion as "pidgin" for "husiness." There is a pervading disposition to spell the word incorrectly "pigeon."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Theatrical affairs are improving. Another theatre reopens next week, the long darkened Savoy once more becoming a scene of activity, and there are other entertaining prospects. New York has partially opened the new season, two new comedies having been produced during the month, and the impulse undoubtedly will be felt across the continent. Just why there has been no flood tide in the drama on the Pacific Coast while it ebbed in the East is not yet fully understood.

"The Lottery Man" is the new comedy which will serve to call back its former patrons to the reopened Savoy Theatre. The piece is by Rida Johnson Young, whose former efforts have been numerous successful. It tells the story of a newspaper man who offers himself as a prize in a lottery to hoon his paper and his own fortunes. He is won by a very unattractive spinster, and the plot is at once so thick that further complications are unnecessary. It is for laughing purposes, and it has admirably fulfilled the desires of its author and producers. Produced first last fall in New York, it has remained at one theatre for practically the entire season. The Shuberts now send it on tour with the same production. It opens at the Savoy Theatre next Sunday evening for a two weeks' engagement, with the regular Saturday matinees and special Thursday popular matinees with the best seats at one dollar.

At the Columbia Theatre "Seven Days" is fairly afloat on a sea of popular approval. The merry and ingenious farce has set all the playgoers laughing or impatient to begin, and the advance sale proves that the rush for seats will continue through next week, the second and last of its engagement. Play and company are reviewed at length in another column.

Minnie Dupree and her company will give "The Minister's Wife" at the Orpheum next week as a head-line attraction. It is a one-act play by Frank Ferguson, and it tells a novel story. Miss Dupree has the rôle of Fifi Templeton, and is supported by J. Paul Jones and Harry Larihee. The original Six Kauffmanns, famous bicyclists, will perform marvelous feats. Al Jolson, the minstrel man, will sing and perpetrate his own make of witticisms. Renee, who is modestly styled "Goddess of Music" by her press agent, will play the piano, cornet, saxophone, ocarina, and other instruments. She comes direct from Eastern triumphs, and is credited with artistic ability. Next week will be the last of J. C. Nugent and Jule York in "The Squarer," Flanagan and Edwards, the Harvey-De Vora Trio, and "The Operatic Festival."

Rose Stahl's performance in the rôle of Patricia O'Brien in James Forbes's comedy "The Chorus Lady" was one of the big hits of the season before last in this city. Since that Patricia O'Brien has been taken to London by Miss Stahl and proved as big a favorite on the other side of the Atlantic as she has on this side. "The Chorus Lady" with Miss Stahl will come to the Columbia Theatre on Monday, September 5. It will be a fitting bill for the big celebration week.

William Rosell, who has the leading rôle in "The Lottery Man," has won high favor in the part in the East.

Wednesday matinees at the Columbia Theatre are given at a special scale of prices, 25c, 50c, and \$1.

Marie Scherzer, who recently appeared successfully as Seibel in "Faust" with the Bevani Grand Opera Company, the opportunity coming on account of the illness of Edmee de Dreux, is a Chicago young woman, daughter of a well-known orchestra leader of that city. She has been on the stage seven years.

Frank Bacon is one of the members of the cast of "The Fortune Hunter," which has just reached its three hundredth performance at the Olympic Theatre in Chicago. Mr. Bacon and Thomas W. Ross are the principal comedians in the play, which will be seen here this season.

The "Maid of Mystery," a classical dancer in New York who appears veiled, has been well advertised through the report that she was no less a personage than Mrs. Amy Gouraud. At the same time, the dancer persistently denied the report while she preserved the mystery of her identity.

Two plays huilded on stories by F. Anstey were produced in New York last week. Edwin Stevens is prominent in the cast of "The Brass Bottle," at the Lyceum Theatre, while A. E. Matthews, an English comedian, made his American debut in "Love Among the Lions" at the Garrick. Both farce-comedies are said to be successful productions.

Grace George and Frank Worthing will appear in the New York presentation of "Baby

Mine," a farce which Otis Harlan and Marjorie Wood have been playing successfully in Chicago.

Miss Mary Shaw, Miss Laura Nelson Hall, and Orrin Johnson have been enlisted as members of the cast of "New York," a play by W. J. Hurlbut, author of "The Fighting Hope." This drama is said to be a "merciless" exposition of life in Manhattan, with the leading rôle—naturally that to be played by Miss Shaw—a mother with a reckless son and an iniquitous past—described as a study in "disarranged maternalism."

For rapidity of composition the prize among novelists must be awarded to Alexander Dumas, who died with over 3000 hooks to his credit, in all of which he had some share. According to Arthur F. Davidson, one of his biographers, he often declared that when once he had mapped out in his mind the scheme of a novel or a play the work was practically accomplished, since the mere writing of it presented no difficulty, and could be performed as fast as the pen could travel. Some one disputed this; the result was a wager. Dumas had in his head the plan of the "Chevalier de la Maison Rouge," of which he had not yet written a word, and he made a bet of one hundred louis that he would write the first volume of the novel in seventy-two hours. The volume was to be formed by seventy-five large foolscap pages, each page containing forty-five lines and each line fifty letters. In sixty-six hours Dumas had done the work in his fair flowing hand, disfigured by no erasures—and the bet was won with six hours to spare.

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VANITY FAIR.

Among the other things which have now got to be internationalized, dancing must be included. The fiat has gone forth that there is to be an absolute unison and harmony of method, time, and style throughout the civilized world. In other words, the man who has learned to waltz at Reno or Salem, who is at home in the polka at Washington or Chicago, and can face up in the lancers at Buffalo or Los Angeles, will be at his ease in the ballrooms of Paris or London, and be able to keep time with the sprightly maidens of Vienna, Rome, or Berlin. Such is the ideal of the International Conference of Dancing Masters, which has placed it on record that life without dancing is not civilization and civilization without dancing is not life.

But that is not all. For the future a man who can not dance is not to be regarded as "an educated person." For, look you, in the absence of that accomplishment he must lack "personality" and the attributes of the "master-man." To two-step or waltz, it appears, gives a man a personality which otherwise he can not possess. Once able to dance, he opens a door, he shakes hands, he makes his bow to a lady, he walks into an assembly, he takes up a chair, or performs any simple little action in a manner which marks him out from those stiff, awkward, gauche clod-hoppers who have never been taught to dance. So in the moral sphere, the dancing man is refined, courteous, and elevated in his dealings with men and women. In short, the physical culture theorists and the theologians are all wrong. So the gymnasiums and the churches will have to be all torn down or transformed into dancing schools.

Siméon Ford ought to know something about hotels, and when he declares that the old type is passing away who can refuse the tribute of a tear? For, as he remarks, there was much comfort and peace to be derived from being around those fast-vanishing institutions. In your old hotel Mr. Traveler may turn completely around without having to pay five cents. He can put on his hat without giving up a nickel, and if he drops his umbrella he does not have to part with a dime before he can recover it. He may scrub his hands in the washroom of the old hotel without having somebody buzzing in his ears, asking if the water is satisfactory and collecting money to hand him the towel which is on the shelf in front of him. He may part his hair, if he has any, without paying demurrage. He may smoke, write a letter, go where he pleases and be glad that life is not all marble slabs and gilt hellboys.

Avant to rock cod, the sand dabs, and harracuda, and the two or three other denizens of the deep which have kept their proud and irritating frequency on the hill of fare for so long! For the *Michael Sars* came into the port the other day from its three months' scientific cruise with the cheerful intelligence of the discovery of no fewer than one hundred and fifty new fishes. Think of it, enough fish never before eaten to adorn a menu for nearly a third of a year without repeating ever a one! What does it matter if some are "almost terrifying specimens," if others are "very large" or "almost incredibly small"? All will come right in the cooking and saucing. Compared with Peary and his useless North Pole, the explorers of the *Michael Sars* are benefactors of the first water. And no one will complain if a cook chips in to share in the honor of their discovery.

Auduhon societies and all other plumage-protection organizations may promptly disband and half the staff of the *Millinery Trade Review* be given a permanent vacation. And peace shall reign in all State legislatures where feather trimmings have divided senators and assemblymen into hostile camps. For a patent has been secured for a hat for women which is fitted with a water reservoir for natural flowers. It is affirmed that the reservoir can be "concealed in any hat," which is quite credible, and that it is made of light material and fitted with numerous tubes into which the flowers can be inserted. The possibilities of the invention are obvious. A new hat will mean nothing more than a visit to the florist. The scheme of decoration can be changed twenty times a day if necessary, and may range from the flaming geranium to the variegated orchid. Think, too, of the symbolism of such head-gear:

If the members of New York's "smart set" or the cottagers of Newport really desire to distinguish themselves from the common herd, why do they not adopt that idiosyncrasy in the spelling of their names which is clung to so tenaciously by some aristocrats over the water? For example, there is the case of *flavington*, which perpetuates the habit of the legal scribes of ancient days who always represented the capital F by two small f's. This, how it would work: a-astor, v-vanderbilt, g-gould, and so on. To carry this discrimination still further, the two small letters might be separated by a dash: a-astor, v-vanderbilt, g-gould, which would suggest that mild

form of stutter which is supposed to be good form in the pronunciation of polite society. Anything to get away from the leveling influence of the common capital letter.

In every flower that blooms around,
Some pleasing emblem we may trace;
Young love is in the myrtle found,
And memory in the pansy's grace.
Peace in the olive-branch we see,
Hope in the half-shut iris glows,
In the bright laurel victory!
And lovely woman in the rose.

Gone are the laurels of the American tourist! He or she who held the record of "doing" Europe in express time must give place to that party of Germans and Austrians who finished off London in six hours, and had for their scalps Westminster Abbey, the House of Parliament, the Embankment, the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, the British Museum, the Wallace Gallery, Hertford House, the National Gallery, and Buckingham Palace. Still there is the story of an overheard conversation on the Ponte Vecchio in Florence. The speakers were two women, and one asked, "Is this Florence or Venice?" "What day is it?" was the evasive reply. "Thursday." "Well, then, it's Venice." And before America meekly gives up the palm to those Germans and Austrians a claim should be put in for the man from "the States" who said he had spent two days in Rome and was mighty sorry he couldn't stay another.

"Bohemians of the artistic and literary cults are not so plentiful in Rome as in Paris, but the Eternal City has a more cosmopolitan colony of painters and literary men than the capital on the Seine, for the magnet of Rome attracts from every land. And the chief meeting place of these strangers within the gates has been the Café Greco, which has attained its century and a half of usefulness. Founded in 1760 by a Levantine Greek in the Via Condotti, then, as now, in the very heart of the artistic colony, the original café was a small, dark room, without comfort or decoration of any kind, but though the place was poor, the conversation was good, and it soon became such a centre for art and intellect that few distinguished strangers found themselves in Rome without visiting it.

In those days, and for long afterwards, Bohemianism had not become smart and civilized, and in 1830 Mendelssohn wrote to a friend an appalling account of the "borrrible persons" he found there, with their "great hats, and their great dogs at their feet, who have their necks, their cheeks, and their entire persons covered with hair, who make the air dense with the smoke of their pipes, and often use low words." Others, however, found the humble little café more attractive, as may be inferred from the long list of those who have frequented it, many of whom left mementoes of their appreciation in the innumerable sketches, sculptures, and inscriptions that adorn the now enlarged and beautiful restaurant. Goethe, Goldoni, Wagner, Rossini, Gogol, Bizet, Berlioz, and many other celebrities have been among its patrons, while today it is the favorite resort of Carlandi, Carolus Duran, Apolloni, Cesare Pascarella, and the genial and gifted musician, Sgambati.

Ever since the Bradley-Martin ball, of tempestuous memory, first set the pace for prodigal extravagance and gorgeous display in the functions of the Four Hundred, every big millionaire wedding is the signal for a popping-up of spurious Jeremiahs at home and abroad and a world-wide denunciation of our moral decadence. The Gould-Drexel celebration was no exception to the rule. Everywhere the same sensational hewillings over wanton expenditures, the same jaundiced predictions, the same comments on our sinful worship of wealth, and of course the same caricatures of the mad American mob. We are heartily sick and tired of the whole panicky performance.

"How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and the scorners delight in their scorning?" And how long will ye continue to rage because those who have, spend, and those who haven't love to look on? And where is the virtue in muslin and imitation Val if one can afford a trailing rope of cloth-of-gold and plumes of paradise? We have no Scripture proof that splendor and fine raiment are displeasing in the sight of the Lord.

"Look how the floor of Heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," and read how the new Jerusalem is built with walls of jasper and garnished with precious stones—heryl and sapphire and chrysolite—while the streets of the city are pure gold, "as it were transparent glass." And what of King Solomon, wisest and richest of potentates, who found such favor in the eyes of God? Didn't he build a gorgeous glistening temple and a palace of the forest of Lebanon? And if he celebrated his 700 weddings in the style hefitting his means and position (as every self-respecting gentleman should) there must have been dazzling sights to see and a mob of eager Israelites to see them. Did they stampee the waiting chariots, we wonder, or snatch a souvenir from the floral decorations? At any rate they wouldn't have been harshly criti-

cized, for there was a true Oriental appreciation of magnificence and of the value of the decorative side of life.

And why can't we enjoy our patch of purple, too, without over-anxiously searching for signs of moral and economic decay? Isn't it just possible that these crowds that wait hours for a glimpse of the bridal splendor are neither snobs nor money-worshippers nor vulgar sensation-seekers, but simple spectators of pomp and pageantry, finding a purely sensuous enjoyment in the beauty and brilliance of the passing show? It is a natural instinct that springs eternal in the human breast. Only they have so few chances to indulge it in this dun-colored, serious-minded, strictly business American metropolis, and when they can horrow a little glow and sparkle from the spectacular pleasures of the rich to brighten their own neutral-toned lives of "dem grind" they ought not to be blamed for doing so. Then let the plutocrats live up to their responsibilities as stage managers and producers, and spend their money in a brilliant, sumptuous way.

As for the human material used up in the process, we need not be as pessimistic as our critics. The order of mind that is completely submerged in the magnificence and frivolities of Vanity Fair can not have been worth a great deal anyhow for any of life's larger purposes and is then better employed there than elsewhere, adding to the gayety and gorgeousness of nations.

Be its beauty
Its sole duty

and let it go at that.

But butterflies and mountebanks are not the only raw material of splendor. Others there are to prove that innate simplicity of character may perfectly consist with purple and fine linen and stately pleasure domes. For simplicity, after all, is a state of mind, and may be found just as often in the daughter of billions as in the discontented aspiring little typists in silk petticoats and willow-plumes. And she is not, as the critics imagine, thrown out of her moral orbit by the dazzle of a diamond necklace or the prospect of a new limousine. Accustomedness robs these things of their power to demoralize. The American chataleine soon adapts herself to her surroundings. Never is she crushed, like that silly Lady Burleigh, "neath the burden of an honor unto which she was not born." Not she! And after she "treads the crimson carpet" and "breathes the perfumed air" for a few years it grows to be the natural way of living. Why, then, should she celebrate the great event of her life in humble obscurity? Why run away in a plain little tailor-made to be married by a justice of the peace? Or phone for a priest and a few friends and rush it through in unceremonious simplicity?

No, the voice of an exuberant splendor-loving Americanism says no! Let us have all the pomp and circumstance your millions can give; the glory and glitter of jewels and satins and fine feathers; pealing organ and soaring song; florists, decorators, dressmakers, and chefs "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

It was the delight of "good Queen Bess" to move from castle to castle, in perpetual pro-

cessionals, through pageantry as fantastic and spectacular as a vision from the Arabian Nights. She loved beauty, color, lavish display. But for all the luxury of her environment, she lived simply and frugally. Nor was her hard common sense and steadfast purpose in the least upset. And even Solomon in all his glory found plenty of time and energy and enthusiasm for his great specialty—the pursuit of wisdom. Then let us have faith in the bedrock sanity and soundness of the American character and not fly into hysteria over his exuberant joy in a patch of purple.

"How is it that your hens are so very prolific?" "I feed them layer cake."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

With deep interest (according to *Puck*) Robert, big brother now, saw for the first time his little sister's nursing-bottle taken out and applied to its proper use. "W—w—was they a tool-hox come with the baby?" he asked eagerly.

George Cohan, comedian and playwright, was praising, at the Lambs' Club, the humorous value of suggestions. "It is funnier to suggest a thing," he said, "than to say it out. Playwrights should remember this. Suggestion, pregnant suggestion, is what makes really unmy the little boy's remark to his father: Pa, if you help me with my arithmetic lesson tonight I'll tell you where ma hid your rousers."

Lord Amphilh once found Bismarck reading Andersen's story on the Ugly Duckling, which relates how a duck hatched a swan's egg, and how the cygnet was jeered at by his putative brethren, the ducklings, until one day a troop of lordly swans, floating down the river, saluted him as one of their race. "Ah," observed Bismarck, "it was a long time before my poor mother could be persuaded that in watching me she had not produced a goose."

At a banquet in New York, Canon Henson, describing the old dress of English bishops, said: "The Bishop of Bath and Wells had been visiting Scarborough. On the way to he train he lost his reckoning and stopped a boy. 'I say, my lad, how far is it to the station?' he asked. 'About a mile straight ahead,' said the boy. Then, staring at the bishop's knee breeches and silk stockings, he added, 'What's up? Somebody swipe your bike?'"

When Mark Twain went to Washington to try to get a copyright law passed, a congressman took him out one afternoon to Chevy Chase. Mark Twain refused to play golf himself, but consented to walk over the course and watch the congressman's strokes. The congressman was rather a duffer teeing-off, he sent clouds of earth flying in all directions. Then, to hide his confusion, he said to his guest: "What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?" "Best I ever tasted," said Mark Twain, as he wiped the dirt from his lips with his handkerchief.

In the old days, when oral examinations were still the thing, an examining board was commencing an applicant with questions from Blackstone, Kent, and other legal lights. "I didn't study anything about these fellows," complained the applicant. "What did you study?" asked one of the judges. "I studied the statutes of the State," he replied. "I studied them hard. Ask me a question about them and I'll show you. That is where I got my legal knowledge." "My young friend," said one austere judge on the examining board, "you had better be very careful, for some day the legislature might meet and repeal everything you know."

In all policies of insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country who filled up an application made his father's age, "if living," one hundred and twelve years, and his mother's one hundred and two. The agent was amazed at this, and fancied he had secured an excellent customer; but, feeling somewhat dubious, he remarked that the applicant came of a very long-lived family. "Oh, you see, sir," replied he, "my parents died many years ago, but, 'if living,' would be aged as there put down." "Exactly—I understand," said the agent.

Toole, the English comedian, with some friends one day went to the Tower, where they found themselves among a party of eager sightseers in the chamber where the crown jewels are on view. It was a woman who was explaining to the eager throng the history of the articles displayed. At the end of a long catalogue she said: "And this is Anne Boleyn's crown." Toole, apparently suddenly overcome, hurst into a flood of tears, and leaned against the wall in seemingly uncontrollable grief. "Oh, sir," inquired the poor woman, in distress, "what is the matter?" "Nothing! Nothing!" replied Toole, in broken accents. "Don't mind me; but the fact is, I have known the family so long."

An elderly lady patient in the Kentucky mountains was suffering from a malady, the remedy for which the doctor prescribed in the form of capsules. The old woman trusted her medical adviser, but for the medicine she evinced suspicion. Sometime after she had taken the capsules, she was asked by her son how she felt. "Poorly." "Don't you want nuthin' to eat?" "No." Soon, however, the old woman arose from bed and took her seat in a rocking chair. Thinking that the attention would be gratefully received, the son filled her pipe, and taking a live coal from the hearth, carried hoth to his mother. "Take

that away, son!" yelled the old woman in the utmost fright. "Don't you know better'n to come near me when I've got those cartridges in me!"

The old family physician being away on a much-needed vacation, his practice was entrusted to his son, a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned the youngster told him, among other things, that he had cured Miss Ferguson, an aged and wealthy spinster, of her chronic indigestion. "My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you; but Miss Ferguson's indigestion is what put you through college."

It would be hard to surpass the delicate compliment to his chosen fair one, paid on the spur of a moment by an illiterate darkey in the South, when he was married by a white minister. At the conclusion of the ceremony the groom asked the price of the service. "Oh, well," answered the minister, "you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you." The negro turned and silently looked his hide over from head to foot; then, slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes, said: "Lawd, sah, you has ruined me for life; you has, for sure."

Lady Cook recently declared to a reporter that "American women, under the new reign, will be less prominent in London society," but added: "After all, perhaps, they won't care much. There has always been a lot of give and take in their social adventures. But American women have spirit, and if they have taken a good deal they have given back still more. An Englishwoman called on an American countess in Belgravia. 'Oh, I thought you were out—that's why I called,' the Englishwoman said in her sweet, clear, insolent, English voice. 'Well, do you know, I thought I was out, too,' the American replied. 'My stupid man must have taken you for some one else.'"

The carnival at Brinemouth was a huge success. Gussie was one of the subscribing visitors, and enjoyed himself immensely, even although many of the fair revelers wore masks of fantastic and peculiar designs. One lady in particular attracted Gussie's attention. She wore a red Wellington nose and cheeks of Clarkson manufacture, but these doubtful attractions were compensated for by her sylph-like form and fairy-like movements. Gussie made the running assiduously, and, seizing a favorable chance, piloted the lady to a secluded corner. "Give me a kiss," he breathed into her ear; "go on, take off your mask and give me a kiss." "Sir!" cried the lady, indignantly, "I am not wearing a mask!"

He had never fished before and his rod was new and shining with resplendent varnish. Faultlessly attired, he was whipping a trout stream when, by some odd chance, he got a hite, a one-pounder, from the way the line strained. He did not play the fish at all. With rod held straight ahead he slowly and steadily reeled him in. Presently the fish was directly below the end of the rod. Did he stop? No—he kept on reeling the fish in, and finally the fish's head touched the tip. The man even tried to pull him through the ring. Just then he saw a man standing on shore, and turning with a bewildered look he said, "What shall I do now?" "The only thing you can do now," the man said, "is to climb up the pole after him."

"I once knew a man who got rich picking huckleberries." "How unfortunate that he wasted his time." "Wasted his time? I said he got rich." "I know; but a man who could get rich picking huckleberries could undoubtedly get much richer doing something else."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

A Sweet Reminder.

Lest she forget you while on her vacation in the country, send her a box of candy. Leave the order at any of Geo. Haas & Sons' four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Noise.

His life he'd spent within the town,
With all its noise and hustle,
Where the trolley cars run up and down
And all is hump and hustle.
Down to the farm he went for rest,
But could not close a lid—
All night he lay and cursed the pest,
A lonely katydid. —*Puck.*

The Sluggard and the Thrifty Maid.

List to this tale, and ponder well
The incident that it doth tell:
When on the earth still walked the Lord,
With Peter journeying abroad,
They came, upon a certain day,
Where doubtful seemed to them the way;
There branched two roads; a ridge was nigh
On which there stood a pear-tree high;
Under this tree, and in its shade,
A youth his idle limbs had laid;
To indolent to work was he,
And slumbered there most lazily.
The Lord, with mildness, asked his way;
The peasant still supinely lay;
But raised one foot, as he would show
Which was the proper way to go;
Then pulled some twigs above his head,
But nothing to the Lord he said;
Pointed one foot, and nothing more;
Then fell asleep with farm-horse snore.
The passers journeyed on their way,
But found that they had gone astray;
Near a farm-house they stopped again,
And saw a farm-maid reaping grain.
The Lord said, "Peter, do you go
And ask the way to Jericho."

The maid aside her sickle threw,
And cried, "I'll show the way to you;
Somewhat astray your steps have been,
But sooth the road you can regain."
When she had led their steps aright
She turned with smile as sunshine bright,
Ran quickly to her field again,
And briskly reaped the yellow grain.

Quoth then Saint Peter, "Master dear,
Show thou thy gracious kindness here;
Upon this maid thy blessing lay,
Her graceful kindness to repay;
Give her a husband full of thrift,
The burdens of her life to lift,
A willing worker, that they may
With life's abundance crowd each day."

The Lord then answered, "Peter, know
The knave our way who would not show
Is the fit husband I shall give
With this good, thrifty maid, to live."

"Master," said Peter, "why bestow
This curse, this uttermost of woe,
On a good maid? More pity show
Than match her to a mate so slow."

The Lord replied, "'Tis my command—
O blind, who can not understand!—
The sluggard must espouse the maid,
That each shall then the other aid:
She may his sluggishness amend,
And he, to her, more meekness lend;
So they through life will swim or wade,
Each by the other better made."

MORAL.

A moral in this tale is given,
That marriages are made in Heaven,
Unequal as they sometimes seem;
They are mistakes, we rashly deem;
But who can look within two hearts,
Arrange and measure all their parts?
How pride with indolence combine?
Mildness with energy entwine?
Who deems a marriage a mistake,
Himself an error then may make.
Often an inspiration guides
Two human hearts; and all besides,
Wealth, wisdom, prudence, pride, and thought,
Are cast aside as things of naught,
No one can fathom his own mind,
Nor secret souls of others find.
Marriage is one of Nature's facts;
And Nature's good—so says Hans Sachs.
—Translated from the German by William Leighton.

Town and Country.

The country girls are pretty with their arms so plump and brown,
But the country girls this season are all working in the town.
The country lads are handsome chaps—at least so others say,
But all the country chaps on deck are farmers, old and gray. —*Town Topics.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Society this week has been in a state of transition, and during this period of the shifting of the scene of action from Santa Barbara, Lake Tahoe, and Marin County to Del Monte entertaining has been dormant.

Many of those remaining in town for a few days while en route to Monterey entertained informally at luncheon and theatre suppers, but affairs of even this nature were fewer in number than during any previous week.

Several unexpected engagements served to ruffle the social calm temporarily and a number of dinners marked the betrothal announcements of both Miss Dorothy Eaton and Miss Christine Pomeroy.

The garden fête at the Hopkins home at Menlo was an ideal summer function and proved sufficiently attractive to draw a large assembly of society folk from town.

The Army and Navy Club and a few hostesses at the Presidio furnished their quota of social pleasure from the service set, and the excursion on the artillery boat *General Barrett* to witness the submarine tests took on the nature of a society function from the fact that it was attended by the army and navy officers and the ladies from the various posts about the bay. The Third Artillery Band and luncheon aboard were accessories of the entertainment.

Society in town this week was augmented by the return of many of those who have been spending the summer beyond the confines of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pitcairn Pomeroy have announced the engagement of their daughter, Christine, to Mr. Thomas Scott Brooke of Portland. Miss Pomeroy is one of the most popular girls in local society and her fiancé is a well-known young business man. The wedding will be in November.

An engagement of note which is of interest to San Francisco society is that of Miss Nita Orena and Mr. Wilson Dibblee, which was announced this week in Los Angeles. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dario Orena, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. Thomas B. Dibblee and Francesca de la Guerra Dibblee, of San Luis Obispo. No date has been set for the wedding.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Edith Bundy of Los Angeles and Mr. Hans Barkan, son of Dr. Adolph Barkan of this city.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Eaton of Montecito and Mr. Rufus Hatch Kimball will probably take place in November at the home of the bride in the south. Mr. Kimball and his bride will make their home here, where his business interests are.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Eaton entertained at a dinner at the Bellevue Saturday evening in honor of their daughter, Dorothy, and her fiancé, Mr. Rufus Hatch Kimball. Among those present were Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Mr. Rufus Kimball, Mr. Frederick von Schrader, and Mr. Sherman Kimball.

Mr. George Hart entertained at a dinner on Monday evening at the Bellevue in honor of Mr. Cutler Paige, who leaves in a few weeks for a tour of the world.

Mrs. Remi Chahot entertained a house party at her country home, Villaremi, which included Miss Marian Stone, Miss Eliza Stone, Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Eliza McMullen, Lieutenant Gunther, U. S. A., Mr. Jack Neville, and Mr. William Knight.

Commander Pratt, U. S. N., was host at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday evening prior to the sailing of the *California* for Chile. His guests included Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry, Miss Jennie Lee, and Ensign Reis, U. S. N.

Major and Mrs. Joseph P. O'Neil entertained at a dinner at their home at the Presidio in honor

of Miss Reynolds, daughter of Senator Reynolds of Pennsylvania, prior to her departure for Oregon.

Miss Mary Haskell presided at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Monday, at which she entertained a small group of friends.

The principal event of the week was the garden party at the Hopkins home at Menlo, participated in by a large society contingent from town and from the peninsula towns. Among those present were Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Latham McMullen, Mrs. Walter Linforth, Mrs. D. S. Dorn, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. J. LeRoy Nickel, Mrs. W. B. Weir, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Samuel Shortridge, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Frank Andrews, Mrs. Austin B. Chinn, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. E. J. Pringle, Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. Richard Girvin, Miss Frances Howard, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Miss Meta Kujeler, Miss Amy Bassett, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Lee Girvin, and Miss Marion Zeile.

Mrs. Francis Brady entertained at a bridge party on Thursday at her quarters at the Presidio. The affair was given in honor of her sister, Mrs. Briggs, who is visiting her from Fort Riley.

Among those who attended the dance at Bliethedale on Saturday evening were Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Josephine Hannigan, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Elena Brewer, Miss Ysabel Brewer, Miss Elsa Hinz, Miss Dorothy Boerick, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Louise Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hart.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and Miss Hotaling, who came to the city from their Ross Valley home to attend the Bohemian Club concert, entertained at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday.

Miss Mollie Dutton presided at a Chantecler dinner in honor of Mrs. Arthur Heilman (formerly Miss Azalea Keyes), who is visiting here from Paris, where she has made her home since her marriage. Among Miss Dutton's guests were Mrs. William Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Heilman, Mr. and Mrs. Reys, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Bates.

Mr. and Mrs. Athol McBean entertained informally at dinner on Wednesday evening complimentary to Mrs. Harold Dillingham of Honolulu.

General Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Presidio Golf Club prior to his departure for his new station in the East.

Mrs. W. B. Tuhsy entertained a house party last week at her country home near Callistoga, which included Miss Marian Stone, Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Ethel Havemeyer, Miss Vera Havemeyer, Mr. Robert Hayne, and Mr. Harold Bingham.

Dr. Field, U. S. N., surgeon of the U. S. S. *Washington*, and Mrs. Field were the guests of the Misses Morrison of San Jose for several days prior to the sailing of the *Washington* for Chile. Mrs. Field left Saturday for a visit with relatives in Dallas, Texas, and will join Dr. Field at Hampton Roads in November.

Miss Jennie Crocker entertained at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday, and later with her guests attended the performance at the Alcazar Theatre. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. Stuart Lowery, and Dr. Tracy Russell.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a theatre party on Thursday followed by a supper at the Hotel St. Francis. Included among her guests were Mrs. Peter Martin, Miss Alice Hager, Mr. Arthur Hooper, Mr. James K. Hackett, Mr. William O'Connor, and Mr. Downey Harvey.

Mr. Thornwell Mullaly entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday evening in honor of Senator Stone of Missouri. Among his guests were Senator Francis Newlands, Mr. Patrick Calhoun, Mr. Frederick Sharon, Mr. Frank Michaels, and Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick.

The Army and Navy Club entertained at a dance last evening at their club rooms on Post Street, which was largely attended despite the fact of the absence of many of the officers at Atascadero.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Potter entertained at a Moorish dinner at Santa Barbara Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., of San Francisco. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Dr. and Mrs. James Barlow, Mrs. Walter Newhall, Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mrs. Clarence Breeden, Mrs. Charles C. Perkins, Mrs. James Slauson, Mrs. Granville McGowan, Miss Elizabeth Walters, Miss Nina Jones, Mr. Arthur Dodworth, Mr. Frank Langstroth, Mr. William Rood, Mr. Grantland Voorhies, Mr. William Edwards, Mr. Claude Cults, Mr. Jeffries, Mr. Harwood, and Mr. James Slauson.

Admiral Giles N. Harber, U. S. N., entertained Admiral Lacroix de Castries of the French cruiser *Montcalm* on board the flagship *California* on Saturday.

United States Senator Francis J. Newlands entertained at dinner at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening in honor of Senator and Mrs. Nixon of Nevada.

Mrs. Arthur House entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Ralston White (formerly Miss Ruth Boerick), who has been much feted since her return from her honeymoon trip, and Mrs. Arthur Geissler, who is visiting here from Chicago.

Mrs. Sydney Ashe and Mrs. Frank Donally entertained at a tea and musicale at their home on California Street on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday, at which she entertained Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, Mrs. Peter Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey.

Municipal dance halls run in Brookline, near Boston, but the place is not yet the Paris of America.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Old Rose Dress.

Beneath the eaves where the fragrant bloom
Sweeps hack and forth like the player's bow
Across the strings, and the attic room
Is filled with a cadence, soft and low,
Away in the corner, where none may know,
A chest is hidden—grown old so soon—
And there, with the treasure of long ago,
Is the old rose dress of another June.

Her first long dress, for the bride was young,
Her heart was light and her face was fair
The day she hurried the gown among
Her cherished things, and she left it there;
Now time has whitened her raven hair,
And life sings low in a plaintive tune,
Except when she steals up the attic stair
To the old rose dress of another June.

Her own have come and her own have gone,
And all have stood 'neath the marriage hell,
Where guests were gathered to bid them on
Their rosied way, to wish them well;
The guests have gone, and the silent spell
Has come, that follows the bridal noon,
And found her there, where the tear-drops fell
On the old rose dress of another June.

No man may know of a woman's part
In life's whole test, nor the tears it brings,
Nor understand how her woman's heart
Is all enwrapped by the little things—
A little worn shoe with tasseled strings,
A broken slate or a pewter spoon—
And, oh, the wealth of the joy that clings
To the old rose dress of another June.
—John D. Wells, in *Buffalo News*.

From a Far Country.

The world is full o' wand'r'in' roads, but I am sick
For home:
My longin' is all for the low borean that runs
By my mother's door,
I wish my feet was set on it, I wish that I was
Come
In sight o' home once more.

Och! there is sorrow on me, it sours my hard-won
bread,
It comes between me an' my rest, it hurdens all
my days,
I am grievin' for my kindred, for the livin' an'
the dead
An' the old pleasant ways.

My eyes grow dim with cloudy dreams, the road
drops from my sight,
I feel no more the hither wind that raves, an'
strikes, an' chills . . .
I feel the hreath of Irish air, I see the mellow
light
On the blue Wicklow hills.

I see no more the weary clouds, weighted with
comin' snow,
Nor yet the rigid pine-trees above the frozen
steep . . .
I see the silver Liffey, where the shinin' waters
flow
Towards the foam'n' leap.

The world is full o' wand'r'in' roads, an' I must
onward roam,
An' eat the bread o' grief upon the highways o'
the earth,
But my longin' is all for the wee white road that
leads to my boyhood's home,
In the green land of my birth.
—Helen Lanyon, in *American Magazine*.

In Exile.

Springtime again in Paris! Laughter and song
and May
From Neuilly Gate to Père La Chaise, Parnasse to
Rue Riquet!
Springtime again in Paris—and I am seas away!

The conquering sun comes marching beneath the
Arc, and there,
Sharp to the left, adown the Bois, go trotting pair
and pair;
The Tuilleries Gardens glitter with ribbon gay
nourrices,
And sculptured Fénelon himself smiles up at St.
Sulpice.

The very pave is merry with all the hurrying feet;
The Faubourg and the Quartier hush shoulders
on the street,
And down the boulevards again the table chatter
swings,
For it is spring in Paris, and the heart of Paris
sings.

I know the lamps will sparkle soon through all the
capital,
Will light the ways of dark Montmartre, hut most
light Place Pigalle;
And, oh, tonight I wonder: Is Pèpé Fernan there,
And Cecile and De Bronsky, Nerine and suave
Albert?
Does Concha Mendez sing tonight? Do Dircé and
Clarice
And Eulalie and Nanon Blanc whirl in the mad
matteiche?
Oh, Leonine and Fanchon, Julie, Celeste, Lizette,
My heart is heating with you; my dreams are with
you yet!

Springtime again in Paris! Laughter and song
and May
From Neuilly Gate to Père La Chaise, Parnasse to
Rue Riquet!
Springtime again in Paris—and I am years away!
—Reginald Dwight Kauffman, in *Smart Set*.

An international exhibition of fine arts will be held in Rome next summer. The exhibition will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the united kingdom of Italy. It will comprise, in addition to a complete display of Italian art, both ancient and modern, representative collections of pictures, sculpture, drawings, and engravings from all the chief countries in Europe. The art of the various countries will be exhibited in separate buildings.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and be whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Ethel Shorh has reached New York en route to San Francisco from Europe, where she spent the summer.

Mrs. Gerritt Livingston Lansing and Miss Mildred Lansing have returned from Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Miss Emily Carolan has been visiting Mrs. Edward McCutcheon at her bungalow at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Duane Bliss, Miss Hope Bliss, and Mr. William Bliss, Jr., who are spending the month at Lake Tahoe, will leave shortly for the East.

Mrs. E. E. Calvin and Miss Nellie Calvin are visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Roy M. Pike (formerly Miss Edith Simpson) has joined her husband at Coalinga, where she went last week on a business trip.

Mr. Frederick Sharon has reached here from Paris, and is at the Palace Hotel. He will be joined later by Mrs. Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Holton, accompanied by their niece, Miss Wilmet Holton, have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Miss Rebecca Seeley of Galveston, Texas, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Livermore at Jontesol at St. Helena. Later she will visit her sister, Mrs. Norman Livermore.

Miss Mary Haskell and Miss Cabot of Boston have arrived from Santa Barbara, and are at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Frank Duff Frazier of Chicago has been spending the week in San Francisco at the St. Francis, having come up from Santa Barbara, where she has been spending the winter.

Miss Ethel McAllister is the guest of Miss Dora Vinn at her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Charles Van Vorst and Miss Lillian Van Vorst are at Lucerne and will tour Switzerland before returning to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods spent the week end at the Hooker home at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler and their daughters, Olive and Lillias, have closed their country home on the McCloud River and have reopened their town house.

Mr. and Mrs. William Volkman are at Lake Tahoe.

Princess Kawanakoa has deferred her homecoming from Honolulu until September.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant is en route to New York and will sail in a few weeks for London to accompany Mrs. Grant and their daughters on their homeward trip from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckhee are traveling in the Chateaux country in France, and will leave for New York next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green have returned to San Mateo, after a visit at Del Monte.

Mrs. Samuel Blair, Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. Charles Keeney, and Miss Innes Keeney are at present enjoying a trip down the Rhine, after which they will return to Paris for the winter.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau and Mrs. Camillo Martin, who have been traveling in Europe, are expected home in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ivers are expected from Honolulu in September en route to Europe. They will visit briefly in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith and their family are in London, after a leisurely journey on the continent.

Miss Jennie Crocker and Mrs. Walter Martin spent a few days this week at the McCloud Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman and Miss Cora Coleman have returned from Lake Tahoe and are at their home at Hillsborough.

Mr. and Mrs. William Drum (formerly Miss Gertrude Guerin) have returned from their honeymoon trip abroad and are visiting relatives in San Mateo.

Mrs. Walter Scott was hostess at an informal tea on Monday at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Worthington Ames and Mrs. Willard Drown returned a few days ago from Santa Barbara, where they have been spending the summer.

Miss Minnie Rodgers has returned from a visit to the Bremerton Navy Yard, where she was the guest of Admiral and Mrs. Rodgers.

Mr. Marshall Darrach sailed from Hongkong for San Francisco on Saturday, after an interesting Oriental tour. While in Hongkong he was entertained at Mountain Lodge, the home of the English governor. He was also the guest of honor at a dinner given for him at the Hongkong Club by Honorable Henry Murray. He will reach San Francisco the first of October.

Mrs. J. C. Wilson and her sister, Miss Florence Cluff, are spending the week at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. William Volkman are at Lake Tahoe, where they will remain until September 1.

Miss Angela Coyle, who has been the guest for the past month of Mrs. Frank Whitney at Santa Barbara, will leave shortly for Coronado, where she will be joined by her sister, Miss Maizie Coyle, for a few weeks.

General John McLellan, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. McLellan and the Misses McLellan, are at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Cornelia Gordon Upham will spend the winter with her parents, General and Mrs. David Gordon, in San Francisco.

Mrs. William Leahy will visit her mother, Mrs. William P. Harrington, during the absence of Captain Leahy, who sailed on the *California* on Sunday for Chile.

Mrs. William Kip was hostess at a tea Saturday at her home in Berkeley, which she gave in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Robinson, who returned the following day to her home in Omaha.

Mrs. Edgar de Pue and Miss Elva de Pue returned to their ranch at Yolo, after a brief visit in town last week.

Mrs. William Watt, who is spending the summer at her ranch at Napa, will return in September to make her home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier are spending

the late summer months with Mr. and Mrs. Gregor Grant Fraser in Berkeley. They will leave for the East in November and return to their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel after the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston have returned from Santa Barbara, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames.

Mr. William Berg and Dr. Tracy Russell returned last week from Lake Tahoe, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl.

Dr. and Mrs. William B. Hopkins are at present in Paris, after a motor trip through Italy accompanied by Mrs. Louis Parrott.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton have returned to their home at Burlingame, after a visit at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne has returned from Washington, where she has made her home for the past six months, and is again occupying her San Mateo home.

Mr. Arthur Payne left for the East on Friday, accompanied by Professor J. J. Moran. After a brief visit in New York, he will go abroad for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norris K. Davis at the Potter Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, who have been spending the summer on the Atlantic coast, will return here in September.

Miss Helene Irwin has returned to Santa Barbara, but will come up to Del Monte for the golf tournament, where Mrs. Harold Dillingham will be her guest.

Mr. Ogden Mills, Jr., left a few days ago for Portland, after a brief visit at Burlingame. He will go to Newport in September to join Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills and Countess Granard, who arrived there last week.

Miss Louisiana Foster has returned to Fair Hills, after a visit with Miss Martha Calhoun in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bruguiere have returned from Lake Tahoe and are at the Hotel Monroe, where they will spend the winter.

Among the members of the younger set who enjoyed the pleasures of Lake Tahoe last week were Miss Madeline Clay, Miss Laura Pearkes, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Mr. George Gillson, Mr. Northbert Shorh, Mr. George Willcutt, and Mr. Joseph Rosborough.

Miss Isabel McLaughlin, who has been spending the summer at Del Monte, will leave for New York in September.

Miss Elizabeth McMullen has been visiting at the country home of Mrs. Remi Chabot at St. Helena.

Mr. Allan Van Fleet will leave shortly for Cambridge, where he will enter Harvard Law College.

Ensign Richmond Kelly Turner, U. S. N., and Mrs. Turner are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Captain and Mrs. F. C. Connell have returned to the city and taken an apartment at the St. Xavier.

Miss Harriett Alexander has been the guest recently of Mrs. Spencer Eddy in Paris. She will return to San Francisco in a few months.

Mrs. Olivia Hastings is spending the week at Del Monte.

Miss Morrison Tuller of St. Louis, who has been visiting Miss Dorothy Collier, will leave for her home next month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., have returned from a camping trip in the Klamath River country and are at their home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Cullen F. Welty left on Saturday for New York en route to Europe, where she will join her mother, Mrs. William Wood.

Mrs. Rose Ahlmer Curran, who has been visiting here from her home in Paris, left on Friday for New York.

Mrs. Smith Hollis McKim sailed on the *Tenyo Maru* on Tuesday for a tour of the Orient.

Mrs. George Spencer and her son, Otis, left Monday for Chicago, where they will make their home in future.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kumble are spending several weeks at the Vendome at San Jose and will visit with Mrs. Latham McMullen later in the month.

Lieutenant W. F. Morrison and Mrs. Morrison have been the guests of Mrs. Gruber at her home at the Presidio.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the past week included Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Butler, Miss Agnes Boch, Mr. R. D. Pike, Mr. J. M. Sahlin, Mr. Houghton Sawyer, Mr. E. A. Keithly, Mr. W. A. Kolmar, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Thomas, Miss E. L. Edmunds, Mrs. G. W. Tourney, Miss Vida Tourney, Mr. H. G. Martell, Mr. G. A. Starr, Mr. G. L. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Tubbs, and Dr. Haines.

Among recent arrivals at Etna Springs were Mrs. P. Calhoun, Miss Margaret G. Calhoun, Mr. George Calhoun, Miss Lou S. Foster, Mr. Paul S. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gundlach, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hays, Mrs. Harry J. Moore, Mr. R. G. Newell, Mr. Charles W. Sutro, Mrs. John Wieland, Mrs. A. A. Larken, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hjul, Mr. and Mrs. H. Durbrow, Mrs. J. W. Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wolf, Miss A. M. Wolf, Miss L. E. Wolf, Miss A. L. Wolf, Mr. G. R. Wolf, Mr. Adolph Morbio, Mrs. Benjamin F. Weston, Colonel and Mrs. W. K. Rogers, Mrs. F. J. Lane, Mr. R. L. Thompson, Mr. Ralph L. Elrod, Mr. Frank F. De Lisle, Mr. J. G. Smart, Mr. William Watt.

Travelers will no more complain of the dogs of Constantinople. The Turkish parliament has new plans for sanitation and will transport and exile the four-footed scavengers on an island in the sea of Marmora.

Bon Voyage Boxes

Make delightful and appropriate parting gifts to friends starting on a journey. Filled with candy and decorated with hand-painted travel scenes. At Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

Hunting an Englishman.

Tourists are in possession of London, as this skit from the *Daily Express* goes far to prove. It is perhaps more truth than humor:

As everybody knows, since the friendly invasion of tourists began several weeks ago there has been no room for indigenous traffic on the Strand, that most popular of our London thoroughfares.

The reporter took a taxicab at the Fleet Street end of Shoe Lane, and, with the encouraging promise of a double fare, besought the chauffeur to make a record run to the Griffin.

At the Cheshire Cheese, however, the vehicle came to a stop. A double row of motor-cars and three "rubber-neck" chaises were discharging an army of fair Americans into the narrow portals of the alley through which Dr. Johnson aforesaid squeezed his way to dinner. The spectacle was wholly commonplace.

The reporter alighted from his taxi and continued his journey afoot.

On either side of the way, admiring tourists with "Baedekers" in their hands congested the footpaths and glared with gloating eyes at everything.

Murmurs of rapture mingled with the splutter of motor omnibuses.

Flaxen-haired fraileins clung to the arms of equally flaxen-haired sweethearts, and peered through gold-rimmed glasses at the alley-way across the street: "Reizend! Wie herrlich!"

A magnificent Russian tightened his grip around the waist of his lovely bride: "Kak horosho!" he sighed. "How beautiful!"

A polite policeman struggled in the toils of an alien tongue under the smiles of a raven-tressed daughter of Italy whose glad and portly spouse essayed no language save his own.

"What is data nica placa?" she lisped.

"Il Antiquo Chesiro Cheese, signora!" replied the courteous officer.

And so on, through a gushing series of rapturous but alien ejaculations, the reporter eluded his way westward to the Strand. No sign of an Englishman. And so on, also, past the Griffin, where the megaphone men in the "rubber-neck" vans were recounting the bygone glories of Temple Bar.

Men and women of every nationality and in every degree of obvious delight thronged every available inch of walking space; but there was no sign of anything suggesting an English pedestrian.

A man in a gray tweed suit at the corner of Wellington Street looked very much like the rumored wanderer, but on being addressed he only bowed politely, said something about "Was sagen Sie?" and shook his head, raised his hat, and hurriedly moved away.

The reporter's professional knowledge taught him that to seek an Englishman in the Savoy or the Cecil at this season of the year would be as futile as chasing for Plymouth Brethren in the College of Cardinals at Rome. Therefore he made no effort in that direction, but passed on down the street, where the open door of an opulent-looking tobacconist's shop invited diplomatic inquiry.

Accordingly, the reporter entered the inviting portals, and asked the assistant behind the counter for a nice mild cigar.

"Mild cigar? Why, cernly, sir! Guess you'll find this a daisy for a quarter—"

"A quarter?" interpolated the reporter, seeing his chance. "That's a shilling, isn't it? Don't you find any English people coming here just now? I was looking for one, and I thought perhaps—"

"Ah! get on to yourself!" smiled the merchant. "T'bis aint no stamping ground for Britisbers these days. You'll find 'em in the suburbs. Skidoo."

A procession of belching motor omnibuses drew up alongside.

"Here y'are, sir! Piccadilly, two cents! Piccadilly Circus, two cents! Circus, two cents, all the way!"

The disappointed reporter took two cents' worth of omnibus. Piccadilly was outside the specified area of the lost Englishman's alleged peregrinations; but, with luck, he might be traced in that direction.

He alighted at the Circus, and walked up the Quadrant.

Ah! Luck at last!

The man was standing on the corner of Vigo Street—alone and lonely looking, but wearing the unmistakable gray tweed suit of the rumor, and having the clear features, the narrow hips, and that inimitably indifferent swagger which is the product solely of our English public schools.

"I beg your pardon," began the reporter as he addressed his quarry.

"Shta kajete?" snapped the quarry; "Ne razumem!"

For the quarry was a Serbian, and "Shta kajete?" is the Serb way of emphasizing the query, "What did you say?"

The reporter gave up the chase at this point, and mechanically sought Appenrod's.

"Not many English about," he observed to the waiter who came to serve him.

"Dere vos not many of us lefdt!" agreed the waiter, "but it vos goot for der trade."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Knicker—Bread is to be sold by weight. *Bocker*—Then my wife can make us rich.—*New York Sun.*

Friend—So you dined at a way station. What did you have for dinner? *Traveler*—Twenty minutes.—*Berkeley Blade.*

Druggist (to his stout wife)—Don't come in just this minute. I am about to sell six bottles of my fat-reducing mixture.—*Ideos.*

Gyer—They tell me Sharp is engaged in a shady business. *Myer*—You don't say! *Gyer*—Yes. He's putting up awnings.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Mrs. Frankfurter—Ach, goodness! Don't you see dot your husband iss vighiting? *Mrs. Casey*—An' why shouldn't he? Aint this his holiday?—*Tit-Bits.*

"Pa, what is a philosopher?" "A philosopher, my hoy, is one who tells other people that their troubles don't amount to much."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Flag of truce, excellency." "What do the revolutionists want?" "They would like to exchange a couple of generals for a can of condensed milk."—*Pittsburg Post.*

Sopleigh—Ah, speaking of electricity, that makes me think— *Miss Keen*—Really, Mr. Sopleigh! Isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?—*Boston Transcript.*

Bobby—Honest, is there twins at your house? *Tommy*—Honest! An' they're just alike. *Bobby*—Built just the same way, or are they rights and lefts?—*Toledo Blade.*

Mrs. Henpeck (with newspaper)—It says here that buttermilk will extend one's life to over a hundred. *Henpeck (wearily)*—If I was a bachelor, I'd take to drinking it.—*Boston Transcript.*

"This doesn't smell like the last gasoline I had," said the man who recently bought an automobile. "It's all right, sir," said the garage man, "you're getting used to it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Western Judge—Hoss thief, you're found guilty by th' jury. Have y' anything to say as to why I shouldn't soak y' th' limit? *Prisoner*—Well, judge, it wasn't your hoss I stole.—*Cleveland Leader.*

He—What's that I hear? You want more shoes? *She*—Certainly! I can't go around without shoes. When you married me you didn't think you were getting a mermaid, did you?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Alys—They say that when the yacht cap-sized Bertie was the last to leave the ship. *Dudley Duffer*—Yeth, poor hoy; he was just fwantic when he thought he'd get his cigawettes wet.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Well-meaning Golfer—Er, do you think it quite safe to bring that child across the links? *Matilda Jones*—Oh, it's all right, sir. I shouldn't think of bringin' 'im if he warn't as deaf as a post, poor little chap!—*Punch.*

Farmer's Wife—I hear your son is making money out of his voice at the opera? *Byles*—That's right, mum. *Farmer's Wife*—Where did he learn singing? *Byles*—Oh! he don't sing, mum. He calls the carriages!—*London Music.*

Howell—I see that the paper says that the Treasury Department announces that by washing paper money it will last twice as long. *Powell*—Yes, but what is a poor devil to do while his money is in the laundry.—*New York Press.*

"Wouldn't a railway increase the population of this village?" asked the enterprising person. "Dunno's it would," replied the native. "It 'ud be a constant temptation to a lot of us inhabitants to get away."—*Washington Star.*

Holcomb—Hello! It looks strange to see you eating dinner at this time of day. I thought you never took more than a lunch at noon. *Tonser*—I never did until my doctor advised me to cut lunch out.—*Vancouver Province.*

"Answer me, Clara," he said in a moment of passion. "I can bear this suspense no longer!" "Answer him, Clara!" echoed the old man in the hall, thinking of the coal and gas bills. "I can't bear this expense much longer."—*Tit-Bits.*

New Arrival—Do you recognize the profession, my good man? *St. Peter*—Profession? What profession, sir? *New Arrival (resentfully)*—Why, didn't you ever hear of me? And I one of the handiest harpists that ever broke into vaudeville.—*Puck.*

Wadsworth (at the telephone)—Hello! Is this Main 3967? *Voice at the Other End*—Yes. Who do you want to see? *Wadsworth*—Is Mr. Hammersly there? *Voice at the Other End*—Yes. Do you want to talk to him? *Wadsworth*—No. I want to kiss him.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

—What you want to do is to have that mud hole in the road fixed," said the visitor. "That goes to show," replied Farmer Corn-

tossel, "how little you reformers understand local conditions. I've purty nigh paid off a mortgage with the money I made haulin' automobiles out o' that mud hole."—*Washington Star.*

Bill Nye's Letter to a Communist.

DEAR SIR: Your courteous letter of the first instant, in which you cordially consent to share my wealth and dwell together with me in fraternal sunshine, is duly received. While I dislike to appear cold and distant to one who seems so yearful and so clinging, and while I do not wish to be regarded as purse-proud or arrogant, I must decline your kind offer to whack up.

You had not heard, very likely, that I am not now a Communist. I used to be, I admit, and the society no doubt neglected to strike my name off the roll of active members. For a number of years I was quite active as a Communist. I would have been more active, but I had conscientious scruples against being active in anything then.

While you may be perfectly sincere in your belief that the great capitalists like Mr. Gould and Mr. Vanderbilt should divide with you, you will have great difficulty in making it perfectly clear to them. They will probably demur, and delay, and hem, and haw, and procrastinate, until finally they will get out of it in some way. Still I do not wish to throw cold water on your enterprise. If the other capitalists look favorably on the plan, I will cheerfully cooperate with them. You go and see what you can do with Mr. Vanderbilt, and then come to me.

You go on at some length to tell me how the most of the wealth is in the hands of a few men, and then you attack those men and refer to them in a way that makes my blood run cold. You tell the millionaires of America to beware, for the hot breath of a bloody-handed Nemesis is already in the air.

You may say to Nemesis, if you please, that I have a double-barreled shotgun standing at the head of my bed every night, and that I am in the Nemesis business. You also refer to the fact that the sleuth-hounds of eternal justice are camped on the trail of the pampered millionaire, and you ask us to avault.

If you see the other sleuth-hounds of your society within a week or two, I wish you would say to them that at a regular meeting of the millionaires of this country, after the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and approved, we voted almost unanimously to discourage any sleuth-hound that we found camped on our trail after ten o'clock p. m. Sleuth-hounds who want to ramble over our trails during office hours may do so with the utmost impunity, but after ten o'clock we want to use our trails for other purposes. No man wants to go to the great expense of maintaining a trail winter and summer, and then leave it out nights for other people to use and return it when they get ready.

I do not censure you, however. If you could convince every one of the utility of communism, it would certainly be a great boon to you. To those who are now engaged in feeding themselves with flat beer out of a tomato can, such a change as you suggest would fall like a ray of sunshine in a rat hole; but alas! it may never be. I tried it a while, but my efforts were futile. The effect of my great struggle seemed to be that men's hearts grew more and more stony, and my pantaloons got thinner and thinner on the seat till it seemed to me that the world never was so cold. Then I made some experiments in manual labor. As I began to work harder and sit down less, I found that the world was not so cold. It was only when I sat down a long time that I felt how cold and rough the world really was.

Perhaps it is so with you. Sedentary habits and stale beer are apt to make us morbid. Sitting on the stone door-sills of hallways and public buildings during cold weather is apt to give you an erroneous impression of life.

Of course, I am willing to put my money into a common fund if I can be convinced that it is best. I was an inside passenger on a Leadville coach some years ago, when a few of your friends suggested that we all put our money into a common fund, and I was almost the first one to see that they were right. They went away into the mountains to apportion the money they got from our party, but I never got my dividend. Probably they lost my postoffice address.

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Pursuant to the written consent of the holders of more than two-thirds of the issued capital stock of PENNA. MINING, DEVELOPING & OPERATING COMPANY, a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, which consent was duly filed in the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco on said State on the 1st day of August, 1910, and pursuant to the resolution of the board of directors of said corporation, which resolution was duly passed at a regular meeting of said board of directors duly called and held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of August, 1910, at which a quorum of the directors of said corporation was present:

Notice is hereby given that the principal place of business of said corporation will, on the 1st day of September, 1910, be changed and removed from the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the City of Fresno, County of Fresno, in said State, at Room 7 in the Farmers National Bank Building therein, after which date the principal place of business of said corporation will be the said Room 7 in the Farmers National Bank Building at said City of Fresno.

This notice is published by order of the board of directors of said Penna. Mining, Developing & Operating Company.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Republican Reorganization in California.

Not even yet—eight days after the event—are the turns of the primary election complete. Whatever the merits of the new system may be, it is plainly weak at the important points of ascertaining and declaring the result. Returns to date with respect to the governorship, practically definite, indicate a total Republican vote in the primary of 202,000 in round numbers, of which Mr. Johnson received 91,000 in round numbers, considerably less than one-half. The total Republican registration was 324,000. Thus it appears that the nomination will go to Johnson, supported in the primary by practically one-fourth of the registered publican vote. This fact, while not in the least qualifying Mr. Johnson's victory, does afford matter for speculation with respect to the theory that under the elect primary scheme it is the "will of the people" which controls.

Returns with respect to the legislature are curiously inadequate. However, the Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguers probably control. They have elected all their candidates in the southern counties, nearly their whole

ticket in Alameda, and enough from other counties to yield a working majority. The legislature therefore will be in general harmony with Mr. Johnson, should he be elected. It will, too, elect a United States senator to succeed Mr. Flint. The league candidate for the senatorship, John D. Works of San Diego, has received in round numbers 39,000 votes against 41,000 for A. G. Spalding, and 32,000 for Edward A. Meserve. That the legislature will regard this vote as authoritative is a question which can only be determined by the event. The election of United States senators, while at the hands of State legislatures, is a national function and is regulated by national law which prescribes every detail of the procedure. It is within the province of the State to advise its legislators, but it is questionable in the present instance if the latter will regard the primary vote as mandatory. It was indeed so regarded in Oregon, but there a majority of the members of the legislature previous to election had pledged themselves under oath to accept the results of the primary.

The Republican party in California is now to be reorganized under the auspices of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. The party convention to be held next month will be dominated by that faction, and presumably its leading spirit, Mr. Rowell of Fresno, will be the chairman of the State committee and the practical head of party affairs. Mr. Rowell's experience in practical politics while not extending over a long period has been active. He was the controlling force in the conference which put Johnson in nomination for the governorship and practically dictated the whole Lincoln-Roosevelt ticket. If we may judge by results, he should be an effective manager. That working methods under Mr. Rowell will differ radically from those of other political managers there is not much reason to expect, in view of the practice in the late campaign. It is observed that reformers when they climb into the saddle commonly ride to win, with as free use of whip and spur as anybody else. It has been so during the late campaign; it will probably be so in the coming campaign.

The result in California is universally accepted as an insurgent victory, and Mr. Johnson in his public utterances has so defined it. Consistency will require that the victors in California shall organize their forces and bring them into coöperation with insurgent movements elsewhere. Yet this will be a difficult matter. The dominating principle in national insurgency, if there be any such thing as national insurgency, is that of tariff reduction. Upon this issue it will not be easy to bring California into line with Iowa and Wisconsin. Tariff reduction, whether right or wrong, is not popular here. What California wants is a stiff tariff, to the end that her local productive interests may be aided. The Eastern insurgents—the national insurgents—will surely look for a strong "progressive" plank in the coming California platform, whereas political discretion at home will call for a "stand-pat" policy. How this practical problem will be solved by Mr. Rowell and his associates is one of the speculative interests of the situation.

The victorious faction has not merely scratched in. It has won by a decisive vote. For whatever reason or combination of reasons, the party has declared for a change in its administrative organization. The element long in authority and experienced in administration has been sent to the rear. The element hitherto active in the critical sphere has been given the reins. Now it remains to be seen how the interests of the party will be served under the new arrangement. What the great body of Republicanism in California wants is party success, with the enforcement of Republican policies and with a careful administration of State affairs. The victors, to carry themselves successfully, must sustain two functions—they must sustain Republicanism as it is understood in California and they must sustain the party as an efficient working force.

The job is a big one; the responsibility involved in it is great. Failure will quickly bring the now triumphant faction to collapse. Success will give it a long lease of authority. The rank and file of the party cares little about anything but the essential integrity of party organization and that of State government through it. Give to them party success and a State government free from extravagances and scandals, and whoever is in the post of responsibility may reasonably hope for a long lease of authority.

Roosevelt and Taft.

The story started last week that Colonel Roosevelt would break with President Taft owing to his defeat for temporary chairman of the New York State Republican Convention seems to have come from those whose wish is father to the thought. Every day after the story was sprung it had to be essentially modified, finally by Roosevelt himself, who consigned to the Ananias Club the author of the unveracious tale that he had sent the President an ultimatum, and by the President himself in the publication of his now famous Sherman letter.

Vice-President Sherman, having been chosen temporary chairman of the State convention over the Rough Rider, made much of the prominence thus given him. Sherman had long been a party boss in central New York and was a larger figure in the public prints when an active lieutenant of Speaker Cannon in the House than he has been in the vice-presidential office. Comparative obscurity has worked on his nerves. He was visibly elated when the spotlight finally turned his way. He had beaten Roosevelt and he meant to let everybody know it. In his talk about the honor given him was a tone of condescending reproof to the aspiring statesman of Oyster Bay; and he did not fail to leave the impression on the public that he and the President knew pretty well what they were about and had a common occasion to exult over Roosevelt's rebuff. Naturally this incensed Roosevelt's friends and the story was started that he would counter by fighting Taft for the nomination of 1912. That impression grew when a statement given out by Roosevelt was interpreted to mean that he had enrolled himself with the insurgents. We have already intimated what Roosevelt did to counteract this story and what course the President took.

The President sent out a dove of peace, which made a quick flight to Roosevelt's friends, bearing a message of good-will. So far from taking part in the cabal to deprive Colonel Roosevelt of convention honors, Mr. Taft deplored the factional result and had advised against it in advance. When he had heard from Sherman himself that such a thing was proposed—though Elihu Root's name was then suggested—he peremptorily declined to be drawn into the fight and advised, instead, that Roosevelt be consulted as to what should be done. A letter to Sherman himself, written on August 14, before the State committee met to vote on the temporary chairmanship of the convention, was quoted. This showed the President's alarm at the prospect of a fight.

The statement satisfied Mr. Roosevelt and there will be no break because of the incidents of last week in his relations with the White House. But the result does not indicate peace in New York politics, which the Rough Rider will now enter with an aroused pugnacity. He has been twice "jolted" there since his return from Europe. His prestige is at issue; also some policies which are near his heart, notably the direct primary. He is, moreover, closely identified with Hughes, who has also joined issue with the Old Guard, whom the Vice-President represents. This Old Guard, he it said, is what is left of the Platt-Odell machine, with which Roosevelt has never been on terms of fellowship, however often political expediency, as the late Senator Platt showed in his autobiography, impelled him to bargain with it. At r

time between Roosevelt and the machine was any love lost. Both sides will now take the field against each other under the spur of inherited grievances, and the result may, in the end, be as distressing to the party as was the half-breed-stalwart feud of 1881. But it is not likely that at any time in the course of the trouble Roosevelt and Taft will be at outs. Neither, in fact, can afford to let anything come between them politically.

In this whole affair the worst showing has been made by the New York machine. One may usually count on the Old Guard to get on the wrong side of moral issues, as it did in the case of the State superintendent of insurance and in the later cases of the bribe-taking Senator Allds and the bribe-broking Senator Conger. The machine stood by all three men against the moral sentiment and moral welfare of the State and only backed out when it had to. Likewise it is fighting the two men whom the Republicans of New York State have the most confidence in—Hughes and Roosevelt. When the Republican convention meets the issue will be clearly drawn between what is worst and what is best in New York Republican politics, with a strong likelihood that Roosevelt will get the temporary chairmanship after all and have his way about the platform. Then it will not matter whether the Old Guard dies or surrenders or does both.

The City for Health.

There is more need of truth than poetry in writing about country life, especially from the standpoint of health. It is all very well, this talk about the free air and sunshine, the out-of-door activity and the rosy cheeks, but the doctors say the health rate of the farming regions is lower than that of the populous towns. And in line with this finding come the vital statistics of Iowa, showing in that bucolic commonwealth a death rate for babies under one year of age of 33½ per cent for the summer. Cholera infantum, infantile paralysis, poor milk, and improper care are given as causes. Just how much this variegated fatality was due to poorly nourished and overworked mothers and to the insanitary state of the average farmhouse may be judged by any one who has had any Eastern farm life—the more Eastern the better, for the longer the farm has been lived on the more of an object-lesson it is in delinquent and defective hygiene.

The old homestead has small and ill-ventilated sleeping-rooms from which the germs of disease have never been driven by disinfectants. On the farm, chloride of lime or carbolic soap are as uncommon as vacuum cleaners or electric cooking stoves. They are "new-fangled" and thereby accursed. Then, to make matters as bad as can be, the cesspool is put close to the house for winter convenience, and within forty feet of it is the well, which, being the deeper excavation of the two, is more or less fouled by the other, especially in a time of rain. A hundred feet to one side is the cow barn, with its inclosed yard and great mound of sweepings; beside it or back of it is the pigsty and the henhouse, salubrious adjuncts these of a truly rural home. When the wind is right such farm premises may be detected for over a mile by a blind tramp, and if he has a well-developed sense of caution he will prefer to stop where he is and sleep in the nearest haystack. Those who live on the place not only breathe an impested air, but have to receive by night the attentions of mosquitoes which exchange watches with the flies that make life intolerable by day. And never a screen or a net exists to foil either insect of his prey. Of course there is a fertilized kitchen garden close to the house, which propagates summer fevers whenever it is spaded or plowed; and there is general farm plowing to contend with besides. In the milder winters the decay of vegetables and fruit in the cellar does its share towards impairing the health of the family.

The farm table, contrary to the common belief of outsiders, is rarely wholesome. The rule about it is to eat only what can not be sold. Thus the culls, the lean pork, the stringy salt beef, the wilted vegetables, the holdover eggs, go to the table, while the salable things find customers in the market. Fried pork, hot soda biscuits, and pie are the domestic staples; and these are more commonly served in summer, the theory being that hard-working men should have "filling" food. Of the heating qualities of pork the farmer's wife knows nothing. Its heartiness, cheapness, and ease of preparation appeal to her; and being overworked herself, she eats it as the others do, washing it down with poor tea. If a woman of the family is nursing an infant she gets no better food, though what she has may be varied by

milk or by some of the unsold eggs. But as for milk, taken from dirty cows, tied in a dirty shed, handled by grimy farm hands, and brought to the house in an unwashed pail, the question whether it is really a better food than pork and soda biscuits and doughnuts raises a melancholy doubt. As for meat, it rarely appears on the farmer's table unless he keeps summer boarders. The average Eastern farmer feels disgraced if he buys food for his table. His family must live off the farm—a rule which makes it fairly certain that the family will die on the farm. Of course there are exceptions. It is an authentic story that a New York farmer complained of this hardship of his class and boastfully added that his own meat bill the year before had been thirty dollars.

In many parts of the country a farmer could not be elected to a township office if it were known that he had supplied his home with a bathtub. It would be sign of a haughty spirit or a desire to ape the futile dalliances of the rich. The man could no more risk such a reputation than he could that of having his neck shaved or going to the tavern bar for a pousse café. The farmer religiously taboos the comforts of life. He stores no ice, he buys the girls no hammocks, he is down on the "house fixins" which tempt the boys or the women folk to laziness. The two rules of life are economy and hard labor. Even medical care is a luxury to be avoided; and so when one is ill patent medicines are called in first and if these fail and the case is dire, the cut-rate doctor is summoned; though the chances are that some woman will spoil his medicine by bringing in her own decoctions of "yarbs," her catnip tea, her rockpolypod, or her distillations of mandrake leaves, or hops. As there is no health officer to look in, when the ailment is "catching," a neighborhood epidemic may easily follow.

How different in cities! Chicago, with a wretched water system, has a far lower child mortality than rural Iowa and, presumably, than any other countryside where Iowa conditions prevail. Why? Because, in cities, a healthful environment is required by law or intelligent custom. If the water is bad its source is improved if may be; if not, as in Chicago, it is boiled and filtered by the consumer; milk comes to the market clean and pure. If not, the health inspectors throw it away. Ice is cheap, abundant, and freely used. The best fruits and vegetables which the farms produce are to be bought in the city stalls. Household work, thanks to labor-saving devices and cheap service, is far less onerous than it is in the old homestead. The sewer has long since banished the cesspool; cities are kept clean; nuisances are forbidden; the doctor and the hospital are handy; an efficient city department heads off communicable diseases. For these causes and because work is less wearing and mental and physical diversions are easier to find, the people of the city look and are healthier as a class than the people on the farms. At fifty the farm-wife is old and wrinkled and sour, while her city cousin is in the bloom of her later youth. The farm hand, contrasted with the city lad of the same age, is seldom so well-built or so well set up or so full of vital force. There is little in the story of the blooming milkmaid. She shows signs of a pork diet and a bathless home, and is not to be compared in freshness and fairness with the girl of the boulevards.

Some day the farmer will take up the subject of sanitation and improve his physical, moral, and mental state. But it will take time, and meanwhile we shall not miss the ingenuous variations of the story of the rural youth who wrote home from town of the lovely bathtub in his boarding-house and of his purpose, as soon as summer came around again, to get the hang of it.

The Western Pacific.

While the opening of the Western Pacific Railroad has given this State a new outlet and a new inlet and the benefit of fresh and widespread advertising, San Francisco will show its deepest interest in the growth of the large tributary population which the road assures. The new line brings into touch with this metropolis a fertile part of the State, larger than some sizable Eastern commonwealths, which has never had modern means of transit. It is a region which is now emerging from the stagecoach time; and there is really nothing of agricultural value, suited to the climate, which it is not able to produce. The land is there, but the tillers are few. They should be many, now that the Western Pacific has given them a way to the market.

In course of years the new line may be expected to build feeders north and south; and as the private con-

struction of trolley roads has been a feature of railway development everywhere else in California, there is no reason why it should not be anticipated in the present case. The region of which sequestered Plumas County is a part may anticipate a great future; and if it does not hinder progress by arbitrarily raising the price of its land in the hope of getting rich quickly, and if its share of the public domain is not "conserved" for the benefit of a remote prosperity, that future should be very near.

The Western Pacific having been built, the public will look with solicitude to the lagging projects in the north of California to connect the coast country with the main artery of travel there, thus promising another great reach of agricultural and timber land the railway advantages enjoyed by the rest of the State.

The effect of the new overland route on the development of steamship enterprise in the North Pacific Ocean must not be overlooked. The fine vessels of the Japanese line, the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, compelled the building of the larger steamers of the Pacific Mail; and now that the Japanese have severed their relations with that company and the Southern Pacific and are to work in harmony with the Western Pacific, and have announced a better sea service with new ships added to their fleet, the old lines may be expected to reequip in self-defense. It is by competition of this sort that the transpacific passage, so long dominated by freight boats and discarded Atlantic liners, may hope to acquire a few of the greyhounds, capable of giving a ten-day service with Yokohama and a three-and-a-half-day one with Honolulu.

The Singing Festival.

For six days at the opening of next month San Francisco will be the scene of a musical festival of unique interest. At the Auditorium will be gathered a chorus of some thousand voices and an orchestra of one hundred instruments under the joint direction of Arthur Claassen and Joseph R. Riegger, the former distinguished as the most noted singing society leader in the United States, and the latter favorably known along the Pacific Coast for his devotion to melody. While great artists to support the leading rôles will not be lacking—for the principals are to include Mme. Marie Rappold, Miss Margaret Keyes, Daniel Beddoe, and Allan Hinckley—an equally attractive feature of the festival will be that in the gigantic chorus will be heard picked singers from thirteen San Francisco musical societies, sixteen other associations in other parts of the State, and five organizations of the East. Hence the gathering promises to be the most remarkable assembly of highly trained exponents of music heard on the Pacific Coast for many years.

So far as at present arranged the programme will be worthy of this unique occasion. It has been compiled with a view to exploit the human voice more than the orchestra, and especially to utilize the vast chorus in massed singing. As the festival owes its initiation to the German singing societies, it is natural that composers of that nationality will be largely represented at the festival, including Wagner, Weber, and Mendelssohn, but that the great masters of other races will be worthily in evidence is shown by the appearance of such names as Rossini, Liszt, Verdi, Tchaikowsky, and Gounod. While noting that "My Old Kentucky Home" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" are on the programme, both of which should provide stirring examples of massed singing, it is rather regrettable that nothing written by so representative an American musician as MacDowell has thus far been announced. However there is still time to rectify such a serious omission.

But to look too critically at such a worthy effort at this festival would be ungrateful. That it is to be held is a matter for which the whole community of San Francisco is deeply indebted to the Germans of this and other cities. Even Nietzsche, with his "German" is a word which may be used as an international coin for psychological degeneracy," would have regarded the occasion as a factor in the mitigation of his wrath. While in his own country, and in Europe at large, the average German is content to be "the bagman of the world," lost to all ideals and absorbed in mundane affairs, the atmosphere of the United States seems to have the power of rekindling within him those old devotions to æsthetic pleasures which ruled his nature before the birth of the German empire. The enthusiastic singing societies which will form the chorus of the forthcoming festival represent this revived idealism at its best because in its most practical form. A

raise and honor to our German citizens, then, for the roof they are about to give that there are other things that count with them than the pursuit of the almighty dollar.

On a broad view the approaching festival should receive the hearty support of all sober-minded citizens because it will minister to the emotional life of the community. Is it not true that modern life is "characterized by indescribable indigence and exhaustion, despite the unspeakable garishness at which only the superficial observer rejoices"? As an emotional and inspiring force the church has fallen upon evil days; is not so much the clash of creeds which mars the harmony of religion as the spectral doubt which questions the fundamentals on which all creeds rest; and even the voice of poetry has fallen somewhat mute. What does all this lead to but the atrophy of the finer senses? Darwin, it will be remembered, became so absorbed in the hard facts of science as to lose all sensitiveness to the rarer forms of art. This atrophy of the emotions is perhaps the chief evil of our day; dulled and deadened sense to all spiritual appeal. The world," as Wordsworth sung,

The world is too much with us, late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

But the remedy is at our doors. An Orpheus is the physician we need, or at least one of them. For that reason the coming festival is to be heartily welcomed—welcomed because the blended orchestra and the full tide of vocal song will assuredly unlock for many thousands the gates of the world of imagination and give weary spirits entrance to a paradise of melody and peace.

Florence Nightingale.

Florence Nightingale's death in her ninety-first year has removed the most picturesque figure of English life, and one who, in the words of Joseph H. Choate, belonged to "the noblest heroines of the race." The daughter of a wealthy English country gentleman, she elected to forego the fashionable and pleasure-seeking life to which her position invited, and from an early age devoted herself to nursing with untiring zeal. Yet she had reached her thirty-fourth year before the unbreakable horrors of the Crimean War gave her her life's great opportunity. The hospitals at Scutari were in a deplorably unorganized condition, the medical stores never reached their destination, and the sick and wounded had less than the common necessities of life. It was at this juncture that Miss Nightingale, then engaged in reshaping a sick governesses' institution in London, was requested to proceed to the Crimea with full authority over all the nurses and unlimited power to draw upon the government for whatever she thought necessary. Such a call made instant appeal to the devoted woman, who, inspiring others of her rank with her own unselfishness, journeyed at once to the scene of suffering, and quickly organized a system which brought comfort and restored health to thousands. Miss Nightingale spent herself unreservedly in this task, never going to rest at night, no matter how arduous the labors of the day, without, lantern in hand, passing through the wards of the hospitals to see with her own eyes that no service had been left undone. That picture of her midnight vigil was of a type to appeal to the poetic imagination, and hence Longfellow's glowing tribute to "The Lady of the Lamp." Small wonder is it that, when the war was ended, and an opinion was asked from the returned soldiers as to who most deserved the gratitude of the nation for services rendered during the conflict, the one name chosen unanimously was, not that of any general, officer, or private, but of Florence Nightingale, "the angel of the battlefield."

Had she desired fame, she might have had it in abundance on her return to England. But as far as possible she avoided all public recognition of her work, and when a testimonial of a quarter of a million dollars was presented her, she immediately devoted the entire sum to the founding of an institution for the training of nurses and hospital attendants, an action wholly in keeping with that devotion which had led her to draw largely upon her own wealth to achieve the beneficent ends to which she consecrated her life. But she had her reward, the reward she loved best. When she was invited to the Crimea she was told that her acceptance of the task would "multiply the good to all." That prophecy has been richly fulfilled. It

must not be forgotten that it was Sister Helen, one of Florence Nightingale's nurses, who first in America set the art of nursing on that higher plane which it occupies today, nor that there is no country in the civilized world where the lot of the sick and suffering is not the brighter because of her hallowed life.

San Francisco Architecture and Art.

Mr. Willis Polk, in a letter published elsewhere in this paper, says that San Francisco is indifferent to her natural charms and rebuilds, expands, and otherwise develops without a definite plan and absolutely without any regard for the consequences. "A tentative plan," he says, "was submitted by Mr. Burnham; why not investigate it? Why not follow it or any plan where practicable? Why continue to build without a plan?"

But are we so building? In the reconstruction of San Francisco the first and most vital thought was safety from future earthquakes and fires, and a plan to assure such safety, at least in an approximate form, has been steadily carried out. That is to say, our new structures are well built, many of them being Class A and none of them inviting destruction as the former buildings did. Mr. Polk himself admits that while the old town "was full of good stuff, architecturally," the new city is "even more interesting." And the critic is quite right. The fire swept away acres of commonplace, wooden, bay-windowed, drab dwelling-places, eyesores all, and blocks of makeshifts in the business quarter, and in their stead is a modern town, of which very few structures are small and commonplace. The general effect is cheerful; in all quarters the special effect is substantial; in some the impression of dignity and stateliness is made. Here is a good plan well worked out. True, the place does not look as if it had been made to order for art's sake; but that the result is expressive of the spirit of San Francisco, the ambitious commercial spirit of a place which if "serene, indifferent of fate," at least makes much of "specious gifts material," can hardly be denied. And where the character of a city shows in its construction, the latter being worthy, is not that as well or better than some insincere presentment, in its name, of the character of some other city?

One trouble with the Burnham plan and with similar plans of urban development is that of impracticability, as they relate to the needs of a commercial town. What a commercial town requires is not winding boulevards, but short cuts. It may have parks, of course, but a perfectly equipped water-front would be more to the point. Our Golden Gate Park might, indeed, be extended downtown, but a belt line around the docks would be more useful, or even a tunnel under the Twin Peaks. San Francisco is no art centre now. It has but vagrant art impulses. It is the focus of a gigantic commercial development; and the practical good sense of the people wants money spent for present needs, not for the possibly altered tastes of the future. The useful rather than the purely ornamental now has "the call." If posterity shall be a leisure class, devoted to ideals of the Burnham variety, or better ones, let posterity, if it has the money, do to the San Francisco of its day what Haussman did to the Paris of his and Alexander Shephard to the Washington which had come down from the ante-bellum period. The Argonaut regards posterity, as dictating the present growth of cities, in the same light that it does the unborn generations as dictating, through a deadening policy of conservation, what shall be done with our natural resources.

Furthermore, the Burnham plan takes no account of human nature. A better time to adopt it than any that may come again in our day was when the city was swept partially off the map. How easy then to rebuild along artistic lines. How easy to acquire a chain of parks and a civic centre! How promising the plan to coil a beautiful road about Nob Hill and crown the elevation with a park. Everything was ready but the assent of the private property-owners. People not sure of their insurance were not bothering about outlays for art. They wanted to rebuild on the old sites and get roofs to cover them. Parks were luxuries to be supported, and the taxpayers felt poor. People who owned real estate on Nob Hill wanted to keep it if they could. So the Burnham plan did not seem worth investigating nor is it worth looking into now that the city has been rebuilt in a way which precisely expresses the spirit of the owners and the material traditions of the town. Only through the slow growth of the art spirit, the leisure spirit, and the taste for luxury can the formal

city builders look for an opportunity here. At present we cut out curves so as to get there sooner.

Eastern Asiatic Questions.

The semi-official statement that Korea will be annexed to Japan confirms the view, long common, of the Japanese policy in the Hermit Kingdom. In modern times Japan has fought two wars to keep Korea out of the hands of a rival power, and she naturally does not want to take further risks. The country is a strategic point which no future enemy of Japan should be permitted to occupy; and it is, withal, a place to colonize surplus Japanese. There is room for some millions of them without crowding the Koreans; and now that America is practically closed to Japanese labor, the necessity for another field of exploitation is clear. Korea answers the purpose better than Formosa did. The latter place has a hot and malarial climate, and the little brown men, despite the Malay strain in their blood, prefer a climate more like their own; and a location not too far away from home. On the latter account, Mexican and South American colonizing projects have not come to much.

Just how far colonization will proceed in Manchuria, which Russia and Japan so completely possess that the Chinese governor-general and two provincial governors have resigned in disgust, is problematical. That country, which has been tilled for over 3000 years by the same race, is worn out; and it has all it can do to keep its Mongol inhabitants from starving. Any large Japanese population added would press severely upon the means of subsistence. The chances are that both the Japanese and Russian population will be chiefly official and military; although undeveloped mines and unbuilt factories may yet give employment to peasants on both sides. It is trade that the two powers which have confiscated Manchuria are after; not so much a place of agricultural colonization.

The question of whether the commercial pact between Russia and Japan forestalls the idea of another war between them has been cautiously debated by various writers. It is yet too early to answer it. At present both powers are engaged in helping themselves to Chinese territory, and by that process, which may go much further, neutralizing the Chinese empire. It is not at all in the interest of Russia and Japan that China should attain a national spirit and become a power to reckon with. All they want of her is to develop modern needs, which they stand ready to meet, not modern aspirations, which might interfere with their plans. Eventually they may partition the whole country between them unless other powers intervene, as England, Germany, and the United States might well undertake to do. At any rate they will get all they can before quarreling with each other. But in regard to that it must be remembered that Russia can never again be quite the first-class power she was until she wipes out the disgrace of 1904-05, and it is well to consider that the prodigious defensive preparations Japan has made are more likely to have reference to Russia than any other power. The two countries may be in a partnership for spoils while there are prizes to be sought from a third power; but later the time will come when, as rivals, they will covet prizes from each other.

Forest Fires and Troops.

The devastation of forests by fire in Montana and Idaho and the menacing conflagration in the Crater Lake country of southern Oregon should increase the vigilance of foresters and fire wardens in California. So far these officials have done well. At the beginning of the dry season a warning was sent out, bringing into special notice the fact that the annual losses from forest fires on the Pacific Coast were \$40,000,000 and urging upon railroads and particularly camping parties care against igniting underbrush. The result is encouraging, but we are not yet outside the danger zone. Until the rainy season begins, each month will be dryer than the one before; and the fall is the favorite time to camp out. Always, passing locomotives are dropping hot coal and ashes. Between the two sources of combustion, California's woodlands are still in danger and the obligation of special care of them is greater than at any past period in the present season.

Troops are being detailed to fight forest fires, and in time of peace there could be no better use of them. In Montana and Idaho the losses during a few days past have mounted into millions. Whole villages are wiped out, scores of people burned to death, and there is a call for disciplined fire-fighters which nothing but the

army and the militia can supply. So far the State troops do not seem to have been called out, but General Wood has detailed thirty companies of regulars. These are doing their best, but there is need of many more, which, but for lack of emergency funds, would doubtless be supplied. It is a pity there is anything in the way of sending more because of the enormous wealth in jeopardy, not to speak of human lives. All over the land troops are idle in garrison while principalities of public and private forest are endangered. The call is importunate, as it was when Chicago burned and San Francisco met its fiery fate, for adequate military aid.

Much is heard in these days of conservation; but is there a better way to help that cause than to protect the standing timber we have, and the underbrush by which nature provides for reforestation? Ourselves and posterity both suffer when forest fires have their run; and the loss is annually so great that it might be wise to use the troops by way of prevention as well as by way of cure. One hears of no fires in the national parks where regulars are on duty all the time; and might it not be well to move the greater part of the resident army, during the summer months, into those States where forests are most abundant and continuous and let it find, in the work of protective fire control, the field duty which would mean more to troops in preparation for war than any amount of drill in cantonments. The saving of timber would probably exceed the outlay by enormous sums.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

As is so often the way with reformers, the Young Turks have made a sad muddle of their efforts to solve the dog problem of Constantinople. Two months ago the *Argonaut* commented upon the means which were being taken to clear the city of the Bosphorus of its famous canine population, but at that time it was not clear how the Young Turk had decided to achieve his end. Since then it has transpired that the dogs have been banished to the island of Oxia, the males separated from the females, there to await extinction by old age. It is stated that the parliament voted a credit to feed the exiled animals, but the report of a recent visitor to the island discloses an inhuman state of affairs:

I went to the island of Oxia, where the captives are imprisoned. I was told that a boat brought them bread and water every day. You hear the desperate harking of thousands, from the deepest, saddest haying to the shrillest yelps. Fawn-colored dogs on every side, troops of them on the beach, dogs on every rock.

As you near the island a cruel odor seizes you by the throat; it is like a harrier of harried wire. It needs courage to approach this island of torment and death. The living dogs stand near the waves gazing toward Stamboul; some are in the water up to their necks; others run without stopping, hopeless; others are struggling fiercely.

In spite of their hunger they are not ferocious. You read only despair and supplication in their eyes. They swim to your boat to be taken back where their thoughts are, and it hurts you to drive them off with the oars.

What makes matters worse for the "reformers" is that several manufacturers offered to buy the dogs, put them painlessly to death, and make gloves of their skins. But the Young Turks would not agree to that: public opinion, they said, was against the slaughter of the dogs; and thus slow torture has taken the place of mercy. As the Turk is generally pitiful to animals, thanks to the teaching of Islam, it is more than probable that when wide publicity is given to the misery which the dogs are enduring on the island of Oxia the prophecy of the *Argonaut* that "the dogs of Constantinople may yet return" is likely to be fulfilled.

C. M. S. McLellan, the playwright to whom we owe "Leah Kleschna," is a person of discernment. Like Ruskin, he is a devoted admirer of the paintings of Turner, and to give point to his protest against the flaunting crimson brocade which has been used to "show off" the works of the artist in the new Turner gallery in London he avails himself of the sympathetic support of a native of Newburyport, Massachusetts. The two entered the gallery, with its shrieking colors, and then:

I watched my American friend. He sank on a bench in the centre of the first gallery, and dug his knuckles into his eyes. He was not weeping, but only blinded, and presently we set ourselves to examining the pictures. But it was no use. By the time we got half way round one room and were standing together in front of "Caligula's Palace and Bridge," with its great ruins and miles of country drenched in sunshine, we turned to each other without trying to smother the sobs that broke in our throats.

"Look here, pardner," said the American. "I've got to get out of here."

"So have I," said I.

"I wouldn't look at the sunset in 'The Fighting Temeraire' against that red brocade, not if you gave me fifty dollars," he cried, his anger rising.

With that he sped away, I following. As we sought egress from the place we came face to face with a brand new portrait of a man wearing side whiskers and a frock coat. The American stopped in his wild flight and clapped his hands to his brow.

"Great heavens, who's that?" he shrieked.

"Portrait of the donor," I said.

"Of the what?" he groaned.

"Of the man who paid for the marble and the crimson brocade."

Uttering a malediction, he ran through the galleries as if they were on fire. I caught him up on the steps outside wildly gesticulating for a taxi.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked.

"Catch the next boat from Liverpool," he replied in a suffocating voice. "I've got to tell Bill Scudder personally what you people have done to Turner. There's going to be trouble over this in Newburyport."

Whether John Bull will see the point of this satire is doubtful. He has generally such a superior confidence in his own artistic discernment that he is hardly likely to defer to the views from the man of Newburyport. And, by the way, when that worthy critic reaches his native shores once more, he might turn his attention to a famous store in Boston where another "portrait of a man in side whiskers and a frock coat" seems to be somewhat out of harmony with its surroundings.

Taking as his text the recent attempt on the life of Mayor Gaynor, Theodore C. Williams writes to the New York *Evening Post* to plead for the disarming of the assassin before he fires. He reminds us that Presidents Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley all died of pistol shots, and wonders why there is a greater freedom in the peddling of firearms than in the vending of prussic acid and dynamite:

What is the use of a pistol anyway, except in the hands of the police? Personally, I have never known a single case of its use for honorable, necessary self-defense. But every day in the year brings its tale of accidental shooting. They didn't know it was loaded. Yet we put this deadly thing, far worse than the sting of the deadliest serpent, into the hands of children, lunatics, or enemies of mankind. It is exposed in shop windows as a harmless, beautiful toy. It is advertised on billboards, from which some decorative assassin aims it straight between your eyes: you are assured that it is self-loading, self-cocking, and that women and children can use it without practice.

The fact is, the carrying of pistols is a survival in America of the age of the pioneers. It was the weapon of the frontier. It still has its uses in Africa. But in lands which are policed and law-abiding it is time to stop the assassin's trade. Let the pistol be unlawful, like the duel.

As a remedy, Mr. Williams suggests that no person shall be allowed to purchase or own or carry a pistol without a license, and that every minor having in his possession a deadly firearm shall be liable to arrest as a juvenile delinquent. No doubt he has in his mind the law of England, where for the possession of even an air-gun a license costing two and a half dollars is absolutely necessary. Those licenses return to the treasury an annual sum of over half a million dollars, besides restricting the indiscriminate use of revolvers and guns. But such a law is unfortunately impossible in the United States without an alteration of the Constitution. Mr. Williams has evidently forgotten that amendment which declares that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

Any day next month the cable may ring up the curtain on the last pathetic act of the tragedy which took place on Mont Blanc forty years ago. On a September day in 1870 a little party of alpinists set out from Chamonix, in the foothills of the great mountain, intent upon reaching Mont Blanc's summit. Two were Americans, Dr. James Bean, and John C. Randall, treasurer of a savings bank of Quincy, Massachusetts. It was the life ambition of the latter to ascend Mont Blanc; "today," he wrote in his diary as he left the shores of his native land, "I begin the realization of the dream of my whole life."

Despite boisterous weather, the party set out for the summit, and waders in the valley below followed their course with telescopes until in the late afternoon the climbers were hidden from view in a swirling snowstorm. They were never seen again in life. Eight days later search parties set out, and the body of Dr. Bean was recovered in a sitting position, and in his note-book was read a poignant farewell to his wife and friends. But the body of Mr. Randall was missing, and now, at the distance of forty years, the slow-moving Bossons glacier is expected at any hour to deliver up its dead. So the villagers of Chamonix are waiting and watching, in sympathy with the daughter of the lost man who has twice visited the gliding, icy tomb of her father.

To the discovery of the shrine of Venus has now succeeded, at Belmonte, in Italy, the uncovering of the tombs of two women warriors which justify the portrait Virgil drew of the Virgin Camilla, Queen of the Volscians. And incidentally the find gives support to those stories of the Amazons which have so perplexed students of the past. In the first tomb the skeleton of the fair warrior was sheltered by a war chariot, richly ornamented with bronze and iron, with the bronze bits of the horses still intact. But the human interest of the discovery lies in the fact that mingled with the signs of the woman's warlike habits were relics proving that the woman nature will persist even under the most formidable armor. For near the skeleton were found four pairs of earrings made of amber and threaded with wire, various collars of amber, bronze, and ivory for the neck, and countless pins in iron and bronze, some of which were finished off with horses' heads. Perhaps these touches of nature go far to explain why history does not resound with the military exploits of the Amazons. They evidently became soldiers for the sake of the effect, much as fraternity members are won by gorgeous insignia, and would doubtless have lost a battle for the sake of a new pair of earrings. So we need not be seriously alarmed at the demand of German feminists that they be allowed in future to "fight side by side with their husbands and brothers in the front line of battle." Paris would never have fallen had huxom maids made up half the ranks of the German army in 1871, or, rather, half the assailing force would have stampeded for the cafés and milliners' and jewelers' stores.

Probably of the hundreds of thousands of postals which are streaming across the Atlantic every mail these days the largest proportion coming from any one place bear upon them pictures of this or that historic spot in Stratford-on-Avon. For wherever else in England the American does not pay

his devotion, he will not on any account miss offering tribute at the shrine of Shakespeare. The latest chronicler of the quaint old town pays a well-deserved tribute to its transatlantic pilgrims:

There are visitors' hooks, of course, near the door of Stratford Church, one especially devoted to Americans, who as a people have done so much for Stratford and enjoy themselves there so much more than English pilgrims. And they should, for many of them are not merely paying the respects to Shakespeare, but are seeing a bit of provincial England for the first time. The ordinary American traveler, too, are less critical, more ready abroad, as at home, to take romance of the past in all its details for granted and without question, and, unless used to it, somewhat overawed by the weight of years that gazes at them from every quarter in Old England. I have no patience with the Briton who assumes an air of amused surprise at this particular form of transatlantic ardor, whether expressed in the undenial strident note of Chicago or in the cultured tones of Boston.

But this eulogist, like so many more writers on Stratford fails to take note of that old inn where Washington Irving stayed on the occasion of his memorable visit, where the chamber which he imagined his throne, and the poker which he flourished as a sceptre, and the old silhouette of the chambermaid who disturbed his dreams, are as carefully preserved, though they were relics of the hard himself. And memoir does not recall that recognition has ever been made of the fact that by far the best essays on Shakespeare's native town have been written by American pens. The record begins with Washington Irving himself, and includes among others names those of Hawthorne and William Winter. Nor should Henry James's "The Birthplace" be forgotten.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Plans for San Francisco Attractions.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 18, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: San Francisco, serene, indifferent, fate, destroyed apparently beyond the possibility of recovery, has, nevertheless, recovered.

She is again, in name as well as in spirit, the one place on this continent, which at the mention of her name, the vision is conjured up in the mind's eye of life and scene of unique and fascinating originality. Physically the old San Francisco has practically disappeared, spiritually the old San Francisco seems the same, and more besides. Her strange characteristic in this respect is her almost complete indifference to her natural charms. She rebuilds, expands, and otherwise develops, and does so in a manner that is marvelous, but she does it without a definite plan, without a consistent purpose, and absolutely without any regard for the consequences. This, perhaps, the most astonishing thing that can be said about her. She seems to have a natural genius for doing things a sort of instinct that carries her through—a full-blooded condition that sustains her while she enjoys internecine warfare. A similar amount of blood-letting would wreck another community. San Francisco thrives in it and that's the end of it, so why cry for a definite plan in rebuilding? Why try to instill into her the principles of consistency? What do she care? She is the audience. The show runs itself, we are all in the gallery, and the play amuses us. We are all sightseers, all visitors, all strangers; we are here to enjoy ourselves. If we did not care to play and lived only for work we would live in Chicago, New York, or London; but we wouldn't live here, or if we did we would soon become play-boys! That's San Francisco. That's why we have no no stage manager, no director, no leader, no definite plan, consistent purpose. We are like "Topsy"; we just "grow." Is this a credit to us? Do we deserve praise because our inexhaustible resources we have not as yet dissipated or fortune?

Artistically our atmosphere breeds talent. We have a lot of actors, poets, painters, scholars, scientists, chefs, a number of producers to whom we may point with pride, but generals and statesmen or giants of constructive ability either our needs have created no demand or our climate is not favorable, for, with perhaps the single exception of William C. Rosten, history contains the names of none.

It is said of Pericles, when the commercial supremacy Athens was threatened, that he, as a matter of statesmanship decided to make Athens beautiful. When will we find among us a man big enough, a statesman great enough, a leader unselfish enough and honest enough to do for us that which Pericles did for Athens. When will we realize that our greatest asset, our most valuable possession, is the hell almost universally held by outsiders, that California is not only the land of plenty, but that San Francisco is a sort of an Aladdin's dream, a mystic paradise, a pleasure resort to meet be seen and that sooner or later is seen. Was it our proud boast that we could by waiting at Lotta's Fountain, sooner or later, almost every distinguished person in the world? And was it not true? But what have we done to retain this honor? What to compel the visitor to return? Or to keep him when he is here? What? Nothing! It is not time that we should do something? We can do it. We will do it. But first we must forget that we are merely lookers at an amusing play. We must realize that the stage needs actors, that the play has its parts, and that we have our parts to play. The question as to who is to be benefited must not be asked, the general benefit of the community must be the reward. That sounds altruistic, visionary, and impractical, but it can be made to pay and pay big. Who is the impresario? Who the stage manager?

A tentative plan was submitted by Mr. Burnham: why investigate it? Why not follow it, or any plan, where practicable? Why continue to build without a plan?

Architecturally the old town was full of good stuff, dignified, and picturesque. The new city is even more interesting. It is true that some of the destroyed buildings gone forever—Grace Church and its tower, the old Y. M. A., the old buildings of Chinatown, and the Barbary Coast; but we have the new ones, and they are nearly all not so good, but are really much better than should have been expected.

We know, and the world knows, that the reconstruction of our city is one of the marvels of history, but we must not let there. We must fulfill our destiny, and to do so we must develop the possibilities of our natural condition, make most of our picturesque situation, and we must respect ourselves and give heed to the lessons that lie plain before us and now in our infancy adopt a plan for future growth, logical and consistent with nature's dictates, and we must shun our reckless, devil-may-care, happy-go-lucky system of inference.

If the one pays now, the other will pay, too—and as I have said, I believe.

It will pay, and pay big.

WILLIS POLK

"THE WEEK" AT COWES.

The Human Interest of a Fashionable Function.

Cowes is rather far from the capital to be an adjunct of the London season, and yet for many a year now that quaint little watering-place at the northern corner of the Isle of Wight has had the honor of witnessing the closing scenes of each year's social functions. Society finds its way thither via Goodwood races, which, held on an ideal course on the South Downs, enable the classes as distinct from "the masses" to pay their last tribute to the sport of kings ere their interests are transferred from turf and horses to the sea and yachts.

Cowes lives through the year for the sake of its week. Not that that old-world resort is deserted for the remainder of the twelvemonths. 'Tis true it is a quiet spot in winter, but with the advent of summer it attracts its fair share of holiday-keepers and "trippers," most of whom, however, know better than to time their visits for the first week in August. For one thing, prices forbid. To this Mecca of the yachtsman there came several years ago a couple of modest means and no "society" ambitions, who secured apartments—a sitting-room and bedroom—in an unpretentious hotel facing the water-front. They stayed for four days, making no exorbitant demands on the viands of the hostelry and never indulging to a greater extent than a half-bottle of sparkling Moselle. But the bill for their temperate entertainment swelled to the record proportions of £39.9.9! And this despite the fact that as a journalist the sponsor for this bill had been promised special terms" by the hotel manager. The only consolation for footing such an amazing account was that the couple had the felicity of seeing the capacious shoes of a notorious countess outside the bedroom door which adjoined their sitting-room, and an opportunity to secure a unique snapshot of King Edward from the privacy of their balcony.

Truth to tell "the week" at Cowes hardly offers a monetary equivalent for the soaring of prices during those six days. No doubt the streets are more gayly decorated with bunting, the shops more resplendent in their window displays, the harbor more crowded with yachts, and the velvet sward of the castle more alive with wealth and fashion than during the rest of the summer, but even so that is an inadequate reason why hotel prices should increase to the tune of about 400 per cent. For, after all, the main attractions of the place remain at the normal. The narrow, straggling, up-and-down-hill streets are not broadened or straightened or leveled, the pier is still that stunted and cramped structure where a hundred people make a crowd, and the water-front and Egypt Point yield no more enchanting views across the Solent and the Southampton Water than during the other weeks of the year.

Perhaps, however, the observant student of human nature may find some compensations for invading Cowes at the height of its annual renown. With the redolent instinct for which they are distinguished, the lack-face minstrels crowd hither in abnormal force for the week, and jostle each other in vocal rivalry all along the front. Continuous vaudeville is the order of the day from dawn to midnight, with a kaleidoscopic programme of the latest London music-hall ditties and breakdown dances. Most of the singers and dancers tempt no other disguise than that of the burnt cork, but here and there is a group of masked entertainers whose dominoes are vaguely suspected to hide distinguished and even aristocratic faces. Punch and Judy will vary the scene now and then, or a stand of Marionettes, or a barrow of miscellaneous and superfluous articles designed to tempt the ambitions of those who imagine they have a straight eye and a steady hand.

But the human procession affords the greatest interest. Dukes and lords, duchesses and ladies, Mr. and Mrs. New-Rich, intent on boarding their yachts and lunches must alike run the gauntlet from the clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Squadron to the jetty whence they embark, the hourly cynosure of curious eyes and the subjects of hazardous identification of guessing tongues. Yachting costume is *de rigueur* of course, and ouths and maidens who would turn seaskiff at the sight of a marlinpike bravely array themselves in garments intended to convey fearless indifference to the fiercest of winds and the wildest of waves. But the nister figures of the motley crowd are the hangers-on, the umbras, the toadies, empty of pocket but resourceful in preying upon the hospitality of others. Mr. New-Rich provides the fattest battenning for these parasites. Perhaps he is a soap-boiler, or a provision merchant, or a yellow-press millionaire, overwhelmed with the knighthood which has been his reward for generous donations to party funds. Of course Mr. New-Rich must have his yacht, and so be "in the swim," but, poor man, the sight of the sea makes him sick, and he is sicker still at the thought that not all his wealth or his knighthood can break for him an entrance to the select circle on the lawn at the castle. So he becomes the prey of the aristocratic "remittance man," who is indifferently who dines and wines him so long as he is inebriated and wined. These are the gentry who "run" many of the smart yachts out in the bay, on board which the host and owner is barely tolerated at his own table, and is certainly the butt of his "down and out" notions of aristocracy.

Yet not even "the week" can spoil the charm of Cowes as a base of operations. Changing though the Isle of Wight is, there are still many nooks of rare and

picturesque beauty waiting to minister pleasure to the quiet eye—meandering lanes which open out now and then an exquisite vista to the sea, uplifted downs searched by refreshing airs, and quaint little villages of thatched and rose-embowered cottages and peaceful time-stained churches.

And, incidentally, there is the yachting. The bay is a lovely picture, crowded with the white magic of racing cutters and schooners and yawls moving gracefully hither and thither before a light breeze under a blue sky. Most admired of all for this year of grace was Mr. Cochrane's *Westward*, voted unanimously "an American wonderment, the like of which has never been seen in English waters." And her victory in the race for the Kaiser's Cup showed that her beauty was more than skin deep.

LONDON, August 6, 1910.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Spinning Wheel.

A white pine floor and a low-ceiled room,
A wheel and a reel and a great brown loom,
The windows out and the world in bloom—

A pair of "swifts" in the corner, where
The grandmother sat in her rush-wrought chair,
And pulled at the distaff's tangled hair,

And sang to herself as she spun the tow
While "the little wheel" ran as soft and low
As muffled brooks where the grasses grow,
And lie one way with the water's flow.

As the Christ's field lilies free from sin,
So she grew like them when she ceased to spin,
Counted her "knots" and handed them in.

"The great wheel" rigged in its harness stands—
A three-legged thing with its spindle and hands—
And the slender spokes, like the willow wands
That spring so thick in the low, wet lands,
Turn dense at the touch of a woman's hands.

As the wheel whirls swift, how rank they grow!
But how sparse and thin when the wheel runs slow
Forward and backward, and to and fro.

There's a heap of rolls like clouds in curl,
And a hight-faced, springy, harefoot girl—
She gives a touch and a careless whirl,

She holds a roll in her shapely hand
That the sun has kissed and the wind has fanned,
And its mate obeys the wheel's command.

There must be wings on her rosy heel;
And there must be heels in the spindled steel;
A thousand spokes in the dizzy wheel.

Have you forgotten the left-breast knock
When you hagged the heel in the hollyhock,
And the angry hurr of an ancient clock

Already to strike, came out of the mill,
Where covered with meal the rogue was still,
Till it made your thumb and finger thrill?

It is one, two, three, and the roll is caught;
'Tis a backward step and the thread is taut;
A hurry of wheel, and the roll is wrought.

'Tis one, two, three, and the yarn runs on,
And the spindle shapes like a white pine cone,
As even and still as something grown.

The harefoot maiden follows the thread,
Like somebody caught and tethered and led
Up to the huzz of the husy head.

With backward sweep and willowy bend
Monarch would horror if maiden could lend,
She draws out the thread to the white wool's end.

She breaks her thread with an angry twang,
Just as if at her touch a harp-string rang,
And keyed to the quaint old song she sang,

That came to a halt on her cherry lip
While she tied one knot that never could slip,
And thought of another, when her ship—

All laden with dreams in splendid guise—
Should sail right out of the azure skies
And a lover hring, with great brown eyes—

Ah, broad the day, but her work was done—
Two "runs" by reel. She had twisted and spun
Her two-score "knots" by set of sun,

With her one, two, three, the wheel heside,
And the three, two, one of her backward glide,
So to and fro in calico pride
Till the bees went home and daytime died.

Her apron white as the white sea foam,
She gathered the wealth of her velvet gloom,
And railed it in with a tall hack comb.

She crushed the dew with her naked feet,
The track of the sun was a golden street,
The grass was cool and the air was sweet.

The girl gazed up at the mackerel sky,
And it looked like a pattern lifted high,
But she never dreamed of angels nigh.

And she spoke right out: "Do just see there!
What a hue and white for the clouded pair
I'm going to knit for my Sunday wear!"

The wheel is dead and the bees are gone,
And the girl is dressed in a silver lawn,
And her feet are shod with golden dawn.

From a wind-swung tree that waves before,
A shadow is dodging in at the door—
Flickering ghost on the white pine floor—

And the cat, unlearned in shadow's law,
Just touched its edge with a velvet paw
To hold it still with an ivory claw.

But its spectral cloak is blown about,
And a moment more and the ghost is out,
And leaves us all in shadowy doubt

If ever it fell on floor at all,
Or if ever it swung along the wall,
Or whether a shroud or a phantom shawl.

Oh, how that the old-time morning kissed!
Good-night, my girl of the double and twist!
Oh, barefoot vision! Vanishing mist!

—Benjamin F. Taylor.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

William H. Truesdale, head of the Lackawanna Railway, receives the highest salary of any railroad president in the country.

Mrs. F. Marion Crawford, widow of the novelist, lives at her villa near Rome, where she is often visited by readers and admirers of Mr. Crawford's works.

Earl Nelson, "father" of the British House of Lords, has just celebrated the eighty-seventh anniversary of his birth. The Earl of Wemyss is five years older, but he did not succeed to his title until a later period than Lord Nelson.

The Duc de Montpensier, uncle of the King of Spain, has been taking observations among the fire-houses and firemen of New York City. He considers the system designed to protect the city buildings no less wonderful than the skyscrapers.

Clement James Driscoll, commissioner of weights and measures in New York, fails to recognize the plea of "a trade custom" as justification for pints, pounds, and packages lacking in standard requirements. And Mr. Driscoll is making a name as a supervisor who supervises.

G. K. Chesterton, the English essayist, says that it is merely a tradition that Americans are vulgar, and that, on the contrary, they are too refined. He finds that their "salient characteristic is a certain high seriousness, an earnest idealism, the must-see-the-pyramids-or-die sentiment."

Miss Edna D. Day, who will head the newly organized department of home economics in the University of Kansas, received her degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Chicago. During the past year Miss Day has been preceptress in a similar department in the University of Missouri.

General Booth said recently that he had never taken a dollar from the Salvation Army funds for his own personal support, and that the most remarkable thing about his leadership is the fact that thousands of all nationalities and classes eagerly go to the uttermost parts of the earth at his bidding.

James H. Riley, a famous oarsman thirty-five years ago, when he defeated such stars as Edward Hanlon, Charles Courtney, James Ten Eyck, Fred Plaisted, and Wallace Ross, has just accepted a challenge to row a race on Saratoga Lake. Mr. Riley is sixty-three years old, and still athletic and energetic.

Governor E. W. Hoch of Kansas is an inventor as well as a politician. He announces his intention of filling his fountain pen with red ink and registering in big, legible crimson script when he arrives in Eastern cities. And he will spell Kansas out in full, to make his advertising novelty more impressive.

Colonel J. C. Jones, whose exploits in American hunting fields gained him long ago the title of "Buffalo" Jones, is to lead a novel expedition into East Africa. It is his intention to lasso wild animals and photograph them in their native haunts, and he will be accompanied by cowboys who will delight in swinging a rope over a lion or a rhinoceros.

Among the delegates to the Sixth International Congress of Esperanto, which opened a few days ago in Washington, are many prominent figures. After the first Esperantist, Dr. Ludwig L. Zamenhof, of Warsaw, Poland, there is probably none more conspicuous than Captain Josefo Perrogordo, personal delegate of King Alfonso of Spain. He wears a brilliant military uniform. Nine nations are represented at the meeting.

Mrs. Ella Spencer-Mussey attended the recent dedication of a new public library building in Geneva, Ohio, which contains a tablet erected in memory of her father, Platt Rogers Spencer, author of the Spencerian system of penmanship. Few of the unnumbered thousands of school children of earlier years who used Spencerian copy-books knew that they came from the methods and practice of a teacher who was long the head of a log seminary that stood on the ground where the new Geneva library stands.

The Rev. H. J. R. Marston, rector of Belgrave Chapel in London, has had a notable career. He lost his sight when a boy, yet secured a good education, winning a foundation scholarship in Durham University while attending a school for the blind at Worcester. He is not only versed in the "dead" languages, but writes and speaks French, German, Italian, and Spanish, and has preached in more than one of these tongues. He goes about unaccompanied, and with perfect freedom in city or country.

Fran von Bonlen und Halbach, daughter and heir of the great German gun manufacturer, is an advocate of peace. The Krupp factories makes more weapons of war than any single concern in the world. They supply every army of Europe. Yet the possibilities of a newly designed bomb-cannon were so great that the young woman who owns the works was alarmed, and the fact that she was an advocate of peace was forced from her. The experts explained to her that the gun was so dangerous that few would get in its way and it would tend toward peace, so the manufacture will go on.

TITANE.

Being an Account of the Strange Monster a Botanist Created.

I had never seen her handwriting before; and yet, the instant the letter was brought to me, I knew it was from Paula, whom I had not seen for three long years, in fact, not since she had become the wife of Frederick Wertheim, the brilliant botanist whose researches had won the plaudits of the whole scientific world. Paula and I had been friends from childhood, and I had naturally expected to see her handwriting embellished with all manner of capricious little twists and curls; but I knew it was from her as soon as I saw my name on the envelope, despite the hurried, nervous letters, and I felt instinctively that something was amiss.

I broke the seal hurriedly—the sheet bore but two words "come" and her name, "Paula."

Such a request from her was to me an order. I did not hesitate an instant. Paula and her husband lived on a large estate about six miles distant from the city. But my strolls had never led me in that direction; it would have brought up dreams of my childhood that were best forgotten—but there, it does no good to sentimentalize in this fashion. It was early autumn, and I had to urge my horse through a heavy fog. The château in which Paula lived was situated at the extremity of an alley of chestnut-trees whose boughs interlaced to form a long, dark tunnel. And behind the twisted bars of the gate stood Paula, awaiting me, her rosy baby in her arms. Even in the darkness I could see that she was very pale and that her face showed signs of suffering. I jumped from the saddle, and in an instant was raising to my lips the hand she extended to me.

Arrived at the porch, she stopped a moment as if listening. She could have heard nothing, for she slowly pushed open the heavy door, which swung silently to disclose a heavily carpeted hall. And a moment later we were in a small reception room, lighted by candles which threw a fitful gleam upon our faces.

"Listen."

This was the first word she had pronounced, and the sad tones of her voice told me she had suffered deeply.

"I have summoned you," she went on; "you are the friend of my childhood. The bond between us has been strained, but it is not broken. Three years ago I became Frederick's wife. As a child I had thought of him, whom they already called professor, as a being whom none might disobey; he won me with a word, his glance held me, and I felt myself conquered by his will. My weakness leaned upon his strength, I was proud to bow before this will that seemed to dominate all things. I speak of these matters because it is necessary that you should understand all, for I have sore need of your help."

"Why, what is the matter? Does Frederick dare—"

"Frederick is goodness itself, he loves me—but, I am afraid, I fear—I fear him above all things. Why? Oh, if I could but tell you, if I could but know myself! But this fear which torments me every day, and every night still more, is the more poignant because it is inexplicable!"

"Bah! Terror, fear—these are mere words," said I, lightly, though I was far from feeling at ease.

"Words which sound in our brains, nevertheless, which are intelligible to our reason, which awake dread echoes. Why do you smile? Do you not know that mystery is stronger than reason, that from it arises the anguish of the unknown?"

In spite of myself, in spite of my wish to appear skeptical, I felt most unpleasantly disturbed. Lowering my voice, I interrogated her in a gentler tone. This is what she told me: For six months past, that is to say since the birth of her child, Frederick, who until then had held his head high, like a soldier who feels his victory near, had all at once grown nervous. Of what problem was he seeking the solution? What combat had he dared to undertake? He had become morbidly silent, and replied to his wife's questions only with haggard looks, as if he begged her not to arouse some distressing memory. For days and nights he remained shut up in a hot-house which he had had constructed at great expense in the park. Weeks passed without his appearing at the château. Sometimes, in the night, he would creep silently into his wife's chamber. She had watched him while he believed her to be sleeping. She had seen him seated on a lounge, with fixed eyes, staring at some fearful vision. There was in his contracted face an expression of indescribable horror. His frame shook, and his hands, agitated in a convulsive movement, seemed to repulse some invisible enemy. Then—oh, she had studied him carefully in those brief moments—he had looked up with an imperious, triumphant resolution. Springing suddenly up, he had fled—Paula had flown to the window, she had seen him hurry toward the hot-house, where the lights flared always from dusk to dawn like a lighthouse.

Frankly and boldly she had questioned him. What was going on down there in the park? Why did he so obstinately refuse to let any one enter the hot-house?

With a shudder he had coldly put her aside unanswered.

Then, brave hypocrite that she was, she had tried to fathom the truth. And she had learned a strange thing. Each day Frederick made the gardener buy many pounds of fresh meat, and himself carried them in the evening to the hot-house. What could he be nourishing there? Was it some dangerous, unknown animal

that he was compelled to feed, a creature with which he was resigned to live alone for some scientific purpose? And what was that struggle, to which his rebellions in the silent night bore witness?

Was he mad? That thought had pierced the stricken heart of Paula like a dagger. She dared not question him more, as she saw anguish bring wrinkles to his face; and, too, he avoided her. He came no more, as had been his wont, to chat with her in the intervals of his work. Sometimes, however, she saw him, haggard and bare-headed, striding up and down the paths, wringing his hands, and ever and anon casting nervous glances towards the hot-house.

At last—and this was the last torment—one night, while she slept, he had come, with his noiseless tread, into her chamber. She had felt that he was there, and she had suddenly opened her eyes. Frederick, standing there motionless, glared at his child's cradle with the hungry eyes of a madman, and his hands contracted as in supplication.

"Frederick, Frederick! What are you doing here at this hour?"

He had muttered a brutal implication, and again had fled!

That is what Paula told me, and, as she spoke, I felt a reassuring sense of relief descend upon my heart. What was it, after all—a mere state of morbidness brought on by excessive work. I had been Frederick's pupil and friend for years, and I had often listened with wonder at the boldness of the hypotheses he launched into when warmed up on one of his favorite topics. Was I not a physician, and did I not recognize the madness of fever when I was brought face to face with it? So thinking, I reasoned with myself, and, sure of my eloquence and the power of reason, I went out into the park in search of Frederick.

Night had fallen, and the pathways were but dimly lighted by the stars. Presently I saw the hot-house of which Paula had spoken. It was large and well-built, surmounted with a Mauresque dome. The lights inside were not yet lit, but the stars glinted brightly on the curved glass panes.

So therein lay the mystery. I almost laughed aloud as I thought of Paula's childish fears.

As I stood taking in the details of the structure, a hurried step grated on the gravelled path. Turning sharply about I saw, in the deep shadow of the trees, Frederick Wertheim carrying a basket.

"On my soul, professor, this glass palace must conceal some treasure of which you are very jealous."

With his free hand he seized my arm, and, as I kept silent, he leaned forward as one who listens. I seemed to make out some faint, singular sound, something like the gliding of a reptile through the grass.

"She is waiting for me!" he cried, in a tone in which I could detect an ill-suppressed terror; "I must go!"

"Well, if you must, let us go in together."

He seemed to hesitate still. Then, with a determined gesture, he muttered: "Come, then; even you could defend me, if by any chance—"

He did not complete the sentence. But as his hand glided over mine, I felt that it was cold as ice.

He led me now. We arrived before the door of the hot-house. He drew a key from his pocket, and turned it in the lock; and, as I stepped forward, seeing nothing about me in the darkness, he drew me back with sudden violence.

"On your life," he whispered, "do not move!"

In spite of my assurance, I felt a vague, unreasoning dread seize upon me. Again I heard that strange rustling which had struck me before; it was a gentle, gliding sound, such as is made by a paper sliding across a marble floor.

All at once, I knew not how, Frederick caused a glaring, blinding light to illuminate the hot-house, and—horrored, my hair rising upon my head, I fell back against the door, my hands clutching its iron bars!

In the centre of the room, in the midst of an endless variety of fantastically formed plants, a being, a nightmare, a horror arose before my eyes; a hydra, a polyp—a thing no man could name.

It had the shape of a colossal gourd, and from its surface innumerable arms reached out, with glaucous bulbs, like eyes, at the end of each. The inner body seemed green, the arms were of reddish purple, and, as they spread out to those ghoulish eyes, the blood-red seemed to blend and mingle to the greenness of a putrescent corpse.

My eyes closed involuntarily, and I felt a terrible gripping at my heart; and still I heard that gliding sound, which I divined came from those arms as they reached forth and contracted within themselves again incessantly.

At last, surprised that I had not been seized by this hideous and monstrous thing, I mustered up strength to look at it. Frederick, who was now as pale as death, had taken from the basket a piece of meat, and, with infinite precautions, balancing gingerly on the tips of his toes, as if he feared lest his hand be touched by those horrible tentacles, he placed the raw morsel on the extremity of a cluster of those waving arms. And suddenly, as if they were of elastic, the arms drew in upon themselves, dragging the meat, which was thus brought to the shorter arms, which I now saw composed an inner circle. And all the arms bent in toward the centre, till I could no longer see the meat.

Shuddering and sick at heart, I glanced at Frederick. His forehead was covered with perspiration, his teeth

chattered—the demoniac brute was motionless now ravenous over its monstrous deglutition.

"She eats, Titane eats!" he whispered.

"Titane?" I repeated after him, stupidly.

"You do not know, you can not understand! Do you not recognize her? Now, look, see, she is tamed—and all at once I comprehended, I saw that "Titane" was this monstrous beast.

"For nearly an hour she will be this way," said Frederick; "ah, I know why you have come! They think me mad! But it is not true—mad, I!—I, who by miracle of perseverance, by a master-work of selection have developed the insectivorous plant *Drosera* to the formidable size. You will see it, this monster, hold out its tentacles to me in an instant empty—and I must nourish it, I must feed it, or—" He glanced about him apprehensively.

"Or?" I repeated.

"Listen," said he; "you shall know my secret. You know with what ardor I followed the discoveries of Nitschke, Warming, and Darwin in the study of those strange plants that are intermediate between the vegetable and animal worlds, which entrap insects, seize them, and feed upon them, slowly absorbing and sucking nourishment from them. I was sure of the result of these strange studies, I did not doubt the end for an instant, and I said to myself that the *Drosera*, the *Dianaea*, the *Drasaphyllum* are—listen to me well, no—the degenerate posterity of monstrous animals, whose terrible forms have remained to us in the legends of the most primitive peoples. Hydras, chimeras, kraken dragons—all have existed, the human imagination has created nothing. But by climatic adaptations, because of geological transplantation, and through the thousand and one modifying forces of nature, these formidable things, being deprived of the nourishment that was necessary to them, have retrogressed, by a kind of inverted atavism, into the vegetable form, have become immovable, attached to the soil by roots. They were compelled to seek their chief nourishment directly from the earth itself, and they have become plants again, preserving only the supreme aptitude, sole vestige of their lost life, the faculty of animal nutrition.

"I determined to reconstitute this atrophic genus; I determined that I would change the plant back into the beast. Ah, how many attempts have failed! At length chance—all our science is but the child of chance—placed in my hands a *Drosera* of exceptional size. It has nourished her, and I have developed within her the remnants of the animal juices. Little by little she has evolved and grown, until, at last, the acme of deduction, the hydra, the dragon lives again! Behold my Titane—enormous and sublime! Behold her, ferocious in the hunger that I can not sate!"

And as two tentacles separated themselves from the mass and waved softly in the air, with a hideous, ceaseless motion, he gently laid upon them a fresh piece of flesh.

"But you do not know all," he continued, in a low tone; "if Titane should be very hungry—I did not force this—in her present condition of ferocious power she would tear herself from the place to which her now enfeebled roots bind her! And then, a terrible and all-powerful brute, she would drag her slimy and enormous bulk out into the world where there are men, and women, and little children—and what has been my triumph would become my crime!"

"I fear that she may escape some day, and lest she become hungry, I watch her every hour, night and day. Were I once but a few minutes late, I know that she would hurl herself upon the world, menacing my wife and child, whom she would first encounter! Let her eat, let her eat, for she must not wish to move from here." And again he tossed down great masses of meat. And through the fibres of this horrible plant passed purple tides of the extracted blood.

At this moment, as I stood speechless, overwhelmed with the intensity of my revulsion, the barred door which I had not securely shut, swung softly open, and Paula appeared.

Her courage had been stronger than her fear. Not that she knew I was there, she had the boldness to violate the secrecy of this chamber of horrors.

"Frederick!" she cried.

But to her call a blood-curdling shriek responded. In his surprise at her sudden appearance, Frederick had recoiled a step, and, forgetful of his danger, touched with his hand the monster's tentacles. With lightning rapidity all the hideous trumpet-mouths had seized upon the hand, grasping the wrist, the fore-arm! Oh, horror! I saw it drawn down by that resistless suction. I seized him about the body, straining every muscle to draw him from the embrace of the terrible Titane—but the brute was stronger than I.

Then my eyes fell upon an axe in the corner.

"The trunk! the trunk!" I cried to Paula; "cut it back it!"

Weak as she was with fright, she seized the axe and swung its shining blade and struck one blow that cut through the very roots of the plant. It seemed to make an effort to rise, to hurl itself at us, perhaps, and then powerless, suddenly collapsed with a flaccid sound like wet linen, and at the same time I pulled the unfortunate Frederick loose from the relaxed tentacles.

Paula caught him in her arms. He opened his eyes and, in a last spasm, fixed them on me as he said "Assassin! you have killed Titane!"

And he fell back dead.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Lermina.

ANATOLE FRANCE IN ENGLISH.

Typical Examples of the Novelist's Various Kinds of Work,

Anatole France, the most distinguished of living French writers, is in his sixty-seventh year. But he was fifty before he became famous. The son of a poor bookseller's assistant, he began writing at an early age, and continued to court fortune with grim persistence despite the indifference of readers. He first arrested attention by his "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," but it was not until 1892 that he won from critics and public any marked recognition of his genius. And now a complete edition of his books is being rapidly published in an English translation.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the work of Anatole France is the unusual literary culture to which it bears witness. He has an intimate knowledge of Latin and Greek antiquity, and is profoundly versed in the literature of the Middle Ages. At the same time he is notable for his grasp of the trend of history in modern France, and does not hesitate to give his views of army conscription and the relations of church and state. Yet it is obvious that his keenest sympathies are those of the bookman, with an affectionate leaning to the learning of bygone times. Hence his loving descriptions of countless bookshops, and the kindly interest he ever shows in the book hawkers on the quays of the Seine.

On the side of his classical learning Anatole France is not unworthily represented by "The White Stone," which is little more than a record of the discussions of a few Frenchmen deeply interested in the excavation of the Forum at Rome. The writer is thoroughly at home among the antiquities which are brought to the surface from time to time, and in the story of Gallio manifests once more that detached power of looking at the early days of Christianity which is so striking a feature of his "Judæa Procurotor." This study also illustrates that anti-Semitic strain which at one time characterized the work of the novelist. One extract must suffice:

"As you are aware, my dear friends, it is not sufficient to tolerate every religion; we should honor them all, believe that all are sacred, that they are all coequal in the sincerity of those professing them, and that similar to arrows shot from various points towards the same goal, they all meet in the bosom of God. Alone the religion which only tolerates itself can not be endured. Were it to be permitted to spread, it would absorb all others. Nay, so unsocial a religion is not religion, but rather an abligion, and no longer a bond that unites pious men, but one severing that sacred bond. It is the most impious of things. Can, indeed, a greater insult be offered to the deity than to worship it under a particular form, while at one and the same time dooming it to execration under all the other forms it assumes in the eyes of men?"

"What! Because I sacrifice to Jupiter crowned with a rush, I am to forbid a foreigner from sacrificing to a Jupiter whose head of hair, similar to the flower of the hyacinth, drops uncrowned over his shoulders; and that, impious man that I should be, I should still consider myself a worshiper of Jupiter! No, by all means no! The religious man bound to the immortal gods is equally bound to all men by the religion which embraces both the earth and the heavens. It is the error of the Jews who believe they are pious in that they worship their god alone!"

"They suffer themselves to be circumcised in his honor," spoke Annæus Mela. "We have good cause to dread, my friends, the progress of Judaic customs in the empire. There is, however, no cause to fear that Romans and Greeks will adopt circumcision."

Whether Anatole France will ever attain wide popularity among English-speaking novel readers is doubtful. The reason is that he has such an amazing fertility of ideas. Of course he is not lacking in sentiment, or feeling, but mentality is so much more strongly marked in his work that the facile reader may grow weary of the strain. Ideas crowd in upon M. France in such an abundant measure that his novels do not afford him sufficient outlet for their expression, and hence we have such a book as "The Garden of Epicurus," which is compact of thought rather than fancy. Here the reader will find M. France's views on the Roman question, on the end of the world, on the critical value of a theatre audience's judgment of a play, on a better plan of creating the world, and numerous other topics:

But never think too highly of yourselves, my sisters; you are not, at your first appearance in the world, perfect and fully armed. Your grandmothers of the days of the mammoth and the giant bear did not wield the same domination over prehistoric hunters and cave-men which you possess over us. You were useful then, and necessary, but you were not invincible. To tell the truth, in those far-off ages, and for long afterwards, you lacked charm. In those days you were like men, and men were like brutes. To make of you the careful and wonderful thing you are today, to become the indifferent and sovereign cause of countless sacrifices and crimes, you still needed two things: Civilization, which gave you veils, and Religions, which gave you scruples. Since then your powers are perfected; you are now a mystery, and you are a sin. Men dream of you and lose their souls for you. You inspire longing and alarm; love's delirium has come into the world. Yes, it is an infallible instinct inclines you to duty. You are well advised to love Christianity. It has multiplied your puissance tenfold. Do you know St. Jerome? At Rome and in Asia you inspired him with such panic terror that he fled to escape you into a frightful desert. There he lived on roots, and the skin clung to his fleshless bones and was burnt black by the sun, yet he found you there also. His solitude was peopled with your phantoms, yet more alluring than yourselves.

For it is a truth, only too well proven by the ascetics, that the dreams you excite are more seductive, if that is possible, than the realities you have in your power to offer. Jerome ejected with equal horror your presence and the remembrance of your presence. But in vain he gave himself up to fasts and prayers; you filled his life, from which he had expelled you, with hallucinations. Such was the power of woman over a saint. I doubt if it is as great over an habitué of the Moulin-Rouge. Take heed your empire he not di-

minished along with men's belief in God; beware you do not lose a portion of your influence through ceasing to be a sin.

There was a time when our planet was not suitable for mankind; it was too hot and moist. A time will come when it will cease to be suitable; it will be too cold and dry. When the sun goes out—a catastrophe that is bound to be—mankind will have long ago disappeared. The last inhabitants of earth will be as destitute and ignorant, as feeble and dull-witted, as the first. They will have forgotten all the arts and all the sciences. They will huddle wretchedly in caves alongside the glaciers that will then roll their transparent masses over the half-obliterated ruins of the cities where now men think and love, suffer and hope. All the elms and lindens will have been killed by the cold; and the firs will be left sole masters of the frozen earth. The last desperate survivors of humankind—desperate without so much as realizing why or wherefore—will know nothing of us, nothing of our genius, nor of our love; yet will they be our latest-born children and blood of our blood. A feeble flicker of the regal intelligence of nobler days, still lingering in their dulled brains, will for a while yet enable them to hold their empire over the bears that have multiplied about their subterranean lurking-places. Peoples and races will have disappeared beneath the snow and ice, with the towns, the highways, the gardens of the old world. With pain and difficulty a few isolated families will keep alive. Women, children, old men, crowded pell-mell in their noisome caves, will peep through fissures in the rock and watch a sombre sun mount the sky above their heads; dull yellow gleams will flit across his disk, like flames playing about a dying brand, while a dazzling snow of stars will shine on all the day long in the black heavens, through the icy air. This is what they will see; but in their heavy witlessness they will not so much as know that they see anything. One day the last survivor, callous alike to hate and love, will exhale to the unfriendly sky the last human breath. And the globe will go rolling on, bearing with it through the silent fields of space the ashes of humanity, the poems of Homer, and the august remnants of the Greek marbles, frozen to its icy surfaces.

I am going to make a confession: If I had created man and woman, I should have framed them on a type widely different from that which has actually prevailed—that of the higher mammals. I should have made men and women, not to resemble the great apes as they do, but on the model of the insects which, after a lifetime as caterpillars, change into butterflies and for the brief final term of their existence have no other thought but to love and be lovely. I should have set youth at the end of the human span. Some insects, in their last metamorphosis, have wings and no stomach. They are reborn in this purified form only to love an hour and die.

If I were a god, or rather a *demiurge*—for the Alexandrine philosophers teach that these minor works of creation are rather the business of the *demiurge*, or simply of some journeyman demon—well, if I were *demiurge* or demon, it is these insects I should have chosen as models whereon to fashion mankind. I should have preferred man to accomplish, like them, in the preliminary *lava* stage the disgusting functions necessary to nutrition. In this phase, the sexes would not have been distinguished, and hunger would not have degraded love. Then I should have so arranged that, in a final metamorphosis, man and woman, unfurling glittering wings, lived awhile on dew and desire and died in a rapturous kiss. Thus I should have added love as crown and recompense of their mortal existence. Yes, it would have been better so. However, I did not make the world, and the *demiurge* who undertook the task did not take advice from me. I have my doubts, between you and me, if he ever consulted the philosophers and men of parts at all.

On his more fanciful side M. France may be adequately sampled from the pages of "The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroke," especially as they illustrate in a vivid manner his unique gift of irony and picturesque satire. The first tale, "Olivier's Brag," is an admirable example of his sardonic method of visualizing ancient French history. The Emperor Charlemagne and his twelve peers are on a visit to King Hugo of Constantinople, and being unable to sleep pass the night in making boasts:

The emperor opened the game. He said: "Let them fetch me, a-horseback and fully armed, the best knight King Hugo hath. I will lift my sword and bring it down upon him in such wise it shall cleave helm and hauberk, saddle and steed, and the blade shall delve a foot deep underground."

Guillaume d'Orange spake up after the emperor and made the second brag.

"I will take," said he, "a hall of iron sixty men can scarce lift, and hurl it so mightily against the palace wall that it shall beat down sixty fathoms' length thereof."

Ogier, the Dane, spake next.

"Ye see yon proud pillar which bears up the vault. Tomorrow will I tear it down and break it like straw."

After which Renaud de Montauban cried with an oath:

"O'd's life! Count Ogier, whiles you overset the pillar, I will clap the dome on my shoulders and hale it down to the seashore."

Gérard de Rousillon it was made the fifth brag.

He boasted he would uproot single-handed, in one hour, all the trees in the royal pleasure-land.

Aimer took up his parable when Gérard was done.

"I have a magic hat," said he, "made of a sea-calf's skin, which renders me invisible. I will set it on my head, and tomorrow, when as King Hugo is seated at meat, I will eat up his fish and drink down his wine, I will tweak his nose and buffet his ears. Not knowing whom or what to blame, he will clap all his serving-men in gaol and scourge them sore—and we shall laugh."

"For me," declared Huon de Bordeaux, whose turn it was, "for me, I am so nimble I will trip up to the king and cut off his beard and eyebrows without his knowing aught about the matter. 'Tis a piece of sport I will show you tomorrow. And I shall have no need of a sea-calf hat either!"

Doolin de Mayence made his brag, too. He promised to eat up in one hour all the figs and all the oranges and all the lemons in the king's orchards.

Next the Duc Naime said in this wise:

"By my faith! I will go into the banquet hall, I will catch up flagons and cups of gold and fling them so high they will never light down again save to tumble into the moon."

Bernard de Brabant then lifted his great voice:

"I will do better yet," he roared. "Ye know the river that flows by Constantinople is broad and deep, for it is come nigh its mouth by then, after traversing Egypt, Babylon, and the Earthly Paradise. Well, I will turn it from its bed and make it flood the Great Square of the city."

Gérard de Viane said:

"Put a dozen knights in line of array. And I will tumble all the twelve on their noses, only by the wind of my sword."

It was the Count Roland laid the twelfth wager, in the fashion following:

"I will take my horn, I will go forth of the city and I will

blow such a blast all the gates of the town will drop from their hinges."

Olivier alone had said no word yet. He was young and courteous, and the emperor loved him dearly.

"Olivier, my son," he asked, "will you not make your brag like the rest of us?"

"Right willingly, sire," Olivier replied. "Do you know the name of Hercules of Greece?"

"Yea, I have heard some discourse of him," said Charlemagne. "He was an idol of the misbelievers, like the false god Manhood."

"Not so, sire," said Olivier. "Hercules of Greece was a knight among the pagans and king of a pagan kingdom. He was a gallant champion and stoutly framed in all his limbs. Visiting the court of a certain emperor who had fifty daughters, virgins, he wedded them all. . . . Well, sire, an you will, I will lay my wager to do after the fashion of Hercules of Greece."

All the boasts were made good, Olivier being particularly successful in sustaining the repute of his nation. Another story of mediæval flavor is that entitled "A Good Lesson Well Learnt," which concerns a much-wooded wife whose confessor was greatly troubled at her light behavior:

On his return from Italy Brother Jean Turelure presented himself before Mme. Violante and told her he had brought what she desired.

"Look, madame," he said, and drew from under his gown a death's-head.

"Here, madame, is your mirror. This death's-head was given me for that of the prettiest woman in all Venice. She was what you are, and you will be much like her anon."

Mme. Violante, mastering her surprise and horror, answered the good father in a well-assured voice that she understood the lesson he would teach her and she would not fail to profit thereby.

"I shall aye have present in my mind, good brother, the mirror you have brought me from Venice, wherein I see my likeness not as I am at present, but as doubtless I soon shall be. I promise you to govern my behavior by this salutary thought."

Brother Jean Turelure was far from expecting such pious words. He expressed some satisfaction.

"So, madame," he murmured, "you see yourself the need of altering your ways. You promise me henceforth to govern your behavior by the thought this fleshless skull hath brought home to you. Will you not make the same promise to God as you have to me?"

She asked if indeed she must, and he assured her it behooved her so to do.

"Well, I will give this promise then," she declared.

"Madame, this is very well. There is no going back on your word now."

"I shall not go back on it, never fear."

Having won this binding promise, Brother Jean Turelure left the place, radiant with satisfaction. And as he went from the house he cried out loud in the street:

"Here is a good work done! By our Lord God's good help, I have turned and set in the way towards the gate of Paradise a lady, who, albeit not sinning precisely in the way of wickedness spoken of by the prophet, yet was wont to employ for men's temptation the clay whereof the Creator had kneaded her that she might serve and adore him withal. She will forsake these naughty habits to adopt a better life. I have thoroughly changed her. Praise be to God!"

Hardly had the good brother gone down the stairs when Messire Philippe de Coetquis ran up them and scratched at Mme. Violante's door. She welcomed him with a beaming smile, and led him into a closet, furnished with carpets and cushions galore, wherein he had never been admitted before. From this he augured well. He offered her sweetmeats he had in a box.

"Here be sugar-plums to suck, madame; they are sweet and sugared, but not so sweet as your lips."

To which the lady retorted he was a vain, silly fop to make boast of a fruit he had never tasted.

He answered her meekly, kissing her forthwith on the mouth.

That the novelist has another, a tenderer, side to his nature is shown by his sketches of child life in town and country, one example of which may be given:

Among the most touching of the antiquities treasured in the Louvre Museum is a fragment of marble, worn and cracked in many places, but on which can still be clearly made out two maidens holding each a flower in her hand. Both are beautiful figures; they were young when Greece was young. They say it was the age of perfect beauty. The sculptor who has left us their image represents them in profile, offering each other one of those lotus flowers that were deemed sacred. In the blue cups of their blossoms the world quaffed oblivion of the ills of life. Our men of learning have given much thought to these two maidens. They have turned over many books to find out about them, big books, bound some in parchment, others in vellum, and many in pigskin; but they have never fathomed the reason why the two beautiful maidens hold up a flower in their hands.

What they could not discover after so much labor and thought, so many arduous days and sleepless nights, Mlle. Suzanne knew in a moment.

Her papa had taken her to the Louvre, where he had business. Mlle. Suzanne looked wonderingly at the antiquities, and seeing gods with missing arms and legs and heads, she said to herself: "Ah! yes, these are the grown-up gentlemen's dolls; I see now gentlemen break their dollies the same as little girls do." But when she came to the two maidens who, each of them, hold a flower, she threw a kiss, because they looked so charming. Then her father asked her:

"Why do they give each other a flower?"

And Suzanne answered at once:

"To wish each other a happy birthday."

Then, after thinking a moment, she added:

"They have the same birthday; they are both alike and they are offering each other the same flower. Girl friends should always have the same birthday."

Now Suzanne is far away from the Louvre and the old Greek marbles; she is in the kingdom of the birds and the flowers. She is spending the bright spring days in the meadows under shelter of the woods. She plays in the grass, and that is the sweetest sort of play. She remembers today is her little friend Jacqueline's birthday; and so she is going to pick flowers which she will give Jacqueline, and kiss her.

Although different translators have been employed in rendering the various volumes, under the capable editorship of Frederic Chapman, a commendably high level of excellence has been reached. And the books are admirably printed on superior paper and tastefully bound.

THE WHITE STONE. THE GARDEN OF EPICURUS. THE MERRIE TALES OF JACQUES TOURNEBROKE. By Anatole France. New York: John Lane Company; \$2 net per volume.

THE SOUL OF GOLF.

Beauty and Fascination of the Game.

Nearly every one who writes about a game essays to prove that it is similar to "the great game, the game of life." Golf has not escaped, and numberless scribes in endeavoring to account for the fascination of golf have used the old threadbare tale. As a matter of fact, golf is about as unlike the game of life as any game could well be. As played now it has come to be almost an exact science, and everybody knows exactly what one is trying to do. This would not be mistaken for a description of the game of life. In that game a man may be hopelessly "off the line," buried "in the rough," or badly "bunkered," and nobody be the wiser. It is not so in golf. There is no double life here. All is open, and every one knows what the player is striving for. The least deflection from his line, and the onlooker knows he did not mean it. It is seen instantly. In that other game it may remain unseen for years, for ever.

Explaining the fascination of anything seems to be a thankless kind of task, and in any case to be a work of supererogation. The fascination should be sufficient. Explaining it seems almost like tearing a violet to pieces to admire its structure; but many have tried, and many have failed, and there are many who do not feel the fascination as they should, because they do not know the soul of golf. One can not appreciate the true beauty of golf unless one knows it thoroughly.

Curiously enough, many of our best players are extremely mechanical in their play. They play beautiful and accurate shots, but they have no idea how or why they produce them; and the strange thing about it is that although golf is, perhaps, as mechanical a game as there is, those who play it mechanically only get the husk of it. They miss the soul of the game.

Golf is really one of the simplest of outdoor games, if not, indeed, the simplest, and it does not require much intelligence; yet it is quite one of the most difficult to play well, for it demands the greatest amount of mechanical accuracy. This, on consideration, is apparent. The ball is the smallest ball we use, the striking face of the club is the smallest thing used in field sports for hitting a ball, and, most important, perhaps, of all, it is farther away from the eye than any other ball-striking implement, except, perhaps, the polo stick, in which game we, of course, have a much larger ball and striking surface.

In all games of skill, and in all sports where the object is propelling anything to a given point, one always tries, almost instinctively, to get the eye as much in line with the ball or missile and the objective point as possible. This is seen in throwing a stone, aiming a catapult, a gun or an arrow, in cueing at a billiard ball, and in many other ways, but in golf it is impracticable. The player must make his stroke with his eye anywhere from four to six feet away from his little club face. One may say that this is so in hockey, cricket, and lawn tennis. So, in a modified degree, it is, but the great difference is that in all these games there is an infinitely larger margin of error than there is in golf. At these games a player may be yards off his intended line and yet play a fine stroke, to the applause of the onlookers; while he alone knew that it was accident and not design.

The charm of golf is in part that its demand is inexorable. It lays down the one path—the straight one. It must be followed every step, or there is trouble.

Then there is in golf the sheer beauty of the flight of the ball, and the almost sensuous delight that comes to the man who created that beauty, and knows how and why he did it. There is almost at any time beauty in the flight of a golf ball well and plainly driven, but for grace and the poetry of flight give me the wind-cheater that skims away from one's club across the smooth green sward, almost clipping the daisies in its flight, ere it soars aloft with a swallow-like buoyancy, and curving gracefully, pitches dead on the green.

Many a man can play that stroke. Many a man does. Not one in fifty knows how he puts the beauty into his stroke. Not one in fifty would be interested if you were to start telling him the scientific reason for that ball's beautiful flight. The mechanics of golf sound hard and unromantic, yet the man who does not understand them suffers in his game, and in his enjoyment of it. That wind-cheater was to him, during its flight through the air, merely a golf ball; a golf ball 'twas and nothing more. To the other man it is a faithful little friend sent out to do a certain thing in a certain way, and all the time it is flying and running it is sending its message back to the man who can take it—but how few can. They do not know what the soul of golf means. So, when our golfer pulls or slices his ball badly, and then—does the usual thing, he can not take the message that comes back to him. He only knows the half of golf, and he does not care about the other, because he does not know what he is missing. He is like the man who is fond of music, but is tone-deaf. There are many such. He may sit and drink in sweet sounds and enjoy them, but he misses the linked sweetness and the message that comes to his more fortunate brother who has the ear—and the knowledge.

There is in England a curious idea that directly one acquires a scientific knowledge of a game one must cease to have an interest in it so full as he who merely plays it by guesswork. There can be no greater mistake than this. If a game is worth playing well, it is worth knowing well, and knowing it well can not mean

loving it less. It is this peculiar idea that has put England so much in the background of the world's athletic field of late years. We have here much of the best brawn and bone in the world, but we must give the brain its place. Then will England come to her own again.

England is in many ways paying now for her lack of thoroughness in athletic sports. Time was when it was a stock gibe at John Bull's expense that he spent most of his time making muscle and washing it. Then it was, I am afraid, sour grapes. England had all the championships. The joke is "off" now. The grapes are no longer sour. The championships are well distributed throughout the world—anywhere but in England; and we say it does not matter, that the chief end of games is not winning them. Nor is it; but we did not talk like that when we were winning them, and the trouble is not so much that we are losing, as the manner in which we are losing. The fact is that we are losing because our players do not know the soul of the game. Where is the soul of English cricket? Ask Lilley. He was the only Englishman who had any of it about him during the last test at Lord's. As it is with cricket so it is with many of our games. The ideal is lost in the prosaic grappling for cups or medals, in the merely vulgar idea of success. Thus it comes to pass that many will not be content to get to the soul of a game in the natural way, by long and loving familiarity with it.

Hordes of people are joining the ranks of the golfers, and their constant cry is, "Teach me the swing," and after a lesson or two at the wrong end of golf, for a beginner, they go forth and cut the country into strips and think they are playing golf. Is it any wonder that those who have the soul of golf are in imminent daily peril of losing their own?

One who would know the soul of golf must begin even as would one who will know the soul of music. There is no more chance for one to gather up the soul of golf in a hurry than there is for that same one to understand Wagner in a week.

It is this vulgar rushing impatience to be out and doing while one is still merely a nuisance to one's fellows, that causes so much irritation and unpleasantness on many links; that prevents many persons from starting properly, and becoming in due course quite good players; for it is manifest that the "rusher" is starting to learn his game upside down, as, indeed, most professionals and books teach it. There can be no doubt that the right way to teach anything is to give the beginner the easiest task first. About the easiest stroke in golf is a six-inch put. That is where one should start a learner. The drive is the stroke in golf that offers the greatest possibility of error, so he is always started with it. It is his own fault. "Teach me the swing," is the insistent cry of the beginner, who does not know that he is losing the best part of golf by turning it upside down. He will never enjoy it, nor play so good and confident a game as he would do were he to work his way gradually and naturally from his putter to his mashie, to his niblick, his iron, his cleek, his brassy, and his driver. Such a one may come to an intimate knowledge and love of the game. The rusher may play golf, but it will be a long time before he gets to the soul of the game.

A very good golfer, in reviewing a golf book some time ago, stated that he did not care in the least what happened while the ball was in the air, that all he cared about was getting it there. He has played golf since he was five years old, but he has clearly missed the soul of the game.

It is not necessary to dilate upon the wonderful spread of golf throughout the world. An industrious journalist some time ago marked a map of England wherever there was a golf club. It looked as though it had been sprinkled with black pepper. It is not hard to understand this marvelous increase in the popularity of the great game, for golf is undoubtedly a great game. The motor has, unquestionably, played a great part in its development. Many of the courses, particularly in the United Kingdom, are most beautifully situated. Many of the club-houses are models of comfort, and some of them are castles. The game itself is suitable for the octogenarian dodderer who merely wants to infuse a little interest into his morning walk, or it may be turned into a severe test of endurance for the young athlete; so no wonder it prospers.

There is a wonderful freemasonry among golfers. This is not the least of the many charms of the game, and to him who really knows it and loves it as it deserves to be loved, the sign of the club is a passport round the world.—P. A. Vaile, in *Fortnightly Review*.

The interchange of trees among the various continents is a most interesting development of modern civilization. Besides the white pine, Europe has taken from us the Douglas fir and the black walnut, and we have taken the eucalyptus from Australia and the Norway spruce, and Scotch and Austrian pine from Europe.

The first Chinese Senate will meet in October next. It will be composed of fourteen noble princes of the imperial family, twelve representatives of the Manchu and Chinese nobility, seventeen noble princes from the provinces, six clansmen, thirty-two ministers and officials, and ten lawyers.

Guatemalan railroads will soon connect with the Mexican system, when a gap of twenty miles is closed.

RACES IN THE AIR.

Aeroplaning Has Become a Sport as Normal as Cross-Country Motoring.

American newspapers fill some space with accounts of air flights by pioneers in the art, but to no such extent as do the journals of England, France, and Germany. Aeroplaning is in the exhibition stage here as yet, compared with its standing in serious interest abroad. In the London *Express* of August 8, there is a column description of a flight from Cardiff to London at night, and the tale of the aviator's success steering by the stars. Following this story, which is but little more interesting than an earlier account of a flight across the Irish Sea, or that previous round trip over the English Channel and back, is a letter from the Paris correspondent of the paper, telling of some remarkable air-flights from Issy to Troyes. This is the brief but entertaining story of the event:

Cross-country aeroplaning has become a sport as normal as cross-country motoring.

Out of eight aeroplanes which started today at day-break from Issy, outside Paris, for Troyes—the first eighty-five-mile lap of a 500-mile flight along the eastern frontier and back to Paris—six arrived with perfect ease, doing the distance in about an hour and a half.

Two hundred thousand Parisians streamed out of Paris in the dead of night towards Issy. They went out by motor-car, on foot, in cabs, on bicycles, and by train. The trains were thronged with human beings inside the carriages and outside them—on the tender, on the steps up to the double-story carriages, on the footboards, and even on the roofs.

By four o'clock the great aviation ground was ringed round, fifteen and twenty deep, with people, and on the heights near it were many thousands more.

They started off soon after five o'clock. The first man off was Aubrun on a Blériot. He circled the course, rose till he looked no bigger than a lark seen in the sky, and disappeared into the rosy mist of early morning towards the east.

Five minutes after him Leblanc flew off, then Mamet. To me the most extraordinary thing about it all was—if I may coin a word—its "matter-of-courseness." A few months ago, when an aeroplane ran along the ground spectators said, "How wonderful! Will it fly?" Today we watched it go with no more emotion than that with which we watch motor-cars starting on a race.

In eighty-five minutes six of the eight starters had dropped into Troyes from their eighty-five-mile flight. As a matter of fact, they flew further than that, for most of them missed their way once or twice, in spite of the flags which marked the route.

The most amusing adventure happened to Weymann, who did not reach Troyes till two o'clock. He lost his way twice. The second time, at a village called Coole, he dropped into a field where a man was at work, and asked him the quickest way to Troyes. The man began explaining, "I wish you'd come with me," said Weymann, and leaving his spade (he was digging potatoes), the peasant climbed into the aeroplane. He was carried twenty miles in twenty minutes, received something for himself, and put on the high road to find his way home again, while Weymann flew on into Troyes.

The airmen will compete for a number of prizes at Troyes tomorrow. On Tuesday they will fly the one hundred miles to Nancy.

Three French officers who were to have taken part in the flight from Paris to Troyes today, and who did not line up at the start, have made an even more sensational flight.

They received definite orders from the War Office this morning to be prepared to start at any moment. An hour later each man received instructions to start at a fixed hour to fly to Nancy, on the eastern frontier, and land at a stated point and at a stated hour.

Captain Féquant and Captain Cannermann, on Farman biplanes, each with a brother officer on board, who took photographs and observations, and Captain de Caumont, on a Sommer biplane, carried out their programme without a hitch, proving the immense value of the aeroplane in wartime. They arrived not only at the exact spot on which they were told to land, but started and arrived to the minute of their instructions.

The news of this feat, which was only known in Paris late this evening, caused an even greater sensation than the beginning of the 500-mile circuit.

Since the above was written a Chicago aviator has surprised England and France with a feat that makes him for the moment the king of the game. On August 18 John B. Moissant, who says he was born in Chicago, flew across the English Channel from Calais to Tilmanstone with a passenger. His achievement far surpassed the feats of Blériot, De Lesseps, and the English aviator, Rolls, who afterwards was killed at Bourne-mouth. All of these men flew across the channel, but none carried a passenger.

The two-man flight from France to England was the more astonishing because Moissant is an amateur and took up aviation only a few weeks ago. He was born of Spanish parents and is thirty-five years old. He is of slight build, but the mechanic whom he carried as a passenger weighs 187 pounds. By profession Moissant is an architect.

Although three fine specimen skeletons of the sauro-pod dinosaur have been dug up in Utah recently, none equals the diplodocus in length.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Ailsa Paige.

Having decided upon a hero with a past, Mr. Chambers no doubt felt it necessary that his heroine should be a widow. But Ailsa is not much of a widow; she had worn the manacles of a loveless marriage," and, again, her marriage had been one of romantic pity, born of the ignorance of her immaturity. Besides, she was "very young" at the time, and her husband was only "a gentle, sweet-tempered invalid, dreamy, romantic, and pitifully confident of life, the days of which were already numbered." Still, there is no blinking the fact that Ailsa was a widow. That being the case, has not Mr. Chambers made her somewhat particular for a widow, or should he have his reader infer that it was because she was a widow she was so particular? It's a bit of puzzle any way, even as Ailsa herself is. In the early days of her acquaintance with Berkley she is somewhat forward; as she knows him better she becomes wary. Yet what she knew at the last hardly exceeded what she guessed at the first. Berkley, it must be confessed, is quite a match for Ailsa is the enigma of his nature. Perhaps he would have been easier to understand had the reader made his acquaintance before that stormy interview with the man who might and yet might not be his father. But taking him as Mr. Chambers depicts him, he is an odd creature of whom anything might be predicated. One of the irritating things about him is that it takes him such an unconscionable time to make up his mind to enlist for the Civil War, but that, presumably, is intended to illustrate a phase of his character. Although a mere shadow compared with the other talking and doing persons of the story, the placid Burgess, valet and lover of cigars, perhaps the best drawn and most consistent character in the book. As "faithless a valet as any servant who ever watered wine, lost a gimcrack, or booked a weed," Burgess is at least human and understandable. To say that of Ailsa and Berkley would be too great a parity. But of course Mr. Chambers paints his usual with a broad and swinging style, and when the love-making has to be turned on he can still "deliver the goods" of a genuine euphonia brand.

ALISA PAIGE. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

The Glory and the Abyss.

Village life in England has rarely been portrayed with such keen insight and such wholesome sympathy with the strain of good in things evil as Mr. Brown manifests in this suggestive story. The dominating figure is Peter Bonoor, a poor gardener in the squire's service, "not altogether of common soul," but his drunken father, his tearful mother, his sisters—Gladys, the beauty, who had gone off to London to a nameless life, and Elsie, about whom and the young squire sinister stories are afloat—and Bob, who "bad large, soft, disorderly emotions, and never could be alone with a girl without wanting to kiss her," are all visualized with unusual power, while the lowly home of the family, and the Blue Boar, with its "medieval look outside and a powerful smell inside," are drawn with a master touch. It is, indeed, an exceedingly real world about Mr. Brown has depicted, and yet the character of Peter, with his unselfish spirit, his deep love for his parents and brothers and sisters, and his high if dimly realized ideals, is a transforming influence which lifts the story to a serene atmosphere. Not less successful has the author been in banding the heart of the parish and his learned brother, the professor, who is sensitive to the glory of country life and not ignorant of the abyss of sin and narrow-mindedness over which that story bovers. No wonder Peter, who was so close to the misery of it all, should have sought Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" a "funny" title for a book, and not been "held in awe by it, as life's amateurs are apt to be." It is Peter's fate to die of a savage blow dealt him by the sensual young squire of the village, who had ruined two of his sisters, and to die without breathing a word as to his assailant, but he does not pass away before his industry is ended.

THE GLORY AND THE ABYSS. By Vincent Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Golden Centipede.

Although depending for its interest upon mystery, "The Golden Centipede" is better written than is usual with that type of novel. The characters are much more than lay figures. This is specially true of Major Sinclair and "The Babe," who meet on a steamer bound for German West Africa, and are speedily involved in relations of piquant interest. In fact, the boat has hardly got under weigh before the major's sister is in possession of a mysterious centipede jewel, and shortly thereafter has an actual centipede of a poisonous kind crawling over her person. On the surface it might seem as though Miss Sinclair had given no cause for these untoward happenings, but her relationship to the major explains it all in due course. And "The Babe" loves to be—but there, to explain who "The Babe" was would spoil the reader's enjoyment of the tale. And no reader would forgive

that, for the story must be read for the sake of its unusual plot, which holds the attention from its earliest stages and leads to an unexpected development. There are some exciting adventures in the wilds of Africa, and the author does not omit to pay that tribute to love's passion without which Major Sinclair's adventures would be incomplete.

THE GOLDEN CENTIPEDE. By Louise Gerard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Makers of Sorrow and Joy.

Here is a plea for the division of mankind in the future into the two classes of those who make sorrow and those who make joy. Far better, the author thinks, than an ardent search after the true meaning of destiny is the ambition to never cause sorrow and always to be a perpetual source of joy. At the same time the book distinguishes between "those who wantonly cause suffering through altruism and those who are makers of sorrow through selfishness and thoughtlessness." The discussion, which is often very much in the air and is marked by frequent repetition, embraces unconscious criminals, equality, grievances, and complaints, what men think of women, what women think of men, and friendship. Inevitably the American woman is held up as an evil example. "The influence of the American woman has contributed largely to develop, in the minds of certain European women, an idea that the object of a husband's or a father's life is to put in evidence the woman's personality, equipping her with all the arms that insure victory. Is it not right, we are asked, that the man should work to adorn the woman, and show her off to the best advantage, allowing her to develop all the instincts of coquetry and elegance? He plays her rôle, however, by sacrificing himself for her; and she hers by accepting his sacrifice; consequently she owes to her lord neither gratitude nor deference." But the end of the matter is that, in view of the shortness of life, it is stupid and wrong to struggle and hate each other.

MAKERS OF SORROW AND MAKERS OF JOY. By Dora Megarini. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.25 net.

Under Petraia.

Life in Italy appears to have a strange power of inspiring aliens with a gift of writing *dolce far niente* books. The present volume is an example; it exhales from every page a spirit of restful content and is an admirable companion for a comfortable hour under a pergola. It tells for the first time in English the history of Petraia, where the King of Italy's country villa and beautiful gardens are situated, but in the main it is the record of the dreaming life of an English lady under Italian skies. One of the important happenings chronicled is a hunt for a new home, which above all things had to possess a view. "Only those who have lived without a view are capable of understanding all that the want of it signifies. Be your walls ever so richly furnished with beautiful objects full of association, landmarks indeed in life's history, in times of weariness, of depression, of sickness and loneliness, such as come to us all, there is no solace and comfort equal to a view, nor any that so completely carries one out of the material world into other regions where thought and spirit reign." Among the "saunterings" described in these pleasant pages is one to the Asolo di Browning, which went to sleep in 1510 and remained unknown till 1838, when the poet wrote there his "Pippa Passes." His artist son recently purchased some land near the town and transformed an old tower into a charming studio. It is open to the traveling public and is described as unique for the refined and cultivated taste shown in its adornment.

UNOER PETRAIA WITH SOME SAUNTERINGS. By the author of "In a Tuscan Garden." New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

The Columbia River.

Some two-thirds of this handsome and liberally illustrated volume are devoted to the history of the Columbia River, with an account of the land where the river flows, and a popular recital of legend and anecdote. Then Mr. Lyman turns his attention to the course of the river, which he traces from its source to the heart of the Canadian Rockies to its outflow into the Pacific. The distance it traverses is some fourteen hundred miles, and as it descends twenty-five hundred feet in its journey it is exceedingly swift in many places. Yet Mr. Lyman is of the opinion that it would be possible to descend almost the entire length of the river in a small boat. That such would be a fascinating journey is obvious from the experiences of the author, who began his trip at Golden and ended it between Point Adams and Cape Hancock. Of course he has much to say in passing of the towns and cities adjacent to the river's banks, not forgetting Spokane, Portland, and Astoria. In his reference to the Rose City, Mr. Lyman pays a high tribute to the *Oregonian* and its late editor, Harvey W. Scott, who together "have indeed constituted one of the most potent forces in framing the thoughts and institutions of the Columbia River people." As to the future, Mr. Lyman is optimistic: "Many cities and towns are sure to grow upon the

banks of the river. Its banks will some time become populated like those of the ancient Nile. Besides the immediate region of the river, there are millions upon millions of acres of land more remote, the great wheat fields and stock ranges and valley lands of tributary streams, and these broad acres will seek the river route. Much of this immense local traffic of the future will be conveyed by steamboats and barges."

THE COLUMBIA RIVER. By William Denison Lyman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net.

A New History of Painting in Italy.

In this, the third and final volume of the new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's monumental work, the reader has that section devoted to the Florentine, Umbrian, and Siennese schools of the fifteenth century. The editor, Edward Hutton, has completed his work of annotation in that thorough manner which distinguished his labors on the two preceding volumes, thus providing the student of art with an encyclopedia of the opinions of art critics and archaeologists on the matters discussed in the original text and making the present edition of the work ideal from every point of view. It should also be added that the policy of liberal illustration has been continued in this final installment, which contains excellent reproductions of no fewer than a hundred and two important pictures.

Among the notable artists treated at considerable length are Giovanni Santi, Luca Signorelli, Pietro Perugino, and Andrea del Sarto. The judgment of the first-named, the father, it will be remembered, of the great Raphael, is that he balances defects with great and important qualities. "He combines in his works germs of tenderness and grace, which verge upon affectation, but which still reveal the presence of a heart and genuine feeling in him, and explain the development of the same quality in a higher measure in his son. He was well qualified for the duties of a teacher, by his earnestness, his patience, his carefulness and conscientiousness, and it may readily be credited that, if Raphael had not lost his parent in his tender years, he would have required no other master."

As in the other chapters, that devoted to Andrea del Sarto combines biography and criticism in a happy manner. The painter is adjudged to have been strongly endowed with the pictorial spirit, quick in execution and versatile in the invention in groups. In addition his drawing is resolute and free, his knowledge of anatomy exhaustive, and his transitions of light and shade properly defined. The present volume has two indices, one general and the other to places.

A NEW HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Edited by Edward Hutton. Vol. 3. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net.

Brief Reviews.

Mystery, love and adventure are supplied in liberal measure by John Ironside in "The Red Symbol" (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50), which follows the course of the hero, Maurice Wynn, in his relations with a secret society of Nihilists in Russia. There is a fascinating heroine, who is more than usually wayward but is ensnared at last.

In the "Boy Scouts of America" (Doubleday, Page & Co.; 25 cents) Ernest Thompson Seton describes the organization of the movement, and then gives full instructions about signs and signaling, camping, games, and the honors with which competency is rewarded. He explains that the object of the movement is to "combat the system that has turned such a large proportion of our robust, manly, self-reliant boyhood into a lot of flat-chested cigarette-smokers, with shaky nerves and doubtful vitality."

Percy MacKaye contributes to his "A Garland to Sylvia" (the Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net)—a play written largely in his senior year at Harvard—an interesting preface on the condition of the drama in America today. He pays a tribute of gratitude to Professor George P. Baker, "for his patient and enlightened championship of an ideal, long ignored, pregnant with vital importance to our civilization—the ideal of cultivating, at the fountain head of the liberal arts, living standards of excellence in the living drama."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Durable Satisfaction of Life.

As in addition to the title essay there are papers on "The Happy Life," on "Great Riches," and on "The Religion of the Future," this little volume of sane counsel has more coherency than is usual in volumes of collected essays. Even the character sketch of John Gilley, the Maine farmer and fisherman, contributes by inference to the main topic Dr. Eliot has in view. His chief purpose is to indicate what, for educated men, are the most solid sources of happiness in life, and among those enumerated are health, a strong mental grip, honor, sensuous pleasures, the delights of the eye and ear, family love, reading, and mutual service and co-operation. "The enjoyments and satisfactions I have described," he writes, "are accessible to poor and rich, to humble and high alike, if only they cultivate the physical, mental, and moral faculties through which the natural joys are won. Any man may win them who by his daily labor can earn a wholesome living for himself and his family. I have not mentioned a single pleasure which involves unusual expense, or the possession of any uncommon mental gifts."

As in discussing the happy life Dr. Eliot lays stress upon the selection of beliefs, the inclusion in this volume of his famous essay on "The Religion of the Future" is natural and appropriate. That religion, he holds, will not be based upon authority, either spiritual or temporal, will know nothing of the personification of the primitive forces of nature, will not favor the worship of dead ancestors, teachers, or rulers, or be in any sense propitiatory or expiatory. Above all, it will not "think of God as an enlarged and glorified man, who walks 'in the garden in the cool of the day,' or as a judge deciding between human litigants, or as a king, Pharaoh, or emperor, ruling arbitrarily his subjects, or as the patriarch who, in the early history of the race, ruled his family absolutely." On the positive side Dr. Eliot thinks the religion of the future will lay much stress upon love and hope, "thoroughly grounded in and on efficient, serviceable, visible, actual, and concrete deeds and conduct."

THE DURABLE SATISFACTIONS OF LIFE. By Charles W. Eliot. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1 net.

The Student's Old Testament.

In continuation of his invaluable labors which have as their aim the coordinating of Old Testament material in the light of the most recent and constructive biblical scholarship, Dr. Kent in the present volume presents in orderly array the sermons, epistles, and apocalypses of Israel's prophets from the Assyrian period to the end of the Maccabean struggle. Thus the student is able to peruse those documents in their chronological order and judge them by the light of the historical conditions amid which they were written. The general introduction is specially suggestive, with its discussion of the evolution of the prophet, and its appreciation of the literary form of Old Testament prophecies. Dr. Kent points out that the poetry of the prophets was characterized by two and sometimes three types of rhyme, including parallelism or rhythm of ideas, symmetry in the number of accented syllables in each succeeding line, and the rhythm of succeeding strophe. While of special usefulness to the biblical student, this admirable edition of the Old Testament is hardly less valuable to all who are "today grappling with the great political, civic, and social problems whose right solution is essential to the strength and efficiency of our modern civilization."

THE STUDENT'S OLD TESTAMENT: THE SERMONS, EPISTLES, AND APOCALYPSES OF ISRAEL'S PROPHETS. By Charles Foster Kent. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.75 net.

Virginia in Transition.

According to Mr. Lingley, the economic conditions of Virginia during the generation preceding the Revolution were of a type to render inevitable the severing of relations with the mother country. The colony was expanding in all directions, and having a body of experienced legislators at its head was "ready to throw off the restrictions of the colonial status. The colonists did not realize this. When finally a series of harsh parliamentary acts turned their attention toward their relations with the home government, they supposed that they were revolting merely because of the restrictions. But the restrictions were irksome because the colony was large and growing and because it contained a body of men who were being trained in self-government."

Consequently Mr. Lingley does not blame Governor Dunmore so much as some other historians. He admits that he was an unfortunate choice in so grave a crisis, but contends that no governor, however popular and able, could have prevented the uprising in Virginia. And he makes good this argument by passing in review many of the offensive acts of the home parliament, and showing how they irritated the leaders of the colony and finally alienated the people. Of course the stamp act was a great factor in the situation, for that would have laid a heavy burden on all, and

the realization of that was not long in filtering down to the rank and file. The monograph is a welcome addition to the literature of transitional times.

THE TRANSITION IN VIRGINIA FROM COLONY TO COMMONWEALTH. By Charles Ramshell Lingley. New York: Columbia University; \$1.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Publication of William De Morgan's new novel, "An Affair of Dishonor," has been postponed until the middle of next month. The veteran novelist is described as an enthusiast in pottery and tile-making, while his wife is said to be an artist of considerable talent.

Harry James Smith, whose "Enchanted Ground" is one of the new publications of the Houghton Mifflin Company, was formerly assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but for the past few years has devoted himself entirely to writing. When "Amedee's Son," his first novel, was published, a critic prophesied that the author would one day produce "a great hook."

In anticipation of the centenary of the birth of Charles Dickens, which is due in 1912, a suggestion is made that the event be celebrated by an International Dickens Testimonial, as an expression of gratitude for his work and a means of benefiting his descendants. Three of his children and seventeen of his grandchildren still survive, some of whom are in reduced circumstances. One suggestion is that a designed stamp be printed certifying that "a deferred royalty of one penny has been paid," this stamp to be purchased by owners of the novelist's works and pasted in each volume.

Sewell Ford, who has been spending his vacation on the Maine coast, declares there are no more fish in the Atlantic Ocean, and adds: "While the proper officials are about it they might examine the surface of the said ocean. It is a most uneven surface to travel over, full of wretched little humps and hollows that—well, a few hours' experience with that sort of going fills me with mixed emotions. Perhaps 'fills' is not the exact word, but when you have started out after a satisfactory breakfast, started buoyantly and trustingly, and ended by—but let hypones be hypones. Anyway, it's a perfectly punk ocean, without any fish in it."

L. P. Jack, the editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, has placed to his credit, in "Mad Shepherds and Other Human Studies," a volume which has been hailed as "the Omar Khayyam of English rustic life." An American edition is to be published by Henry Holt & Co.

Dr. Horace Round, who has long been known for his fearless exposures of fancy pedigrees and bogus family histories, has written a volume on the subject in which those forged family honors are roughly handled.

Among the manuscripts of the Bodleian Library at Oxford are treasured many original writings by Shelley, which have now been gathered into a little volume. One brief passage reads like an anticipation of Matthew Arnold's "beautiful and ineffectual angel": "For poets tell us that flying like hees and wandering over the gardens and meadows and the honey-flowing fountains of the Muses they return to us laden with sweet melodies, and they speak truth; for a poet is a thing ethereally light, winged and sacred; nor can he make poetry before he becomes divinely inspired and out of his senses."

Ibsen's four years in Rome have been commemorated by the placing of a tablet to his memory on the wall of the house in the Via Capo le Case where he lived from 1864 to 1868. It was unveiled by Enrico Ferri, who drew a parallel between Ibsen and Mazzini and between Björnson and Garibaldi as embodiments of human individualism and social individualism.

Soon after Longfellow's statue was unveiled in Washington it was passed by a young society lady in an automobile, who asked her companion whose statue it was. To the reply, "Longfellow's," she retorted, "I don't see what they wanted to put a statue of him there for. All he ever did was to marry Roosevelt's daughter."

Among the creditors of the defunct *Circle Magazine* with the sums due them for contributions are: William Jennings Bryan, \$50; Edmund Vance Cooke, \$25; David Starr Jordan, \$25; Edward Peple, \$250; and Dillon Wallace, \$25.

Walter Pulitzer announces that he will take up the memoirs of his father, Albert Pulitzer, where he left off and incorporate them in a biography of the journalist and an account of the progress of journalism in his day. The celebrities who will figure in the record are to include James Gordon Bennett, Whitelaw Reid, General Grant, Jay Gould, Lord Rosebery, Sarah Bernhardt, Lord Morley, and Chauncey M. Depew.

Anatole France may be depended upon to fight to the utmost the decision of the prefect of Paris not to grant new licenses to the book-stall keepers on the quays of the Seine, for the novelist was brought up in their midst

and cares more for those haunts than any other part of the city. A recent writer on the *bouquiniste* notes that "Nodder prematurely announced the death of the *bouquiniste* about eighty years ago: 'Finished are the days of incunabula at two francs; Verard has a crown and some original works of Molière at six sous each.' Parison, *le roi des bouquiniers*, bought a César of Plantin with Montaigne's autograph for ninety-five centimes, which realized one thousand five hundred francs."

New Books Received.

THE DOCTOR'S LASS. By Edward C. Booth. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

Left a ward to the doctor, Jane gradually wins his heart, and incidentally the hearts of many others, and out of this tangle of love is woven a story of great sweetness.

ENCHANTED GROUND. By Harry James Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net.

A worthy successor to "Amedee's Son." The dramatic story of a young architect in New York, with a finely depicted struggle against temptation.

THE AVON AND SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY. By A. G. Bradley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

Traces the course of Shakespeare's river from Tewkesbury to Rugby, paying special attention to the lower and less known reaches of that famous stream. Many illustrations in color.

QUIET DAYS IN SPAIN. By C. Bogue Luffmann. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

A pleasant record of wanderings through forty-two of the forty-nine provinces of Spain "with the desire to do justice to the Spaniard, his life, his country."

TALES AND MAXIMS FROM THE TALMUD. Selected, arranged, and translated by Rev. Samuel Rapaport. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

An attempt to supply "in the English language a concise digest or compendium concerning the advent of Jewish tradition, as represented in the Talmud."

LEGAL DEVELOPMENT IN COLONIAL MASSACHUSETTS. By Charles J. Hilkey. New York: Columbia University; \$1.25.

Designed to show that, contrary to the accepted theory, in early Massachusetts "the hindering force of English law was denied, and a legal system largely different came into use."

ORGANISMIC THEORIES OF THE STATE. By F. W. Coker. New York: Columbia University; \$1.50.

Gives an outline of the views of those writers who have interpreted the State as a living entity, as an organism or person.

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN AND DEMOCRACY. By Robert Tudor Hill. New York: Columbia University; \$2.

A study of "population movements of the country, and the opening, occupation, and exploitation of the public domain in relation to the perpetuation and development of the social, economic, and political democratic ideal in America."

THE MAKING OF THE BALKAN STATES. By William Smith Murray. New York: Columbia University; \$1.50.

A brief account of the four groups now called the Balkan States and a discussion of the movements that have led to their independence.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM BECKFORD. By Lewis Melville. New York: Duffield & Co.

Based upon a large collection of unpublished letters, and the first attempt to tell at length the strange life of the author of "Vathek."

THE QUINTESENCE OF NIETZSCHE. By J. M. Kennedy. New York: Duffield & Co.

Another attempt to put Nietzsche into plain English, with a brief sketch of his life.

THE WINGED DESTINY. THE DIVINE ADVENTURE, ETC. By Fiona Macleod (William Sharp). Edited by Mrs. William Sharp. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50 net each volume.

Two additions to the writings of "Fiona Macleod" as published by William Sharp under that pseudonym from 1894 to 1905. Mrs. Sharp contributes a bibliographical note to each volume.

SKETCHES AND SNAPSHOTS. By Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell. New York: Duffield & Co.

Reprinted newspaper and magazine articles dealing with prominent persons and English social and political matters.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Lillian Dickens and Mary Santon. New York: Duffield & Co.

Letters addressed to a Warwickshire squire by many of the leading men of his day which shed much valuable light on various phases of eighteenth century life.

THE SCIENCE OF ADVERTISING. By Edwin Balmer and Thomas Balmer. New York: Duffield & Co.

Shows how advertising is "the direct primary of the people."

THE CELL OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE. Edited by Edmund G. Gardner. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2 net.

An addition to the quaintly produced Mediaeval Library, presenting seven Early English Mystical Treatises first printed by Henry Pepwell in 1531.

DEVIOUS WAYS. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Duffield & Co.

By the author of "Peter Homunculus," introducing a lovable hero whose restless wanderings in search of his ideal lead him through "devious ways" to his goal.

THE POOLS OF SILENCE. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

A romance of the tropics describing the work and life of white men in the jungles of the Congo.

CHANTECLER. By Edmond Rostand. Translated by Gertrude Hall. New York: Duffield & Co.

Rostand's famous barnyard play rendered in prose.

A Vigilante Girl

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New York Times: "It is written in good and vigorous style. It is a part of the history of stirring, times and of men strong and passionate."

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"THE LOTTERY MAN."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"The Lottery Man," which is running this week at the Savoy Theatre, is by Rida Johnson Young, whose specialty lies in depicting the antics of young things at the college age. This playwright's youths and maidens are always provided with an enormous fund of animal spirits, and the world, especially the American theatre-going world, loves youth and animal spirits. Her plays, therefore, have within them those things that make for popularity.

The humor in "The Lottery Man" is not, from an intellectual standpoint, of the finest brand; it is, in fact, of the more primitive type, being founded more particularly upon the amusement to be derived from contemplating the ape-like ugliness of a mature spinster who aspires to be temperamental and sentimental. But this brand of humor is very popular with the more frivolous class of theatre-goers, who are having a thoroughly jolly time this week in contemplating the various physical and mental idiosyncracies of Lizzie.

For Lizzie makes them laugh, no matter what she does. Vivian Ogden, who heroically plays the rôle with a completeness of adherence to what Lizzie should be in the way of looks that is almost awe-inspiring, is a clever actress in depicting grotesque ugliness of pose, gesture, and vocal delivery. She has but to bend her head, to raise her eyes, to drop heavily into a seat, or to walk off the scene, and the audience is stirred into gales. The actress ruthlessly makes capital of her collarbones, and probably looks more slanted than nature intended her to. No doubt she will be interviewed, for, after people have recovered from their merry hysterics they will begin to wonder if the projecting teeth were set in for the occasion, or "just growed," and how Lizzie looks with her hair fluffed *à la mode*, and all the grease-paint wrinkles eliminated for her lean countenance; and they will also feel a feverish curiosity about the natural tones of Lizzie's voice when the thick coating of stage nasalsness has been peeled off for private life.

The author's pet type of young man appears in the person of Jack Wright, a cheerful journalist, who raffles himself off as a husband in a popular lottery. Jack needs money, and has never been in love when the fateful idea occurs to him—but of course the right girl ambles into the scene just at the psychological moment when it is too late for him to withdraw. And of course Lizzie captures him. They tell that on the billboards, so I am not betraying secrets.

Plenty of fun arises from the situations thus developed, and as Lizzie is on the scene most of the time, the audience is kept in a mood of extreme hilarity.

William Rosell, a good-looking young actor who plays the rôle of the self-raffing youth, also adds very much to the general gaiety by his college boy impudence, his journalistic assurance, and his cheerful grit in the face of disaster—which means Lizzie. The young man further won the favor of the audience by his baby blonde tints, and his shrewd, yet innocent blue eye; or, if it was not blue, it ought to have been with that hair.

The author works in a nice little sermon by introducing two mothers, one of whom is gentle, simple, and real, even to slanginess, in spite of her white hair, while the other is a beauty culturist and lives in dread of wrinkles, and smoothes her good looks under a fearful aurn "transformer." Quite a little object lesson in the matter of woman's looks—that is, of mature women's—is administered by showing the gain in comeliness made by this lady, when, under the influence of a change of heart, she drops the transformer and comes out in the softening gray hairs of middle age.

Florence Robertson, who played the rôle acceptably, revealed to us then that maternally prettiness, as well as maternally plumpness, was among her assets for the rôle. Sadie Harris, as Helene, the maiden who captured Jack's hitherto impregnable affections at an inconvenient moment, is "just girl," exactly as Francis Gillin, in the rôle of Foxey Peyton, is "just young man." May Donahue acts a cheerful masseuse with a brogue, and there is also a pleasant bit of domesticity in the play in the person of Jack's mother, although she is a little too sweet and insipid in the

hands of Lucia Moore. But the characters that count are really Lizzie and Jack; the others are mere accessories.

Like the author of "Mary Jane's Pa," Rida Johnson Young is a sufficiently experienced playwright to realize how the average theatre audience enjoys scenes set in a homey atmosphere, and so, wild and farcical as the plot is, the setting and atmosphere are rather realistic and pleasing.

Lizzie is not a new character in comic drama. Gilbert's Lady Jane in "Patience," and Katisha, in "The Mikado," are variations of the same type. Her present vogue recalls dim echoes of the past when Eliza Weatherly, who, if I am not mistaken, was the first of the long procession of Nat Goodwin's wives, made herself hideous as a transformation fairy in some far-off and now extinct farce. And yet, as she was a Nat Goodwin wife, she must have been pretty. The genial Nat never married any other kind. Perhaps, perhaps, Lizzie is, too; but no, that couldn't be possible.

Edwin Stevens in an Anstey Comedy.

It does not seem probable that F. Anstey's latest Arabian Night comedy, "The Brass Bottle," will duplicate the success of "Little Puck," or give Edwin Stevens so good a vehicle for his funmaking as Frank Daniels found in the earlier piece. This is a part of the review of the play, from the *Evening Post*, on the morning after its production at the Lyceum Theatre in New York:

"The story is simple. Horace Ventmore, a young London architect without a client, is in love with Sylvia Futvoye, the daughter of a professor of Oriental art, but his prospects are such that he can not gain the consent of the father to marry. The professor sends Horace to an auction of antiques to buy some for him, but the prices are too high, so none is bought. Horace, however, buys an old brass bottle for himself and takes it home. His curiosity is aroused when he gets the bottle to his rooms, for it is sealed, and he proceeds to open it. There is a flash of light, and before him stands a Genie who has been imprisoned for centuries. In gratitude for his release the Genie showers gifts upon Horace, all of which are refused, but finally, when the Genie discovers Horace's lack of clients, he provides him with one who wants a \$500,000 mansion built, and Horace accepts that.

"After that the Genie causes no end of trouble by doing what he thinks are favors for Horace, and finally succeeds in causing Horace to lose his sweetheart, his client, and his home. In the last act the Genie turns upon Horace and is about to kill him, but consents to go back into the bottle. Before going he wipes out everything he has done—such as turning the professor into a mule, the client into a dog, and Horace's rooms into a palace—by causing everybody to forget everything. Horace, however, suggests that the client shall retain his idea of employing him to build, and this is permitted. But the rival of Horace, Spencer Pringle, is forgotten, and his attempts to resume things as they were before the others forgot cause a good deal of merriment. Horace and Sylvia are reunited and all ends happily.

"Much credit is due to Mr. Edwin Stevens, the Genie, for most of the work of the evening fell upon his shoulders. When he held closely to his part, he was good, but at times he caused a good deal of laughter by horseplay, which could be spared, as it was out of place, and detracted from the mysticism intended by the author. A little more repression would have made the character more convincing."

It is almost entirely upon face-reading and a cultivated, keen, ready perception of general characteristics that the Gipsy depends. Nothing escapes her quick eye and brain (says a writer in the *Century Magazine*). The hearing of a stranger, the dress, speech, and manner, the expression and type of feature, and a thousand details which would be overlooked as unimportant trifles by a gorgio, count with the Romany. She refuses to "dukker" before more than one person at a time, possibly on the plea that she belongs to a "secret order" which forbids it, or that a fortune told in such manner would not come true. These statements, though deliciously appetizing, are lacking in truth, for the fact is only that she needs the undivided attention of the one who consults her in order to get the best results of concentration of mind. In justice to the Gipsy, it should be taken into consideration that the atmosphere of skepticism which is apt to surround a gay party of curiosity seekers is not conducive to success in the exercise of any profession.

With the exception of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, Henry Miller's new play, "Her Husband's Wife," has not been seen, as yet, in the East. Mr. Miller is coming here a few weeks hence with his entire New York cast and production of this satirical comedy.

Indigestion is unknown to those who drink a glass of the Italian-Swiss Colony's TIPO (red or white) with their meals.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The third and final week of the great success, "Seven Days," will begin at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. At every performance during the past two weeks the house has been crowded to the doors. The audiences laugh from curtain to curtain over the antics of the funmakers. No individual member of the cast is better than the other. It is the all around excellence of the cast that Managers Wagenhals and Kemper have supplied that has given surprise and delight to our theatre-goers. The farce is a laugh provoker from beginning to end, and they are all good clean laughs. If you have an opportunity to see "Seven Days" take along an extra handkerchief. You'll probably need it, or the girl next to you may want to borrow it to wipe away the tears—of laughter. The final performance will be given Sunday night, September 4. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday.

The first of the "independent" attractions secured by John Cort for the cosy and comfortable Savoy Theatre has been thoroughly satisfactory in every particular, and "The Lottery Man," Rida Johnson Young's highly hilarious farce, has delighted thousands since its opening. Although it could easily run a month, the second and last week will commence Sunday evening, and from present indications standing room will be at a premium during the remaining performances of the engagement. A characterization funnier than that of Lizzie, played by Vivian Ogden, has rarely been seen in San Francisco, and William Rosell has made an emphatic hit as Jack Wright, the man who raffles himself off to help support his mother in better style. The Messrs. Shubert have sent out a cast that could not well be improved upon and the production is more than satisfactory. There is a very large demand for the hargain matinee of Thursday.

The programme for next week at the Orpheum includes the Top o' th' World Dancers, who will present one of the most pretentious and original of ensembles. It was the feature extraordinary of the musical comedy of the same name and has been taken intact from that piece to tour the Orpheum Circuit. A novelty in conjunction with this act is the introduction of the famous original "Collie Ballet" of real thoroughbred Scotch shepherd dogs. George McKay and John Cantwell, clever and versatile terpsichorean comedians, will appear in their satire "On the Great White Way." It enables them to introduce their various impersonations and eccentric dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Connelly will be seen in their condensation of W. S. Gilbert's famous dramatic contrast "Sweethearts," which once ran for 130 nights in London to immense audiences. The Kraggs Trio, European trapeze artists, will make their first appearance in this city. They are recently from London, and their performance is described as marvelous. Next week will be the last of the Six Original Kaufmanns, Al Jolson, Renee, and Miss Minnie Dupree and her company in "The Minister's Wife."

On Sunday evening, September 4, Wilton Lackaye will begin at the Savoy Theatre an engagement limited to one week in Cleveland Moffett's sociological drama, "The Battle."

Rose Stahl, who will be at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday, September 5, as the heroine of James Forbes's comedy, "The Chorus Lady," was visited recently by a young girl who wanted advice regarding a stage career. "Are you getting three meals a day?" Miss Stahl asked; "have you a place to sleep? If you have, don't go on the stage. It's a life of bitter disappointments." "The Chorus Lady" itself, as a play, delivers a strong message to "stage-struck" young women. Its story deals with stage life, and it is best summed up in a speech of Miss Stahl's in which she says: "The chorus is all right, all right. It's like everything else, it depends upon who goes into it."

Eugene Walter's play, "The Easiest Way," will be seen at the Columbia Theatre in the latter part of next month.

Shakespeare as a Prophet.

Josephine Preston Peabody, the American poet and dramatist, who won the \$1500 prize for a Stratford-on-Avon play with her poetic drama, "The Piper," in private life is Mrs. Marks, the wife of a Harvard professor. Mrs. Marks is not superstitious, but she had an experience just before the decision by the committee that was astonishing. She received word that her play and one other had been chosen from the 300 sent in, to be sent to the Duke of Argyll for the final arbitrament of his committee. In her anxiety as to the result the playwright turned to her beloved Shakespeare, whose works are to her a kind of bible. She said just for the excitement of it: "I'll take up a volume at random and open it at random, and see if the first passage my eye lights upon gives a sign."

The result might seem to any one who

doesn't know Mrs. Marks as being incredible. But Mrs. Marks gives her personal assurance that the first words she saw were: "Be of good cheer, for the duke hath died." Immediately afterward came the news of the duke's choice of her play. She told his grace about it afterward and he enjoyed the joke on himself as much as any one.

An even stranger thing happened just before the play was to have been produced in May. Mrs. Marks said to herself: "Of course, it's all nonsense, but just to see what will happen I will try the Shakespeare experiment again, and see if he gives any indication of the success of the performance." She opened "Richard II" at random, and her eye fell upon these words: "Your son Edward, my lord the king, is dead." The words were so apparently inappropos that Mrs. Marks, in writing that day to her husband, then in America, mentioned the matter as rather a black eye for Shakespeare as a prophet. The next day came the news of King Edward's unexpected death, and the postponement of the production of "The Piper" in consequence.

Professor Marks tells this story himself. He offers no explanation of it except as an amazing coincidence. It isn't a press agent story, for every one who knows Professor and Mrs. Marks knows they are not the kind who go in for advertising.

Manager Benson has the British rights of the play, but, lacking a London theatre, doesn't know yet what he is going to do with them beyond the six performances at the Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford. He wanted the American rights, but the author had already had an offer for them from Belasco. Owing to the length of time before Belasco could or would produce the play in New York the New Theatre captured the play by cable. The play has been translated into German and arrangements are pending for its production.

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VANITY FAIR.

Yet another attempt to explain the inexplicable. Carl S. Hansen has been worrying about the preference so many American girls show for marrying an Englishman, and he declares that the matter has nothing to do with breeding, or cosmopolitanism, or culture. But he thinks he has discovered the secret in the Englishman's passion for dominance as compared with the American's passion for industry. So, he concludes, when the American girl has attained to the culture of forty years ago—the culture of the cultured world the world over—if she is a bit of an anarchist (and what brainy woman isn't?) and has been all but strangled by the conversation of her brother, who knows nothing beyond her own culture, there would seem every reason for her to be interested in the Englishman's views, with his strong positivism, his bluntness that refreshes, his candor that amazes, his every-day opinions which never mince matters. Her brother is a modest chap, with a good deal of tolerance about the thing he knows nothing of, but the Englishman, whether he knows it or not, proves it. This is the special charm of the Englishman—he makes you think. He is hospitable; he is a gracious host; he is a good fellow, and thoroughgoing—but so are other people; so are we. It is only when there is an opinion in the air—no matter what—that he brings in a flood of new ideas, together with his habit of positivism, and leaves the American miles behind. He's the product of the environment that will make for tomorrow's better democracy. Mr. Hansen shows his own breeding by ignoring the dollar question in his theory, but whether it is any nearer the truth for that omission who shall say? The male mind has exercised itself so much with this problem that it is time we heard from the American girl herself. To what extent does she agree with Gertrude Atherton?

According to the Talmud, the custom of breaking a glass at a marriage ceremony originated with the practice of that Rabbi who caused levity on such occasions to be checked by the sudden crashing noise of some crockery or glass. That resourceful rabbi has a worthy fellow-worker in the person of Mayor Johnson of Chester, Pennsylvania, who when on his way home recently met a boisterous crowd of hazers marching through the streets with a newly married couple at its head. The mayor at once summoned the police, broke up the parade, sent the couple home in a cab, and followed up his good work by issuing this public notice:

"Marriage is no farce, and must not be treated as such. In the future, so long as I am chief executive of Chester, there shall be no permits issued for parades or public demonstrations that will have a tendency to annoy newly married couples. Such matters should not be treated lightly."

Two or three old slippers and a handful of rice may be tolerated for the sake of their symbolism, but the rowdiness and horseplay that are becoming increasingly associated with weddings ought to be sternly repressed.

If Mrs. Alice Longworth has replied to the zealous reformers in the West who have begged her to stop smoking cigarettes the fact has not been announced, but the letter addressed to her has been published, and is enough, in the opinion of the Springfield Republican, to drive a spirited woman to Pittsburg stogies. The passion for reforming other people is a craving that needs to be held sedulously in check; it easily develops into a worse vice than smoking tobacco, which at least does not breed self-righteousness, intolerance, and the habit of meddling with other people's private affairs. Very likely it is fortunate that women do not as a rule care to use tobacco, though there is no very good evidence that it would be worse for them than for men. If women should take it into their heads to smoke it would not necessarily mean that the world is coming to an end; very likely they would survive as men do. At all events there would be no stopping them in a time so devoted to woman suffrage. The surest way to make them insist on smoking would be to forbid it. One hears much gossip of the smoking of cigarettes by women in "society," but this is probably in large part mere bravado, and not to be taken seriously.

Too much fuss is being made about this being a "bad wine year." Champagne is, we are assured, to be a greater luxury than ever this winter on account of the ravages of mildew among the grape vines of the Rheims district of France, and prices are already being raised in the wineshops and restaurants of Paris. Then there is "lamentable news from Burgundy," for never a barrel of wine will come from the Yonne, and there "will be no such thing as 1910 Chablis." The remedy is easy: let the bottles, duly labeled, be sent to California for filling. The odds are twenty to one against any difference being discovered by diners and winners. And the reason is that there is mighty little difference to discover. It took a long and arduous campaign to convince the conservative Britisher that Australian wines could compete with the Rheims

brand, and the same experience is being repeated in America. If we were not such slaves to habit and fashion the market for domestic wines would long ago have made it a matter of indifference whether the summer were wet or dry in Rheims or Burgundy. Besides, there's the apple crop to fall back upon. Hence the story of the gentleman who applied to a Devon apple orchard farmer for a hogshead of his sparkling cider. The farmer replied that he could not oblige him as in previous years, as a certain London firm had purchased his entire output of the beverage. On writing to the firm in question the disappointed customer received a note to this effect: "We are not cider merchants. You have made some mistake. We are a firm of champagne-importing merchants from the celebrated vineyards of MM. So and So, of So and So."

For the comfort of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught when they make their tour through South Africa next November as representatives of the British crown a special train has been constructed. It will consist of ten coaches, each sixty feet in length, all accessible to each other by corridors. That for the duchess will be decorated in blue, and the day portion is to be furnished with a large settee, two large divan chairs upholstered in light blue and cream silk brocade, and several smaller chairs covered with uncut silk velvet of a color to match. The coach is solidly built, with a double roof in order to keep the saloon cool during daytime, and every attention has been given to harmonizing the internal fixtures. The wall paneling is of South African walnut and Rhodesian teak, and the writing table and other small tables are made of the same wood. The bedchamber at the front of the coach is elaborately fitted with wardrobes and dressing tables, and is treated generally in white, with the exception of the carpet and hangings, which are of blue. A bathroom adjoins the bedchamber, while off the bathroom is the maids' apartment. The coach for the duke is built on much the same design as that for the duchess, save that the general color scheme is in green silk and morocco. Each coach has been fitted front and rear with an observation balcony.

Eden on earth is to be found, it seems, not far from Madrid, a paradise where death and disease are unknown and where every one is good-humored and loves his neighbor as himself. It is the village of Cobena, where figuratively the sword has been beaten into the ploughshare. The local chemist gave up the sale of drugs in despair two years ago, and now presides over candies and ice-creams. Half the cemetery has been turned into a pleasure garden—there has not been a single death for eight years—and the undertaker has fled from a spot where death refuses to provide him a living. There is only one discordant note in this home of harmony, and it is struck by the doctor. He has lived for years in the village on his capital, hoping against hope. Now his money is exhausted, and he has decided to emigrate. The inhabitants want to raise a subscription for him, but he refuses to accept charity from persons who have declined so persistently to contribute to his well-being by their own ill-health.

A tale of a mustard-pot is amusing Paris. Not long ago a French mustard-maker was waited upon by a German drummer, who produced a sample of a mustard-pot. It took the shape of a pig with a furious snout, a tail like a corkscrew, and a poetic eye, in short, "a true German pig," as a cynic observed. But the design did not please the French maker of mustard. "Your pig," he said, "has no common sense. If, instead of giving it a cover at once insignificant and inartistic, you had given it a helmet, it would have had some success." Scenting an order, the breath of his nostrils, the German drummer asked how many pots would be ordered if the pig were provided with a helmet, and when "fifteen thousand" was named, he booked the commission on the spot. And in due time the German pigs arrived in helmets, and were voted a distinct success in the cafés and restaurants of Paris. But German visitors to the gay city were not so fascinated by the design, and representations were promptly made to the foreign office against what was taken as a serious insult to the German army. It was a sad revelation to the protestors when they learned that the offending mustard-pots had been "made in Germany."

Lawyers do not usually impart information for nothing, but an exception has to be recorded in favor of J. Arthur Barratt, who at the international conference of members of his profession gave an illuminating survey of the causes for divorce prevailing in different lands. In most continental countries mutual consent, under certain restrictions, is a cause for divorce. Habitual drunkenness, or being an habitual criminal, is a cause in Norway; condemnation to penal servitude in France, Norway, Hungary, and Denmark; desertion in Denmark, Holland, and Germany. Insanity is, too, a cause in Germany and Norway; grievous bodily injuries or serious violation of

matrimonial duty in Belgium, Germany, and Norway. In Poland it is a common cause for divorce of a Jew that he is engaged in an occupation which gives him such a disagreeable odor as to create in his wife invincible aversion. No State in the United States of America, liberal as that country is in the matter of divorce, is half so considerate of feminine sensibilities as Poland seems to be. The two most interesting specimens in the museum of legal curiosities in cause for divorce are "loquacity of the wife" in Formosa, and the "discovery of a previous wooing" on the part of the husband in Algeria where there had not yet been either acceptance or refusal by the other lady.

Several optimistic members of the conference pleaded eloquently in favor of a uniform system of marriage and divorce throughout the civilized world, but the calmer spirits reminded those visionaries that marriage and divorce belong largely to the sphere of ethics and morals as well as to law. It would be a puzzle to apply such a uniform system to the British empire, which includes peoples devoted to monogamy, polygamy, and polyandry!

In the course of a newspaper's investigation of the woes of London shopmen, says the New York Evening Post, it was found that one concern issued printed instructions to its employees, among them being the following:

"Our employees are reminded that whilst serving customers they are expected to wear a commercial smile."

The thing not being defined, one can fancy the variety of facial contortions in which the luckless employees might be seen to indulge. But the merit of the idea is obvious. We are safe in saying that the "commercial smile" is intended to be a happy blend of supreme confidence in the quality of the goods offered with a benevolent desire not to allow the customer to miss the greatest opportunity of his life. It implies mingled pleasure and an aim to please others. But we do not see why an enticing "commercial smile" should be confined to haberdashers and outfitters. We should say that a really effective commercial smile would be worth millions in Wall Street just now.

If Sophia M. Mayor is addicted to wearing the kind of headgear in favor with her sex at the present time she was probably grateful to Justice John W. Goff of New York for asking her to remove her hat before beginning an argument before him in court. At any rate, Mrs. Mayor, with the instinct of a true lawyer, bowed at once to the ruling of the bench and laid her hat aside. This may establish a precedent for women lawyers elsewhere, and those who have given their opinions on the matter express complete agreement with Justice Goff. "I believe firmly," one woman lawyer has stated, "in preserving the dignity of the court by every possible means; the wearing of gowns by judges, the

ceremonies attendant upon the office, and all the things which tend to set it apart and give it distinction. I don't believe any of the women attorneys would object to any request with that as its object." Probably not, for women who have attained to the dignity of the law are less likely to be as much slaves to fashion as others of their sex, and in any case they must realize that a hat, especially a fashionable hat, is not a useful adjunct to successful and impressive pleading. It may distract the attention of judge and jury by its rare beauty, while the constant sweep of a plume or the incessant bobbing up and down of a flower spray is calculated to spoil the effect of the most cogent argument or pathetic appeal.

Roman Guide (impressively)—The ruins of the Coliseum! *Seattle Man (astonished)*—Well, what do you think of that! Why, I saw photographs of that heap twenty years ago. *Roman Guide (loftily)*—Quite likely, sir. *Seattle Man*—But why in thunder aren't those ruins cleared away and a modern coliseum erected?—*New Orleans Picayune*.

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STORYETTES.

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Little Eleanor, who was very fond of chickens, stood crying over a dead rooster. Thinking that something good ought to be said, she remarked between her sobs: "He was always so glad when one of the hens laid an egg."

When Wellington appeared in France at the Court of the Restoration the marshals of the empire turned their backs on him. The king apologized to him for their rudeness. "N'im-porte, sire, c'est leur habitude," was Wellington's reply.

During the recent conclave of Knights Templar in Chicago the hospitable and willingly helpful residents of the Illinois city wore a button inscribed: "Ask Me, I Live Here." Unfortunately, it is reported, the question most commonly provoked by this signal of kindness was: "Why?"

The defendant acknowledged that he hadn't spoken to his wife in five years, and Judge Brewer took a hand from the bench in examining the witness. "What explanation have you," he said severely to the defendant, "for not speaking to your wife in five years?" "Your honor," replied the husband, "I didn't like to interrupt the lady."

Robert Lincoln O'Brien, editor of the Boston Transcript, is a great admirer of the thrift of the Vermonters, but thinks sometimes they carry it too far. O'Brien was up in Vermont last summer and went to dinner with a friend who has some political aspirations. As they came in the door he heard the lady of the house say to the hired girl: "I see Mr. Jones has somebody with him to dinner. Take these two big potatoes down to the cellar and bring up three small ones."

Isaac J. Miller wanted to be a member of the board of trustees of the Cincinnati Southern Railway. He spoke to Boss Cox about it, who told him he couldn't get the place because he was too hull-headed and stuhhorn. "I don't see why they call me that," said Miller. "I aint stuhhorn. You see, it's this way: There are only two sides to every question—the wrong side and the right side. I go home and study the matter and make up my mind for the right side, and there I stick. That isn't stuhhornness, is it?"

As a precaution against members of Congress using the government mails for private purposes at the expense of the Federal treasury, the envelopes in which free garden seeds are sent to constituents bear in one corner this inscription: "Penalty for private use, three hundred dollars." The other day Representative William A. Rodenherg of Illinois received the following letter from a farmer to whom he had sent a package of seed: "Dear Congressman Rodenherg: I return under separate cover the seed you sent me, as I would use them for private purposes, and this would make me liable to the three hundred dollars fine."

During a portion of the South African war, Lord Kitchener had as an orderly a young scion of a noble house who had joined the Imperial Yeomanry as a trooper. He could not quite understand that he was not on terms of perfect equality with the members of the staff, and having been summoned one morning to carry some dispatches for the commander-in-chief, he entered the room with a jaunty air. "Did you want me, Kitchener?" he asked calmly, while the rest of the staff gasped for fear of what would happen next. Kitchener, however, merely looked at him with a quiet smile. "Oh, don't call me Kitchener," he remarked gently, "it's so heastly formal. Call me Herbert!"

Away hack, when herds of buffalo grazed along the foothills of the Western mountains, two hardy prospectors fell in with a hull hison that seemed to have been separated from his kind and run amuck. One of the prospectors took to the branches of a tree and the other dived into a cave. The buffalo hellowed at the entrance to the cavern and then turned toward the tree. Out came the man from the cave, and the buffalo took after him again. The man made another dive for the hole. After this had been repeated several times, the man in the tree called to his comrade, who was trembling at the mouth of the cavern: "Stay in the cave, you idiot!" "You don't know nothing about this hole," bawled the other. "There's a hear in it!"

A large, dark-visaged man anxiously inquired in a loud voice, "Is there a preacher on this train?" as he passed from one sleeper to another. At last, after he had repeated his query for the sixth time, a grave-looking gentleman laid aside a hook and rose up from a seat near one end of the car. "I have the privilege of being a minister of the gospel, sir," he said. "Can I be of any service to

you?" "Yes," said the large passenger. "A fellow hack in the dining-car has het me \$5 that it wasn't Lot's wife who got Joseph into trouble, and I thought you might have a Bible with you, so I could prove he was wrong and get the money."

A well-known French actor became involved in a discussion with an American, grew heated, drew his card from his pocket, threw it on the table with a tragic air, and stalked out. The American regarded the card for some moments, then took out his fountain pen, wrote "Admit bearer" above the engraved line, and went off to the theatre.

A young man returned to the country village where he was born, after having successfully worked his way up by direct primary hallot to a nomination for a State office. "I suppose the people here, Thomas, have heard of the honor that has been conferred on me?" he inquired of one of his old friends. "Yes, they have," was the gratifying reply. "And what," said the man of fame, eagerly; "what do they say about it, Thomas?" "They don't say anything," replied Thomas; "they just laugh."

When General Butler was commanding at New Orleans, to prevent an outbreak, he had issued a general order requiring all citizens in possession of arms to deliver them up at headquarters. A citizen was found possessing arms in contravention of the order, and with his arms was brought before the general. He pleaded that the arms were only family relics (as Goldwin Smith told the story). "That, general, was my father's sword." "When did your father die, sir?" "In 1858." "Then he must have worn the sword in hell, sir, for it was made in 1859."

Newport is not over-critical; in fact, it accepts a great many things that would not be accepted in many other places, and says a good deal about them at the same time. But it is curious to a degree (remarks a writer in one of the magazines). "I wish you'd tell Mr. So-and-So," remarked an unsundering leader, gazing out from under the edge of her parasol at a young man at Bailey's whose swimming apparel was somewhat decolleté as to arms and shoulders, "I wish you'd tell Mr. So-and-So that I think his hathing suit is deplorable. . . . Go ahead! tell him I said so. It's really quite—er—disreputable." The young man who was with her obeyed and delivered the message. "You may tell Mrs. So-and-So, with my compliments," returned the bather, "that I think her divorce suit is ditto."

He had been on a hunting expedition for several days in the hackwoods, roughing it rather severely, and on taking a seat in a railway carriage returning homewards he looked as hegrated and weather-heaten a trapper as ever brought his skins into a settlement. He happened to find a seat next to a young lady—evidently belonging to Boston—who, after taking stock of him for a few minutes, remarked: "Don't you find an utterly passionful sympathy with nature's most incarnate aspirations among the sky-topping mountains and the dim aisles of the horizon-touching forests, my good man?" "Oh, yes," replied the apparent hackwoodsman; "and I also am frequently drawn into an exaltation of rapt soulfulness and heatific incandescent infinity of abstract contiguity when my horse stumhles." "Indeed!" said the young lady, much surprised, "I had no idea the lower classes felt like that."

William M. Chase, the artist, was a picturesque figure, dressing in clothes that had a certain originality, though they conformed more or less to the prevailing fashions. On one occasion, Chase, on his way home, stepped into a little wine-shop and ordered a jug of claret of a special brand sent to his house. The lad who brought it came to the front door, an hour afterward, when the artist had already arrived. "Some wine," he said curtly. The maid, knowing there was yet plenty in the cellar and helieving the lad had made a mistake, said she was sure it was not for that house and did the hoy remember the name of the man who ordered it. The boy didn't. "Then," said the servant, "you've come to the wrong place; we never ordered wine!" At this moment the hoy spied Chase's famous hat on the hall table. "Say," he asked, "does that hat live here?" "Yes," said the amused maid. "Then," said the hoy triumphantly, "here's where the wine belongs!"

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THE MERRY MUSE.

Love (in a Parenthesis).

In our little boat
We drift and float
Under the sheltering trees,
And I feel the flush
Of her cheek's warm blush,
As it's kissed (by the passing breeze).

In our little canoe
That was built for two,
Just two and not any more,
We loaf and love
(The stars above)
As we hug and hug (the shore).

—John K. LeBaron, in Smart Set.

Ex. Doc.

My son, I've traveled round the world
And many maids I've met;
There are two kinds you should avoid—
The blonde and the brunette.—Life.

Town Topics.

When his sister discovered young Thos.
Arrayed in his parent's pajos.
And cried in dismay:
"Oh! what will father say?"
He replied: "Not a word. These are mos."

—Puck.

The Returns in 1920.

"Where are the women going to?"
Said Files-on-Parade;
"They're going to vote, they're going to vote,"
The big policeman said.
"What makes them look so fine, so fine?"
Said Files-on-Parade;
"They always dress up for the polls,"
The big policeman said.
"For the women are out voting, you observe their brave array!"
Mrs. Mackay is in violet voile and Mrs. Catt in gray;
Mrs. Belmont wears taupe chiffon, Miss Milholand pink piqué—
For they're out to cast their hallots in the morning!"

—Carolyn Wells, in Life.

L'Envoi of the Girl on the Magazine Page.

When earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When Christy and Harrison Fisher have put all their hushes aside,
When Wenzel is drawing no giants arrayed in the garb of today,
They'll print all the magazine covers in drah and in soberest gray.
Then no man will hand out a quarter or fifteen cents, nay, nor a dime,
Because on the cover is printed an impossible face—but sublime,
And the matron, the maid, and the baldhead, and the man with the tilted cigar
May read all the jokes and each poem and be thankful for things as they are.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Reverie of a Bachelor.

I think if a maid with sparkling eyes,
And hair as gold as the sunlit skies,
And hrow as fair as the drifts of snow
That make the arctic regions glow,
And lips as red as the cherry ripe,
And cheeks of the pinky, dimpled type,
And voice as soft as a rippling brook
That woos the fern in the sylvan nook,
And laugh with a ring that's sterling true,
And temper fair as the summer's blue,
And heart as warm as a heart can be
And big as the broad and bounding sea;
With a cottage down by the sandy shore,
And a hungalow where the mountains soar,
And a house in town, and a fine steam-yacht,
And a pair of steeds with a record trot,
And a hunting-lodge in the land of Scott,
And a motor-car of the touring kind,
And a claim at Goldfields yet unmined,
And a hlock of stock in the N. J. P.,
And a thousand bonds of the C. Q. D.,
And an office-building on Broadway,
And a big hotel like the Gothamgay,
And a Monday box at the opera,
And a love for travel in lands afar,
And a million dollars in anthracite—
If such a maid should heave in sight,
And say "I'm yours," I'd reply: "You're right!"

—Blakeney Gray, in Munsey's Magazine.

The junior and senior partners of a law firm once put their heads together to draft a client's bill. "We've won the will contest for him," said the junior partner, ruhning his hands. "Suppose we charge him \$200,000?" But the senior partner frowned. "Go on," he said. "He's worth more than that."

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Total Assets..... 43,108,907.82

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The record of social happenings in town this week is but an echo of the gayeties at Del Monte, where society is assembled for the annual golf tournament.

Entertaining incident upon the fact that several hundred of the members of the smart set of San Francisco are temporarily housed under one roof has been brisk at the big hotel, and while many of the affairs are of an informal nature, several of the dinners, notably those of Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mrs. George Pope, were planned along elaborate lines.

The presence of a goodly number of the sub-débutante set who are spending their school vacations at Del Monte, has also furnished a motif for entertaining which has been taken advantage of by the mothers and friends of these young beaux and belles, who have arranged a number of pretty affairs in their honor.

Informal luncheons and teas have served to entertain the few society people who have remained in town, and these affairs have taken place mainly at the downtown hotels, where a semblance of gaiety is maintained even when the number of guests is small and all decorative effects dispensed with.

The engagement of Miss Annette Hall to Mr. Robert MacBride of Berkeley was announced at an informal tea given by the Misses Hall on Wednesday afternoon, August 24, at their home, Pine Crest, East Oakland. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. George William Hall and the granddaughter of Mrs. James Mee of San Rafael.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Frances Burns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Burns, and Mr. Arthur Green, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green of San Mateo.

The wedding of Miss Belle Riggins and Lieutenant Charles Elliott, U. S. A., will take place in December.

The date for the wedding of Miss Lalla Wenzelburger and Lieutenant William Henry Shea has been indefinitely set for November.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Ethlyn Sullivan and Mr. Alva Bartlett Doe will take place August 31.

The marriage of Miss Frances Julia Webster Goodrich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Goodrich of El Quito, Santa Clara County, to Mr. Maurice Léon of New York, will take place at her home September 1. Miss Goodrich is granddaughter of the late Judge Oscar L. Shafter of the Supreme Court of California. Mr. Léon is a lawyer of New York and stepson of Professor Gotthel of Columbia University.

Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained at an orchid dinner at Del Monte on Saturday in celebration of the birthday of Mr. Irwin. The decorations were of unusual beauty and forty guests participated in the pleasure of the elaborate function. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sprague, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Lillian Goss, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Isabel Sprague, Miss Lee Girvin, Mr. W. W. Crocker, Mr. Douglas Grant, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Duane Hopkins, Mr. W. B. Chrysler, Mr. Clarence Payne, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, and Mr. W. P. Scott.

Miss Agnes Tillman was hostess at a jolly house party over the week end at her country home at Aptos.

Miss Elizabeth Woods was the guest of honor at a tea given by Miss Alice Warner at Pebble

Beach Lodge last week. The guests included a number of army officers from the Presidio of Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood entertained at luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday.

The Army and Navy Club entertained at an informal dance Tuesday evening which was largely attended by the members of the service set. Among those present were Colonel and Mrs. Brooks, Major McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bassett, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburne, Major Rondiez, Captain Wolfe, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hoag of San Mateo, Captain and Mrs. Davies, and Mrs. Henry Morton of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, who is spending the summer at Lake Tahoe, entertained at an elaborate dinner Saturday night at Tahoe Tavern. Her guests included Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. N. T. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Magee, Miss Florence Selby, Mr. John Hartigan, Mr. Herbert Johnson, and Mr. Joseph Roshorburgh.

Admiral John Milton, U. S. N., entertained at a luncheon Friday at the Yerba Buena Naval Station in honor of Admiral de Castries and the officers of the French cruiser *Montcalm*. Sixteen guests were entertained at the admiral's home.

The hop at the Presidio Tuesday evening tended to generate a spirit of gaiety at the post and was given by the officers and ladies of the garrison as a farewell to the officers of the Thirtieth Infantry, which left yesterday (Friday) for Atascadero.

Among those present were Captain and Mrs. Conrad Babcock, Captain and Mrs. John Burke Murphy, Major and Mrs. Brooks, Captain and Mrs. Wheeler, Miss Seelye, Captain and Mrs. Davies, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburne, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Splivalo, Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Anna Weller, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, and Mr. Fritz von Schrader.

Captain and Mrs. Tompkinson entertained Miss Sally Maynard, Mrs. William Gwin, and several other friends at an informal luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday.

Mrs. Richard Payne was hostess at a tea on Thursday afternoon which she gave in honor of Miss Helen Carlisle of London. The guests were entertained with a number of vocal selections given by Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mrs. Harry Mendell, and Mrs. Bayne. Among the guests were Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Latham McMullen, Mrs. George Mendell, Jr., Miss Sally Maynard, Mrs. Tompkinson, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Mrs. Gwin, and Mrs. Augustus Strickland.

Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler entertained at an informal tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday in honor of Miss Helen Hyde, who will leave in a few days for New York and Europe. Mrs. Wheeler was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughters, Lillias and Olive.

Mrs. James Edwards was hostess at a bridge party at her home at Belvedere on Monday. Among those enjoying her hospitality on this occasion were Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mrs. Harry N. Gray, Mrs. William H. Whitney, Mrs. Marcel Cerf, Mrs. Frederick Peterson, Mrs. P. Farnsworth, Mrs. Leland S. Lathrop, Mrs. Max Sloss, Mrs. Ebenezer Scott, Mrs. Edward Beveridge, Mrs. Joseph Masten, and Miss Bannan.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope entertained at a Spanish dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge on Monday complimentary to Miss Helene Irwin and her fiancé, Mr. Templeton Crocker. Following the dinner dancing was enjoyed until a late hour. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. Charles Clark, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Isabel Sprague, Miss Lillian Goss, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Douglas Grant, Mr. Joseph Redding, Mr. Albert Lilley, Mr. Clarence Payne, Mr. Bert Payne, and Mr. Teddy Eyre.

Mrs. M. A. Stone was hostess at a dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge on Monday night at which she entertained Miss Marian Stone, Miss Martha Foster, Mr. Albert Clark, and Lieutenant Ernest Gunther, U. S. N.

Mrs. W. S. Porter, who is spending the month at Del Monte, was hostess at a dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge on Monday evening. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Mr. William O'Connor, Mr. H. D. Miller, Mr. J. D. Thompson, Mr. A. H. Rutherford.

Miss Ethel McAllister was hostess at a luncheon which she gave at her home on Saturday in honor of Miss Cora Otis and Miss Frederika Otis before their departure for Del Monte with their grandmother.

Colonel and Mrs. John A. Darling entertained at a dinner at the Hotel Stewart on Monday evening at which the guests were Judge J. V. Coffey and Mrs. Coffey, Judge Charles Slack and Mrs. Slack, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dozier, Judge Houghton and Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Henry Gale and Mrs. John F. Swift.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin entertained at an informal luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis Monday, among their guests being Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Laurence Harris, and Mrs. Roy Pike.

Mrs. Lewis Hobart has sent out cards for a tea which she will give at her home at San Mateo complimentary to Miss Helen Carlisle, the English artist.

Mrs. James V. Coleman was hostess at a tea at the Hotel St. Francis Saturday afternoon at which she entertained half a dozen friends.

Miss Violet Buckley entertained a dozen friends at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday.

Advance notices of the new spectacles to be shown when the New York Hippodrome opens for the present season declare that twelve hundred people will appear on the stage at one time during the evening's entertainment.

The Shuberts have organized a company to play "The Blue Bird" on the Pacific Coast, headed by Grace Merritt. It opened in Poughkeepsie last week.

CURRENT VERSE.

I'll Niver Go Home Again.

I'll niver go home again,
Home to the ould sad hills,
Home through the ould soft rain,
Where the curlew calls and thrills!

For I thought to find the ould wee house,
Wid the moss along the wall!
And I thought to hear the crackle-grouse,
And the hrae-hirds call!

And I sez, I'll find the glad wee burn,
And the bracken in the glen,
And the fairy-thorn beyont the turn,
And the same ould men!

But the ways I've loved and walked, avick,
Were no more home to me,
Wid their streeths and turns av starin' brick,
And no ould face to see!

And the ould glad ways I'd felt in mind,
Loike the home av Moira Bawn,
And the ould green turns I'd dreamt to find,
They all were lost and gone!

And the hairns that romped by Tullagh Burn
Whin they saw me stoppeth their play—
Through a mist av tears I tried to run
And ghost-like creep away!

And I'll niver go home again!

Home to the ould lost years,
Home where the soft warm rain
Drifts loike the drip av tears!

—Arthur Stringer, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

In Absence.

I know that others wait like me,
But, oh, their eyes! They strike me blind.
'Tis when they're kindest that I see,
Now she's away, how hers were kind.

The word each heart with good intent
Speaks from the sorrow that it knows
Reminds me that the sweetest scent
Comes with the wind that strews the rose.

And every clasp they reach to still
The ache, and show they understand,
But proves the whole world can not fill
This hand that's empty of her hand.

—Charles T. Rogers, in *Century Magazine*.

Love Is so Strong.

Love is so strong;
It joins our souls forevermore, sweetheart,
No matter though the winds of ill blow long,
No matter how the storms of life upstart,
Love is so strong.

Yet love is weak;
It can not stand alone amid the strife.
It can not teach our faltering lips to speak.
It can not even save one little life!
Love is so weak!

But love is strong;
Those whom our eyes have lost, love still sees clear,
And thoughts too deep for speech ring through
love's song,
And love alone can face death's presence, dear,
And still be strong.

—Constance Johnson, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

Sorrow and Love.

Sorrow and I have parted fellowship,
Sorrow and I have parted company;
Now shall Life's golden hours as smoothly slip
As headed pray'rs upon a rosary.

For Love stood waiting on the highway long,
And led me from the noise of hurrying feet
Into a garden full of spice and song
And wonder flowers rich with nectar sweet.

I laughed aloud as laughs a child at play,
Dancing and singing through the golden land.
When lo! There stood before me in the way
Sorrow and Love, linked lightly hand in hand.

—Helen Lanyon, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

By Kahului Bay.

Ever the waves roll shoreward, ever the plovers
cry

Each to each on the sand-hills, or over the lone
dunes fly;

Ever the wind brings largess, filched from the salt
sea-spray,

And all life's cares eanish, by Kahului Bay.

The painted mountains heckon, where light and
shadow hide,
The white reef breathes a summons, horn of the
flushing tide;

But neither hill nor ocean have charms the heart
that reach,

Like those of the wind-swept sand-dunes by
Kahului beach.

No crowds disturb the stillness, no dwellings mar
the scene—

Naught but a fisher's cottage with its garden-patch
of green;

Afar two townships travail and hearts beat grave
and gay,

But care nor sorrow troubleth, by Kahului Bay.

—H. M. Ayres, in *Honolulu Commercial Advertiser*.

Miss Viola Allen has returned from her scrutiny of the Passion Play with opinions different from those of her manager, George C. Tyler, who regarded the affair as something in the nature of "bunk." "The people of Oberammergau have accomplished the marvelous," she says. "The greatest and most sacred of the world's tragedies is given with atmosphere, dignity, and reverence. It was so well done that my attention was held every moment of the eight hours. These mountaineers do not attempt more than they can do well, and every one down to the tiny children is excellent and earnest."

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Aug. 19th to Sept. 10th, 1910

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Aug. 19th to Sept. 26th

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most palatable luncheons—un-
surpassed pastries and ices—
health-giving chocolates and
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FORGET"

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Frederick Van Sickle, accompanied by her daughter, Dorothy, and Miss Marian Marvin left Monday for the East, where they will spend several months motoring on the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister and their family are at Applegate, where they will spend the next two weeks.

Mrs. B. F. Norris has gone to Lake Tahoe, and on her return will spend the winter at the Granada.

General Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., left Saturday for his new station at West Point.

Mr. Harry Simpkins and Mr. Alfred Wilcox will leave the last of the month for a trip to Europe.

Mr. Thornwell Mullally has returned from Shasta, where he spent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent have returned from Santa Barbara, where they spent two weeks with Mrs. Lent's sister, Miss Jennie Hooker.

Mrs. Gilbert Brooks Perkins will continue her visit with her mother, Mrs. Mary Huntington, until October, when she will join Mr. Perkins in New York.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and her daughter, Miss Metha McMahon, will leave next month for Europe and will enjoy a motor trip on the continent.

Mrs. Clarence Leninger is visiting her uncle, Colonel Granger Adams, at Fort Riley, and from there will go to New York for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Hamilton (formerly Miss Ethel Lincoln) have reached New York, after a six months' wedding tour in Europe.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and her daughter, Miss Innes Keeney, will probably spend the winter in Paris.

Mrs. Adam Grant is the guest of Mrs. Joseph D. Grant in England and will probably spend the winter in Munich.

Miss Eleanor Connell has returned to San Francisco, after having spent several months abroad.

Rev. Edward Morgan returned from Europe Monday, after spending the summer in travel abroad.

Mrs. Camillo Martin and her sister, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, are still abroad, but expect to return home next month.

Mr. and Mrs. William Drum, who returned recently from their honeymoon trip in Europe, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock at their home at San Mateo.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder are spending some time in the city prior to their departure for their country home in San Luis Obispo.

Mrs. James Shea, Mrs. Anna Farrell, and Miss Kathleen Farrell will spend the next two weeks at Del Monte.

Miss Amalia Simpson is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Devender Stott at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., will spend the week end at Del Monte.

Mrs. Marion P. Maus, wife of General Maus, J. S. A., and her mother, Mrs. Poor of Washington, D. C., who have been visiting in San Francisco, have gone to Del Monte.

Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Ethel Crocker, and Mr. William Crocker, Jr., returned from Tahoe, and after remaining a few days in town left for Del Monte, where they will remain for the golf tournament.

Captain Carol Buck, U. S. A., and Mrs. Buck are motoring in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton of Burlingame will spend the month of September at Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. Arthur Brown, who has been a guest at the Baker home near Castle Crags, returned here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham and Miss Elsie Clifford have returned to the city, after having spent the summer at the Peninsula Hotel.

Miss Ethel Shorb will visit for some time in New York before returning to her home in this city.

Mr. Gerald Halsey, Mr. Charles Adams, and Mr. Frederick Wood spent the week end at the Wood country home near Los Gatos.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. Peter Martin are at Del Monte.

Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood has returned from Seattle, where she has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Greer.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bogue have returned to New York, after a visit at Newport and Narransett Pier.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman have returned from their ranch in Tuolumne County and have opened their house in town.

Mrs. Sydney Cushing of San Rafael is among the visitors at Del Monte, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Benjamin Brodie at Santa Barbara.

Mr. Howard Huntington has been making a brief visit in San Francisco from his home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton Sawyer are enjoying the month at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Julia Thorne are at Del Monte, where they are taking part in the golf tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Duff Frazer of Chicago, who have been visiting in San Francisco, have gone to Del Monte for the golf tournament.

Mr. Mark L. Regua is in New York, where he went on a brief trip.

Captain and Mrs. J. S. Oyster, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. William Tubbs, Miss Tubbs, and Mr. Chapin Tubbs are at Del Monte.

Mrs. Frederick Palmer, wife of Captain Palmer, J. S. A., has arrived from Fort St. Michael, Alaska, and is visiting her mother at the Southmayde.

Lieutenant John A. Neal, U. S. N., and Mrs. Neal (formerly Miss Mattie Milton) are spending the summer at Newport, where Lieutenant Neal's ship is stationed.

Major John A. Darling and Mrs. Darling have come up from Monterey and will spend the winter in San Francisco instead of going East, as they first contemplated.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills (formerly Miss Claire Nichols) left on Saturday for Savannah, where they will make their home. Bishop William Ford Nichols, Mrs. Nichols, and Miss Peggy

Nichols returned a few days prior to their departure from a visit to Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike (formerly Miss Edith Simpson) will leave the middle of September for New York, where they will remain two months.

Miss Florence Ives, Miss Marion Crocker, and Miss Isabel Beaver left Saturday for Del Monte.

Miss Margery Eddy of New York, who has been the guest of Mrs. Henry J. Crocker at Cloverdale, left Friday for her home in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud are again occupying their home at Monterey.

Mr. Frank King and Miss King, with a party of Eastern friends, are camping in the mountains near Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Alexander H. Rutherford of New York, accompanied by Mr. H. I. Miller and Mr. J. D. Thompson, reached San Francisco Sunday in Mr. Miller's private car. Mr. Rutherford is the guest of his uncle, Mr. L. E. Hanchett.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hewlett have returned to their home at Pasadena, after a month's visit with relatives in San Francisco.

Mrs. Kirkwood Donovan, who has been visiting at the Draper home at San Rafael, returned Monday to her home in San Diego.

Mr. Patrick Calhoun, Jr., and Mr. George Calhoun motored to Del Monte on Monday. They were accompanied by Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Ysabel Chase, and Miss Myra Josselyn. The party were chaperoned by Miss Sallie Maynard.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wooster have returned from a visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett has joined Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Lillian Goss at Del Monte.

Mrs. Taliaferro Milton (formerly Miss Lucile Wilkins) is again at her mother's home at San Rafael, after a visit with Mrs. Edgar Wilson at Belvedere. She will remain another month.

Mr. Paul Verrier has returned from Paris and will spend the winter at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell are among the visitors who are still lingering at Del Monte.

Mrs. Arthur Brander has returned to Coronado, after a visit at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester L. Hovey, accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Julian Fairweather, left for Europe on Sunday and will spend the winter abroad.

Miss Lily Lawlor, who spent some time in San Francisco two months ago, is at present in London, but will return shortly to New York.

Miss Jennie Crocker has as her guest for the three weeks tournament at Del Monte, Mrs. Laurence E. Scott.

Mrs. T. E. Payne, Mr. Herbert Payne, and Mr. Clare Payne, of Menlo Park, have taken apartments at Del Monte, having as their guests Miss Newhall of San Francisco.

Golfers who arrived last Saturday evening at Del Monte for the qualifying rounds of Monday included the following: Mrs. A. M. Shields, Mrs. Postlethwaite, Miss Postlethwaite, Mrs. George Field, Mrs. G. R. Clark, Mrs. Fred W. McNear, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Mrs. Robert Devlin, Miss E. Havemeyer, Mrs. Leonard Andrews, Miss L. Morris, Miss M. Morris, Mrs. Harry Kearne, and Mrs. C. Simmonds.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Levi, Mrs. F. B. Ferris, Miss Pattie Ferris, Mrs. F. P. Fischer, Miss Helen Fischer, Mr. H. H. Ware, Mr. W. W. Bowman, Mr. S. B. Tohy, Mr. Frank Hubert, Mr. Bruce Fair, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Abrams, Mrs. R. Gosliner, Mr. T. W. Addison, Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Butler, Miss Agnes Boeh, Mr. R. D. Pike.

Among recent arrivals at Aetna Springs were Lieutenant-Commander Thomas D. Parker, Mrs. Thomas D. Parker, Miss Ethel Melone, Dr. S. P. S. Edwards, Mr. R. B. Woodward, Miss Virginia Lane, Mrs. J. A. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Pierson, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Michaels, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Miss Alicia M. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. V. de Bretteville, Dr. and Mrs. Lovegrove, Mrs. Norman Rideout, Dr. Alfred B. Grosse, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gundlach, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Healey, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Ott, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Veale, Miss E. Reimers, Miss G. Marsily, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Schutz, Mrs. J. A. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Francis, Miss Virginia Dollarhide, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Prouty.

New Theatre to Open with "The Blue Bird."

The New Theatre in New York will be opened on September 26 with Maurice Maeterlinck's fairy play, "The Blue Bird." Many of the leading members of last season's company have been reengaged, while others who were prominent in the productions of the opening year are no longer on the roster. The company will be somewhat larger than it was, being composed of about forty persons, not including the "extra people."

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison has been reengaged, as has Miss Rose Coghlan, Henry Kolker, and Albert Bruning. Louis Calvert and A. E. Anson, English actors, also will return, as will Ferdinand Gottschalk, Jessie Busley, E. M. Holland, Leah Bateman-Hunter, Mrs. Sol Smith, Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenhaugh, Ben Johnson, William McVay, Jacob Wendell, Jr., Olive Wyndham, Wilfrid North, Pedro de Cordoba, Thais Lawton, Lee Baker, Elsie Herndon Kearns, and Master John Tansey.

E. H. Sotberr and Julia Marlowe, who opened the New Theatre with "Antony and Cleopatra," will not be in the company, neither will Annie Russell nor her husband, Oswald Yorke. Others who have returned are Rowland Buckstone, Henry Hanford, and Albert Bruning.

George Foster Platt will continue as producer of the modern dramas, with the assistance of Messrs. Stanhope and North. The director, Winthrop Ames, Mr. Platt, and Mr. North have been at work all summer on "The Blue Bird."

Musical Club Programmes.

The San Francisco Musical Club, in accordance with its character and traditions as an organization for study, aims to give its members the widest possible range of work, and to maintain at the same time a high standard of performance. Its programmes are designed therefore, not only to afford its audiences pleasure in and acquaintance with the various forms of musical art, but to broaden each worker's experience by opportunity for ensemble as well as solo performance.

Among the important features planned for the coming season are a group of the great concertos; one by Bach for two pianos, the Beethoven Fifth Concerto, that by Chopin in E minor, and one by Rühinstein. The Spohr Concerto for two violins will also be given—a rarely heard and very beautiful work; also the Saint-Saëns concerto for violin.

There will be three programmes devoted to chamber music, two to string quartets, and one to string trios. The Minetti Quartet has been engaged for one of these mornings, when the Dvorak A major quintet will be given, with the piano part taken by one of the club members. The string trios will be played by Messrs. Wismer, Firestone, and Lada, who will render a Beethoven trio and the Le Clair Sonata à trois.

The choral section will be under the direction of Wallace Sahin and will take an important part in the programmes throughout the year. A number of unusual and charming examples of concerted music for voice will be heard, among them being a Handel duet for two sopranos, a Mozart "Kyrie" for five sopranos, and a trio by Spohr for two sopranos and contralto.

Among the special programmes already arranged will be a morning devoted to the period of the clavichord, when it is hoped to have one of these instruments for the occasion. Compositions of Bach, Rameau, and Couperin are to be played, also a Mozart sonata for violin and clavichord; and with this quaint and charming music will be rendered a group of madrigals, with strings accompanying the voices. Among these stringed instruments will be a viola da gamba and a viola d'amore, both played by members of the club.

A programme just before Christmas will include the interesting "Hexenlied," the dramatic poem by Wildenhruch, an English translation by one of the members of the club, with musical setting by Max Schilling; and a group of old Christmas carols, rendered by a quartet of mixed voices.

Reviving an old custom in the club, a jinks programme will be given for members only, early in the season. Much pleasure is anticipated from this entertainment, which will consist in part of the Reinecke Kinder Symphonie, a cycle of Kinderlieder by the chorus, and a Chinese orchestra, together with some extraordinary and amusing features which will require a large proportion of the active members for rendition.

Henry W. Savage believes that he has another sensation that will equal "The Merry Widow," since he has the American rights to "The Prince's Child," the new operetta by Franz Lehár, composer of the other work. The same librettists, Victor and Leo Stein, have also collaborated with Lehár again, and according to reports from abroad, "The Prince's Child," or, as the German title reads, "Das Fürstentkind," has been immensely successful. It has enjoyed over two hundred nights at the Johann Strauss Theatre in Vienna, and other continental cities likewise have expressed enthusiastic verdicts. Then Mr. Savage will tour the country in the English production of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," founded upon Belasco's drama. Mr. Savage has the exclusive rights to the English presentations of this grand opera. His companies expect to sing the opera in every city of importance in the United States.

Just what led to the selection of either Narragansett or Newport as the abiding place of fashion in the summer time is hard to determine. Certainly it was not accessibility, for they are among the most unapproachable in the East to get to, perched out at the tip end of a little State, and well off all beaten lines of travel. Climate has surely had something to do with it, for the soft, warm air has been found of benefit to the delicate and has been a balm to those who wanted to live the idle, care-free life. Scenery, too, has played its part in this process of selection, for the tall slate cliffs of Newport stand out in beautiful contrast to the surging sea, and some quality of soil makes it possible to grow perfect lawns down almost to the tidal mark.

Wife—Mother says she refuses to pay us a visit unless we let her pay her board. Hubby—Tell her we couldn't think of such a thing.—Cleveland Leader.

Bon Voyage Boxes.

A thoughtful memento for friends starting on a journey. Appropriately decorated Bon Voyage Boxes filled with candy. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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SAN MATEO—For sale one of the most beautiful homes on the Peninsula. House of 14 rooms, grounds 4 acres in finest section of the new town of Hillsborough. Garage and stable. Will sell furniture.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Skeene is an enthusiastic walker, isn't he?" "Yes; he owned one for two years or more."—*Boston Herald.*

"Do you assimilate your food, aunty?" "No, I doesn't, sah. I huyts it open an' honest, sah."—*Baltimore American.*

"Shall we advertise a gorge as well as a lake?" "Make it a ravine. Some people think a gorge means a lot to eat."—*Pittsburg Post.*

Census Taker—How many children have you? *Citizen*—Three. *Census Taker*—Altogether? *Citizen*—No; one at a time.—*Life.*

"Were you a hull or a hear when you went into Wall Street?" "Neither. I was one of the fellows they were hoth after."—*Washington Star.*

"You seem to be well satisfied here." "I am." "Yet this hotel is awful." "Yes; hut my wife picked it out, not I."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Singleton—Is a man safe in getting married on fifteen a week? *Wedmore*—No; hut he's comparatively safe from getting married.—*Boston Transcript.*

"When are you going on your vacation?" "I don't know. I've got to wait until the neighbors get through using my suit case."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Do you helieve we shall ever have universal peace?" "Not unless women quit offering higher wages to their neighbors' cooks."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Maud—So Helen and Jack have made up their quarrel, have they? *Ethel*—Yes, hut only temporarily. They are going to be married soon.—*Boston Transcript.*

Boatman (during storm)—There aint no need for you gents to worry; you're all right. *Clergymen*—Oh, are you sure, captain? *Boatman*—Yep—hut I've led a h—l of a life.—*Life.*

"You seem to find your hook very interesting, Miss Maidstone." "Yes; it is one of the most charming stories I have ever read. And so true to life. Every man in it is a villain."—*Tit-Bits.*

"My wife has a great deal to say to me about her first husband." "Nonsense; your wife was never married before." "I know it. That's what makes her reflections so painful."—*Puck.*

Neighbor—Is any one sick over at your house, Johnny? *Johnny*—Dad's ailin' some. *Neighbor*—Is he very sick? *Johnny*—Not yet. Th' doctor only started t' come this mornin'.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Now, professor, you have heard my daughter sing, tell me what I ought to do with her." "Sir, if I told you what you ought to do with her the law would hold me as an accessory."—*Houston Post.*

"My diamond tiara has been stolen!" exclaimed the star. "How much was it worth?" asked the press agent. "That's up to you," replied the star. "It ought to be worth at least a column."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"When Harold proposed to me," said Maud, "I told him to go and ask papa." "But you don't really care for him!" said Maymie. "Of course not. But I do so love to play little jokes on papa."—*Washington Star.*

"How's vacation, Johnny?" "Bully! Fell off a shed, most got drowned, tipped over a heehive, was hooked by a cow, Jim Spindles licked me twice, an' I got two stone bruises an' a stiff neck!"—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

"The long, smooth zzz-pp of the tire gliding over the highway is true music to the trained ear of the motorist."—*Advt.* The wretched pedestrian has to content himself with the monotonous jjj-qq of his new boots on the pavement.—*Punch.*

Church Usher—I had a singular experience at the service this morning. *Friend*—What was it? *Church Usher*—A stranger I was showing into a seat whispered that he wanted to be waked at 11:30 sharp, as he had to make a train.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Well, old man, I'm sorry for you. I hear that your house was hurned to the ground and that your wife and mother-in-law were destroyed." "Yes, that's so. Come, have a drink. Did you hear that my wife's dog was killed, too?"—*Cleveland Leader.*

"When I was a young girl," titters the first old lady, "one of my heaus hugged me so hard he broke one of my ribs." "Humph!" replies the second old lady, adjusting her glasses and smoothing hack her hair in conscious pride, "when I was a young girl one of my heaus hugged me so hard he broke one of his arms."—*Life.*

The Lady—You have been recommended to me as an experienced divorce lawyer. *The Attorney*—I am at your service, madam. What grounds have you for a divorce? *The Lady*—Oh, I got a divorce six months ago. What I want is a lawyer who will get my

alimony away from the lawyer who got my divorce.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Your wife's a judge of human nature, isn't she?" "Judge! She's a prosecuting attorney!"—*Cleveland Leader.*

Redd—Is he college hred? *Greene*—Oh, no; he picked up his knowledge of rowing and haschall in his home town!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Maud—Tom had me talk into a phonograph so he can hear my voice while I am away. *Claro*—How lovely! And he can stop the machine!—*Puck.*

"Does your wife always insist on talking to you when you are shaving?" "No. Sometimes I shave when she is away from home."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The use of the automobile is said to be growing so general in Kansas that it is difficult to find enough horseshoes for the quoit games.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Little Willie—What is a lawyer, pa? *Pa*—A lawyer, my son, is a man who induces two other men to strip for a fight and then runs off with their clothes.—*Chicago News.*

She (on shipboard)—Shall I have your lunch brought up to you, dear? *He (feebly)*—No, love; have it thrown straight overboard. It will save time—and trouble.—*Tatler.*

Employer—Come here, young man. I understand you've been gambling in rubber shares. *Clerk*—Yes, sir. I made £120 last week. *Employer*—Great Scott! Do you know anything else?—*London Opinion.*

"Do you helieve that an offense carries its own retrihtution?" "I do. I once tried to cheat the government by huying a box of cigars the man said he had smuggled. Then I tried to smoke them."—*Washington Star.*

Fuddy—I understand there is some talk of removing the name of Pythagoras from the front of the Boston Public Lihrary. *Duddy*—Why so? *Fuddy*—Some one has discovered that he wrote: "Have nothing to do with beans."—*Boston Transcript.*

Bill Nye's Tribute to Oratory.

Twenty centuries ago, last Christmas, there was born in Attica, near Athens, the father of oratory, the greatest orator of whom history has told us. His name was Demosthenes. Had he lived until this spring he would have been twenty-two hundred and seventy years old; hut he did not live. Demosthenes has crossed the mysterious river. He has gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns.

Most of you, no doubt, have heard about it. On those who may not have heard it, the announcement will fall with a sickening thud.

This sketch is not intended to cast a gloom over your hearts. It was designed to cheer those who read it, and make them glad they could read.

Therefore, I would have been glad if I could have spared them the pain which this sudden breaking of the news of the death of Demosthenes will bring. But it could not be avoided. We should remember the transitory nature of life, and when we are tempted to hoast of our health, and strength, and wealth, let us remember the sudden and early death of Demosthenes.

Demosthenes was not horn an orator. He struggled hard and failed many times. He was homely, and he stammered in his speech, hut before his death they came to him for hundreds of miles to get him to open their county fairs and jerk the hird of freedom bald-headed on the Fourth of July.

When Demosthenes's father died, he left fifteen talents to be divided between Demosthenes and his sister. A talent is equal to about one thousand dollars. I often wish that I had been horn a little more talented.

Demosthenes had a short hreath, a hesitating speech, and his manners were very ungraceful. To remedy his stammering he filled his mouth full of pehhles and howled his sentiments at the angry sea. However, Plutarch says that Demosthenes made a gloomy fizzle of his first speech. This did not discourage him. He finally became the smoothest orator in that country, and it was no uncommon thing for him to fill the First Baptist Church of Athens full. There are now sixty of his orations extant, part of them written by Demosthenes and part of them written by his private secretary.

When he started in he was gentle, mild, and quiet in his manner, hut later on, carrying his audience with him, he at last became enthusiastic. He thundered, he roared, he whooped, he howled, he jarred the windows, he sawed the air, he split the horizon with his clarion notes, he tipped over the tahle, kicked the lamps out of the candeliers, and smashed the hig hass viol over the chief fiddler's head.

Oh, Demosthenes was business when he got started. It will be a long time before we see another off-hand speaker like Demosthenes, and I, for one, have never been the same man since I learned of his death.

"Such was the first of orators," says Lord Brougham. "At the head of all the mighty masters of speech, the adoration of ages has consecrated his place, and the loss of the noble instrument with which he forged and launched his thunders is sure to maintain it unapproachable forever."

I have always been a great admirer of the oratory of Demosthenes, and those who have heard hoth of us think there is a certain degree of similarity in our style.

And not only did I admire Demosthenes as an orator, hut as a man, and though I am no Vanderhilt, I feel as though I would be willing to head a subscription list for the purpose of doing the square thing by his sorrowing wife if she is left in want, as I understand that she is.

I must now leave Demosthenes and pass on rapidly to speak of Patrick Henry. Mr. Henry was the man who wanted liberty or death. He preferred liberty though. If he couldn't have liberty he wanted to die, hut he was in no great rush about it. He would like liberty if there was plenty of it, hut if the British had no liberty to spare he yearned for death. When the tyrant asked him what style of death he wanted he said that he would rather die of extreme old age. He was willing to wait, he said. He didn't want to go unprepared, and he thought it would take him eighty or ninety years more to prepare, so that when he was ushered into another world he wouldn't be ashamed of himself.

One hundred and ten years ago Patrick Henry said: "Sir, our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come. I repeat, sir, let it come!"

In the spring of 1860 I used almost the same language. So did Horace Greeley. There were four or five of us who got our heads together and decided that the war was inevitable, and consented to let it come.

Then it came. Whenever there is a large, inevitable conflict floating around waiting for permission to come, it devolves on the great statesmen and hald-headed *literati* of the nation to avoid all delay. It was so with Patrick Henry. He permitted the land to be deluged in gore, and then he retired. It is the duty of the great orator to howl for war and then hold some other man's coat while he fights.

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Pursuant to the written consent of the holders of more than two-thirds of the issued capital stock of PENNA. MINING, DEVELOPING & OPERATING COMPANY, a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, which consent was duly filed in the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco in said State on the 1st day of August, 1910, and pursuant to the resolution of the board of directors of said corporation, which resolution was duly passed at a regular meeting of said board of directors duly called and held at the office of said corporation on the 1st day of August, 1910, at which a quorum of the directors of said corporation was present:

Notice is hereby given that the principal place of business of said corporation will, on the 1st day of September, 1910, be changed and removed from the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the City of Fresno, County of Fresno, in said State, at Room 7 in the Farmers National Bank Building therein, after which date the principal place of business of said corporation will be the said Room 7 in the Farmers National Bank Building at said City of Fresno.

This notice is published by order of the board of directors of said Penna. Mining, Developing & Operating Company.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 1, 1910.

F. G. PHILLIPPS,
Secretary of Penna. Mining, Developing & Operating Company.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Yosemite Improvements.

The visit of Secretary Ballinger to the Yosemite promises to bring a more comprehensive plan to bear upon the development of that national playground than any which has preceded it.

Briefly stated, the Secretary of the Interior will, on his return, undertake to put the government roads in good shape for public travel at all seasons of the year. He will not permit dusty highways in summer or miry or drifted ones in winter; and he will make the highways good for all kinds of vehicles, including automobiles.

Realizing the growing needs of Yosemite, Secretary Ballinger favors the building of more hotels. With better facilities of travel, additional hotels will be needed, the more so if California gets the Panama air.

As the Yosemite Falls are dry in the summer, when the sightseers are out in force, the Secretary would divert and store from the Merced River enough water to maintain the flow.

The Mariposa grove of big trees having been under

menace of fire, the plan is to protect them with fire-breaks.

All of these proposals are feasible and show intelligence, diligence, and the right spirit on the part of the Secretary, whose department has the care of the fourteen national parks, including the Yosemite, which belong to the United States.

Construction vs. Destruction.

President Taft's letter to Chairman McKinley of the Republican congressional committee, regarded as an appeal for party harmony in the coming congressional election, is not a strong document. It is little more than a restatement of what the President has declared in former utterances and it has the practical fault of dealing with controverted questions and in defense of positions heretofore taken not wisely from the standpoint of political expediency. No amount of assertion on the part of the President will convince the more eager tariff revisionists that the work of the last Congress was "revision downward" and a fair performance of party pledges, or that the President was right in so asserting and insisting. To present this theory afresh is not to conciliate the revisionists, but to still further antagonize them. Mr. Taft is soothing in manner, but he is nevertheless firm in support of his theories; and while this may win him a certain approval among those of us who admire fixedness of mind and purpose, it will not win friendship from elements in opposition. A wiser politician would have pitched his address in quite another key. He would have dealt not with points of difference, but with matters tending by appeal to sentiment to general harmony.

It is now plain that the Republican party is permanently at cross-purposes with respect to the tariff issue. One group stands, largely backed by the manufacturing interests of the country, for an old-line tariff policy. Another group stands for radical modification. The political trick now to be turned is that of finding common ground for these contending factions. Mr. Taft thinks he has found it in his scheme of a tariff commission. Possibly he has found it; possibly, although we doubt it, this device will take the tariff question out of politics; but the discreet method of promoting this plan is not that of contending in season and out of season for interpretations of last year's tariff law, openly and even bitterly repudiated by a large section of the party. In doing this Mr. Taft exhibits a certain dullness of political apprehension, a very positive incapacity to play the rôle of a trouble healer. Mr. Taft's individual merits are many and great, but he is not happily placed in the character of a political bell-wether. He does not like the game; he does not know the game; he lacks the gifts essential to a successful part in it. If he succeeds, it must be by the force of other qualities than those of inspiring popular leadership.

While Mr. Taft is appealing earnestly if not effectively for party harmony, his presumed friend, Mr. Roosevelt, is exercising far greater political talents to the end of party disruption; and in so doing he is not, in the judgment of the *Argonaut*, playing a friendly part as related to Mr. Taft, a loyal part as related to the fortunes of the party, nor a patriotic part as related to the broad interests of the country. Mr. Roosevelt's gift in statecraft is wholly destructive, and in its aims, or at least in its effects, wholly personal. What he has said and done during the past few weeks has tended steadily and powerfully to that kind of dissatisfaction which disrupts political parties. He has, for example, given countenance and encouragement to Mr. Taft's most conspicuous political enemies; he has, by espousing a questionable cause allied himself with a faction in New York unfriendly to Mr. Taft and temperamentally opposed to harmony. More than all this, he is preaching the gospel of distrust and discontent

in the course of his Western journey. And incidentally he is presenting himself to the morally confused and to the politically wearied elements of the country as the one and only champion of public virtue—all this without getting off the safe platform of moral generalization, without defining his beliefs or his plans. As related to the interests of his friend President Taft, and of the party which he assumes to uphold and whose favor he plainly wishes to command, he is playing a cheap and shabby part.

It is doubtful if Mr. Roosevelt really knows what he wants. Nominally he stands for a scheme of policies which bears his name; but he adroitly refrains from defining these policies. Nobody, probably not even Mr. Roosevelt himself, understands what is meant by the so-called Roosevelt policies. Certainly there is not a man in political life who is qualified authoritatively to name them. The real inspiration of Mr. Roosevelt's activity is his gluttony for personal distinction. To sit on a reviewing stand, to gallop forth across a parade ground before the eyes of applauding thousands, to win huzzas for ringing commonplaces—all this is a passion with him. He has indulged his propensities in these respects until all power of resistance has been lost. And so at an untimely moment he is cavorting about the country saying and doing things which tend to the confusion of political purpose on the part of the multitude, to the embarrassment of the President and of the party.

There are those who believe that Mr. Roosevelt's present course is calculated with respect to the next presidential campaign. This we very much doubt. Mr. Roosevelt, we think, would like to be President again, but he probably would rather wait another four years. But in the meantime he can not bring himself down to quiet courses. He wants to be the central figure in every picture, the supreme popular idol, a man bigger in the public esteem, bigger in influence, than the President himself. It is the course of a besotted egotist lost to all sense of modesty and of patriotic obligation, a man in whom greed of applause has subordinated all of the ordinary considerations of political propriety and loyalty.

Mr. Taft, while far from an inspiring political leader, has the merits of high character. He has impressed the country with his sincerity and honesty. Left to himself he would, we believe, through force of these qualities, carry his party successfully, enforce his schemes of tariff reorganization, and ultimately win a second election to the presidency. The danger of his situation has its centre and headquarters at Oyster Bay. Mr. Roosevelt unfortunately has it in his power to belittle, subordinate, and overwhelm Mr. Taft, and it is to be feared that he will be led by his insatiate vanities, in conjunction with his amazing powers of popular agitation, to a course essentially if not openly unfriendly.

Senator Carter on Pinchot's Methods.

Senator Carter of Montana, who speaks the voice both of knowledge and authority, has told within the week some very interesting facts with respect to the Forestry Bureau as it was maintained and managed by Mr. Gifford Pinchot prior to his dismissal from the service by President Taft. Since 1896, Mr. Carter sets forth, Congress has appropriated \$19,984,680 for the forestry service. In addition, the forestry service has collected for timber and use of the forests amounts aggregating \$5,000,000. In other words, the forestry service has had for its various purposes the vast sum of \$25,000,000 in round numbers. "Now," says Senator Carter, "the records of the office show that of the congressional appropriation only \$1,975,000 was used for improvements of the national forests, whereas the sum of \$19,923,060 was used for general expenses. In addition and not included in general expenses appear a salary list of \$796,620." In other words, ninety per-

cent of the money appropriated and given over to Mr. Pinchot was used for general expenses, including the payment of lecturers, the payment of writers and reporters, and maintenance of a bureau of publicity and exploitation. Continuing, Mr. Carter says:

Under the Pinchot policy the settlers were ruthlessly driven from their homes in the forest regions; the mining prospectors were prosecuted and persecuted until exploration for hidden mines become burdensome. The settlers, prospectors, and miners constituted a splendid fire-fighting force within the forests. Their expulsion involved startling acts of injustice and tyranny, and their absence from the forests in the day of need left the ungarded timber an easy prey to the flames.

This, coming from one who knows the facts, one who has authority to speak, is worth attention. It is in precise accord with private reports circulated about Washington these five years past exploiting the extravagance of the Forestry Bureau. It is understood that the original difference between Taft and Pinchot was with respect to this scheme of foolish and criminal waste. In his effort to bring the government to a business basis, after the careless and improvident Roosevelt era, Mr. Taft found that enormous sums were being spent by Pinchot in mere exploitation, that money intended for forestry work was being paid out for the maintenance of Mr. Pinchot's bureau of publicity. It is understood that when Mr. Pinchot found that his reckless procedure was not to be further permitted he directly sought a controversy with the President in the hope of making himself a martyr and a hero.

Senator Carter's statement, mightily interesting as it is, is suggestive of more to follow. And it is to be hoped that more will follow.

McCarthy Flops to Spring Valley.

There will be various interpretations more or less reasonable with respect to Mayor McCarthy's sudden change of front with respect to the water question. Probably the mayor will hear some unpleasant suggestions from critics whose memory goes back so far as the last municipal campaign, in which the Hetch Hetchy project, which now he manifestly wishes to drop, was the cardinal feature of a checkered platform. However, the mayor has precedent on his side, for it is only about a year ago that Mayor Taylor and the then members of the board of supervisors, and a hundred others long active in enmity to Spring Valley, flopped around to support of a scheme for the purchase of that company with all its properties and rights.

The truth is, and the *Argonaut* has many times set it forth, that the Hetch Hetchy project is impracticable and impossible. Nobody who has looked into the situation sustains it, excepting for some sinister or political reason, and nobody of common intelligence and common sense really expects the project to work out in the form of practical achievement. The Spring Valley system, with developments easily made, is adequate for all purposes. It is near at hand, it will yield for a hundred years to come all the water that San Francisco will need. More, it is the only practicable scheme within immediate view for supplying San Francisco with water. If the government of San Francisco could be conducted upon business principles, an arrangement would be made with the Spring Valley Company for supplying water for a long term of years at fixed and reasonable rates. Such a contract would be rational; it could easily be entered into; it would be advantageous to the city in every way.

But public opinion, we are told, will not have it so. The public mind is fixed upon municipal ownership of the water system. Common sense does not point that way, but the public mind is not always dominated by common sense. There is a desire for a publicly owned water system, and it tends to grow rather than to decline. In the end it will have its way; the city of San Francisco will own its water system, and that system will be none other than Spring Valley. Through what agencies and by what methods acquisition of this property will be made, nobody can now foresee. But the outcome is certain as the future and plain as daylight. All of which has all along been plain to the eye of common sense, although it has been strenuously denied by self-seeking politicians eager to play upon the public passion for municipal ownership of the water system, and by political engineers who have seen their own advantage in keeping the call of water agitation in the air.

Even though Hetch Hetchy is now seen to be an impossibility, even though its most blatant champion

seeks to drop it, the expense still goes on. In the report of the bureau of inspection conducted by the Merchants' Association we find for the month of July many items indicating that activity in the line of spending public money on the Hetch Hetchy scheme, although the project itself is no longer proposed or defended except in a perfunctory and wearied way. For example: On July 5 there was paid from the city treasury under the head of "Wages, surveyors and engineers, Hetch Hetchy," \$540. On the same date there was paid "Expenses, horses, wagons, etc., Hetch Hetchy," \$269.50. On July 11 there was paid, "Supplies for surveyor's crew, Lake Eleanor," \$281.59. On the same date there was paid under the head "Wages, Hetch Hetchy, axemen, chainmen, etc.," \$1009.90. On July 18 there was paid under the head of "M. Manson, expenses for Chinese and 'ret'" (whatever that may mean), \$27.25. On the same date there was paid under the head of "M. Manson, expressage and incidentals," \$32.05. On July 25 there was paid under the head "Autocab and Touring Car Company, trip Alameda, 4, 18, M. M." (no doubt our old friend Marsden Manson again), \$40. On the same date there was paid under the head "W. R. Haggerty, clerk board of supervisors, account expense supervisors' investigation Lake Eleanor, etc.," \$1500. On June 27 there was paid under the head of "Wages account Hetch Hetchy July," \$1090.05. There are many smaller items in the report which we are not able to identify, but which bear all the earmarks of expense on account of Hetch Hetchy. Likewise there is no identification of expense for official salaries, etc., in connection with Hetch Hetchy affairs. However, passing all these by and reckoning only the items above quoted, the total is a very respectable one—\$4790.34, for incidental expenses on account of Hetch Hetchy paid in a single month. Of course, all this does not take into account interest on payments previously made and the thousand other incidental expenses connected with this project.

Really, San Francisco is paying a good deal in a quiet way for being humbugged and befooled even in the face of repeated confessions that the scheme is a rank failure. The only person who is really getting anything out of it worth while on personal account appears to be Mr. Marsden Manson. His salary is, of course, regularly paid; and perhaps it would be unkind to mention little items like that of joy rides as above indicated at \$40 per.

Anything for a Quiet Life.

It says much for the national sanity that there has been no outpouring of the jingo spirit over the alliance between Japan and Russia, however evident it may be that such an agreement will not oil the hinges of the trade door in Manchuria. To put yourself in the other's place is a new art in diplomacy, and a pacific one. It may be said, moreover, that it is an art distinctively American and it has been markedly employed in Mr. Knox's dealings with the kaleidoscopic events in the Far East.

It is evident that Russia and Japan, determined as they are to be bedfellows in Manchuria, must either be friends or enemies. Neither has anything to gain by enmity, while on the other hand they must both gain by a mutual support in the retention of their acquisitions. Both countries would be impoverished by a renewal of the war, and probably they would both lose such foothold as they now have in Manchuria. That they would eventually agree to hold on to the "swag" and to divide it was almost certain from the first, and perhaps no one took them very seriously when they promised the world to evacuate the Chinese province. England made just the same sort of promise when she undertook to evacuate Egypt, but she hardened her heart when she thought of the Suez Canal. In the same way Russia and Japan have their treasures in Manchuria—material treasures in the shape of railroads, and sentimental treasures in the graves of their soldiers.

There is no reason to fear that the trade door will be closed by the new agreement, since neither Russia nor Japan can afford to affront the world by a deliberate attack upon its pockets. At the same time it must be remembered that the stern fact of the Russo-Japanese occupation with their geographical proximity must give them a certain prestige that will act to their advantage over other nations. America must compensate for this, as she can easily do, by a study of trade conditions and by a heedful eye to the excellence of her goods.

The key to the whole of Japan's present policy, including the annexation of Korea, is to be found in her need for expansion. Her present population is at least fifty millions and her birth rate is high. The basin is already brimming over, and if she seems somewhat too ready to move her neighbor's landmark in order to find a receptacle for her surplusage, it must in justice be remembered that the stream of her emigration was effectually dammed when it showed an inclination to meander toward either the Pacific Coast of American or toward Australia. And the Japanese coolie will certainly fulfill his destiny—whatever that may be—much more satisfactorily in Asia than in this country or in the colonies of his "noble ally" Great Britain. Some slight trade disadvantage is not too high a price to pay if the coolie can but be kept at that discreet distance that is the only thing that will lend enchantment to that particular view.

Certainly the European powers can have nothing to say about broken treaties if America is thus willing to let sleeping dogs lie. No treaty was ever more positive, more binding, or more sacred than the agreement that placed Bosnia and Herzegovina under the suzerainty of Turkey. But as soon as Austria saw that the plum was ripe she picked it, and her only apology was "What are you going to do about it?" No one did anything about it, simply because possession is nine points of the law and nobody cared particularly what became of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In the same way no one will interfere with Russia and Japan so long as they keep the peace between themselves and avoid giving offense by a pronounced trade exclusiveness.

The Kaiser and Divine Right.

The mediaeval speech of the Kaiser in which he describes himself as King of Prussia by divine right will be likely to get its answer in growing Socialist majorities. The German people, whatever may be said of the junker class, are very restless in view of the assumptions which the theory of "divine right to govern wrong" conveys. While the Kaiser was careful to omit the claim that he was also emperor by God's grace rather than by the will of "parliaments or assemblies of the people," the German masses impute that spirit of their constitutional ruler and are preparing to contest it stubbornly at the polls and in the Reichstag.

The divine right of kings is a curious survival from the days when the touch of the sovereign was supposed to cure scrofula and when the birth and death of princes was believed to disturb the planetary system. On the whole it was a useful device of kingcraft. It helped keep superstitious subjects in order; and in time the power of the Roman Catholic Church was enlisted to aid in the royal imposture. A king would declare himself the visible agent of Almighty and infallible power. The Pope, as "viceregent of God on earth," would bless and crown him and with solemn and unctuous rigmarole declare him a chosen champion of God and the defender of the faith, consigning to flames of hell, without benefit of clergy, any heretic who should raise an impious hand against the Lord anointed. After that His Most Catholic Majesty would make it his business to see that no one questioned the sanctity of the Pope, and so, between king and pontiff as the upper and nether millstone, the people were ground exceeding fine. For centuries this was a well played game. The system was at its best in the dark ages and those ages were the darker because of it but it lengthened out until the time when the "son of St. Louis ascended to heaven" to the wild song of the carnagole and the voice of the people claimed itself to be *vox Dei*.

Since then—for the guillotine made a sharp impression on the brood of kings—few sovereigns, no matter what they may have chosen to think, have ventured to take the antique claim of divine right out of their winding sheet and set it up on the altar of constitutional government. Even the Czar has had little to say on that subject. Francis Joseph has simply let those who believed take the claim for granted, and those who did not to continue in their heresies. No King of England since the Stuarts has prated of divine right. At such a theory the youthful King of Spain would laugh. The pompous and empty affirmation is left to the Protestant sovereign of one of the most enlightened countries on earth, a ruler who, at the same time, has his royal crown only because of some stout adventurer of his name who robbed and bludgeoned his way to power, and because the Prussian people, in du-

time, confirmed his possession of it in an organic law under which he took his accession oath.

If the Kaiser were not obsessed by the vanities of his high place he would not have again stirred the spirit which showed itself in Parliament and among the people when he prattled out the diplomacy of his empire in an interview with the London *Daily Telegraph*. He got a serious lesson then, and he felt it. Even his prime minister, Von Bülow, blamed him rather than apologized for him. The press and the people debated his course with democratic vigor. The Socialist vote rolled in during the next elections like a tidal wave. The ruler was called to popular account with no respect for the divine right he assumed. It was long before he made another public utterance; and it simply is a sign of the madness which precedes the lightning of the gods that he now flings his arrogant pretensions in the face of German patriots and philosophers. No man of prudence or sagacity, sitting upon a throne in this age, would take such risks. But Wilhelm II is blind in his conceit of God-given purple to the spirit of the age in which he lives. He is essentially a man of poses; a strutting, over-photographed human spectacle; calling for the spotlight in the showman sense wherever he finds a pedestal to mount or a new character to assume; an egotist who looks upon modesty as the sign of the plebeian. "Here am I," he says to the thinking and philosophic nation at whose head the outlawry of an ancestor, the fortune of events, the wisdom of great commoners, and the complaisance of the people have placed him and continues: "Behold me! My crown comes from God and not from you. People and parliaments have nothing to do with it. I am a king by the grace of Heaven." It is but the echo of "The State? I am the State!" by which Louis XIV unconsciously prepared the way for the calamity which wrecked the fortunes of his royal house and caused the head of a Capet to roll into the basket.

The attitude of the German press shows that the popular mind is deeply stirred. The newspapers, some of them strongly monarchical, emphasize the constitutional character of the kingdom of Prussia and ask the chancellor if he was privy to the imperial attack upon it. The organ of the army officers speaks in mild though clear derision of the "romantic, mediæval idea" of the monarch's "non-responsibility to man's judgment"; of his "ruling by God's free grace against all those convictions and feelings which today determine our existence as a state." The same paper believes there will be an anti-monarchical agitation. All foresee the continued rise of socialism, that world-wide force which should be as much the dread of kings as the spirit which brought on the French revolution.

If divine power has expressed itself through individuals in shaping the fate of Prussia and the states of the German empire, we may well believe that it inspired the great commoners who took up the work of regeneration after the royal house had been humbled and the land scourged by Napoleon and carried it down to the time of the mediocre king to whom Bismarck gave an empire and on through the reign of the caparioned "war lord" who never faced a muzzle deadlier than a camera. These were men of heroic mould and mighty purposes; men who shaped history to their own great ends and Germany's; and if God saw fit to act through any one, He would hardly have passed them by for their inferiors.

Hail and Farewell!

Horace Garvin Platt was gifted of many powers and races. Heredity gave him a mind at once solid and imaginative. Propensity and breeding made him a gentleman without fear and without reproach. Scholarship gave force and grace to his powers. Sympathy made him brother to all the world. And then, there was the gift of tongues—ready, brilliant, yet ever under the restraints of taste and kindness.

In his profession of the law Mr. Platt attained a character commanding high and universal respect. As a public speaker he won fame at home and abroad. In the social life of San Francisco he held a place absolutely unique, a place in which he was stained by respect for his character, admiration for his powers, appreciation of his unrivaled personal charm. Frail from his childhood, yet indomitable in will, he learned early to substitute moral for physical frailty. All his life he fought a fight with infirmity but there was never an hour up to the day of his death when the spirit of the man was not smilingly victorious. Standing by the bier of Horace Platt and searching

back the long record to his early manhood memory touches a thousand chords and finds nowhere a false note.

Editorial Notes.

Vice-President Sherman has cut a poor figure of late in New York politics, and his prestige has had such a shock that he says he will leave public life at the end of his term. Whether he does so or not, he can lend no strength to the next Republican ticket. But his case will not be without good effect if it leads all parties to take a more serious view of the vice-presidential office. That office now, or at least the nomination to it, is a mere sop to factions and localities. It was intended as an honor to a man who was fit to hold the higher post of which the Constitution makes the Vice-President the heir apparent. John Adams was first to hold the office and Thomas Jefferson succeeded him. John C. Calhoun, Martin Van Buren, John C. Breckinridge, Thomas A. Hendricks, Theodore Roosevelt, and Charles W. Fairbanks have set a standard for it which, for the future advantage of the country, might better be lived up to.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTLAND, August 28.—A San Franciscan who moves up or down the Coast these days is in the way of seeing and hearing much tending to gall his civic pride and to wound the conceit which has grown up within us, perhaps unconsciously, in contemplating our really great achievements in the work of material reconstruction. First of all, the man with his eyes open sees that Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, even Sacramento and Fresno, are growing relatively more rapidly than San Francisco in certain phases fundamental to the welfare of modern communities. This is seen concretely in the upgrowth of factories, tall buildings, and other practical evidences of things doing. And it is seen suggestively in unnumbered minor conditions and circumstances.

In the Kern County oil fields last month I noted that the business of building oil tanks, a very large business by the way, is wholly in the hands of Los Angeles contractors and Los Angeles workmen. Upon inquiry I was told that San Francisco contractors have practically retired from this line of work because they find it impossible to compete in it. The cost of materials for tank-making in their original forms laid down at Los Angeles is not greater than at San Francisco, but every subsequent condition is to the advantage of the southern city. The milling charge for lumber is less in Los Angeles than with us because the labor cost is less—less a little at the point of actual wages, less something on the score of a longer working day, less very much in the relative good nature and coöperative spirit of the Los Angeles workmen. The Los Angeles contractor may bid on work to be done in the Kern County oil fields with the assurance that the lumber dealer, the mill, the foundry, and, by no means least, his employed workmen will coöperate with him to the end of getting the job done at the least possible cost, in the shortest possible time, and to the best possible measure of satisfaction of the man or company for whom the work is to be done.

Observing upon an oil tank in process of construction at Coalinga a somewhat unusual name—that of a contractor—I recalled having seen the same name only a few days before upon a similar work in the southern part of San Francisco. The circumstance led to inquiry, and to my chagrin I was told that work of this kind is being done by Los Angeles contractors, employing Los Angeles workmen, in San Francisco and Oakland in competition with local constructors. The reasons—the same old story. The Los Angeles man can hire workmen for a longer day, for less pay per day, and he gets from his men good-will and co-operation instead of a sullen, indifferent, perfunctory, and even shirking performance. Then there developed something which startled me: Many of the great oil companies, notably the Associated, a San Francisco institution, whose annual bill for supplies runs well into nine figures, does its general buying not in San Francisco, but in Los Angeles. I asked the reason why. And the reply, if not edifying, was at least illuminating. We are large buyers, said the man with whom I talked, and therefore are able to buy close. General business is carried on in Los Angeles at anywhere from one to four per cent less cost than in San Francisco. It follows that Los Angeles merchants when pushed to

it can sell closer than San Francisco merchants. That is why we deal in Los Angeles—we get more favorable terms there than in San Francisco. I asked if transportation rates into the Kern County oil fields were not to the advantage of San Francisco. They are, was the reply, but Los Angeles even under a scheme of higher rates can still lay down goods in the Kern County fields cheaper than San Francisco. I ventured to ask why, and again was told the same old story. Los Angeles being industrially free, is industrially self-respecting, efficient, and enterprising. All the advantages are with her as against a city blighted by labor tyranny in every department of its business, in its social depression, and in its political degeneracy. I write it out plain, men and brethren of San Francisco, not that you do not know it already, but because I would have you see how it looks in cold print.

Even before the train which brought me to Portland had pulled into the union station I was impressed with the magnitude of changes wrought within the fourteen months since my last visit. To me Portland has always been a place of infinite charm, but it has never, in spite of its importance as a commercial centre, had the look of a metropolis. The dominant note in Portland as it has presented itself to a visitor has been that of closeness to nature in many of her finer moods. But all of a sudden, in spite of the fringe of primeval forest all about, Portland has taken on metropolitan pretensions. Many new and tall buildings, perfectly paved and ordered streets, with a certain reflection of big things doing on every hand, are giving an atmosphere quite unmistakable. It has been a prophecy of long standing that with the development of the northwest country Portland must attain to great commercial importance. She sits at the junction of two great valley systems, that of the Willamette at the south and west, that of the Columbia at the east and north. There is either a downhill or a level route from any spot in the Pacific Northwest to Portland. And there is no other point accessible to the ocean and so near to the fields of production of which this may be said. The fact was potent in the pioneer era when land transport was by wagon, when water transport was by schooner and steamboat. It is more potent today, since railway transportation unfailingly seeks level routes. Within a little more than a year the Hill railway system, whose only outlet on the Coast was formerly over the Cascade Mountains to Puget Sound, has come into Portland by the level route of the Columbia River. This fact has contributed mightily to the development of the city. It has given it competition in transportation; it is connecting it with a wide and productive territory; it is serving to encourage investment. In connection with the Union Pacific system it is making Portland the real centre of the country. And the country itself is growing. Farming lands are relatively cheap in Oregon, which invites the agricultural settler. The water-power resource is great, and this invites enterprise in many forms. On top of all there is swift competition between the Harriman system and the Hill system in the opening up of the great and as yet hardly touched region of central Oregon. All these things together have awakened Portland not exactly from a sleep, but from the mood of prosperous contentment which has long possessed her. The spirit of enterprise has taken possession of the city and is sustaining a movement which already has lifted Portland out of the rut of moderate things and into an activity beyond anything she has known before. Today Portland is easily the most spirited, the most progressive, and the most prosperous and immediately hopeful community on the western half of the continent.

Portland is especially well situated with respect to the interests of manufacture. It not only has a wide range of raw materials immediately at hand, but she has unlimited power from unfailing water sources. It is practically on the sea, and is finely located for distribution. In many lines Portland is becoming aggressive. On the way up I encountered so far south as Marysville a traveling man representing a Portland-made product. After passing Medford the smoking-car was full of Portland drummers. At Grant's Pass I noticed that the local hotel bus which came to the train was a Portland-made vehicle, and I was told by a Gold Hill druggist that in his line nobody in southern Oregon dealt any more with San Francisco. Another fellow-passenger, a

Portland banker, exploiting the progress of his city, informed me that in addition to the general facts above set forth Portland had the tremendous advantage of good labor conditions. We have, he said, almost nothing of that floating and discontented labor element which according to all accounts is putting the "lid" on San Francisco. Portland's labor element, like her other social elements, is attached and fixed, and while with us, as elsewhere, there are agitators and trouble-breeders, the situation remains wholesome and prosperous upon the open-shop basis. He gave me some general figures which exhibited the advantage of working conditions in Portland as compared with San Francisco.

Then he added significantly: We have just had a strike in Portland. Nominally it involved the several organizations of teamsters. There were pretexts of one small account or another, but the real issue was a demand, prompted by agitators from San Francisco, for monopoly of labor for the organized trades. They wanted the closed shop, and struck for it because they saw that adverse sentiment was becoming fixed among our people, largely because of the terrible example afforded by the decline of industry in San Francisco. It was a case of now or never, and it was fought out in the spirit of and by the methods of desperation. From its start the movement was doomed. A large proportion of the workmen of Portland are non-unionists, and what is more are entirely content. Then the effort to involve the movement with local politics was a complete failure, for which credit is due to our excellent mayor and to the influence which he holds with the city government. Picketing was not permitted, because the police, under orders from the mayor, would not allow it. The local ordinances were sufficient, and their enforcement was everything that could be desired. Then the spirit of the city was against it, and above all the *Oregonian*, our great newspaper, was against it. At the beginning those firms directly affected by the strike determined to act in common, each agreeing to accept no advantage over the other during the progress of the strike or in the after arrangements. Then when the situation became critical, the retail merchants came together and in unequivocal terms declared their opposition to the strike and the principle involved in it. The show windows of every considerable retail store in the city contained this placard: "We are for the open shop." Of course it is impossible to override the spirit and the purpose of an entire community. The strike has been killed because it was met with universal resistance, not only at the point of its incidents, but on the score of its pretensions and of the principle involved in them. The effect of this strike has been to crystallize in Portland a universal sentiment for freedom in the industries.

Speaking further on the same general subject, the gentleman I have just quoted gave me some reflections which should interest readers of the *Argonaut*. Our determination, he said, to maintain the principle of the open shop in Portland had two kinds of inspiration, one coming from Los Angeles and the other from San Francisco. We saw what industrial freedom has done for Los Angeles. We have seen that city grow in a few years from a sleepy Spanish village to a metropolis. Whether right or wrong, we have come to the judgment that the most important factor in the Los Angeles movement has been the fixed rule of industrial freedom. We have seen that this principle not only affects the fortunes of the community to their advantage, but that it is further reflected in the fortunes and in the happiness of the working classes. Take the contrast between Los Angeles under the open-shop system and San Francisco under the closed-shop system. Wages indeed are not quite so high in Los Angeles, but employment is more continuous and regular, the relations between employer and employed are more cordial, the general social welfare of the working element is infinitely better. In San Francisco a species of social degeneracy appears to have seized upon the industrial element. They have been successful in organization, in monopolizing industry, and in controlling politics. But as we look at it labor in San Francisco has done nothing for itself, for it is riding the old town to its destruction. I find, he proceeded, that labor in San Francisco is being taxed to the bone by its professional exploiters—that it is being robbed of its earnings by its own managers and whippers-in, that it is destroying enterprise and therefore cutting from under itself the foundations of its own welfare. I find further, under the system which itself has established, that organized labor, through the

resentful spirit which it promotes, and through the political big stick which it wields over its own members, is destroying in the workingman his birthright of American independence and self-respect. To all this recital I could only listen in shamed assent.

Portland I find, after several days spent here, is not only ambitious relatively, but positively. The average Portland man, like the average Los Angeles man, is looking confidently to the day when San Francisco shall be off the map in an industrial sense. While Portland is gaining under the principle of the open shop, San Francisco is losing. Enterprises which once thrived in San Francisco and which have been throttled by the selfish spirit of labor are prospering here and at Seattle. I met a young San Franciscan yesterday, the son of one of our best-known citizens, who told me that he had established himself in a branch of chemical industry after a flat failure in San Francisco. I wanted, he said, to live and do business at home, but found it impossible. I have invested \$300,000 of San Francisco capital in an enterprise here simply because there is freedom and security here, things impossible there. This is only one case out of many. Wherever I go here, with whomever I talk, it is the old painful story over again.

In my judgment there has come a time which calls for radical and concerted action on the part of the responsible and property-owning elements in San Francisco. The blight of labor aggression in industry and politics must be thrown off or San Francisco, in spite of her natural advantages, in spite of her connections, in spite of her accumulated capital, of her traditions, her prestige, must lose the supremacy which she has so long maintained. San Francisco can not hold her own in the industrial and commercial fight under the blight of the closed shop, under the system of laborer politics, while her rivals north and south are free from these handicaps. Perhaps there are those who will recall that all this was said in the *Argonaut* during the industrial war of three years ago. Reconstruction was then at its height. Organized labor was demanding and getting pretty much everything it asked, even though its claims were necessarily fatal to its own ultimate interest. In that crisis the *Argonaut* pleaded with our captains of industry and finance to stand for freedom of industry—for the open shop—as the only scheme of things consistent with the maintenance of industrial prosperity and of social justice. Timid councils prevailed. The evil was not estopped, but permitted to grow—to grow from bad to worse. Now, men and brethren, we have the consequence in a state of affairs which paralyzes industry, paralyzes trade, paralyzes hope, shames community self-respect. Labor, demanding too much, is killing industry. Labor politics, having corrupted and debauched public morals, has destroyed the security which gives capital, either local or foreign, the courage to venture. Times are dull with us, and they ought to be dull, for we have permitted the development of conditions which infallibly make dull times. There is one remedy for it. Its application, if we are to apply it at all, comes late, but not too late. San Francisco may reclaim her own by reestablishing the conditions which make for confidence and security. They are conditions fundamental in the American scheme of things. They belong alike to propriety and equity, to legality and the integrity of life.

A. H.

The British Postoffice has been kind enough to recognize the United States of America as having a prior and therefore a continuing right to the initials "U. S. A." It has been led to issue a warning to this effect on account of the appearance of a practice among British people of applying these initials to letters destined to points in the "Union of South Africa." British senders of letters to South Africa must evidently write out the full title.

Persia hasn't caught up with the times enough to provide herself with a real transportation system. Horses and donkeys still constitute the passenger and freight-carrying resources of the empire which once dominated the East. Still, Persia has one railroad. It is ten miles long, and runs from Teheran the capital, to the shrine of a defunct Shah.

Nagasaki is the oldest port in Japan, where the first foreigners, Portuguese merchants, landed 326 years ago. It is one of the five most important ports of the country. The largest vessels in the world can anchor in its spacious harbor.

Birmingham, England, has a mine in which one coal seam is twenty-eight feet thick.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Hugo Reisinger's enterprise in collecting a number of representative pictures by American artists and sending them to Germany for exhibition at Berlin and Munich enables us to learn what impression American art makes upon the European mind. Remembering that most of the critics are devoted to Neo-impressionism, that Cézanne is regarded by them as a great master, it might be anticipated that American art would be little to their liking. They have been surprised, in short that the new frenzied school has not influenced the painters of the United States to any extent, and seem to have been disappointed that so few of the pictures sent over by Mr. Reisinger were characteristic of the country of their origin. C. Lewis Hind, who has been at considerable pains to ascertain the German point of view, thinks the critics wanted "huf-faloes and Indians and Mormon households."

One critic, however, Dr. Bode, who has no sympathy with Neo-impressionism, made some excellent comments in connection with the exhibited pictures:

In everything pertaining to picturesqueness or technique American artists are most excellent, but they have not yet succeeded in emancipating themselves from European ideas in general. Time will change all that. America is sure to develop a national art of its own within the next generation.

What Dr. Bode hoped to see was "canvases depicting the throbbing life of New York harbor or that of San Francisco the maelstrom of the hustle and bustle of your great cities forests of smoke-stacks telling of your mighty industrial developments." But Mr. Hind does not agree:

I think that a national American art will have to be something subtler than hustle and bustle and smokestacks. A national art is not an illustration of scenes; it should be an interpretation of the spirit of place, an evocation of the time. If we try to think what we mean by a national art we fall back upon concrete examples, and recall the relation of Titian and Giorgione to Venice, of the primitives to Germany of Velasquez to Spain, of Reynolds and Constable to England. Yet that is only to say that certain dominant personalities impress themselves on their age, and that lesser men follow them, and so perpetuate schools. A national art was never built up by illustration of national scenes.

In applying this test Mr. Hind asks whether there are any signs of a national American art, and finds his answer in the work of Winslow Homer, who did not study in Europe. His pictures are declared to be characteristically, spiritually, and physically thoroughly American, and such as could have been painted nowhere but in America. In addition there is a small group of landscape painters who are producing interpretation of American scenery with a lyrical note that is quite racial.

Statues of famous men are causing so much heart-burning, just now that it is singularly ill-timed for a proposal to be made for the restoration on Bowling Green, New York, of that equestrian statue of George III which was thrown down by a mob during the days of the Revolutionary War. Is the suggestion another example of a coterie trying to exalt itself by exalting some one else, or an attempt on the part of some member of a coterie to find a job for a young sculptor to whom his daughter is engaged? On the question of public statues in the abstract the Erewhonians attained to a wisdom which the twentieth century might do well to emulate. After passing through several epidemics of the statue fever a prescient statesman succeeded in passing an act to the effect that no statue of any public man or woman should be allowed to remain unbroken for more than fifty years, unless at the end of that time a jury of twenty-four men taken at random from the street pronounced in favor of its being allowed a second fifty years of life. Every fifty years this reconsideration was to be repeated, and unless there was a majority of eighteen in favor of the retention of the statue, it was to be destroyed. But the historian of Erewhon has an alternative suggestion.

Perhaps a simpler plan would have been to forbid the erection of a statue to any public man or woman till he or she had been dead at least one hundred years, and even then to insist on reconsideration of the claims of the deceased on the merit of the statue every fifty years—but the working of the act brought about results that on the whole were satisfactory. For in the first place many public statues that would have been voted under the old system were not ordered, when it was known that they would be almost certainly broken up after fifty years, and in the second, public sculptors, knowing their work to be so ephemeral, scamped it to an extent that made it offensive even to the most uncultured eye. Hence before long subscribers took to paying the sculptor for the statue of their dead statesmen, on condition that he did not make it. The tribute of respect was paid to the deceased public sculptors were not mulcted, and the rest of the public suffered no inconvenience.

Even on the Erewhonian principle, then, no objection can be raised to the action of Virginia in presenting to the French nation a copy in bronze of Houdon's famous statue of Washington, the original of which stands in the State House at Richmond. The replica has been placed in the Napoleon Hall of the historic châteaux at Versailles, and the gift was appropriately accepted on behalf of the nation by that accomplished scholar and diplomat, M. Jusserand. In commenting upon the fact that this is the third statue erected on French soil in America, he pointed out that in that palace consecrated to the glories of France, Washington would be surrounded by his French companions in arms, the Marquis de Lafayette, Count Rochambeau, and Admirals D'Estaing, De Grasse, and Suffren, in the very building where the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed in 1783. It will be remembered that it was Jefferson, who was then in France, who commissioned Houdon to proceed to Mount Vernon for the purpose of studying his illustrious model, a commission resulting in that "facsimile of Washington's person" which is regarded as the standard portrait of the first President.

A REVIVAL OF "HENRY VIII."

Sir Herbert Tree's Plans for His First Production of the Season.

Arthur Bouchier had a surprise for his fellow-actors the other day. The call had been given for rehearsals of "Henry VIII." at His Majesty's Theatre, and there was a prompt gathering at Sir Herbert Tree's handsome playhouse on the Haymarket. But Mr. Bouchier was hardly recognizable. He had grown a short beard and moustache, and thus declared his independence of the invaluable Willie Clarkson.

"Why not grow a beard?" he asked in reply to the amazed inquiries of his colleagues. "We have heard of actors 'getting into the skin of a part,' why not the beard? I thought it would astonish you," he added, "to grow all this quietly away in the country. Just fancy, two weeks of the fine air of the Cornish coast sufficed to work the wonder."

What another two weeks will accomplish in adding to that "wonder" will be manifest to public gaze when the curtain goes up on Sir Herbert Tree's spectacular production of "Henry VIII." Mr. Bouchier is to impersonate the uxorious monarch, which is the reason for his hirsute growth. He has taken as his model that famous portrait which depicts the king in his fifty-third year, although, as the play covers a period of some thirteen years, he will naturally in the earlier scenes have to rely upon make-up to suggest a less mature age.

Unfortunately, neither by the Cornish air nor by taking thought has Mr. Bouchier been able to add anything to his stature. As his inches are fewer than those of Sir Herbert, this disparity will be somewhat of a handicap when Henry has to enter leaning on Wolsey's shoulder. For of course Sir Herbert is to play the "butcher's cur," the "holy fox," and he gives this outline of his conception of the part:

"My idea of the character of Wolsey is that he was one of the greatest Englishmen who ever lived—and, mind you, I am not pretending to have made that discovery for myself. He was a preëminent statesman, best summed up in the words of Griffith in the play:

This cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he was unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely.

"I see him stout of girth, clothed in the cardinal red, living well—he was an epicure in water, for he spent £50,000 in laying pipes from Coombe to his palace at Hampton Court. He was very complex, subtle, and brusque, a very prince of the church, imbued with the ultramontane Italian spirit. Suggesting the plebeian, he had a touch of Bismarck, Gladstone, and Disraeli. He was utterly unscrupulous in serving God. In the scene of the end of his career as statesman, which puzzled me greatly for a long time, for I could not understand how Shakespeare imagined it, I have overcome the difficulty which I found by dividing the stage in two. I hope to have symbolized the tragic episode of his farewell to the world and his entry into monastic life by my treatment. You will see Wolsey quietly disappear from the world, knocking at the door of heaven, as it were."

To see Wolsey "stout of girth" will demand a stretch of the imagination on the part of playgoers, especially in view of the king's phrase, "the little cardinal." Evidently Sir Herbert will pad his meagre person in the Falstaff manner, and that, considering his great height, will make him a truly formidable figure. Perhaps he does not wish to be out-towered by Gerald Lawrence, who is to be the Duke of Surrey, another "fine figure of a man," but a somewhat unsatisfactory elocutionist. He was the duke of Sir Herbert's revival of "Twelfth Night," and memory yet shudders at his gramaphonic mouthing of the lovely opening lines, "If music be the food of love."

Louis N. Parker assisted Sir Herbert in the preparation of the version of "Henry VIII." which will have its first performance at His Majesty's Theatre on September 1. Instead of the five acts of the play as printed, the action will be confined to three acts, in which there will be a total of thirteen scenes. However, no transpositions have been made in the text, although everything relating to the political beginnings of the Reformation has been eliminated. Thus the prologue will be retained, but not the epilogue, and the entire performance is not expected to exceed two and a half hours.

According to the view of Mr. Parker, to understand the spirit of "Henry VIII." it is necessary to remember that the Reformation was not a sudden, but a gradual affair. That is, people did not go to sleep one night as Roman Catholics and wake up the next morning Protestants. Hence the spirit which is to inform the forthcoming production will be frankly Roman Catholic in its ceremonies and splendor. This is to be specially noticeable in the scene in Westminster Abbey, which is to be a magnificent spectacle, taking in the whole of the great stage of the theatre. In that ceremony of the coronation it is intended to show exactly what happened with the completeness of colored cinematography, for by diligent study of all the old au-

thorities the producers have learned the names of all who were present at the ceremony and what they did and how they did it.

More people are to be employed on the stage than in any production Sir Herbert has yet placed to his credit. Great things are expected of the masque and dancing in the first scene, the costumes and hangings for which have been designed by Percy Macquoid, who has "buried himself in the period." To secure ample room for the great spectacles of the play, the old "apron" stage is to be revived—an arrangement which will be brought forward in almost semicircular form over the orchestra about nine feet in advance of the normal limit of the stage. In this way, too, the players will be brought into closer touch with the audience, for the projected stage will allow much of the dialogues and soliloquies to be spoken in the auditorium itself.

Although the full cast has not been disclosed, it is known that Violet Vanbrugh, the wife of Mr. Bouchier, will assume the important rôle of Queen Katherine. This is not the first time Miss Vanbrugh has appeared in a revival of "Henry VIII." for she was the Anne Boleyn of Sir Henry Irving's production at the old Lyceum. From the standpoint of "Henry VIII." which depicts the downfall of Katherine at the cost of Anne's exaltation, the character is retrogression, but dramatically it is high promotion, and a worthy tribute to the supremacy of the actress on the English stage.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, August 20, 1910.

Chesterton on Western Politics.

Every week in the London *Illustrated News* there is a page essay by Gilbert K. Chesterton on current topics. These essays are continuing evidence that Mr. Chesterton's eminence as a writer of originality and force has been fairly earned. His knowledge of world politics is more accurate than that of most English writers, and his reflections are seldom distorted badly by distance or environment. This is a paragraph from his latest essay:

"Many of the large states are simply large anarchies—America, for instance. The United States are essentially disunited States. No doubt some of our British patriots would like to swamp us in the American civilization, offering the Anglo-American throne to Mr. Roosevelt. But I am by no means certain that Theodore, King of the Anglo-Saxons, would be so much better a ruler than Alfred, King of the West Saxons. When I think of King Theodore I confess I think the Heptarchy a sane and practical alternative. I know how King Theodore would rule his huge and duplex empire: by newspaper interviews, Masonic banquets, and a general moral show of everybody minding everybody else's business. I know how he would explain England to America and America to England, and explain them both wrong. I know how the Baptist ministers in Plymouth would settle the negro problem in Florida; I know how the Baptist ministers in Boston would settle the wayside inns of Kent. Endless denunciations of distant vices, endless defiance of distant dangers; endless exploiting of people who know nothing by people who know too much; endless entanglements between the worst indecency of rabbles and the worst secrecy of oligarchs; the poor rioting for what they do not know, and the rich scheming for what they dare not say; all the facts fourth-hand and all the principles fourth-rate—these, palpable and visible before us, are the actual fruits of Union, of the large, highly organized modern State. And, above all, this evil is branded on the brow of it, that each group or neighborhood has too much power outside its borders and too little inside. Norwood can interfere with Natal, but it can not govern Norwood. Surrey can insult Servian tyrants; but it must submit to Surrey tyrants. Lewisham can not be a law to itself; it can only manage to be a sort of mild anarchy to the Tsar. Brighton may slightly disorder Spanish affairs; but it can not order its own. The Londoner is a slave in London by the same political process that makes him a tyrant in Cork."

A cartoonist in Prussia dares not lampoon the German emperor, because he knows he would be punished for the crime of lèse majesté against the Prussian king (declares Frederic J. Haskin, the special correspondent of various daily journals). A Bavarian newspaper may caricature the Kaiser in perfect safety, because in the kingdom of Bavaria the King of Prussia is not sovereign, although Bavaria is a part of the German empire. As a matter of fact Bavarian newspapers do most mercilessly lampoon the august emperor, and all that the imperial household can do is to forbid army officers to buy the paper. This seemingly trifling circumstance illustrates the puzzling fact that while Prussia dominates and rules the German nation, the non-Prussian German states still retain a great deal of their political independence, as well as their separate institutions and their peculiar local customs.

It is said of the late John G. Carlisle that he never walked when he could help it, nor otherwise exerted himself physically, "yet he was a healthy man." This was true of William M. Evarts, who boasted that he never took any exercise and who lived to be eighty-three years old. It was also true of the late Chief Justice Fuller.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Walter Stilson Hutchins is head of a humane society with 11,000 members in the national capital.

The German emperor took a holiday this summer as usual, touring Norway. Among his companions on the trip were Hans Dahl, the painter, Professor Unger, the German sculptor, and Professor Stoewer, the marine painter.

The King and Queen of Italy held themselves in readiness to visit the plague-infected district of their domain, and would have braved the dangers of a stay among their afflicted people had not the efforts of the authorities soon checked the scourge.

Lady Islington, the wife of the governor-general of New Zealand, is considered one of the best dressed and most beautiful women in English official life. Before her marriage to the Hon. Sir John Dickson-Poynder she was Miss Anne Dundas, daughter of R. H. D. Dundas, of Glenesk.

Recent raids on the gambling establishments at Ostend were inspired by King Albert's representations to the Belgian authorities, and these representations had their origin with his wife, Queen Elizabeth. The King and Queen of the Belgians spent some time at that watering-place this season.

Mrs. W. H. Felton, despite her seventy-five years and white hair, made a brilliant Portia recently when she appeared before the Georgia Railroad Commission to argue single handed in opposition to the briefs of fifteen corporation attorneys. Mrs. Felton is the widow of Representative Felton, and is widely known in the South through her writings.

Adolph Francis Alphonse Bandelier, who has gathered the extensive collection of Peruvian and Bolivian antiquities for the American Museum of Natural History, was born in Switzerland, but came to the United States in his youth. He lived for a long time in New Mexico and studied Indian life, but has given most of his life to South American research.

Justus Miles Forman, the author, is an American, though many have judged otherwise from the foreign atmosphere of some of his stories. He was born in Genesee County, New York, thirty-five years ago, and studied art for three years in Paris. He collaborated with Sydney Grundy in writing a play, "The Garden of Lies," which was played in London in 1904.

Charles N. Pray, the one representative of Montana in the lower house of Congress, has the record of signal accomplishment for his State, though working single-handed. While prosecuting attorney, before his election to Congress, he drove most of the cattle thieves out of his country. Mr. Pray has been instrumental in having established four great government irrigation projects in Montana.

Seventy-four archdukes and archduchesses of the Austrian imperial house personally congratulated the Emperor Franz Josef upon the recent occasion of his eightieth birthday. At the special desire of the emperor there were no costly festivities such as marked the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of his accession to the throne two years ago. He requested that the money be devoted to charity instead.

Professor Richard Garner has just emerged from the African forests, after a continuous period of seven years devoted to the study of the monkey language. He has explored 400,000 square miles of Africa in a region where there were only two other white men. The professor still believes the chimpanzee to be the highest type of monkey life, and insists that there are twenty-eight sounds in its language, of which he now understands nine.

Miss Mamie Whittaker, of Hyde Park Gate, is to be congratulated on her accession to the throne of Beauty Queen of England, the result of a recent competition at Folkestone. As English Queen of Beauty, Miss Whittaker is entitled to wear for one year a crown and a royal robe, valued at £50. She will also enjoy a tangible kind of royalty—on the sale of her picture postcards, and it is said that she has been offered a part in the United States tour of "Mr. Preedy and the Countess."

Dr. John Buckley, of New York, on behalf of the Knights of Columbus recently visited Genoa with a delegation, and placed a wreath of laurel and palm at the foot of the monument to the great discoverer. The party also visited the house where Columbus was born. There is a plan on foot for the purchase of the house by the Knights of Columbus and its transformation into a kind of shrine of international interest. This is the first party of representatives to visit the birthplace of the patron of their order.

Colonel Hugh L. Scott recently retired as superintendent of the military academy at West Point and has been succeeded by Major-General Thomas H. Barry. Under Colonel Scott the many beautiful new buildings have been completed, the size of the corps of cadets increased and the sojourn of the casual visitor made more enjoyable. It is his scheme that a large preparatory school to the major institution be founded on Constitution Island, in the Hudson opposite the academy, which was purchased and made a reservation by the government.

THE WRITING IN THE GEODE

A Record from the Great Underground River of the West.

Last summer, the schooner *William Haley*, of Galveston, trading among the West Indies, was becalmed near the Gulf Stream. The second day the captain's curiosity was aroused by a strange floating mass, and he ordered the mate to take a boat and examine it. The mate returned towing a log, from which the men had cut away the marine growth which had made it seem at a distance like a sea-monster. The captain ordered it to be hoisted to the deck, declaring that in forty years spent at sea he had never found anything like it.

When laid on the deck, it was seen to be about twenty feet long and two feet in diameter. It was of some very hard, dark-colored wood, like palm, charred in places, and worn and broken, cut and torn, as if it had been whirled through torrents and maelstroms for hundreds of years. The ends were pointed, and five bands of dark metal, like bronze, were sunk in the wood, and the whole bore evidence of having passed through intense heat. On closer examination, the log was seen to consist of two parts, and these bands were to bind it together. The captain had the bands cut, and in the exact centre, fitted into a cavity, was a round stone, eighteen inches in diameter. The rest of the wood was solid.

The captain, more disappointed at this result than he cared to confess, picked up the stone and was greatly astonished at its lightness. Examining it more closely, he remembered that when a boy on the old New Hampshire farm he used to find hollow stones with crystals in them—geodes, as he afterwards heard them called. This was probably a geode, placed in this strange receptacle for some unknown purpose. He carried it into his cabin and put it into his chest.

Two months later, the old captain returned to his cottage on Galveston Bay, and placed among his curiosities the geode he had so strangely found in the Gulf Stream. One day he studied it again, and the sunlight chanced to fall upon a narrow, irregular line.

"I declare," said the old man; "it looks like as if this stone had been patched together!"

He struck it with a hammer and it fell apart, and proved to be filled with small pieces of yellowish-brown wood. The shell of the stone was about an inch thick, studded over inside with thousands of garnet crystals. It had been broken into three parts and fastened together again with some sort of cement which showed plainly on the inside.

The old captain poured the pieces of wood on the table. They were perfectly dry and hard. They seemed almost like strips of bamboo, and were numbered and covered with writing, made by pricking marks with some sharp instrument like an awl. He found the first piece of wood and began to read, for it was in English. The work of deciphering the tiny dents on the bits of wood soon became the captain's chief occupation. He copied each sentence off in his old log-book as fast as it was made out. Five or six sentences were about all his eyes would stand without a rest, so that it was a long time before the narrative was at all complete. This narrative runs as follows:

HEART OF THE ROCKIES, about Sept. 17, 1886.

I am an American, Timothy Parsons, of Machias, Maine. I have no living relatives. I write this in a vast vaulted chamber, hewn from the solid granite by some prehistoric race. I have been for months a wanderer in these subterranean spaces, and now I have contrived a way to send my message out to the world that I shall probably never see again. If some miner, tunneling in the Rockies, comes upon a vaulted chamber, with heaps of ancient weapons of bronze, bars of gold, and precious stones that no man may number, let him give Christian burial to the poor human bones that lie in this horrible treasure-house. He will find all that is left of my mortal frame near the great ever-burning lamp, under the dome of the central hall. That lamp is fed from some reservoir of natural gas. It was lighted when I came, months ago. For all I know otherwise, it has burned there for thousands of years.

The entrance to this sub-montane river is in the Assinaboine Mountains, north of the United States line. I was a prospector there for several years, and I heard stories among the older Indians that a river greater than the Columbia had once flowed where the Rocky Mountains now are; that the Great Spirit had piled the mountains over it and buried it deep underground. At last a medicine man, whose life I had once saved, told me that he knew how to get to the river, and he took me into a cave in a deep gorge. Here we lived for a week, exploring by means of pine torches, and at last found a passage which ran steadily downward. This, the Indian told me, was the path by which his ancestors, who once lived in the middle of the earth, had found their way to the light of day.

I think we were about three thousand feet below the entrance of the cave, when we began to hear the sound of roaring waters. The sound increased, until we stood by an underground river, of whose width and depth we could form no idea. The light of our torches did not even reveal the height of the roof overhead. My guide told me that this was the mother of all the rivers of the world. No other person except himself knew of its existence. It flowed from the end of the north to the

extreme south. It grew ever warmer and warmer. There was a time when people lived along its channel, and there were houses and cities of the dead there, and many strange things. It was full of fish without eyes, and they were good to eat. If I would help him build a raft, he would float with me down this river. The old stories said that one could go upon it for many miles. It ran down a hollow under the mountains.

We built and equipped our raft and launched it on the most foolhardy adventure, I do believe, that ever occupied the attention of men. We lit torches, and set them in sockets on the raft, and we were well armed. For two weeks we moved down the high archway, at a steady rate of only about three miles an hour. The average width of the stream was about five hundred feet, but at times it widened out to almost twice that. It swarmed with many kinds of fish, and they were very easy to secure. The rock walls and roof seemed to be of solid granite. We were below the later formations.

As nearly as I can calculate, we were about a thousand miles from where our voyage began, and nothing had yet happened to disturb its monotony, when we began to find traces of ancient work and workers. An angle in the wall was hewn into a titanic figure; at another point there seemed to be regular windows, and a dwelling was perched far up in the granite dome.

The Indian told me more of the traditions of his race as we drifted past these things. "They were very great men who lived here. They had many things; they knew more than the white men. They are all dead now." And I gathered from his chance remarks that he thought they had left secrets in their cave-dwellings which would make him the biggest Indian on the continent if he could discover them.

Suddenly we found that the river was flowing much faster, and we failed to check our raft. We went over a water-fall, perhaps seventy feet high, and were thrown on a shelf of rock at the side of the river below. I was unhurt, but my companion was so badly injured that he died in a few hours. I repaired the raft after a fashion and continued the voyage, finding it impossible to contrive any way to scale the sides of the water-fall and attempt a return. All our torches were lost, and the attempt to proceed further seemed but the last act of despair. A few hours later, I saw a light gleam over the river in a very remarkable way, shining clear across, as if from the headlight of a locomotive high up on the wall. This aroused me somewhat from my stupor and misery. I sat up on the raft and steered it close to the edge of the river to see what wonderful thing had happened.

As I came nearer, I saw that an irregular hole was in the wall a thousand feet above the water, and the light shone out through it. It was a cheerful thing to look at, and I hung to the granite and shouted, but to no effect. Then I saw a broken place in the wall a little further down, and let the raft drift along to the base of a broad though much worn and broken flight of steps winding up the cliff. That brought me at last to the place of the light, a domed hall overlooking the river, hewn out of the rock, and having in its centre a metal basin with a jet of natural gas. I have had to cut off a part of this metal basin since, but I have not harmed the inscriptions. There are many gas-jets, but in the other chambers I have had to light them.

I have lived here for months, and I have explored all the chambers of the place. There is no escape, so far as I can see. The river, twenty miles below, plunges down vaster descents, and the water gets so hot that I should be boiled alive if I tried the voyage. I have discovered a log of tropic wood like palm, and a geode in which I can send a message to the world of sunlight. Perhaps this will get through the fires and float to the surface somewhere. I am convinced that the river which brought me here flows into the Gulf of Mexico, and that, sooner or later, my log will be picked up. Perhaps this river is really the source of the Gulf Stream.

I will now write down my discoveries, not in their order, but as a whole. My story must be brief, or this scant means of record will fail me.

This place seems to have been approached only by the river. It consists of six large, domed halls, connected with a seventh, in which the light burns. There are swords of bronze, spear-heads, and other weapons stored in one chamber. There have been costly fabrics also, but they have perished, and only a few fragments are left. In another hall are many treasures accumulated. I do not attempt to estimate the riches here. Montezuma's lost treasure is said to have been eighty million dollars, but I believe the hidden treasure-house of this forgotten race would dwarf to insignificance the riches of Aztecs and Peruvians put together. The gold is in great bars which I can not lift, or I would have tried to make a golden vessel to carry my story. The silver is in yet more huge blocks, perhaps five feet square. Everything here is cyclopean. A granite chest, higher than my head, is full to the brim with rings and precious stones. What surprises me most is that there are diamonds, pearls, and amber among them. What a widely extended commerce this people must have had before they descended to this subterranean river and hid their treasures here!

One hall is especially the hall of pictures and of writing. I spend many hours there. I see the history of this race, their wars, their heroes, their mythology. They are like the Egyptians in many things, but they are not Egyptians, nevertheless; they have some of the

Greek art spirit, too. Perhaps they lived in the time before Atlantis was overwhelmed; perhaps they were antediluvians. One thing is certain: they had poets, historians, philosophers, in those days. I wish I could write down here a tithe of the wit and wisdom that I find on the gayly painted walls of these ancients of so many ages.

The most wonderful chamber of all is the hall to the north. That is the chamber of death and silence. When first I entered this hall, I lighted all the gas-jets. Around the walls were high cases of drawers, and on the front of each was a portrait. I examined them for hours before I felt any desire to do more. Among them I observed a very beautiful face—that of a young girl just entering womanhood. This wonderful race possessed the highest artistic skill and delicacy of expression. The face of this girl, except that the color had faded, might have been the admired masterpiece of the Paris Salon. I felt a sudden interest in the face and caught the drawer-handles and pulled it out. In the wide, deep space into which I looked lay, robed in white, her hands folded, the form of the girl whose picture was outside. How beautiful she was! She lay as if only asleep. Then, slowly, as I looked, the whole figure melted down and faded away to a pile of dust. I closed the shrine and touched no more of them, but I often go and look at the faded painting and think how lovely the girl was.

The paintings on the walls of this mural chamber show that the people had two systems of disposing of their dead. The great mass were consigned to the river, but the bodies of all who were famous for beauty, wisdom, or any good quality were preserved by a process of embalming, which they evidently thought would make them endure for ages. There are probably twelve thousand separate bodies here, and they represent more than twenty successive generations, if I rightly understand the system of family grouping. If people lived as long as they do now, there was an average of about fifteen additions each year to this great Westminster Abbey of the past. From a sort of map, painted on one of the walls, I obtain the idea of many and thickly populated communities which used this place as the sepulchre of their chosen few.

Evidently that was before volcanic outbursts made the channel of the river like a caldron boiling over end less fires. All along the course are towns marked groups of rock-hewn rooms on the cliffs, populated islands on the river, promontories from whose sides fountains of light seemed to spring. Did thousands of people once live and find happiness in these vast vaults of death? Things must have been very different then from now. They must have had many reservoirs of natural gas. The animal life in the river must have been much more varied. Indeed, there are pictures in the Hall of War, as I have named it, that show two things plainly—that there were thousands of caverns extending over hundreds of miles, and peopled by animals with which the heroes fought; and that the river was swarming with existence.

Moreover I find everywhere, chief of the symbols of life, in the most sacred places, a food-root like a water nut, from which grew white leaves and seeds. There must have been some electric principle evolved here by the vast warm lakes of the river, lit with soft light everywhere at certain seasons. For now I come to the strangest fact of all that I gather from the records of the race: these people had two kinds of light; one they found and lit—that they knew as the lesser God of Life; the other, coming from north to south, twice each year filled for many weeks the whole channel of the river, from depth to dome, making the very water translucent. The water-root and its grain ripened and were harvested in the last days of the light. Two crops a year they gathered, and held their Days of the Feasts of the Greater God of Life.

I have tried to put together all I can of their picture writings and their paintings, so as to understand what sort of men and women they were. I confess that I have learned to admire them greatly. They were strong, brave, loving, and beautiful people. I am sorry they are all gone. I never cared half so much about the dead Etruscans or Carthaginians. The earliest chapter in their history, so far as I discover, is a picture of a line of men and women descending into a cave and a dragon pursuing them. This seems to point to a former residence on the face of the earth, and to some disaster—war, flood, pestilence, or some fierce monster—which drove the survivors into the depths of the earth for shelter.

But all these thoughts are vain and foolish. I have explored the cliffs of the river and the walls of the mighty halls which shelter me. I have attempted to cut a tunnel upward past the water-fall, using the ancient weapons which lie in such numbers on the floor. The bronze wears out fast, but if I live long enough, some thing may be done. I will close my record and launch it down the river. Then I will try to cut my way out to the sunlight.

Here the story closed. Some day, perhaps, an old man, white-haired and pale as one from the lowest dungeon of a Bastille, will climb slowly out of some cañon of the Rockies to tell the world more about his discovery of a lost race. CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1890.

More than 150 perished in the great forest fires of the Northwest during the past month.

FINLAND AS IT IS.

The Land and the People as Seen by a Recent Traveler.

"During the summer season"—the speaker was a seller of English books in St. Petersburg—"I am pestered every day for books upon Finland. But what am I to do? There are none in the market." Such, according to Harry de Windt, was the assertion that moved him to pen his "Finland as It Is," a record of a pleasant journey through the Grand Duchy.

As he began his tour from St. Petersburg, making first for Viborg on the frontier, it is natural that his earliest impressions should be comparative between the land he had left and the land he had reached:

There are few countries so absolutely dissimilar (save climatically) as Russia proper and Finland. Everything is different, commencing with the currency, for roubles and kopeks have now disappeared to give place to pennies and marks, the latter being equal to a French franc. The contrast is especially noticeable as regards towns and their inhabitants. Thus there are few cities in European Russia which do not appear dreary and depressing to a stranger. Moscow and Odessa are exceptions, for the first-named is undoubtedly picturesque, while the gardens, boulevards, and well-paved thoroughfares of the other present a striking contrast, to say, Kharkoff, with its general impression of gloom, and even Sankt. Viborg is barely eighty miles from Petersburg, and yet I awaken today in another world in a cozy bedroom worthy of the Gordon hotels. Its windows overlook a scene more suggestive of sunny Spain or Italy than the Frozen North. The picturesque town nestling against a background of pine forest, and blue waters of the harbor sparkling under a cloudless sky, the wooded islets with their pretty villas, the ruined castle of Viborg, with its crumbling thirteenth-century battlements, and last, but not least, the general air of life and animation are indeed pleasant to contemplate after the drab, dreary streets of the Russian capital. Viborg is, perhaps, the least imposing of all Finnish towns, for many of its dwellings are built of wood, which, however, is generally stained a dark red color, cleaner and more cheerful looking than rough, weather-beaten logs. Pleasant also is it to saunter through the picturesque old streets, to ransack the silver shops, and come suddenly upon a market-place, lying in the shadow of quaint old gabled houses, where the rosy-cheeked peasants, carts and cobbles, and canvas booths packed with fruit and vegetables recall some old-world town in far-away Brittany. Everything has a cleanly, bright appearance, and the fresh, pine-scented sea-breeze is grateful indeed after muggy, inodorous Petersburg.

Later in his volume, when he has got his reader thoroughly interested in the country and its people, Mr. de Windt indulges in a few pages of geographical facts and has something to say about climate:

"What sort of a place is Finland?" asked a friend whom I met, on my return from that country, in London. "Very much the same as Lapland, I suppose? Snow, sleighs, and bears, and all that kind of thing?"

My friend was not singular in his ideas, for they are probably those of most people in England. At present Finland is a *terra incognita*, though fortunately not likely to remain one. Nevertheless, it will probably take years to eradicate a notion that one of the most attractive and advanced countries in Europe, possessed in summer of the finest climate in the world, is not the eternal abode of poverty, cold, and darkness. It was just the same before the railway opened up Siberia and revealed prosperous cities, fertile plains, and boundless mineral resources to an astonished world. A decade ago my return from this land of civilization, progress, and, above all, humanity was invariably met by the kind of question that heads this chapter, with the addition, as a rule, of facetious allusions to torture and the knout! My ignorance, however, of Finland as she really is was probably unsurpassed before my eyes were opened by a personal inspection, so I can not afford to criticize.

What is Finland, and what are its geographical and climatic characteristics? I will try to answer these questions briefly and clearly without wearying the reader with statistics. In the first place, Finland (in Finnish, "Suomi") is about the size of Great Britain, Holland, and Belgium combined, with a population of about two and a half millions. Its southern and western shores are washed by the Baltic Sea, while Lake Ladoga and the Russian frontier form the eastern boundary. Finland stretches northward far beyond the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where it joins Norwegian territory, but the head of the imaginary female I have already described (which forms the northern extremity) does not touch the Arctic Ocean. There are thirty-seven towns, of which only seven have a population exceeding ten thousand, viz: Helsingfors, Abo, Tammerfors, Viborg, Uleaborg, Vasa (Nikolaistad), and Bjorneborg.

Finland is essentially a flat country, slightly mountainous towards the north, but even her highest peak (Halesjock, in Finnish Lapland) is under four thousand feet in height. South of this a hill of three hundred feet is called a mountain; therefore Alpine climbers have no business here. The interior may be described as an undulating plateau largely composed of swamp and forest, broken with granite rocks and gravel bridges and honeycombed with the inland waters known as "The Thousand Lakes" (although ten thousand would be nearer the mark), one of which is three times the size of the Lake of Geneva. The rivers are small and unimportant, the largest being only about the size of the Seine. On the other hand, the numerous falls and rapids on even the smallest streams render their ascent in boats extremely difficult and often impossible. But lakes and canals are the natural highways of the country; rivers are only utilized as a motive power for electricity, manufactures, and for conveying millions of logs of timber yearly from the inland forests to the sea. A curious fact is that, although many parts of the interior are far below the level of the Baltic, the water is gradually but surely receding from the coast, and many hitherto submerged islets off the latter have been left high and dry by the waves. You may now in places walk from one island to another on dry land, which, fifty years ago, was many fathoms under water, while signs of primitive navigation are constantly being discovered as far as twenty miles inland! It is therefore probable that the millions of islands which now fringe these shores formed at some remote period one continuous strip of land. How essels ever find their way, say from Hangö to Nystad, is a mystery to the uninitiated landsman. At a certain place there are no less than three hundred islands of various sizes crowded into an area of six square miles! Heaven preserve the man who finds himself there in thick weather with a kipper who does not quite know the ropes!

The climate of Finland is by no means so severe as is generally imagined. As a matter of fact, no country of a milder latitude, with the exception of Sweden, enjoys the same immunity from intense cold. This is owing to the Gulf

Stream, which also imparts its genial influence to Scandinavia. In summer the heat is never excessive, the rainfall is insignificant, and thunderstorms are rare. July is the warmest, and January the coldest month, the mean temperature of Helsingfors in mid-winter has never fallen below that of Astrakhan, on the Caspian Sea.

The weather is, however, frequently changeable, and even in summer the thermometer often rises or falls many degrees in the space of a few hours. You may sit down to dinner in the open air in Helsingfors in your shirt-sleeves, and before coffee is served be sending home for a fur coat. But this is an unusual occurrence, for a summer in Finland has been my most agreeable climatic experience in any part of the world.

The winter is unquestionably hard, and lasts about six months, from November till the middle of April. At Christmas time the sun is only visible for six hours a day. The entire surface of the country, land, lake, and river, then forms one vast and frozen surface of snow, which may be traversed by means of sledge, snowshoes, or ski. A good man on the last-named will easily cover his seven miles an hour. Although tourists generally affect this country in the open season, a true Finlander loves the winter months as much as he dislikes summer. In his eyes boredom, heat, and mosquitoes are a poor exchange for merry picnics on skis, skating contests, and sledge expeditions by starlight with pretty women and gay companions, to say nothing of the nightly balls and theatre and supper parties. Helsingfors is closed to navigation from November until June, for the sea forms an icy barrier around the coast of Finland, now no longer impervious, thanks to the ice-breakers at Hangö. In the north the Gulf of Bothnia is frozen for even longer.

Towards April winter shows signs of departure. By the middle of May ice and snow have almost disappeared, except in the north, where Uleaborg is, climatically, quite three weeks behind any of the southern towns. Before the beginning of June verdure and foliage have reappeared in all their luxuriance, and birds and flowers once more gladden field and forest with perfume and song. Even now an occasional shower of sleet besprinkles the land, only to melt in a few minutes, and leave it fresher and greener than before. May and June are, perhaps, the best months, for July and August are sometimes too warm to be pleasant. October and November are gloomy and depressing. Never visit Finland in the late autumn, for the weather is then generally dull and overcast, while cold, raw winds, mist and sleet, are not the exception. Midwinter and midsummer are the most favorable seasons, which offer widely different but equally favorable conditions for the comfort and amusement of the traveler.

Although well equipped with letters of introduction, Mr. de Windt did not find it necessary to use them to any extent. The Finns are exceedingly hospitable, and thus it came about that the host of a hotel at which the traveler stopped invited him to a party of a friend at a villa on a neighboring lake. The invitation afforded the visitor an opportunity to see the well-to-do Finn at home:

The bride and bridegroom had departed when we arrived at dusk, to find Mr. Lindström's villa ablaze with light. Adjoining it was a separate building of wood, with a floor of polished "parquet," which had been specially constructed for a ballroom. The latter is a common adjunct to Finnish country houses, for here all classes (and all ages) are passionately fond of dancing. Even the tiniest village has its weekly dance on Saturday evenings in the largest available cottage or farm. The Lindström's ballroom could have accommodated a couple of hundred guests, although we numbered about fifty. The room was gayly decorated with flags, ferns, and flowers, with a huge block of lake ice at each end of the apartment, which contained no seats of any kind. For there were no wallflowers, the most venerable couples circling gravely round to the strains of an excellent string band, which, to my surprise, discoursed the very latest dance music. I was prepared in these remote regions to hear the waltzes and polkas of my childhood, but the ball was opened by a tuneful measure from the "Belle of New York!"

The Villa Aura was, inside and out, a marvel of symmetry and good taste. A stretch of smooth ward sloped downwards from the house to the lake, about a quarter of a mile from the building, a two-storied one built in bungalow style, with verandas and French windows opening on the lawn. The drawing-room was a spacious apartment, where shaded lamps threw a cool, dim light over a quiet and cozy interior, to which Algerian and Turkish rugs and lounges and a Cairene "mashrabia" lent an Oriental look. On the walls were oil paintings by well-known French and English artists, and a mezzotint of Bartolozzi stood on an easel by the grand piano. Looking around me at spreading ferns, bowls of cut flowers, silver nicknacks, and French novels that littered the tables, I could scarcely realize that this was my Finland of a week ago. Mr. Lindström was a man of literary as well as artistic tastes, and I could willingly have passed hours in his library replete with rare and valuable books of all ages and languages. My host was justly proud of his unique collection of Finnish authors, but a modern production, in the shape of an atlas of Finland, published at Helsingfors, excited my special admiration. For in the thirty odd maps it contains the population, meteorology, schools, agriculture, mines, forests, industries, communications, telegraphs, and even light-houses are described and classified with a care and detail that must have entailed years of labor and research. I doubt if any other country in the world can boast of such a complete geographical and statistical volume of reference, and therefore expressed surprise that so valuable a contribution to geographical literature was not more widely disseminated. "Because, my dear sir," replied Lindström warmly, "Finland is not yet known. Pray accept the atlas, and take it to England, where the majority of people seem to think that we live for nothing else in the world but tar and timber!"

Among the guests at the party was a major of the Finnish army, who assured Mr. de Windt that it was his duty to pay a visit to Punkaharju, "our show place; you might as well pass through Naples without seeing Pompeii":

The Herr Major had rightly described Punkaharju as the "Pearl of Lakes," for Switzerland itself could scarcely produce a more entrancing prospect. Imagine a long, low island, or rather a succession of islands forming one uninterrupted stretch of park and meadowland nearly six miles in length. So narrow is Punkaharju that in places a pebble can be thrown across it from one beach to another, while in other parts it widens into charming glades and valleys where ferns grow knee-deep and the grass is carpeted with wild flowers. From a distance the place presents almost the appearance of a viaduct, so steep are its cliffs, which arise abruptly to a height of a hundred feet from the blue waters of Lake Puruvesi. From the narrow ridge at the summit you may obtain one of the finest views in Finland, and realize by looking down the almost perpendicular slope on either side

the quaint natural formation of the island, probably due to some convulsion of nature. For the top of Punkaharju is almost razor-like, and to this is due its name, which signifies, literally, "hog's-back." The best time to visit this lovely spot is the fall of the year, for the forests are then flecked with the bronze and golden tints of dying leaves, which relieve to a certain extent the monotonous vista of every shade of verdure that meets the eye in summer. The islands are, of course, thickly wooded (most places are in southern Finland), but the Finn has made the most of his opportunities, and cunningly contrived alleys and avenues in the network of branches and greenery afford delightful glimpses of lake, forest, and field, and there are comfortable seats at short intervals where the wayfarer may contemplate the beauties of nature. Above all, should you visit this place in autumn, don't miss the sunset, for it is one of the sight of Finland. But Punkaharju is beautiful at any time—in summer, smiling in the midst of flowers, and even in winter, shrouded in deep snow and lashed by the pitiless storms that sweep down from the north. For even at this inclement season there are quiet, still days, when the sky is like a turquoise, and sleigh bells jingle merrily over the frozen lake while the snow-clad little island sparkles like a diamond in the sunshine.

Of course Mr. de Windt has something to say about the women of the country, but his assertion that they have "no political rights" needs serious qualification in view of the women franchise law of 1906, and of the fact that women are now eligible for election to parliament:

Women are admitted at Helsingfors University, and many have graduated in science, art, and medicine. It seemed strange at first to see young girls walking about in white velvet caps like those worn by the students at Bonn and Heidelberg, but the women of Finland have reached a stage of emancipation as yet unknown in any other country. They have, it is true, no political rights, but are frequently employed in government service, while as regards mental and even physical employment there is very little difference here between the sexes. Go into a bank or a railway station, and your check is generally cashed or ticket handed you by a female clerk. In the agricultural districts women work quite as hard as men in the fields, and in the towns are often seen sweeping the streets. Many are even employed as stonemasons and carpenters; indeed, there is hardly any kind of manual labor that a Finnish woman will not turn her hand to, or any profession from which she is debarred, save, perhaps, the army and the church. And, in Finland at least, she generally succeeds admirably in her business undertakings, from the keeping of a ledger to the roofing of a house. Let me add that, notwithstanding all this independence of thought and action, the Finnish woman has never sacrificed the refinement indispensable to feminine charm and influence. Her love of home and children is as strong as that of the most domesticated German matron. One seldom meets a "Blue Stocking," as we know them, for equality of sex is an accepted fact, and there is no need for the crazy advocates of women's rights, who excite only pity and derision in England. On the other hand, the women here are certainly as well, if not better, educated than those of any other European country. They are well read, musical, and artistic, generally acquainted with two or three languages, and thoroughly posted in the home and foreign topics of the day. Most of them marry at an early age, but divorce is rare, for marital infidelity is looked upon as an unpardonable crime, and punished accordingly. The man, as well as the woman, is hallowed forever by society. At the same time it is easier to obtain a divorce than in almost any other country. Supposing both parties agree to separate, there is no king's proctor to prevent them. A man has only to disappear for a year, at the end of which period he is advertised for three times in the newspapers. Should there be no response, his wife may at once procure her divorce and remarry—and *vice versa*. Although the female considerably outnumbers the male population of Finland, it is probably the least immoral country in the world. The streets of the capital after nightfall are a proof of this, also the public places of entertainment, any of which a lady can visit alone and unprotected without fear of insult. This is strange when we consider that Helsingfors is sandwiched between two of the most licentious cities in Europe—Stockholm and St. Petersburg. Vice must, of course, exist in every large town, but in Helsingfors the police regulations are so cleverly framed that it is rendered as invisible and therefore as innocuous as possible.

Notwithstanding the autocratic attitude of Russia to Finland, Mr. de Windt did not once hear a disparaging remark about the Czar, while of Alexander III he was told this story by a prominent Finnish patriot:

His majesty was upon one occasion fishing in the vicinity of Viborg incognito, and attended only by an aide-de-camp. Sport had been had all the morning until an old woodcutter passed by and suggested another kind of bait—a species of worm peculiar to the district. In less than an hour several fine fish had been landed by the emperor, who was so pleased at his success that he ordered an adjournment, to the dwelling of the peasant whose advice had been so useful, for lunch. Here the trout were cooked and partaken of, the woodcutter's daughter waiting upon the imperial guest, who was struck by her fearful eyes and downcast appearance.

"Why is she so sad?" inquired the Tsar of her father at the close of the repast.

"Her fiancé is going away tomorrow to serve in the army. They can not marry, poor souls! Our grand duke takes them away for too long."

"But he takes so few of them," said the emperor amusedly.

"Where is he, this fiancé?"

"In the next house."

"Go and fetch him!"

A good-looking lad presently entered and nervously eyed the stalwart, flaxen-haired figure before him.

"So you want to marry your pretty little neighbor?"

A shy nod was the reply.

"Well, give her a kiss, and tell her you are not going away. General, write this man a dispensation from military service!"

And the emperor rose to leave the place.

"Great heavens! Can it be possible? Who are you?"

cried the amazed woodcutter, throwing up his arms. "Why, the Tsar himself could scarcely—"

"I am the Tsar!" said Alexander III, turning back from the threshold. "The Tsar of all the Russias in Saint Petersburg! At Viborg I am only Grand Duke of Finland."

In a final chapter Mr. de Windt tells "how to get to Finland," giving particulars of the various routes and prices, and providing the intended traveler with five outline tours lasting from four to fifteen days. There is also a copious appendix of Finnish words likely to be useful to the tourist.

FINLAND AS IT IS. By Harry de Windt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

THREE OF A KIND.

A Morning Among the Thieves of Paris.

"Thief! Thief! Stop him! Stop him!"

The crowd gave chase, every one shouting at the top of his voice without knowing what it was all about.

Finally the thief was caught, being headed off by a policeman stationed on a corner.

For a time the culprit was indistinguishable, so completely was he surrounded by the mob, which, like a hurricane or a rising sea, threatened his destruction. Officers rescued him, however, pushing back his pursuers.

A breathless woman stepped out of the ranks and began: "Monsieur Policeman, that man snatched my gold bag from my hand! Oh, you thief! Take that—and that!" she exclaimed, striking the offender over the head with her parasol.

"Don't take your revenge in that way, madame," said the policeman. "Come with me to headquarters and make your accusation."

Thereupon the officer, the thief, and the victim set out for the station in an adjoining street, followed by the interested throng.

The woman kept up her tirade: "Of course I will go to the station. They ought to catch all these rascals and ship them off to some desert island! Not one should be left on the streets of Paris!"

The thief said nothing. He had the appearance of a half-starved tramp and he was absolutely indifferent to all that was going on about him. He had seen the glitter of the gold bag and had reached out and gathered it in. Now he was arrested, and the shelter and crust he craved were about to be his. That was all.

They reached the station.

"The judge is engaged," explained an attendant.

The woman continued to talk and gesticulate like a Fury pursuing Crime. For the tenth time she rehearsed the story of the theft. "To be robbed in broad daylight! There's no safety anywhere, it seems!"

The policeman looked at the gold bag he had found under the thief's blouse. The thief looked down at his feet, which protruded through the holes in his shoes. The crowd peered in at the door to see what was going on inside.

At last the judge appeared at the door of his office, ushering out an elegantly attired lady who seemed much cast down.

"I'm very sorry, madame," he was saying, "but this sort of thing happens every day. Thieves are not in the habit of bringing their plunder to police stations."

"It was so unfortunate!" sighed the lady. "To think of losing a gold bag, a watch, a bracelet, and a ring all at once."

She seemed to be appealing to the crowd to witness her misfortune, as she cast her eyes about.

"My thief!" she exclaimed suddenly. "There she is! I was sitting in a shop trying on gloves, with my bag lying in my lap. That woman grabbed it and disappeared. I had just time to see her and I recognize her. I recognize my property, too."

This caused a general surprise. The man raised his head and smiled faintly. The accused woman, abashed for an instant, faced the newcomer.

"The bag is mine, Monsieur Judge. The lady doesn't know what she's talking about. There might be two bags just alike."

"Yes, and more than two, for that matter," replied the judge. "But we shall see."

He took the bag and opened it.

"What is in this bag, madame?" he asked, addressing the accused.

"A watch," was the reply.

"That was not difficult to guess. I just said there was," remarked the second woman.

"What kind of a watch?" insisted the judge.

"A plain gold one."

"Not at all," corrected the second. "It is set with small diamonds."

The judge examined the watch. The second woman was right.

"And the bracelet?"

"Set with diamonds," replied the accused.

"Plain gold," said the other.

She was right again.

"And the ring?"

"Oh, I don't know," snapped the first party, abandoning the game.

"What else is in the bag?" queried the officer, addressing the second woman.

"My handkerchief with my name 'Mercedes' embroidered in one corner, and my purse, containing forty francs," was the immediate reply.

"You are correct," said the judge. "The bag belongs to you. Please leave me your address so that I can find you when your testimony is needed."

The lady graciously complied with his request, then tripped airily away.

The judge now conducted the two thieves into his private office. Their examination was about to begin when a card was brought to him.

"Show the gentleman in," he said.

The caller proved to be a correctly attired gentleman, a prosperous merchant evidently.

"I have but a moment to give you, monsieur," said the judge. "I am very busy."

"A moment is all I want," explained the visitor. "I am a jeweler. About two hours ago a handsome, richly dressed lady came into my store to buy various objects. I showed her the best things I had. She looked at them, but did not buy, saying she would return later. She then went out and shortly afterwards I missed a gold bag, a watch set with diamonds, a gold bracelet and a ring with an emerald setting. All these objects are doubtless gone forever, but I thought it best to acquaint you with the case. Chance might favor me."

"Chance has been here and gone again," said the judge. "You have been robbed three times, and if you had come a few moments sooner, you would have recovered your property." He then related the story of the bag and its contents. "Your thief was robbed by this woman and she in turn was robbed by this man. The first thief has gone with your property, which I thought belonged to her."

The accused man laughed aloud at the drollness of the situation.

"Silence," said the judge sternly. "You're not here to amuse yourself."

He then rang and gave the address left him to a messenger. "Mme. Mercedes Domino, rue de Rivoli. It is quite near here. Take your wheel and hurry."

In a few moments the boy was back.

"There's no such person at the address you gave me!"

"I expected as much," remarked the judge. "You have only one chance left, monsieur. It is that the lady will be robbed again, that she will come here to report, and that her thief will be brought in at the same time, as this woman was. But where is she?" he asked, looking around.

The truth was the woman had slipped out, taking advantage of the judge's preoccupation. Only the man remained. He now spoke, addressing the jeweler:

"You and I have both been 'done,' I take it."

"He looks like an honest fellow," replied the jeweler indirectly. "I might hire him for a detective."

He did nothing of the kind, however. The man was tried and condemned to several years' imprisonment.

He remarked cynically: "Another time I'll steal from honest people, if I can find any. That's a hard thing to do, it seems."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Gustave Geffrey by H. Twitchell.

Before their war with Japan, the Russians had built several imposing structures in Port Arthur and laid the foundations for many more, including those for a stately cathedral. Those foundations have remained as they were, and the city has been left half deserted. A great change is, however, impending (observes the New York Evening Post). The Japanese have found a rich treasure in the Fushun mines, near Mukden, which yield over 5000 tons of coal daily. The port of Dairen (formerly called Dalny) is too small to handle all this freight; on stormy days it is almost impossible to load or unload cargoes. It therefore occurred to the authorities that Port Arthur might be converted into a commercial harbor, and as such it was opened not long ago. Its waters will soon be covered with coal barges; the streets will again show signs of life, and it is expected that ere long globe-trotters will include this place in their itinerary. The scenery from the hills above the town is impressive; on one of them a monument has been erected to the 20,000 Japanese who fell there. Apart from this, there are few things to suggest the siege; but in the town there is a museum which recalls it vividly. In front of it there is a booth where the expected tourist will find post-cards picturing the surroundings and incidents of the battles.

Our word "sugar" is said to be derived from the Arabic "sukkar," the article itself having got into Europe through the Arabian Mohammedans, who overran a great part of the world in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries. According to Dr. Van Lippman, a Dutch writer, as a result of the Arab invasion of Persia, sugar found its way in Arabia, whence again its culture was carried to Cyprus, Rhodes, Sicily, and Egypt. In the last-named country the preparation of sugar was greatly improved, and the Egyptian product became widely famous. From Egypt the industry spread along the northern coasts of Africa and so entered Spain, where, about the year 1150, some fourteen refineries were in operation. Columbus introduced sugar cane into the New World.

It seems very probable that there were smokers in England long before the introduction of tobacco. Pipes have been discovered imbedded in the mortar of churches built before Europe's first acquaintance with tobacco, and it seems only reasonable to suppose that the people of that day smoked herbs of some sort either medicinally or for pleasure. Coltsfoot was inhaled for asthma, though whether a pipe was used in the process remains a matter for conjecture.

Notwithstanding all that has been referred to previously, Senator Aldrich is able to point with pride to the fact that Rhode Island has increased its population 26 per cent in the last decade. That is, it is a fact if the press agent of the census returns, now incubating, is not too enthusiastic. Probably the rumor that two Pawtucket families moved over into Connecticut a year or so ago is unfounded.

OLD FAVORITES.

He Called Her In.

He called her in from me and shut the door.
And she so loved the sunshine and the sky!—
She loved them even better yet than I
That ne'er knew dearth of them—my mother dead,
Nature had nursed me in her lap instead:
And I had grown a dark and eerie child
That rarely smiled,
Save when, shut all alone in grasses high
Looking straight up in God's great lonesome sky
And coaxing Mother to smile back on me.
'Twas lying thus, this fair girl suddenly
Came on me, nestled in the fields beside
A pleasant-seeming bome, with doorway wide—
The sunshine heating in upon the floor
Like golden rain—

Oh, sweet, sweet face above me, turn again
And leave me! I bad cried, hut that an ache
Within my throat so gripped it I could make
No sound but a thick sobbing. Cowering so,
I felt her light hand laid
Upon my hair—a touch, that ne'er before
Had tamed me thus, all soothed and unafraid—
It seemed the touch the children used to know
When Christ was here, so dear it was—so dear—
At once I loved her as the leaves love dew
In midmost summer when the days are new.
Barely an hour I knew her, yet a curl
Of silken sunshine did she clip for me
Out of the bright May-morning of her hair,
And bound and gave it to me laughingly,
And caught my hands and called me "Little girl."
Tip-toeing, as she spoke, to kiss me there;
And I stood dazed and dumb for very stress
Of my great happiness.

She plucked me by the gown, nor saw how mean
The raiment—drew me with her everywhere:
Smothered her face in tufts of grasses green:
Put up her dainty hands and peeped between
Her fingers at the blossoms—creeped and talked
To them in strange, glad whispers, as we walked—
Said this one was her angel mother—this,
Her baby-sister—come back, for a kiss,
Clean from the Good-World—smiled and kissed them—then
Closed her soft eyes and kissed them o'er again.
And so did she beguile me—so we played—
She was the dazzling Shine—I, the dark Shade—
And we did mingle like to these, and thus,
Together, made

The perfect summer, pure and glorious.
So blent we, till a harsh voice broke upon
Our happiness.—She, startled as a fawn,
Cried, "Oh, 'tis Father!"—all the blossoms gone
From out her cheeks as those from out her grasp—
Harsher the voice came:—She could only gasp,
Affrightedly, "Good-bye!—good-bye!—good-bye!"
And lo, I stood alone, with that harsh cry
Ringing a new and unknown sense of shame
Through soul and fame,
And, with wet eyes, repeating o'er and o'er—
"He called her in from me and shut the door!"

He called her in from me and shut the door!
And I went wandering alone again—
So lonely—oh, so very lonely then,
I thought no little sorrow star, alone
In all a world of twilight, e'er had known
Such utter loneliness. But that I wore
Above my heart that gleaming tress of hair
To lighten up the night of my despair,
I think I might have groped into my grave,
Nor cared to wave
The ferns above it with a heath of prayer.
And how I hungered for the sweet, sweet face
That bent above me in my hiding-place
That day amid the grasses there beside
Her pleasant home!—"Her pleasant home!" I sighed,
Remembering;—then shut my teeth and feigned
The harsh voice calling me—then clinched my nails
So deeply in my palms, the sharp wounds pained,
And tossed my face toward heaven, as one who pales
In splendid martyrdom, with soul serene,
As near to God as high the guillotine.
And I had envied her? Not that—oh, no!
But I had longed for some sweet haven so!—
Wherein the tempest-beaten heart might ride
Sometimes at peaceful anchor, and abide
Where those that loved me touched me with their hands,
And looked upon me with glad eyes, and slipped
Smooth fingers o'er my brow, and lulled the strands
Of my wild tresses, as they backward tipped
My yearning face and kissed it satisfied.
Then bitterly I murmured as before—
"He called her in from me and shut the door!"

He called her in from me and shut the door!
After long struggling with my pride and pain—
A weary while it seemed, in which the more
I beld myself from her, the greater pain
Was I to look upon her face again;
At last—at last—half-conscious where my feet
Were faring, I stood waist-deep in the sweet
Green grasses there where she
First came to me—
The very blossoms she had plucked that day,
And, at her father's voice, had cast away,
Around me lay,
Still bright and blooming in these eyes of mine;
And as I gathered each one eagerly,
I pressed it to my lips and drank the wine
Her kisses left there for the boney-bee.
Then, after I had laid them with the tress
Of her bright hair with lingering tenderness,
I, turning, crept on to the ledge that bound
Her pleasant-seeming bome—but all around
Was never sign of her!—The windows all
Were blinded; and I heard no rippling fall
Of her glad laugh, nor any harsh voice call;
But, clutching to the tangled grasses, caught
A sound as though a strong man bowed his head
And sobbed alone—unloved—uncomforted!—
And then straightway before
My tearless eyes, all vividly, was wrought
A vision that is with me evermore:
A little girl that lies asleep, nor hears,
Nor heeds not any voice nor fall of tears—
And I sit singing o'er and o'er and o'er—
"God called her in from bim and shut the door!"
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Willie Buckmiller, three years old, in New York City fell out of a second-story window and safely into a pillow-case flapping on the clothesline. Add this to the list of remarkable escapes.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Enchanted Ground.

When Mr. Smith loses some of his present self-consciousness in writing, allows his characters to convey their own lessons by development or action, abandons his habit of acting in a too obvious chorus, and chastens his style with a ruthless hand, he will be able to write a novel of real value and distinction. The present effort is marked by all the faults indicated above, and yet has within it the material for a far higher achievement. Though not a novel theme, the clash of metropolitan temperament with New England conventions has not been exhausted, and Philip and his betrothed are admirable foils for such a city-born nature as that of Katrinka. But there is somehow a lack of sincerity in the relations of Philip with his temptress—a lack which begins with the melodramatic street accident that led to the meeting of the two, and is accentuated by the scene in Katrinka's hotel flat and at the supper later. On the other hand, Philip's betrothed, Georgia Rayburn, the New England girl of austere morals and narrow outlook, is drawn with more firmness and may be accepted with fewer reservations. That she should have cast off her lover when he confesses his philandering with the married Katrinka is natural, but Georgia's subsequent relenting is by no means so convincing. Nor does the mind accept as necessary the humorous relief of the story, even though that he better handled than some of its other phases. And the wordiness of many passages retards the story and imparts an atmosphere of unnecessary preachiness.

ENCHANTEO GROUND. By Harry James Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net.

Devious Ways.

David Brockman, the hero of "Devious Ways," is a kind of later-day Joseph who finds a Potiphar's wife at every turn. His wanderings lead him far afield in the world, to America, Canada, Japan, Australia, India; and to a Buddhist priest in Ceylon he unhurried himself concerning women thus: "I have lived with the lowest of them, and I know that a man can touch them to saintliness; and I know that a man can leave them as malignant as hell; and I know that all ease and happiness hang from what men choose to make of women." That confession lives the kernel of Mr. Cannan's remarkable story, and in the light of those words the strange childhood of David with his unusual relations toward his mother, takes on its full significance from the point of view of heredity. Perhaps the strongest section of the story is that which depicts the hero in contact with the underworld of life in Johannesburg, where, however, he discovers the Nina who is to be for him the woman-soul that leads him upward. Finely conceived, too, are the chapters which tell of the return to England and the temptations which drag David for a time from the realization of his ideals. In the birth of a child to himself and Nina he attains that goal of satisfied life for which all his wanderings were a preparation. Mr. Cannan makes heavy demands at times upon his reader, for he is a writer of shallow and softly flowing sentences, but the attention he compels is worth giving.

DEVIOUS WAYS. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

Carlyle's First Love.

As a postscript to the Blumine episode in Sartor Resartus," Mr. Archibald's researches are not fail to interest all students of Carlyle's life, but it may be questioned whether his conclusion that there is a blend of Jane Welsh and the portrait of Teufelsdröckh's heroine is likely to meet with general acceptance. But Mr. Archibald will have no reason to complain of that, for the extent with which Margaret Gordon holds the field must be the measure of permanent value attached to his hook. Such as have no opportunity to study these ages in full will be grateful for the summary of the episode of Carlyle's first love. "Carlyle, attracted to Margaret Gordon—the 'fair-complexioned, softly elegant, softly grave, witty and comely type,' who 'had a good deal of gracefulness, intelligence, and other talent'—finally fell in love with her. The possession of Carlyle's friendship, Margaret Gordon often said, was a constant source of delight; he fully appreciated his 'genius' and the 'awful distance' between him and 'ordinary men,' and he held his 'abilities' with 'wonder and delight.' She closes her farewell letter with a postscript which would seem to clearly indicate that however strongly she had expressed herself in her letter, and however strongly her sense of duty would compel her to such a course, she feared her resolution might waver, and she saw Carlyle further; she dared 'not promise to see' him. Margaret's aunt, Mrs. Sher, could, apparently, see no happiness for her adopted daughter in marrying a poor schoolmaster, although she (the aunt) really esteemed him." The fact of the matter was, there was another man in the case, a man whose means were at any rate more substantial than those of Carlyle in his Kirkcaldy days. So Margaret became the wife of Alexander Bannerman, who, after representing

Aherdeen in Parliament, was knighted and made governor of Newfoundland.

According to the testimony of one friend, Lady Bannerman was a woman of wide culture and considerable grasp of intellect; another describes her as "tall, with a very elegant figure and a queenly dignity that made her a person of distinction in all circumstances." It seems that not one of her relatives ever heard her mention her acquaintance with Carlyle, though she was fond of discussing his hooks.

CARLYLE'S FIRST LOVE. By Raymond Clare Archibald. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50 net.

The Window at the White Cat.

If the reader is prepared to grant that a good-looking and susceptible lawyer who is in the habit of being consulted by female clients may reach the age of thirty-five and yet remain heart-whole, there will be little to interfere with his enjoyment of Mrs. Rinchart's new tale of mystery. One of its best points is that it starts moving at a lively pace from the opening chapter, and continues briskly through all the others. This makes for arrested attention from the start, especially as Margery Fleming's visit to John Knox, the lawyer in question, is occasioned by the unaccountable disappearance of her father, a State treasurer of shady reputation. All the time Margery is telling her story John is falling more and more deeply in love, and the warning of his married brother and his wife to beware of any connection with the Flemings naturally increases his desire to see more of Margery. But there are other mysteries, one having to do with a lady of mature years who is for a time as strangely lost to her relatives as the State treasurer. Of course all the mysteries are cleared up in Mrs. Rinchart's adroit way, and, equally of course, John's thirty-five years are no obstacle to his winning the nineteen-year-old Margery. As may be inferred from the foregoing, this is not a novel of the highest class, for it has little to do with character development, but its sensational elements will commend it to a large circle of readers.

THE WINDOW AT THE WHITE CAT. By Mary Roberts Rinchart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

The Decay of the Church of Rome.

Joseph McCahe, once a priest of the Church of Rome, from whence he has been cast adrift by the spirit of anti-modernism, undertakes in this painstaking study of statistics to prove this thesis: "Instead of showing signs of increase, the Church of Rome is rapidly decaying, and only a dramatic change of its whole character can save it from ruin."

According to the statement usually made, out of the five hundred and fifty millions of Christians in the world some two hundred and fifty millions are supposed to owe allegiance to Rome. That figure, however, ought to be higher by twenty millions if the Church of Rome had done no more than retain its followers of eighty years ago, and their children. Mr. McCahe contends that the real total of Roman Catholics is one hundred and ninety millions, and that consequently the church has lost about eighty millions of adherents during the last eighty years.

Roughly the hook is divided into three sections, corresponding with the Latin world, the English-speaking world, and the Germanic world, and, by relying in almost every case on the testimony of Roman Catholic writers, Mr. McCahe shows that in each section the Church of Rome has failed to hold its own. So far as America is concerned, he points out that the ten millions or so of Catholics in the United States do not represent addition to the Vatican's following; "they come from Ireland, Austria, Italy, Germany, Poland, France, Canada, and Mexico." In support of this view Mr. McCahe gives a summary of the report of an Irish priest who made a tour in America in 1901. "Father Shinnors and some fellow Oblates were horrified by the American church for 'revival services,' and on his return he described his experiences in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (February, May, and July, 1902). He found that deserters 'could be counted by the million.' On the basis of emigration from Ireland he calculated that there should now be ten millions of Irish Catholics in the States—or, adding Germans, etc.—a total Catholic population of twenty millions. He found it less than ten millions. American prelates begged him to arrest the tide of emigration from Ireland. 'For your people,' one of them said to him, 'America is the road to hell.' They were always the first of the emigrants to be 'Americanized.'"

Not content with disclosing the numerical losses of the Church of Rome, Mr. McCahe contends that its real strength is far below the arithmetical test, however low a figure is adopted. "Of the Vatican's one hundred and ninety million followers more than one hundred and twenty million are illiterate. . . . This means, in plain English, that the majority of the Roman Catholics of the world today consist of American Indians, half-castes, negroes, and mulattoes; Italian, Spanish, Russian, and Slavonic peasants of the most backward character; and Indian, Indo-Chinese, and African natives." Mr. McCahe has an explanation for the state of things he discloses:

"For people of any culture the Roman theology, the most ample and conservative epitome of mediæval beliefs, is no longer possible except there he granted a broad liberty of interpretation in a symbolic sense."

THE DECAY OF THE CHURCH OF ROME. By Joseph McCabe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Legal Development in Massachusetts.

So far as Massachusetts was concerned, Mr. Hilkey contests the accepted view that the American colonists claimed the English common law as their hitherto and applied that law to their new conditions in a new land. Having appealed to the old charters and records to substantiate this view, he reaches this conclusion: "In place of bringing with them to America the general principles of the common law, and claiming it as their heritage, and applying it where the circumstances permitted, the colonists united three elements in their legal system: (1) They brought with them, in a general way, English institutions, judicial procedure, legal forms, and, to a certain extent, personal and property rights. (2) They drew from the Mosaic code and other portions of the Bible certain notions of theocratic government, moral and religious duties, and criminal liability. (3) To these they added a colonial element, made up of laws and customs that were in part somewhat archaic and in part far in advance of the times." For the sake of those who wish to study the subject in greater detail, Mr. Hilkey gives a selected bibliography, but it is surprising that his list does not include Bradford's history of the Plymouth plantation, for that volume is rich in examples of appeals made to the Mosaic law by the early settlers.

LEGAL DEVELOPMENT IN COLONIAL MASSACHUSETTS. By Charles J. Hilkey. New York: Columbia University; \$1.25.

Commencement Days.

When "Commencement Days" was produced as a play a year or two ago almost the only redeeming feature of the performance was that scene in Lorraine's room when the girls in their "nighties" made a sudden disappearance at the approach of danger and as sudden a reappearance when the danger was past. That did help to relieve a somewhat wearisome evening, but unfortunately in hook form all the joy of that episode is lost. The text fails to suggest that elf-like vanishing which the chorus girls simulated, and the photograph of the scene does not help the reader a bit. Perhaps there are college girls who will take some pleasure in reading this account of the type of life through which they have passed or are passing, but it is to be feared the general reader will be bored by the author's high-flown sentences, and take but little interest in the quasi-melodrama of the story.

COMMENCEMENT DAYS. By Virginia Church. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.50.

Briefer Reviews.

Velleda, the child heroine of "The Gossamer Thread" (Small, Maynard & Co.) is described by Venita Seihert as one who understood about "the Different World." Many attractive little stories are woven into the narrative, which will be greatly enjoyed by juvenile readers.

"Backwoods Surgery and Medicine" (Outing Publishing Company; 75 cents net) is a handy little volume specially designed for the use of those campers who want to know how in emergency to treat fractures, burns, and cuts, serpent bites, or any other ills that may be experienced in the woods.

While some of Burton E. Stevenson's judgments in "A Guide to Biography" (the Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.25 net) are open to challenge, the hook is well adapted to introduce young readers to the leading American men of mind. The subjects include authors, painters, sculptors, actors, men of science, and men of affairs, and each chapter gives a brief but interesting summary of the lives of the most notable men coming under each section. The following will illustrate Mr. Stevenson's judicial point of view: "American imaginative literature today resembles a lofty plateau rather than a mountain range. It shows a high level of achievement, but no mighty peaks."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Quiet Days in Spain.

A volume of travels without photographs or a map is a curiosity in these days of liberal illustrating, but Mr. Luffmann is such an adept at lively portraiture and finished vignettes of places and scenery that pictures would have been out of place in this fascinating volume. It is an intimate and vivid record of nine months' wandering in Spain, which stores the mind of the reader as well as that of the writer with the memory of "many blessed days."

Perhaps the best explanation of the charm of Mr. Luffmann's pages is that they are such a faithful reflection of "the land of tomorrow" which subscribes so heartily to "the gospel of never mind." Not that the chronicler is oblivious to the darker side of the picture. He knows that poverty is the most painful and haunting fact of Spain, that millions of her people go hungry throughout their lives, and that "great cities live on little churches, and great churches live on little towns." That, indeed, is the secret of the matter; while the blight of Spain is in her system of government, Mr. Luffmann is convinced that "no remedy is in sight, for it is unthinkable that any change can come from within until the church is virtually suppressed." Yet he advises us not to take Spain seriously, "for she is never in earnest, and as a country is not worth foreign intervention."

In spite of these drawbacks, and this hook being our witness, it is clear that for the wandering holiday-keeper there are few countries where so much enjoyment can be purchased at a small cost. Mr. Luffmann took pot-luck with all sorts of people in forty-two provinces, and everywhere he seems to have had a royal time, not excepting the occasion when he was hurried off to the carcel of Santiago as a person who might have designs on the life of the expected king. Almost his only complaint is against the staff of life: "I must have a dig on paper at Spanish bread, for in this part of the country I can not get my knife into it in any other way. One can afford to praise it for being pure, well worked, thoroughly cooked, and digestible, once it is broken up; but the loaves are so thin, baked so slowly, and to such a degree of hardness that they would serve for roofing-tiles. And the shapes and sizes! They are beyond count. Once I decided to make sketches of the loaves of each province, but soon found it impossible, for the baker invents new shapes for every hatch."

Every page has its bit of humor, either a story or a good-natured hit at some of the manners and customs of the land. Thus, "in Spain it is vulgar to leave anything on one's plate, and in taking fried eggs it is customary to mop up the yolks with bread held in the fingers. Using a knife and fork, a waiter looking at me inquired cynically, 'Are there no eggs in your country?' 'Oh, yes,' I thought there were not, by the mess you are making of that one." And then the impossibility of getting a meal at a stated hour leads to: "I have often had my breakfast so late as to think it an early dinner, and my dinner so far into the night as to regard it as an early breakfast." To complain is to be met with the question, "What is the difference?"

QUIET DAYS IN SPAIN. By C. Bogue Luffmann. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

An Eighteenth-Century Correspondence.

Were it only for its pictures of social life in England in the eighteenth century, the correspondence of Sanderson Miller, a Warwickshire squire "with a genius alike for friendship and architecture," was well worth publishing. When it is added, however, that the letters to Mr. Miller include familiar epistles from men who played an important part in the history of their times, and that they throw much light on many interesting questions, it will be seen that the editors have rendered an extremely useful service in giving the correspondence to the world.

One of the most lively of Mr. Miller's correspondents was Deane Swift, the cousin and biographer of the famous dean of St. Patrick's. A letter of his, dated from Dublin, April 4, 1744, gives a vivid picture of the creator of Gulliver at the time when his mind failed him. "On Sunday, the 17th of March, as he sat in his chair, upon the housekeeper's moving a knife from him as he was about to catch at it, he shrugged his shoulders, and rocking himself, said, 'I am what I am, I am what I am'; and about six minutes afterwards repeated the same words two or three times.

"His servant shaves his cheeks, and all his face as low as the tip of his chin, once a week; but under the chin, and about the throat, when the hair grows long, it is cut with scissors.

"Sometimes he will not utter a syllable; at other times he will speak incoherent words; but he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing.

"About four months ago he gave me great trouble; he seemed to have a mind to talk to me. In order to try what he would say,

I told him I came to dine with him, and immediately his housekeeper, Mrs. Ridgeway, said, 'Won't you give Mr. Swift a glass of wine, sir?' he shrugged his shoulders, just as he used to do when he had a mind a friend should pass the evening with him. Shrugging his shoulders, you may remember, was as much as to say, 'You'll ruin me in wine.' I own, I was scarce able to hear the sight. Soon after, he again endeavored, with a good deal of pain, to find words to speak to me; at last, not being able, after many efforts, he gave a heavy sigh, and, I think, was afterwards silent."

Although so little is known about Mr. Miller himself, the impression left by the letters addressed to him is that of a singularly lovable character, while the allusions to his wife, the "Little Woman," show her to have possessed a particularly attractive nature. Altogether, these old epistles give such pleasant glimpses of the life of the past that they should find many delighted readers in this more prosaic age.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Lillian Dickins and Mary Stanton. New York: Duffield & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Dr. Andrew White, formerly United States ambassador at Berlin, has, in "Seven Great Statesmen," written critical appreciations of Sarpi, Turgot, Grotius, Stein, Thomasius, Cavour, and Bismarck.

A recent visitor to Ruskin's home at Brantwood in the English Lake district describes the study of the great writer as almost lined with hooks. At one end is a large cabinet which contained at one time his collection of missals, most of which have been dispersed, but among other treasures that remain are the manuscripts of some of Sir Walter Scott's novels and a wonderful collection of minerals and gems.

From a tentative announcement it is clear that the fall list of Little, Brown & Co. will provide many hooks of unusual interest. Fiction will be worthily represented, while the books of travel are to include "Sicily in Shadow and Sun," by Maud Howe; "The Grand Cañon of Arizona," by George Wharton James, and a new edition of Anna Bowman Dodd's "Three Normandy Inns." In biography the most important volume will be Lilian Whiting's "Louise Chandler Moulton, Poet and Friend," but other studies will include Tighe Hopkins's "The Women Napoleon Loved" and George A. Torrey's "A Lawyer's Recollections in and Out of Court."

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A notable indication of the expansion of the business of A. C. McClurg & Co. is provided by the entrance by that house of the educational field. This departure will be marked by the early publication of "Elementary Lessons in English" and "Advanced Lessons in English," both written by Professor George C. Howland of the University of Chicago. Mr. C. E. Ricketts has been appointed to take charge of this branch of the McClurg enterprises.

That the Bible is still the best seller or the best circulator among books is demonstrated by the annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which shows that the total issues for the past year were 6,620,000 copies of the Scriptures either whole or in portions. The gospels have been published in six new languages during the year, while many separate hooks of the Bible in the Braille type for the blind have been completed. Since its foundation in 1804 the society has issued over two hundred million copies of the Scriptures.

Helen Fitzgerald Sanders's "Trails Through Western Woods," recently the subject of favorable notice in the *Argonaut*, is published by the Alice Harriman Company, which has established a New York branch within the past few weeks. Mrs. Sanders, who was a daughter of Judge Fitzgerald, is now in Glacier Park gathering data for another hook, and is also preparing a novel the scenes of which are to be laid in her favorite Lake McDonald country.

According to a student of contemporary fiction, there are six recognized methods of beginning a novel: The modern society opening; the John Driveller, or testamentary, opening; the detective opening; the peaceful country house opening; the local color opening; and the spirited, or Gadzooks, opening.

Sir George Newnes carried the *Tit-Bits* manner into the writing of his will, for the publisher disposed of his fortune of £174,000 in a document of thirty-nine words, leaving everything to his son with the stipulation that he pay his mother three thousand pounds a year for life.

A Bahu correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Bombay, says: "The great bulk of the English books printed in India, save the text-books, are religious and metaphysical. The Hindu has been philosophical and mystic; and the leaders of India

today are doing what they can to prevent the younger generation from abandoning the ancient religion; to this end they are providing translations and commentaries of the sacred books which the younger generation can not read in the original. In the present decade, especially, this seems to be the dominant tendency, and from the presses all over the country pretentious and unpretentious volumes are poured out, all written with the purpose of keeping the young sheep from straying into the pastures of free thought, agnosticism, atheism, and Christianity."

Florence S. Barclay, the author of "The Rosary," is on the eve of a visit to America. Although making her home in England, Mrs. Barclay has always kept in close touch with this country, where she has a number of near relatives, including Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth. Coincident with her visit the Putnams will issue her new novel, "The Mistress of Shenstone," wherein some of "The Rosary" characters will make a new appearance.

Kate Douglas Wiggin gave up her Maine home at Quilicote last week for the annual fair of the Dorcas Society of Hollis, whereat one of the saleswomen was Miss Taliaferro, the stage Rebecca so well known to the playgoer. Mrs. Wiggin is hard at work on a new hook, which in subject and treatment is to be widely different from her other works.

John A. Lomax has edited for the Sturgis & Walton Company a volume of "Cowboy Songs," a collection of the cowboy ballads and songs that sprang up in the 'seventies along the cattle trails. In an introduction Professor Barrett Wendell will direct attention to the interest of the collection in relation to the history of the ballad in general.

Goldwin Smith's reminiscences will be lively reading if the following from the first installment is a fair sample: "Carlyle introduced Emerson to the British public as one who brought new fire from the empyrean. But the two men in genius were leagues apart and Carlyle at last found the new fire a bore. George Venables, calling one evening on Carlyle at Chelsea, found himself received with extraordinary warmth, the reason of which Mrs. Carlyle explained by exclaiming, 'Oh, we were afraid it was Emerson.' I heard Emerson lecture. Now and then he shot a telling bolt. The rest of his discourse to me was almost darkness. I heard him read his own poetry aloud, but it remained as obscure to me as before."

New Books Received.

NOVELS.

CELT AND SAXON. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

A study of temperament rather than a novel, but of great interest to the lover of Meredith as the last of his books, even though left unfinished.

FORBIDDEN GROUND. By Gilbert Watson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.

Albania provides the background for this virile story which depicts the clash of love with religion. The heroine, Zetitzka, is a character of unusual interest.

THE CRADLE OF A POET. By Elizabeth Godfrey. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Love treated from the poetic standpoint; "it lies in your hand," is the word of the hero to the heroine, "to make life here a poem."

A WINTER'S COMEDY. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Replete with high spirits is this story of a wayward niece and a generous-hearted uncle.

THE NATIVE BORN. By I. A. R. Wylie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

Another fictional study of the Indian mutiny with many nobly drawn characters and a powerfully described environment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESSE DE DINO. Edited by the Princess Radziwill. Second series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

This second installment of the valuable memoirs of the woman who became the Duchess de Talleyrand embraces the period from 1836 to 1840.

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$4 net.

An exceedingly handsome volume giving the complete record of that African hunting trip about which so much has been written. It is dedicated to "Kermit Roosevelt, my side-partner in our 'great adventure.'"

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FRIENDS. By Florence MacCunn. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50 net.

An account of the numerous friends of the famous Scotsman, based to a large extent upon unpublished material. The book is an admirable supplement to Lockhart's life.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. By Henry Frank. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A "psychological study" which attempts to show "how Shakespeare anticipated by over three hundred years certain discoveries in the most recent of modern sciences."

THE CLOSED BOOK AND OTHER POEMS. By Leoly Louise Everett. New York: Wessels & Bissell Co.; \$1.25 net.

Poems of more than average merit dealing largely with the various phases of love's passion.

DON. By Rudolf Besier. THE EARTH. By J. B. Fagan. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1 net each volume.

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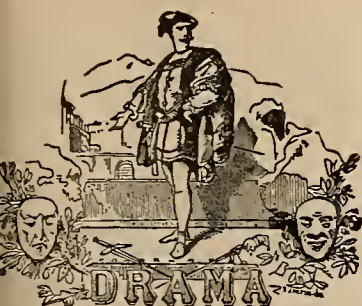
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LAUGHING WITH "THE MIKADO."

By George L. Shoals.

Some time ago there was a diplomatic assembly, or something of that sort, in England, and as there were some high dignitaries from Japan connected in one way or another with the event, the British officials interdicted performances of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, "The Mikado," and gave strict orders that none of the airs of that popular composition should be played in public until the visitors from Nippon were out of sight and hearing. Which was all well enough—for those who can take the over-scrupulous seriously—but let us rejoice that the merry, melodious travesty was not permanently put on the index expurgatorius and the hooks and scores called in and burned. Perhaps even such a judgment, rigorously executed, would not have ended its career. There are hundreds who could recall the greater part of the witty dialogue and swinging music, and its entire reconstruction would not be difficult were there no scrap of printing or writing in existence. That would not be a test of its real value, of course, but it would show that it is one of the things that will not soon be forgotten.

It is a little more than twenty-five years since "The Mikado" was first produced. Following "H. M. S. Pinafore," the first great success of the brilliant and prolific playwright, W. S. Gilbert, in collaboration with Arthur Sullivan, the composer, had come in order "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," and "Princess Ida," and while the first two of these sprang into wide popularity in America as quickly as they did in England, the Japanese opera from the beginning eclipsed all records except that of "Pinafore." There are good reasons for this. It is a humorous fancy in a real world, but changes of fashion or custom can not affect. Its satire is aimed at common and universal traits of character, and the persons of the drama are Japanese only in costume. There is more of exaggeration and extravagance in many of the "Bah Ballads," by the same author, even when the characters are eye cockeyes. Sir Arthur Sullivan's orchestration of this opera is not merely happy and musically, it is equal to the best music of its class.

But there is another reason, if not a better one, why the piece lives and deserves to live—it is good, clever, clean fun. There isn't all enough fun in this world, fun of the right sort, and we can not afford to lose or forget for long anything so bright, so charming, so fragrant, as this entertainment. And let one devotee of the theatre assert that this praise and regard for the second best of English comic operas is not necessarily a condemnation by contrast of what many critics call "the unspeakable thing"—musical comedy. Let us have good comic opera when we may, but, the supply failing, better to have musical comedy than some other things more odious and odorous. There is but one restriction—let it be clean. There have been no popular musical comedies of the past decade so objectionable, so pernicious in influence, as some serious plays noted authors that have come to us in the time. Better the jest of the moment, the tune that jingles pleasantly for only one evening, the spirit of the dance, the play of harmonious colors, than any sordid, pessimistic, or tragic-comedy of prose. The moving pictures are killing vulgar, sensational melodrama. Vaudeville and musical comedy are making too much sunshine for the successful culture of tainted "problem" plays. Unpermitted natures prefer George M. Cohan's flashy commonplaces, accompanied by a good orchestra, to George B. Shaw's clinics, without musical relief, and well they may. The two Georges, however, represent the extremes.

The Gilbert and Sullivan operettas are not merely the best of the kind, they are a distinct species, and the revivals of "The Mikado" this season have again given theatre-goers an opportunity to rediscover their merit, and writers on theatrical topics occasion to date upon them. Last May the opera was revived in New York with a good if not a distinguished cast. Fritz Scheff, who first gained distinction in grand opera and then on still wider fame and proved her ability as a comedienne in operetta, was the Yum-

Yum, Andrew Mack was the Nanki-Poo, Jefferson de Angelis the Ko-Ko, William Pruette the Pooh-Bah, and Arthur Cunningham, long a favorite here, was the noble lord Pish-Tush. It drew large audiences at the Casino, the theatre where some of the most successful musical plays have been launched—notably "The Belle of New York." All the critics praised it, though some did so with reservations. It is a part of the technic of criticism to be superior, not only to trifles, but to anything and everything.

But none of the guild called particular attention to W. S. Gilbert's technic as a playwright. The serious and superior critic reserves that word for Ibsen. Yet it is doubtful if any writer of plays in these later days has planned with higher or surer ability than has this prolific parent of comedies and fairy stories, in prose and verse. In his operas there is no haphazard hopscotch of song and dance, no dislocation of movement, no sudden interjection of an irrelevant chorus, no lapse of interest in the principals. The same clear, straightforward purpose and method are evident in his prose pieces. Recall "Engaged." Or, better yet, drop in at the Orpheum this week and see that sentimental yet most delightful of comediettas, his "Sweethearts." Thirty years ago it was a favorite here on the legitimate stage. It is almost as pleasing now in a compressed version in the vaudeville house, where it is seemingly as out of place as a rose in a plate of the fifty-seven varieties of pickles.

However directly W. S. Gilbert moves toward the effect, the climax of his plays, there are always many surprises, many sudden, unexpected yet important uses of what had been regarded as casual particulars. In "Sweethearts" the boy and girl lovers plant a tree in the first act, but the sapling itself is accepted by the audience as an insignificant detail in a scene which has for its controlling interest the separation of the infatuated pair—the boy too timid to speak, the girl eager but coy. When the second act opens, the tree has become a sturdy, sheltering shade, and it proves the passing of years even more convincingly than the portly form and silvered hair of the returning lover. He refuses to admit that he had ever seen it before, and the recollection of its planting, the realization of its age and growth, are first among the suggestions that reopen the old love story.

How many sudden, whimsical turns there are in "The Mikado," yet how logically—in the logic of Titipu—the story unfolds itself! Almost too logically, in fact. It keeps the emperor out of the first act, which is nearer a fault than any other detail of the plan. Any other librettist would have paraded him earlier in the evening. Sir William Gilbert does not care so much for mere stage spectacles. The royal presence is felt, though it is not visible, almost from the beginning. And the title of the opera is fully justified.

Should you visit the Princess Theatre this week, where Ferris Hartman and his company are doing "The Mikado," you will look in vain for Japanese among the auditors. Ordinarily the gentlemen from Japan like comic opera, but they evidently do not wish to assist in any function that might seem to reflect on the dignity of their emperor. They should see the piece. The audience does not laugh at the Mikado, it laughs with him, and indorses and applauds his eminently wise determination to "make the punishment fit the crime."

And this brings us back to the starting-point. The intention was to review the Hartman revival. Probably the space could have been used much better with closer attention to the real subject. "The Mikado," as the Hartman company gives it, is a pleasing entertainment in almost every particular. Mr. Hartman is a captivating Lord High Executioner. There has been no better, so far as the fun of the part is concerned. His singing—well, Richard Mansfield sang Ko-Ko's music differently. Myrtle Dingwall is a very pretty Yum-Yum, and acts almost as well as she sings, which is saying a great deal. Thomas Perse is excellent as Nanki-Poo, and his songs, with those of Yum-Yum, are the musical gems of the production. Marta Golden makes a creditable effort toward realizing the power of Katisha, but there are heights and depths in the part which require great gifts. The contralto rôles in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas—Little Buttercup, Ruth, Lady Jane, and Katisha, especially—are most exciting, musically and dramatically, and contralto voices are rare. The chorus, not so much in evidence as in most of the Hartman productions, is still an attractive feature. There will be higher-priced shows at the Princess Theatre before the year ends which will not so well deserve the favor of the public.

Margaret Mayo's farce, "Baby Mine," which it was said would be taken by Grace George, was presented at Daly's Theatre, New York, last week, and made a great laughing success. Petite Marguerite Clark appeared in the leading feminine rôle with comparative distinction, and Ernest Glendinning, recently a favorite in a San Francisco stock company, was prominent in the cast.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Rose Stahl will begin her farewell engagement in this city at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, September 5, as Patricia O'Brien in "The Chorus Lady," a comedy by James Forbes, who has written since its production "The Commuters" and "The Traveling Salesman." Miss Stahl has recently closed her eighth successful engagement in New York City at the Academy of Music, after having played in the Hudson, Hackett, Savoy, and Garrick Theatres and the Grand Opera House, and a prolonged London engagement to her credit at the Vaudeville Comedy Theatre, where she scored the greatest personal triumph ever achieved by an American actress on English soil. Miss Stahl brings practically her entire New York and London supporting company, including Alice Leigh, Isabelle Goodwin, Winona Willett, Lotta Brunell, Annie Ives, Helen Dahl, Florence Grant, Loy Arnold, Claire Lane, Wilfred Lucas, Giles Shine, Robert Stowe Gill, Thomas Maguire, George McNamara, Francis Cheek, Edgar Birch, and E. G. Grant. The engagement is for two weeks, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Next Sunday evening, September 4, at the Savoy Theatre, Wilton Lackaye will begin an engagement limited to one week in "The Battle," Cleveland Moffett's play that created such a stir in New York. In "The Battle" Mr. Lackaye is cast for the part of John J. Haggleton, multi-millionaire, a financier of the Morgan-Rogers type, and possibly the most powerfully drawn of the many money kings who have peopled stage literature of the past few years. It is strange that Mr. Lackaye has never before been chosen for a part of this type, for which he is so eminently suited, despite his jocular protest that it is difficult to play the part of the richest man in New York on his present income. He has portrayed Spanish kings, Roman archers, Western miners, men of the world of fashion, literature, and art, Svengalis and Dr. Belgrais, and even Uncle Tom, but never before in the three hundred parts of his long career has he played a John J. Haggleton, a type that seems to have been made for him. That Mr. Lackaye realizes in Haggleton the type he sought to portray is manifested by the addition of a number of lines to the part by John D. Rockefeller, almost an admission that Rockefeller recognized Haggleton as a portrait of himself and approved of the portrait. Lackaye, however, has endeavored to play the part purely on general lines, and to prevent the association of his character in the world of fiction with any individual in the world of facts. Mr. Lackaye will be accorded capable support, the players including Douglas J. Wood, Thomas McGrane, F. F. O'Malley, Dick Lee, Walter F. Stanhope, Ruby Bridges, Doris Burton, and others, and a special matinee will be given on Monday, Labor Day, in addition to the "Pop" matinee of Thursday and the regular Saturday afternoon performance.

The Orpheum programme for next week indicates one of the most novel and varied of entertainments. George Auger and his company will appear in "Jack the Giant Killer," a playlet founded on the fable of that name. Here truth is the equal of fiction, for the cast has in Mr. Auger a real giant, and in the Liliputian Ernest Rommel, the smallest actor and singing comedian in America, an ideal Jack. Sylvia Hearne, Caroline Haas, and Daisy Robinson play the other rôles. Special scenery and lighting effects lend enchantment to the view. Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown will present a series of characteristic dances which include "May and December," "Bugs," "At McGregor's Scotch Highball," "Dinah," and "That's Right—No—That's Wrong." These artists are distinguished by their originality, skill, and finish. The Jack Artois Duo are a couple of gymnasts who in the guise of clowns intermingle comedy with exceedingly clever feats on the horizontal bars. These athletes are making their first tour of the Orpheum Circuit and will be included in the novelties of next week. They have just finished a five years' engagement, during which they have appeared in England, Germany, France, and Australasia. The Bison City Four, consisting of Vic Milo, Frank Girard, George Hughes, and Ed. Roscoe, has long been recognized as one of the best singing quartets in vaudeville. The characterizations introduced next week include a tramp, an Italian, an Irishman, and a chappie. Next week will be the last of McKay and Cantwell, Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Connelly in "Sweethearts," the Kraggs Trio, and the Top of 'th' World Dancers and the original "Collie Ballet" in "Kris Kringle's Dream."

The last performances of that funny farce, "The Lottery Man," will be given at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening.

Fritzi Scheff's play for her first regular season as an individual star under the Shubert management will be a musical version of "Trilby." The libretto is by Joseph Her-

bert and the music by Victor Herbert. Victor Herbert, it will be remembered, wrote the music for "Mlle. Modiste" and "The Prima Donna," Fritz Scheff's productions under the Dillingham management.

"Seven Days" ends its successful run of three weeks at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night. Those who have not seen it have missed a hundred laughs.

Margaret Illington and a good supporting company will appear in "Until Eternity" at the Savoy Theatre for the week beginning September 12.

The Wednesday matinees during the Rose Stahl engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be played at the special matinee scale of prices: lower floor, \$1, balcony 50c, second balcony 25c.

Hall McAllister is in the cast of "Her Son," a play by Charles Bradley, produced for the first time at Powers's Theatre in Chicago August 7. Katherine Emmet is the leading woman of the company.

Eugene Walter's play, "The Easiest Way," will be the attraction to follow Rose Stahl at the Columbia Theatre. This will be the first of the Belasco productions to come West this season. Another will be "The Lily."

Widows and their status seem very uncertain in theatrical circles this season. Blanche Bates's new play is called "Nobody's Widow" and Grace Van Studdiford's new opera is called "Whose Widow?" Harry B. and Robert Smith have written the book and lyrics. The music is the work of R. Planquette, author of "The Chimes of Normandy."

Wreckers are about to begin the demolition of the Van Ness Theatre, which has been practically idle for the past six months. The theatre was built at a cost of \$137,000, and was the first big playhouse erected after the fire of 1906. It opened its doors March 10, 1907, with "Madame Butterfly."

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VANITY FAIR.

Pitiful indeed is the plight of the lone woman traveling in the United States. A moving story is told in a London newspaper of an Englishwoman's experiences in Boston, and it should be remembered that she was not young and flighty, but actually a grandmother, with hair on the turn, and quietly dressed.

Accompanied by another lady, also a grandmother, she went into a well-known hotel early one evening, and, calling a waiter, gave an order for some light refreshments and a pot of tea, but the waiter, with a bow, said, "Ladies, I can not serve you." Naturally the ladies wanted to know the reason why, and were informed that having no gentlemen escorts he was not allowed to serve them. And to the indignant protests of the couple, all the waiter could say was, "Ladies, it is for your own protection!"

But Boston is not alone in its austere attitude towards the unaccompanied female. Another lone woman traveler gives her experiences of experiments with a large number of New York hotels:

"I rang them up on the telephone at the Grand Central Station, asking for a room for a lady. One hotel recommended me to try a hotel that was nearer the station. Another demanded to know how much luggage I had, and said they would have to examine it before they took in a woman traveling alone. I said I had little luggage—only a large suitcase—as I was only expecting to be in New York a short time, at which information the young man at the telephone laughed significantly, and I heard him murmur: 'A good excuse!' Another hotel tried to be very polite, but said they would really prefer not to take in women traveling alone unless the women were known to them.

"The night clerk of an old-fashioned hotel always spoken of as 'very English' because it caters to so many English people in somewhat the English fashion, treated the unknown woman talking over the telephone with all courtesy, and said, 'Certainly, madam! Do you understand that I am alone?' I asked again, somewhat surprised that I was being so nicely taken for granted. 'Yes, madam, and because you are alone we will take the best care of you on that account.'

On the evidence of the chronicler, that last bit of conversation actually took place in New York; otherwise it reads as though it might have been heard over the wires of Atlantic City.

Yet there is another side of the picture, even in New York. If the hotel doors are so grimly closed to the lone female, a visiting male from across the Atlantic found them very much wide open. His experience must be taken as the complement to that of the lone woman.

"When, I innocently asked the hotel clerk, 'do you shut?' and he looked at me with surprise. 'Perhaps,' he answered, quoting laconically,

'When the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake!'

Perhaps, perhaps not; a hotel never shuts its doors in New York, unless it must. Yes, a New York hotel is open all the twenty-four hours of the day, and there, as I suggest, it typifies a city which never sleeps. Not that literally, human nature even in America needing rest and refreshment, but certainly here is a city which sleeps less than any other great capital of the world.

"The sign and signal of this sleeplessness you will see in the 'Great White Way,' as the New Yorkers call it, of Broadway. You might be amid hundreds of searchlights, and each betokens some haven, or a harbor of distress, as the case may be—a gorgeous hotel, a swagger restaurant, a bohemian café, a dancing palace, or a mere drinking saloon. Glare and glitter, tobacco and the color of wine, hours so late as to become early again—that has been the 'Great White Way.' It blazes at the night, crudely brazen, and there is nothing in it of the 'light that never was on sea or land.' No, indeed."

Dr. Stanley Hall's charge against the American girl that she is the flirt of all flirts has called a champion of the sinner into the arena. It is evident from her front name that Mary Mortimer Maxwell belongs to the indicted sex, a fact which may be held to vitiate her testimony to some extent, but as Dr. Hall has had the floor for his impeachment it is only fair to hear the other side.

It has become the fashion, remarks Mary M. M., to call the American woman a flirt. Yet when we ask her critics why she is a flirt they answer that she "leads men on," and gives them to understand that she wants them to propose to her when she has no intention of accepting them.

This is the basest of slanders, if it is applied to American women in the main. In the spirit of good comradeship they accept attentions from men in the most natural way without beginning at once to ponder upon the men's intentions. The average American man does not consider his countrywomen to be flirts, and I have yet to meet the American man who says that coldness in love is

one of their natural traits. Indeed, the American man looks upon the Englishwoman as cold, as more than once have I heard American men accuse the Englishwoman of knowing nothing of the rules of the game when it comes to friendship as distinguished from courtship."

As a set-off to Mary's impeachment of John Bull's daughters let it be recorded that one of them, Olive MacLeod, has started on a journey of nearly five thousand miles that she may personally superintend the erection of a memorial over her lover's grave. Miss MacLeod was affianced to Lieutenant Boyd Alexander, the famous explorer who was murdered last May by natives in Central Africa, and now she undertakes a unique journey to pay a last tribute to his memory. That expedition to Lake Chad is so arduous and hazardous that Miss MacLeod's friends have used every endeavor to persuade her to abandon her intention, but without avail. The journey will occupy seven months, has never been undertaken by a white woman, and will entail being carried in a litter by native boys for more than a thousand miles of the way. No woman can hope to give a more convincing proof of ardent love than that.

Franklin Clarkin, in *Everybody's Magazine*, throws an illuminating light upon the devices which are adopted to cheat the customs. According to the photographs, Anna Held declared her jewels like a perfect lady, but there are others.

For example, huge profits are made out of the ignorance of inspectors regarding paintings. Bogus Corots were sent over by a dealer just to have them passed and assessed as genuine. Customs went merely by the signature "Corot"—which helped the dealer far beyond the duty levied. Reversing the process—give a good work an unknown signature—and the dealer would still win. A painting is consigned to an American dealer. It is by an artist who commands great price. Over the real signature is placed an indistinguishable label with another and less valuable name. Over that is placed one of no consequence whatever. Comes a mysterious letter to New York Customs—"Rub off the signature on these and you will find the painter's name." The top signature is rubbed off; the canvases are entered at the ruling rate for the name disclosed. Underneath that, and not discovered at all, is the name that gives the picture a value a hundred-fold higher.

Mails, too, have to be closely watched. The New York postoffice yearly collects about \$250,000 on duty assessed. One postal examiner, from experience, determined that he would specialize on two titles: Every "Book of Common Prayer" and every "Imitation of Christ" he scrupulously turned the leaves of. Edward VI always stood for him as the patron of glove smugglers, and Thomas à Kempis became to him the patron of lace smugglers.

Jocketa, a village in Saxony, recently installed the electric light. On the surface such a costly innovation might seem superfluous, for most of the villagers are said to retire to their beds at an early hour. Consequently it was arranged that the current shall be turned off not later than eleven o'clock. There are, however, several residents who have made Jocketa their home because it enables them to live the simple life, which is such a comfort to the busy manufacturer. Now these owners of villas "in the country" are liable at times to linger late at their clubs in a nearby town, and some means had to be devised for lighting them home. Jocketa is inventive, and so to meet the convenience of the simple-lifers slot machines have been fixed to certain lamp posts in the village. Consequently, when the weary cottagers trail homeward from their clubs after eleven o'clock and find that idyllic spot in darkness, all they have to do is to put a penny in the slot. One penny lights up half the village; two pennies flood the entire bangle in radiance. An admirable idea, but the question arises—How are the simple-lifers to find the slot? A keyhole is perplexing enough—but a slot!

Well, well! Of all the impudence! Just because the hobble skirt has not made a hit, but has evoked instead the merriment of the world and provided the comic artist with the opportunity of his life, the perfidious Parisians are charging the invention of that monstrosity to the account of America! M. Bonnaire, one of the despots of fashion in the gay city, has the effrontery to declare that the hobble never really existed, and that in any case it is "an exotic fashion which came from the other side of the Atlantic, and one which the Parisians have always combated." The word has evidently been passed round that this view shall be aired on all occasions, for another firm emits this audacious opinion: "The Americans, who have tried to acclimatize this fashion in Paris, have themselves abandoned it. They will no longer hear of it. Besides, it has now become common property. An attempt is being

made to make it 'catch on' in the provinces. That alone will suffice to make the Parisians reject it with horror." We shall next hear that the Empire gown was a Yankee invention.

What a pity that, in the interests of American mamas who pine for their daughters to wear English coronets, the "Liber Veritatis" of William Beckford is still in manuscript. The eccentric author of "Vathek" had such a distaste for new families and for *mésalliances* contracted by men and women of rank that he took a particular delight in compiling his "Liber Veritatis," the purport of which he one day explained to a friend. "I pull the peerage about sadly. I recently amused myself by examining the claims of the peerage to be 'gentlemen'; in the heraldic sense, I mean. You can not think how few there are who can claim ancestral honors, yet all pretend to do so the moment they get a coronet. Nobles in the heraldic sense are not peers exclusively; they are those only who bear a coat-of-arms, the older are more noble—they need not have a title at all. A minister may make a peer of anybody, but he can only through the crown make a noble of inferior rank to a country gentleman whose family has long borne arms. On the continent a count may take precedence of a prince, if not of a royal line, if he be a noble of older standing. There are not more than thirty of the old nobility in the House of Lords—why pretend it is otherwise? A peer of today, it is true, will do for legislative objects. Every syllable is true in the 'Liber Veritatis,' but I must not publish it. Truth is a bitter draught." In view of all this it is not surprising that when Beckford met a clergyman who declared himself a descendant of Princess Pocahontas, he should have said "that is a descent from a real sovereign of nature, not one of our modern mushrooms," and added that he would willingly have given any three of his own ancestors in exchange for the pedigree of the clergyman.

As is generally known, "Uncle," that benevolent relative whose monetary services are ever at the service of humanity, becomes "Aunt" in France, but it appears that "ma tante," otherwise the Mont de Piété, is losing in popularity. Its volume of business has shrunk considerably. Poor people still visit "ma tante," but the better class have become shy of the lady. It is rare now to find pictures of value, or silver, or other valuables confided to the care of the state pawnbroker. One of the reasons assigned is that "my aunt" is rather a niggardly person, making but small advances. This has led to the multiplication of the small money-lender, who is of a more generous disposition. It is a

notable fact that, in France at least, pawn broking business is always larger in prosperous years. No doubt this is because the small manufacturer has but a limited capital of which to draw, and hence his visit to his avuncular relative for advances. When there are no orders, there is less need for the advance.

As if to keep pace with the fish department of the menu, which has received such notable strengthening by the discovery of those hundred and fifty new fishes, a botanist has been making experiments with a view to increase the range of the salad. He reports that some of the plants under observation are those which used to be grown but have gone almost out of cultivation, such as the land cress and the cheinopodium amaranthum. The latter is a beautiful ornamental plant something like a spinach colored with a purplish red pigment, which comes off in the water when it is washed. The plant gives a pleasing acidity to a salad. The trial of dandelions, chicories, and ramps is being conducted on an enormous scale. One of the novelties the taste for which will have to be acquired is the French orache, a handsome plant with a yellowish green foliage. It has a peculiar flavor, but one which commend itself to epicures. Other plants on the list are Welsh onions, many varieties of purslanes, sorrels, and beets.


It was Lord Spencer's uncle, the third earl who added a word to the language in consequence of a wager (says the *London Chronicle*). The bet was that, by cutting of the tail part of his overcoat, he could bring into fashion overcoats so short that the skirt of the undercoat would show beneath. He won his wager, and "spencer" became the name both of that garment and of the feminine one afterwards constructed in its likeness. The peerage has added more than one name to the terminology of costume. Every body knows "Wellingtons," and the billycock hat is said by some to be really "Billy Coke," from Coke of Norfolk, Earl of Leicester. But none of these examples in the sphere of clothes rivals what the Earl of Sandwich did when he contrived the slice of meat between bread as a device to enable him to go on gambling without leaving off for a meal.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Johnny's father took him to the office, and here the youngster saw the stenographer come in late and take the cover off her typewriter. "Look a' that!" exclaimed Johnny. She lifted the garage right off the machine."

It was a French ambassador in London to whom a peeress had been talking for an hour. The lady said: "You must think I am very fond of the sound of my own voice." The Frenchman replied: "I knew you liked music."

The huge racing machine shot by at a speed of sixty miles an hour. Its horn played a fanfare as it missed a ditch at the turn of the road by about five inches. "Gee," gasped the first onlooker, "what kind of a tune was that?" "Don't know," said the second, "but I thought to have been 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'"

An old Scotchman was threatened with blindness if he did not give up drinking. "Now, McTavish," said the doctor, "it's like this: you've either to stop the whisky or lose your eyesight—and you must choose." "Ay, weel, doctor," said McTavish, "I'm an old man noo, an' I was t'inkin' I ha'e seen aboot everythin' worth seein'."

George Alexander, the celebrated London actor-manager, had an encounter with a London cabby not long ago. Being in a hurry, he was about to call a taxi, when a cab pulled up. Mr. Alexander shook his head. "All right, Mr. G. A.," shouted the driver, "you may 'ave no use for 'osses now; but you'll 'ave to get one to take you on the day you're buried!" He went home in that hansom after all.

Senator La Follette was talking about two corporations that had been attacking one another in the press. "They both scored," he said. "They made me think of two prisoners in Atlanta, one of whom had been convicted of stealing a watch, the other of stealing a cow. These two prisoners hated each other and as they passed one morning in the exercise yard the cow stealer said with a sneer: 'What time is it?' 'Milking time,' the watch stealer answered."

A certain well-known but impecunious nobleman, while walking one day in Wardour Street, saw a family portrait for sale in a shop window, and went in to inquire the price. The dealer wanted £12 10s., but his lordship would only give £10, so the purchase was not made. A short time afterward, while dining with a gentleman, he was invited to view his pictures. As he stood gazing with profound interest at a certain one, his host said, "Ah, that is a portrait of an ancestor of mine." "Indeed!" said his lordship. "Then we must be almost related in some way. It was within £2 10s. of being an ancestor of mine."

Gussie was knock-kneed, angular, and round-shouldered. He had a terrible squint and a mouth like a steam roller. All the same, he reckoned on making something of a bit at the fancy-dress ball, and his costume was as elegant as his figure was unlovely. With fast-beating heart he stepped jauntily from his automobile outside the town hall, where the ball was being held. The hall porter stepped backward at the unsightly apparition. "Great Christopher Columbus!" he gasped, as he regarded Gussie. "No, no, my good man!" chirped Gussie, as he tripped through the portals. "Chawles the First, my dear fellow—Chawles the First!"

The Irishman was down on his luck and needed a lodging place. After asking the loan of a bed in several houses in a small Western town, he encountered a preacher, who told him: "There's an unoccupied house down the road a little way. You might sleep there. But I am going to warn you that the house is haunted." "No matter," replied the Irishman; "I'm not afraid of ghosts." Soon after dark the preacher dropped in to see the Irishman and found him in the haunted house and a trifle nervous. Three days later he saw coming down the road the weary and dusty figure of the former tenant of the ghost-ridden house. "Why, where have you been?" he inquired kindly. "What have you been doing during the three days since you went into that house?" "All that time," replied the Irishman, "I've been coming back."

He had been making a night of it, but had forsaken his companions. He was acquainted with an undertaker named George, and got the crazy notion at three o'clock in the morning that he must see this particular man. Accordingly, he found George's undertaking establishment, over which George had his sleeping apartments. The intoxicated young man rang and rang George's bell, and at last awoke him. The undertaker put his head out of the

third-story window, expecting to find that his funeral services were required immediately. Instead he recognized his friend Frank. "Well, Frank," he exclaimed crossly, "what do you want?" "I just wan' tell you, George," said Frank, "that you're the lash man in the world I wan' to do business with."

The antipathy which Dr. Johnson bore to Scotland was not singular or unprecedented. Lord Stanley came plainly dressed to request a private audience of King James I. A gayly dressed Scotchman refused him admittance into the king's closet. The king, hearing an altercation between the two, came out, and inquired the cause. "My liege," said Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence." "Cousin," said the king, "how shall I punish him? Shall I send him to the Tower?" "Oh, no, my liege," replied Lord Stanley, "infect a severer punishment; send him back to Scotland."

General Collins, ex-congressman, who was not a warlike spirit in spite of his title, once called at the White House, and tried vainly to switch Mr. Roosevelt from his talk about a big army and navy. General Collins referred to the recent bursting of a big gun aboard one of the man-o'-war's-men which killed several sailors, saying that it was a regrettable occurrence. Mr. Roosevelt said that of course it was too bad, but added: "We are not going to stop teaching our men how to shoot just because a few weaklings are making an outcry against it." At the close of the interview General Collins and Congressman Keliher started to walk back to the former's hotel. When they reached the portico of the White House, a cold, penetrating wind was blowing, but General Collins unbuttoned his overcoat and his undercoat and began to shake them vigorously. "What's the trouble, general, lost something?" asked Keliher. "No," said Collins, "I'm just trying to shake the gunpowder out of my clothes, that's all."

The ladies of Conshohocken were engaged in making a supply of pajamas for the soldiers of a favorite regiment at the front in the Spanish-American War. That type of sleeping garment was new in those days, and the relatives of the soldiers were determined that every man in the regiment should have the "most stylish thing obtainable in a robe de nuit," as the young lady from a Washington boarding-school said. "My boys has always worn night-shirts," said an old lady, busily stitching on the modern garments. "I hope they'll know what to do with these." The parcel was duly sent to Cuba, but no word reached the ladies from the supposedly grateful wearers of the robes de nuit. They waited a month and then wired to Colonel A. K. McClure, who hailed from Conshohocken: "Anxious to know if you got the pajamas last month." The colonel read the telegram and marveled. He was a whole-souled citizen, but wore nothing newer than a night-shirt when he slumbered. He would nip a slander in the bud; his wire read: "Story is a lie out of whole cloth, probably fabricated by enemies to ruin me politically. Admit am not total abstainer, but never had pajamas last month or any other time."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Time, the Place, and the Weed.
I love the sight of a poor cigar
When seen in its proper place;
A rearward seat in an open car,
And stuck in a stranger's face!
—Buffalo Express.

A Bathing Belle.
She dons a bathing suit of blue,
And down the beach she goes,
With little giggles of delight,
To wet her dainty toes.
She dabbles in the briny pools,
She wades along the sand,
She races with the merry waves,
And vows it's simply grand.

She lets the ripples of the surf
Around her ankles play,
And splashes in the pearly foam,
And frolics with the spray;
She counts the silver sails that pass
Against the distant sky,
And dances with the billows bright—
But keeps her powder dry.
—New York Times.

Modern Osculation.
Three, only three, my darling,
Sterilized, sanative, slow;
Not like the swift and careless ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to have some fun;
And lavished kisses as the Summer
Lavishes sun.
But as they kiss whose lips are sprayed
With antiseptic brine;
When nothing is left to give, except
An anodyne.

The first kiss, oh, my darling,
Is sprayed with germicide:
For many noxious little germs
In red lips hide.
The second kiss, my darling,
Through antiseptic gauze.
Is truly in accordance with
Hygienic laws.
The third kiss, oh, my darling,
My love, I can not see!
This fine wire mask is horrible
It seems to me.
And though, of course, azotic germs
We must forestall—
This one last kiss, my darling, is
The worst of all!
—Carolyn Wells, in Life.

On Vacation.
It certainly surprises me to see the office get along.
I go away two weeks to stay, yet matters don't go very wrong.
It certainly surprises me to see the office lose a clerk
Of my estate and wondrous weight and yet keep up the current work.

You'd think the boss to fill the gap would hire two husky workers, say—
At least employ a man and boy to do my work while I'm away.
He doesn't do a blooming thing, a foolish man, as you'll agree,
Yet things wag on when I am gone. It certainly surprises me.
—New York Telegram.

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Ideal places for rest and refreshments after a sight-seeing tour. Delicious candies and ice-creams. Four stores conveniently located: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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is soothing to the senses, satisfying to the taste, grateful and comforting, healthful and invigorating.

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WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The social atmosphere has brightened perceptibly during the past week and the first days of September will be marked by a number of affairs of sufficient importance to substantiate the claim that the season in town has practically begun.

The large tea on Friday afternoon at which Miss Olive Wheeler will preside as hostess, as a farewell attention to her sister, who leaves shortly for Vassar, will be the first elaborate affair on the social calendar, and will be attended by a hundred guests from among the younger set.

At the first debutante ball of the season, on September 8, Miss Ethel Crocker will be introduced to society, and she has been entertained at a number of small affairs during the week.

Many of the golf enthusiasts have returned from Del Monte, but a goodly number of society folk are still there awaiting the results of the tennis games.

Informal luncheons, dinners, and teas continue in vogue in town as the only active expression of hospitality, but these will shortly give place to larger and more elaborate affairs.

An engagement or two and several unexpected weddings have furnished an element of interest in the social world in an otherwise monotonous week of desultory entertaining.

The engagement of Miss Fay Kincaid and Colonel J. R. White, U. S. A., which was announced recently in Manila, is of interest to local society. The news was told at a luncheon given by Mrs. Delmar Smith (formerly Miss Helen Davis of San Francisco) at her Manila home.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Rowan and Mr. Thurman Alden de Bolt of Los Angeles took place on Tuesday. It was quietly solemnized at St. James Episcopal Church, and after a few days spent in town Mr. de Bolt and his bride departed for Los Angeles, which is to be their future home.

The wedding of Miss Helen Lamberson and Mr. Harry Wilder of Honolulu will take place at the bride's home in Portland September 7. The future home of Mr. Wilder and his bride will be in Honolulu, but they plan a brief visit in San Francisco before sailing for their home in the islands.

The wedding of Miss Anita Orena and Mr. Wilson Dibblee will take place in October at the bride's home near Los Angeles.

The wedding of Miss Florence Dunham and Mr. Duane Bliss took place quietly at Lake Tahoe on Saturday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles N. Lathrop in the chapel in Tahoe forest. The future home of Mr. Bliss and his bride will be at Lake Tahoe, where Mr. Bliss is general manager of the Tahoe Railroad.

Mrs. Ralston White was hostess at a luncheon at her home in Mill Valley on Saturday in honor of Mrs. Arthur Geissler (formerly Miss Carol Moore), who is visiting here from her home in Chicago. Among those enjoying Mrs. White's hospitality on that occasion were Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Mrs. Margaret Belden, Miss Anita Mailard, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Louise Runyon, Miss Frances Martin, and Miss Isabel Brewer.

Lieutenant Riggs, U. S. N., was host at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday prior to his departure for his new station in the East. His guests on this occasion were Surgeon Edward Parker, U. S. N., and Mrs. Parker, Lieutenant Cross, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cross, and Lieutenant Calhoun.

Mrs. John Boyd was hostess at a luncheon at the Marin Country Club on Saturday at which Miss Helen Carlisle and Miss Jennings were the guests of honor.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained at a dinner at Del Monte on Thursday, at which her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Miss

Lillian Goss, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. Templeton Crocker, and Mr. Duane Hopkins.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has returned from her country home on the McCloud River and was hostess at an informal luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday.

Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels was hostess at a bridge party on Friday at which she entertained a dozen friends at her home on Vallejo Street.

Miss Ethel Tompkins entertained at an informal luncheon in honor of Miss Dora Winn prior to her departure for Del Monte. The affair took place at the Tompkins home at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson entertained at a dinner at the Cliff on Friday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike (formerly Miss Edith Simpson), prior to their departure for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker sent out cards on Wednesday for a ball which they will give on September 8 at their home, New Place, at which their daughter, Miss Ethel Crocker, will be formally presented to society.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway was host at a dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge, at which his guests included Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Lillian Goss, Miss Marion Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Helene Irwin, Mrs. Harold Dillingham, Mr. Eugene Murphy, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. Duane Hopkins, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Robin Hayne, Mr. Frank Frazier, Mr. Clare Payne, Mr. Bert Payne, Mr. Campbell Whyte, Mr. R. R. Chrystie, Mr. W. H. Crocker, Jr., Mr. Harold Bingham, and Mr. Robert Eyre.

Mrs. Lewis Hobart was hostess at a tea on Wednesday at her home at San Mateo, at which she entertained in honor of Miss Helen Carlisle.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armstrong entertained at an informal luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Hussey and Mr. and Mrs. de Lanrony, who are visiting here.

Judge W. W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow entertained at luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday, at which they entertained Mrs. H. W. Roosevelt and Colonel S. L. Denny, U. S. A., who has just reached here from Washington, D. C.

Miss Madeline Clay entertained at her home, Level Lea, on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Eliza McMullen, who leaves soon for Kentucky with her grandmother, Mrs. John Boyd.

Admiral John Milton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Milton entertained at an elaborate luncheon on Friday at their home at Yerba Buena in honor of Admiral de Castries and the officers of the French cruiser *Montcalm*. The guests included Admiral de Castries, Captain de Shane, Consul Henri Merou, Captain Cheron, Lieutenant Carrell, and Lieutenant Lahorde of the *Montcalm*, Captain Guy Brown and Mrs. Brown, Lieutenant Loris and Mrs. Loris, Dr. and Mrs. McCullough, Paymaster and Mrs. Frederick M. Perkins, and Mrs. Eli Cary Cole of New York.

Mrs. Henry Crocker entertained at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Thursday complimentary to Mrs. Richardson Clover and her daughter, Miss Eudora Clover, who came down last week from their country home at Napa.

Miss Marie Louise Foster was hostess at a dance at the Lagunitas Country Club on Saturday evening, which was largely attended by the members of the younger set from town. Among the guests were Miss Martha Foster, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Gertrude Perry, Miss Gladys Jones, Miss Edith Jones, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Edith Lowe, Miss Alberta Dietrich, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Constance Davis, Mr. Bernard Ford, Mr. Carol Wolfe, Mr. Harry Evans, Mr. Evan Evans, Mr. Paul Foster, Mr. Cyril Winn, Mr. Tod Wheeler, Mr. Edgar Zook, and Mr. Hall Roe.

Mr. Willie O'Connor at a recent dinner party in the grillroom at Del Monte entertained the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. McNear, Mr. W. P. Scott, Miss Maud O'Connor, Mr. Frazier, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Mr. Douglas Grant, Mr. Campbell D. Whyte, and Mr. Eugene Murphy.

Monsieur and Madame Merou entertained at dinner last Sunday evening at Cloyne Court, Berkeley, in honor of Admiral de Castries, commandant of the French navy of the Far East and the Pacific. Covers were laid for fourteen.

A writer in the "Travel Notes" of the *June Travel and Exploration*, referring to the opening of the magnificent palace of the South American republics at Washington, recalls a story connected with the building of the government offices in Washington after the Declaration of Independence. A certain Burns owned all the land on which it was proposed by the Federal government to build the White House and government buildings. All remonstrances on the part of the authorities having failed, George Washington himself intervened, and it is said that it was the only occasion on which that "serene Virginian" lost his temper. He bluntly informed "obstinate Davy" that if he did not choose to take a fair price for his land, Congress would take it at its own value, and remarked: "Had not the Federal City been laid out here, you would have lived and died a poor tobacco planter." Whereupon the sturdy Scotchman retorted, "Aye, mon, and hed you no married the Widder Custis wi' a' her nagurs, ye'd been a land surveyor the noo, and a mighty poor aye at that!"

"Do you know anything about the people who have moved in next door to you?" "No." "My goodness! They've lived there three days, haven't they?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Bevani Grand Opera Company to Open the Garrick.

The Bevani Grand Opera Company, which during the past two months has established a splendid reputation at Idora Park, will begin a short season of grand opera next Monday night at the Garrick Theatre.

This fine organization is conceded by the press to be the best that has appeared in California in the last four years. It is perfect in every detail and includes besides alternate casts a large and efficient chorus and an excellent orchestra. It will be specially augmented for the coming season, and among the new additions will be Mme. Anna Frery, a dramatic soprano who arrived from Europe last Monday, where she is recognized as one of the great artists in her line. She was prima donna of the Grand Opera House, Brussels, and also principal soprano soloist with the famous Colonne concerts in Paris. Mme. Frery will make her American debut next Monday night as Marguerite in "Faust," a rôle in which she has achieved great fame.

The repertory for next week will be as follows: Monday night, "Faust," with Mme. Frery, Margaret Jarman, Lucy Van der Mark, Eugenio Battain, Ettore Campana, Joseph Florian, and Alexander Bevani.

Tuesday night "Rigoletto" will be given, with Regina Vicarino, Edmee de Dreux, Estelle Burgess, Umberto Sacchetti, Achille Alberti, Alexander Bevani, Joseph Guillian, and others.

"Martha" will be sung Wednesday night, with Guiditta Francini, Edmee de Dreux, Umberto, Sacchetti, Ettore Campana, and Joseph Florian.

Thursday night "Faust" will be repeated, with nearly the same cast—Umberto Sacchetti will sing Faust, and Achille Alberti be the Valentine.

"Rigoletto" will be sung for the second time Friday night, when Eugenio Battain will have the rôle of the wicked duke and Ettore Campana that of Rigoletto.

Seats, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1, can be reserved at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store.

What Young Players Need.

Walter Prichard Eaton, the New York dramatic critic, in one of the current magazines points out a pressing need in the theatrical world, and also shows the absurdity of the claim that the new-play-every-week companies are good training schools. From his article these suggestive paragraphs are presented:

"There is no dearth of good material among our players. There is dearth of the proper training, the proper opportunity. What our players need is a chance. The average American stock company gives two performances a day and rehearses every morning. No player can endure such a strain and accomplish much more than mechanical routine. What ought to be a fine schooling is too often a nightmare. Furthermore, the stock companies are infrequently directed by men of talent. Yet they offer to our young stage aspirants almost the only chance of practice in a wide variety of rôles. We have the New Theatre company, but its membership is limited. We have the company of Sothorn and Marlowe. Mr. Mantell also plays a repertory, and has to maintain a large company. But for the most part our managers desire the largest financial returns for the least outlay, and so keep their stars in one play (with as small a cast as possible) for two or three seasons on a stretch, and the stars seem to be quite willing to submit. As a result, the young actor, also, must either play his little part for two or three seasons on a stretch, or jump from manager to manager, a difficult and uncertain proceeding, or wear out his body and nerves in a 'two-a-day' stock company. Starting at twenty, ten years ago, it is quite conceivable that an actor may have reached thirty on the American stage today without having played more than two dozen parts.

"What our stage needs most at the present time—since the 'star system' seems firmly established—is the expansion of the 'star system,' till each star, instead of touring the country in one play, presents a repertory. The great actors, of course, have always appeared in repertory; their ambition was not to be bound in a single rôle. Irving, Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, Sothorn, Miss Marlowe, and the rest have added to their fame and our pleasure by appearing before us in a variety of characters. This not only benefits them and us; it benefits the young actor, it gives him a chance to practice, to learn his trade, to grow."

A ribbon trimmed box containing twenty-five wishbones was sent from a boarding-house to a hospital ward the other day. "The children out there make furniture out of them," said the giver. "The nurses keep those that are able to sit up in bed busy at something part of the time. They make funny little houses and the furniture for them. In fashioning the furniture they find the wishbones especially adaptable."

Manager Henry Russell announces that encores are to be strictly forbidden at the Boston Opera House hereafter, and that singers will be forbidden "to acknowledge the audience in any way" during the acts.

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Aetna Springs, Napa County, California.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Devender Stott and Miss Amalia Simpson have returned from a visit at Del Monte.

Mrs. Frederick Van Sicklen, Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, and Miss Marian Marvin left for the East on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and Miss Florence Martin are at Del Monte.

Miss Gittings of Baltimore is the guest of Miss Christine Pomeroy and will visit with her until October, when she will be one of the bridesmaids at the Pomeroy-Brooks wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Taliaferro Milton (formerly Miss Lucile Wilkins) have returned from Chicago, after a visit of several weeks to San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight are now in Switzerland, after a visit to Oberammergau.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop spent the last week end at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Schilling, Miss Beatrice Simpson, Miss Elsa Schilling, and Mr. and Mrs. William Volkman have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Miss Teresa McEnery and her niece, Miss Isabel McLoughlin, left on Wednesday for New York, en route to Paris, where Miss McLoughlin will spend a year at school. Dr. McEnery will accompany them to Europe.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and Miss Elizabeth Woods have returned from Del Monte.

Miss Amy Brewer is spending the week with Miss Helen Chesebrough at Ross.

Mrs. William Ormsby of Los Angeles is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden at their home at Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague and Miss Isabel Sprague have returned from Del Monte and are at their home at Menlo Park.

Mr. Paul Verrier has returned from Paris and will spend the winter at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullen has returned to her home here, after a visit of several weeks at the country home of her son at Menlo.

Miss Lily O'Connor is the guest of Mrs. Fletcher Ryer at Del Monte.

Miss Eleanor Davenport left Monday for the East, where she will remain several months, with the possibility of a visit in Europe before her return.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Corryell have returned from Europe, where they went in July. Most of the time was spent in Paris.

Miss Maizie Coyle left Monday to join her sister, Miss Angela Coyle, at San Diego, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Rusk Moss.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham are spending two weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Charles K. Field sailed Tuesday on the Korea for a tour of China and Japan.

Mrs. William Bassett Graham and her sister, Miss Cartwright, have returned to Pacific Grove, after a visit in Berkeley. They will sail for Honolulu in October, where Lieutenant Graham is stationed.

Miss Vera Havemeyer spent last week at Del Monte, with the group of girls including Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Marian Stone, Miss Amy Bowles, and Miss Hazel Havemeyer, who were chaperoned by Mrs. P. E. Bowles.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Kennett of Chicago have been visiting in San Francisco and have been entertained informally at a number of affairs during the week.

Mr. J. D. Kennett attended the golf tournament at Del Monte.

Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, accompanied by her son and daughter, left for Europe on Wednesday. They will join Mr. Sullivan on the continent and travel for several months.

Mr. William Gwin, Jr., is planning to leave shortly for Paris, after a visit with his sister, Mrs. James Follis, in San Rafael.

Mrs. Max Garber, who has been visiting Mrs. Harry Willard at the Fairmont Hotel, will leave next week to join Lieutenant Garber at Fort Sam Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., are expected here in a few weeks, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering before departing for Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Gerstle sailed on Tuesday for a tour of Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley returned Monday to their home at San Rafael, after having spent a week at Del Monte during the golf tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle are spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister and their family have returned from Lake Tahoe and will spend the remainder of the summer at San Mateo.

Mrs. Eli Carey Cole, wife of Lieutenant E. C. Cole, U. S. N., who is stationed at Port Royal Navy Station, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Maxwell, at Yerba Buena, and is being cordially entertained by the navy set.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fee and their daughters have returned from a pleasant sojourn at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin returned last week from Europe and will occupy their home on Washington Street during the winter.

Admiral Richardson Clover left Thursday for Washington, D. C., after having spent two months in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood have returned from Palo Alto, where they spent the summer, and are at their Pacific Avenue home.

Mrs. Isobel Strong has returned to her home in Montecito, after a visit here with Mrs. Frank Preston.

Count de la Rocca has returned from Lake Tahoe, where he spent the month of August.

Mrs. Hewitt Davenport of Seattle arrived here this week to visit Mrs. E. H. Davenport at her home on Pacific Avenue, during the absence of Mrs. Eleanor Davenport in the East.

Miss Josephine Johnson, who has spent the summer visiting relatives in the East, will return to her home here within a week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Gertrude Thomas are in Paris, but plan to sail for

home early in September to spend the winter in San Francisco.

Miss Margaret Calhoun spent the week end at airhills, the country home of the A. W. Fosters at San Rafael.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Mrs. J. B. Crockett have gone to Lake Tahoe for a few weeks. Part of the time they will be the guests of Mrs. Frederick Kohl at Idlewild.

Mr. John Scott Brooks of Portland, who has been visiting the family of his fiancée, Miss Christine Pomeroy, has returned to his home in the north.

Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan has returned from a visit with friends at Mare Island and is preparing to spend the winter in Honolulu, where it is expected Ensign Hartigan, U. S. N., will be stationed.

Mrs. Edward Goodrich and Miss Frances Goodrich spent a few days in town from their home, El Quito, in Santa Clara.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent and Miss Bates left Monday for the Atlantic coast, where they will spend several months in motoring.

Miss Lalla Wenzelberger is visiting Mrs. Charles Bonte at her home, The Cedars, in Placer County, and will extend her stay for several weeks.

Mrs. Truxton Beale and her sister, Miss Alice Oge, are in Paris, after a tour of the continent. Mr. Beale is in New York, where he will await their coming and accompany them home.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Heilman (formerly Miss Azalea Keyes) are spending the week at Del Monte.

Miss Le Brun de Surville has returned from Lake Tahoe, and will spend the winter here.

Miss Marian Newhall has returned to Santa Barbara, after two weeks spent at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Watson have been motoring through the southern part of the State and are spending a week at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Hooker, who have been traveling abroad all summer, are now in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Livermore at their country home near St. Helena.

Miss Morrison Fuller has returned to St. Louis, after a visit of several months with her cousins, the Misses Collier.

Mrs. Edward Barron and her daughter have returned to her home at Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Knight and Mrs. Samuel Monsarratt spent the week end at San Jose. Mr. and Mrs. Knight returned recently from Honolulu.

Mrs. Edward Parker, wife of Captain Parker, U. S. N., has taken apartments at the St. Vincent, where she will spend the winter.

Miss Florence Ives has returned from Del Monte, where she chaperoned her niece, Miss Marion Crocker, at the golf tournament.

Miss Franc Pierce will leave next week for Wellesley, where she will continue her college work. Prior to her departure she will be entertained by Miss Ethel Gregg and Miss Janet Painter.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cornwall are spending the month of August in the Tahoe region. Mrs. P. B. Cornwall is still abroad, and will remain in Europe until next year.

Mrs. James Shea and her niece, Miss Kathleen Farrell, have returned from Del Monte, where they attended the golf tournament.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn have returned from Europe, and are spending some time in central New York.

Miss Cora de Marville, who is now in France, has gone to the seashore for a month. Miss Marie Perkins from Baltimore is visiting her cousin, Countess D'Espinaist St. Luc, at her château de Tréfontaines.

Colonel and Mrs. Frederick von Schroeder are at Del Monte and will remain for the rest of the golfing season.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Captain and Mrs. Bent, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bayertz and family, Mr. T. F. Waller, Mr. H. W. Graves, Dr. F. G. Sanborn, Mr. George W. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Halliwell, Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Mr. W. N. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gallegos, Miss A. Shields, Miss Butler, Miss Genevieve Butler, Miss Alice Butler, Mr. H. B. Blanding.

Among recent arrivals at Aetna Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mr. Charles St. Goar, Mr. Fred H. St. Goar, Miss Erna St. Goar, Miss Helen St. Goar, Mrs. F. G. Bland, Miss Bland, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. Tom Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith, Miss Edith Lowe, Dr. Henry Abraham, Mr. A. M. Hecht, Mr. J. K. Hecht, Mr. Fred Wood, Mr. E. A. Abbott, Dr. H. O. von der Lieth, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Schultz and son, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Schucking, Mr. A. B. Costigan, Mr. and Mrs. John William Bauer, Mr. R. M. Bauer, Mr. E. W. Bauer, Miss E. L. Lundholm, Mrs. A. H. Brawner and two children, Mr. A. N. Bell, Mr. C. H. Greenfield, Mr. G. W. Schmidt, Mr. W. W. Lyman, Mr. T. W. Doalt, Mr. Harold Reynolds, Miss Dixon, Mrs. J. B. Farish, Miss Farish, Mr. Ellis Kaufmann, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest D. Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Gassaway, Mr. S. J. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Beeger.

Negotiations for the purchase of a controlling interest in Lord & Taylor, the big New York concern, have been completed by the United Dry Goods Company, a J. P. Morgan syndicate, which already owns or controls a long string of department and dry goods stores in many large cities. The house of Lord & Taylor is one of the oldest in the United States. The sale had been pending for several months—ever since the death of Edward P. Hatch, the president of Lord & Taylor, last September.

A Treat to Your Guests.

After seeing the sights of the festival let them enjoy rest and refreshment at one of Geo. Haas & Sons' four stores. Delicious candies and ice-creams. Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Wind.

I am the Wind! Make way!
I have rushed through the dark back places
Where the dust of the ages lay,
I have breathed into weary faces
With a breath from the Heart of Day.
I have whispered of unknown graces
To the dwellers in Earth's dark places.
I am the Wind! Make way!

I am the Wind! Stand by!
I must toss and hustle and harry
Where the leaves of the forest lie.
I must fetch and hustle and carry
From the ground to the roof of the sky,
I may never have time to tarry,
There are numberless things to carry,
I am the Wind! Stand by!

I am the Wind! Ah, me!
I have sobbed with the children's crying,
I have laughed at the height of their glee,
I have lived with the sad and the dying,
I have rocked in the arms of the sea,
And I know there is reason for sighing,
For I thrill with the children's crying,
I am the Wind! Ah, me!

—Constance Morgan, in Westminster Gazette.

Grannie's Boy.

Where's the wee boy that will ride on my arm—
Eh! the fine rider he'll be by and by—
All the way over to Mallory's farm,
Over the bog, wid the win' blowin' high?

Mallory's farm, at the top o' the hill,
That's where his grannie sits all the day long,
Out at the door, where she spins wid a will,
All the day singin' her hit o' a song.

Where's the wee man that his grannie loves best?
Where's the wee spalpeen that tangles her t'read?
Where's the hold rider comes out o' the West,
Lightin' the world wid the gold on his head?

That's what his grannie sings all the day long,
Turnin' her wheel till it hums like a bee,
Musha! the stren'th of him. Gad! he's that strong
One of these days he'll be carryin' me!

—J. E. M. Barlow, in London Spectator.

The Deserted Nest.

The singing has gone out of me. My heart
Is a deserted nest whence one by one
The winged songs went forth to greet the Sun
In the spring dawn, of which themselves were part
I may not know why they return no more;
I only know my heart is emptiest
Of empty things, wherein no more may rest
The least of all the melodies it bore.
No more forever shall I feel their wings
Of exaltation, never more to thrill
Of their first singing. Nay, how still, how still
My heart must be through all the vibrant springs—
An empty nest deserted by its own—
So is my heart from whence all song hath flown.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Metropolitan Magazine.

Rose.

In the garden of Love there is one in the centre
Who grows
With the grace of the lily, the face and the breath
Of the rose;
A love that has never been uttered, I know, and
she knows.

And I am contented though never a word may
be spoken,
Though never a sigh be a sign or a tear he a
token;
The truth that is plighted in silence can never be
broken.

—Alfred H. Miles.

Mrs. George Cornwallis West's New Play.

Mrs. George Cornwallis West has written a play which contains what she intends shall be a message to women of society in the United States and particularly in New York, and she has sent by cable from London a request that Charles Frohman become its producer. If it is produced she expects to go on tour with it and lecture on the subject which it illustrates. Her first play, "His Borrowed Plumes," was produced by Mr. Frohman in the Hicks Theatre, in London.

Mrs. West, who was Miss Jennie Jerome of New York, and is the mother of Winston Churchill, the English politician and novelist, has taken up a domestic problem. The story of the play is that of a husband and wife in New York who go out into the world to help humanity and neglect their own fire-side. As a result life for every one in their home is made miserable, and when they arrive there they spend their time in wrangling. Mrs. West believes it will be a warning to American women who devote their attention to interests outside of home.

Mr. F. Townsend Martin, who is in England, has been made Mrs. West's agent for the play, and she wishes him to have the direction of the staging of it. He will arrive next month and confer with Mr. Frohman about its production. Mrs. West is revising the play at Coombe Abbey, the estate of the Countess of Craven, Mr. Martin's niece. The play has not been named.

Fred Frear, who has the part of Mr. Nish in "The Merry Widow," was the first actor to play Ko-Ko in "The Mikado" in this country. That appearance in the part took place in Chicago some months prior to the authorized production of the piece in Boston and New York. It was stopped by an injunction. Ferris Hartman was a member of that company.

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Choice location, Presidio Heights, corner lot; fine marine view. Modern residence, 4 years old. Fourteen rooms, 5 baths; house phones. Elegantly furnished. Can be had for one year. Apply Box M, Argonaut Office, 207 Powell Street.

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Sutter and Gough Sts.

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Formerly manager of St. Dunstan's



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Motto: "BEST OF EVERYTHING"
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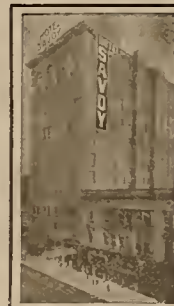
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New 700-foot ocean pier, for fishing. Boating and Bathing are the very best. Send for booklet to
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In most fashionable shopping district.
Bound magazines in reading room.
Most refined hostelry in Seattle.
Absolutely fireproof.
Rates, \$1.50 up



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One of the world's most curative springs, 2 1/2 hours from San Francisco; one of California's best hotels and a delightful place for rest and recreation. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, James Flood Building, any S. P. Agent, or Peck-Judah, 789 Market St., San Francisco, or 553 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, or address manager, Byron Hot Springs, California.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"He's as regular as a six-day clock." "I noticed that he always looks run down on Sundays."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"She is being fitted for the stage." "Studying hard, I suppose?" "Oh, no. Just being fitted with the necessary gowns."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I will never marry now," said the rejected suitor. "Why not, pray?" she asked. "If you won't marry me, who will?"—*Buffalo Express.*

Peddler (selling a bottle of scent to a cook)—Now, what would you like to smell like, a duchess or just a haroness?—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Knicker—Jones and his wife are singing the "Marseillaise." Bocker—Yes; they are hacing up to discharge the cook.—*McDougall's Magazine.*

Mrs. Knagger—I remember the time when you were just crazy to marry me. Mr. Knagger—So do I, but I didn't realize it at the time.—*Town Topics.*

"We have just lost the Philippines in the magazine I read." "That doesn't worry me any. In the magazine I subscribe to we could lick the world."—*Puck.*

Small Boy—Please, sir, mamma wants a tape line. Clerk—How long does she want it? Boy—I don't know, sir, but I think she wants to keep it.—*Housekeeper.*

"After all, the man who marries takes a chance." "Judging from the records of the divorce courts some of them don't even get a chance."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"How did you make Miss Passay think that you were the finest fellow on earth?" "I sent her twenty beautiful roses on her thirtieth birthday."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"What form of summer amusement pleases you most?" "Staying at home and writing to people at summer resorts about how cool it is in the city."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mrs. Guzzler—Aren't you ashamed to come home in this condition? Mr. Guzzler—Mortified to death, my dear. I find that my capacity isn't what it used to be.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Brown has wired me to send him up some fishing tackle." "A nuisance, isn't it?" "No, that isn't it; but I can't remember whether he favors Scotch or rye."—*The Widow.*

Mrs. Bachbay—Why are you leaving us, Bridget? Boston Cook—Me reasons are philanthropic. I want to give some wan else a chanacet at the joys of living with yez.—*Horper's Bazar.*

"Mr. Roxley had nothing hut praise for your work for him before the congressional committee," said the friend. "Yes," replied the lohhyst, gloomily, "nothing hut praise."—*Catholic Standard.*

Sutton—No, can't spare the money very well, but I'll lend it to you if you promise not to keep it too long. Goyboy—I'll undertake to spend every penny of it before to-morrow.—*Washingtonian.*

Mrs. Quockenboss—Am yo' daughtah happily mar'd, Sistah Sagg? Mrs. Sogg—She sho' is! Bless goodness, she's done got a husband dat's skeered to death of her!—*Woman's Home Companion.*

"Do you," he asked, "think it was a superior intelligence that designed the great pyramids?" "No," she replied, "not unless they were designed by the wife of the man who had them built."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Critic (as the composer ploys his last piece)—Very fine, indeed. But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the hack? Composer—That is where the wanderer has the hotel bill brought to him.—*Tit-Bits.*

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the difference between a close friend and a dear friend? Pa—A close friend, my son, is one who will not lend you any money, while a dear friend is one who horrors all you will stand for.—*Chicago News.*

"That horse of yours looks terribly run down." "Yes," replied Uncle Si Simlin. "Why do you keep him?" "Well, it's a kind of comfort to have him around. As long as I've got him I feel that there aint much danger of my hein' cheated in a hoss trade."—*Washington Star.*

Flonogon—An' did ye have a fine time of it, O'Grady? O'Grady (just returned from Paris)—Av coorse I did. Flonogon—An' did ye go to the cafés? O'Grady—Sure I was in, all of them. Flonogon—Well, tell me, Mister O'Grady, did yez see any pommies de terre? O'Grady—No, ye see I had the wife did me all the time.—*Sketch.*

Her—Do you like my biscuits, dear? Him—Well, they're fair, but you should have seen

the ones my great-grandmother used to hake. Her—Why, you never saw your great-grandmother! Him—No, but I've heard grand-father mention those biscuits to grandmother.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Albert—A dog that runs under a carriage is called a carriage dog, is it not? Egbert—Certainly! Albert—Well, what would you call a dog that runs under a motor-car? Egbert—Why, a dead one!—*Tit-Bits.*

"I don't know whether to accept this testimonial or not," mused the hair restorer man. "What's the matter with it?" demanded the advertising manager. "Well," explained the boss, "the man writes: 'I used to have three hald spots on the top of my head, but since using one hottle of your hair restorer I have only one.'"—*Philadelphia Record.*

Some Self-Evident Prevarications.

A wife, joining her husband in a conveyance of real estate, was asked by the judge, who examined her in private according to the act of the assembly, whether she acted without compulsion on the part of her husband. She stuck her arms akimho and replied: "He compel me. No—nor twenty like him!"

The man with the noose about his neck faced the moh, says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. "Have you anything to say?" hoarsely demanded the leader. The victim coolly surveyed the crowd. "I have always been led to believe," he remarked, "that an Alabama lynching is invariably in charge of the best citizens of the place. But if these are your best citizens, then all I've got to say is that society here must be inexcusably punk."

Andrew Carnegie, at one of his famous dinners in New York, talked about the prodigal and ostentatious expenditure of a certain type of New York millionaire, says the *Washington Stor*. "He takes a Velasquez," said Mr. Carnegie, "and cuts it into three strips so that it will go on a screen. Paul Bourget told the world about that. And I heard the other day another thing about him. A gentleman was being shown over the \$3,000,000 palace

of one of these millionaires. The gentleman stopped before an enormous mirror and said: 'What a large and perfect glass! Pity it's scratched!' 'It is rather a pity,' said the millionaire carelessly, and, turning to his majordomo, he said, 'Don't let the children have any more diamonds to play with, Maurice.'"

In a time of distressing drought a harassed amateur agriculturist stepped into a shop to buy a harometer. The shopman was giving a few stereotyped instructions about indications and pressures, when the purchaser impatiently interrupted him. "Yes, yes," said he, "that's all right, but what I want to know is, how do you set the thing when you want it to rain?"

Said the sharp-tongued woman who had to stand in a subway train to the mild-mannered man beside her, according to the *New York Sun*: "If you should ever keep a seat in a car when I was with you and allow some woman to stand I would never speak to you again as long as I live." The tired-looking man sitting in front of the couple looked up enviously. "Young fellow," he said, "heaven has been kind to you. There are not many of us could get peace that easily."

To have themselves called publicly out of a crowded place of entertainment on the pretense that they are urgently wanted by importunate patients is stated to be one of the stock methods of advertising resorted to by young doctors, who wish to build up a practice. A hudding physician tried this device. He instructed his hoy to go to the doorkeeper of the theatre and say that a patient of his was in urgent need of attention. "Right you are, sir!" said the servant, with a solemn wink. "You leave it to me. I'll manage it all right." But apparently the honest retainer exceeded instructions in his zeal, for at the end of the second act the manager appeared before the curtain and made this announcement: "If Dr. Blank is in the audience, I am requested to tell him that he is wanted at once, as the poor fellow he gave some physic to this afternoon has been having fits ever since!"



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1:45p	9:15a	1:40p	11:45a	11:15a	1:15p
* 4:45p	9:45a	@ 2:40p	12:50p	4:14p	12:40p
.....	10:45a	4:20p	2:40p	a 9:50p	2:32p
.....	11:45a	3:50p	3:45p
.....	1:45p	5:20p	5:10p
.....	2:45p	6:40p	6:40p
.....	4:15p	@ To Mt. Tamalpais only

*To Muir Sat. only. †Mon. only. a Sat. only. *Muir only.
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"Tavern of Tamalpais" and "Muir Inn" are always open for guests



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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Pinchot's Convention.

The Conservation Congress at St. Paul has curiously decided to exhibit differences, political and personal, within the Republican party. Apparently it has answered nobody's expectations, pleased nobody. It was set up by Mr. Gifford Pinchot and was planned, even programmed, to strike terror to the hearts of his critics. Certainly it has not done this. Mr. Pinchot, indeed, succeeded in carrying out his programme, but its force was lost, first through the protest of the governors of the seven Western States, and finally through their withdrawal in chagrin and resentment from its deliberations. The manifest unwillingness of Mr. Roosevelt to be present at the time of Mr. Taft's speech, attested a time-killing detour in Dakota, made a distinctly bad impression; nor was this impression changed by ex-President's address, which succeeded in emphasizing his breach with Taft without adding in the least enthusiasm for the Pinchot cause. The most notable

incident of the whole congress was the speech of President Taft. If not entirely sound in his views, according to Western standards, the President exhibited at least his intelligence and his earnestness. He exhibited likewise his devotion to legal and orderly methods of procedure in conservation as in other things, and his respects for the rights of the States more particularly interested. The President made a good impression upon the convention and upon the country. He is the one figure in the convention who has come out of it with credit unimpaired by what was said and done in it.

The New York Evening Post and ex-President Roosevelt.

In its issue of August 26 the New York *Evening Post*, notable among the conservative newspapers of the country, printed an editorial article sharply critical of the sayings and doings of ex-President Roosevelt in the course of his Western trip. This article has attracted wide attention and has met with an exceptional measure of commendation from the conservative public. Day by day since its publication, the *Post* has been flooded with letters from its readers expressive of their approval with added reflections upon the danger involved in Mr. Roosevelt's amazing crusade. Because this article has attracted such wide attention and commendation, because it so completely declares conservative sentiment with respect to Mr. Roosevelt's recent activities, we herewith reproduce it in full. And to the end that readers may reach their own conclusions with respect to the facts in the case we give essential parts of Mr. Roosevelt's reply, with excerpts from the record beginning with Mr. Roosevelt's interchange of letters with Mr. Harriman in 1906 and ending with his speech at Osawatimie, Kansas, last week:

We should like to think of Mr. Roosevelt's performances yesterday as those of the ever boyish. He reminds one of a college athletic hero who, after graduation, simply can not live without the old heart-filling cheers, and so shows himself on the football field in order to hear the glad sound once more. It is two years since Mr. Roosevelt has fed on the yells of the crowd in railroad stations, and yesterday he made up for long abstention by gluttony. Yet, as we say, we should prefer to think of all this as comic. There is undeniably an amusing side to Mr. Roosevelt's wayside oratory. It recalls the political speaker preserved in the amber of James Whitcomb Riley's verse, who

Helt the banner up'ards from a trailin' in the dust,
And cut loose on monopoly, and cussed and cussed and cussed.

But laughter can not help passing into anger and a sense of gross outrage, when the real significance of Mr. Roosevelt's car-and harangues is fully taken in. For here is a private citizen assuming that he has supreme political power. Here is an ex-President shoving aside the actual President as if he were a truckman. Here is a man who forever chatters about the square deal, yet who treats his own friend and the chief of his own party with absolute unfairness, pushes himself forward as the only true fountain of justice, announces what "I will do" just as though his being elected President next time were already settled, and bears himself throughout as a peculiarly repellent combination of demagogue and dictator.

The thing goes beyond a display of bad taste. As such it is shocking, but it is, besides, an exhibition of moral impudence. "I will make the corporations come to time," shouted Roosevelt to the mob. But did he not really mean that he would make them come down with the cash to elect him, as he did before? For a man with Mr. Roosevelt's proved record it is simply disgusting bumbag for him to rant about the corporations upon whose treasurers he fawned when he was President and wanted their money for his campaign. Does he think that nobody has a memory which goes back to the life insurance investigations, and that everybody has forgotten the \$50,000 taken from widows and orphans and added to Theodore Roosevelt's political corruption fund? Did he not take a big check from the Beef Trust, and glad to get it? And now he is going to make the corporations come to time! One can have respect for a sincere radical, for an honest fanatic, for an agitator or leveler who believes that he is doing God's will; but it is hard to be patient with a man who talks big but acts mean, whose eye is always to the main chance politically, and who lets no friendship, no generosity, no principle, no moral scruple stand for a moment between himself and the goal upon which he has set his overmastering ambition.

Such wild and whirling words as Mr. Roosevelt uttered

yesterday are a curse to public life. They arouse passion without directing it. They give no one a clear idea of what the speaker meant, except that he sought to inflame the crowd and make mischief. He fulminates against crooked men. He is going to "cinch" the crooks. Why not be specific? Whom does he mean? Even Mr. Roosevelt can not intend us to understand that he will be detective, police, magistrate, jury, jailer, all in one, and will get after every burglar and swindler in the land. No; his crooks are political crooks. What he wants the crowd to understand is that he is with them in their present wrath against men who go into politics to make money, or who advance by political corruption, or who are notorious as unscrupulous machine politicians. Yet this champion of purity, this roarer for political virtue, is the man who was for years, when in public life, hand in glove with the worst political corruptionists of his day; who toadied to Platt, who praised Quay, who paid court to Hanna; under him as President, Aldrich rose to the height of his power, always on good terms with Roosevelt; it was Roosevelt who, in 1906, wrote an open letter urging the reelection of Speaker Cannon, against whom mutterings had then begun to rise; it was Roosevelt who asked Harriman to come to the White House secretly, who took his money to buy votes in New York, and who afterwards wrote to "My Dear Sherman"—yes, the same Sherman—reviling the capitalist to whom he had previously written saying: "You and I are practical men." If Roosevelt is the great cincher of crooks, why didn't he cinch them when he was shaking hands with them?

It is no pleasant duty to say these things of Mr. Roosevelt. We had hoped that time and reflection had sobered him; and that his Western speeches would show him capable of taking an elevated political leadership. But whatever he may do in his set addresses, it is plain that he means en route to stir the popular heart by appeals in his very worst vein. His leaping back into his old rôle is both indecent and dangerous. It is indecent because, in utter disregard of all propriety and of personal and political fair play, he rushes upon the next presidency as if it were already his, and boasts of the great things he is going to do; it is dangerous because the more the mob yells approval of his reckless speech, the more reckless it will become. It is evident that there are troublous times ahead of the sober and steady people of this country in dealing with this man who came back to "help solve our problems," and is proceeding to do it by making them more difficult than before. There is nothing to do but to face him squarely and tell the truth about him. The taste of his quality which he gave yesterday will no doubt delight the crowd, but it leaves sensible and patriotic citizens aghast. They are startled by the thought that we may fall into the hands of this braggart in whom self-seeking is so finely blended with hypocrisy.

The *Outlook* of September 3 contains an answer to this article, dated Cheyenne, August 27, and signed by Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt begins by quoting part of the *Post* article. Then he declares that the *Evening Post* "is not in itself sufficiently important to warrant an answer," but that "as representing a class whose hostility it is necessary to reckon with in any general movement for decent government, it is worth while to speak of it." After describing this class as made up of wealthy people and of "intellectual hangers-on of wealthy people," Mr. Roosevelt goes on to say:

In the struggle for honest politics there is no more a place for the liar than there is for the thief, and in a movement designed to put an end to the dominion of the thief but little good can be derived from the assistance of the liar. Of course, objection will be made to my use of this language. My answer is that I am using it merely scientifically and descriptively because no other terms express the facts with the necessary precision. In the article in which the *Post* goes to the defense of those in present control of the Republican party in New York State whom it has affected to oppose in the past, the *Evening Post*, through whatever editor personally wrote the article, practiced every known form of mendacity.

Then, referring to the statement in the *Evening Post's* article of Roosevelt's invitation to Harriman to visit him secretly at the White House and of his taking money to buy votes in New York, and quoting his letter "you and I are practical men," Mr. Roosevelt goes on to say:

Not only in every important statement is this sentence false, but the writer who wrote it knew it was false. As far as I was concerned, every man visited the White House openly, and Mr. Harriman among those. I took no money from Mr. Harriman secretly or openly to buy votes or for any other purpose. Whoever wrote the article in the *Evening*

Post in question knew that this was the foulest and basest lie when he wrote the sentence.

The statement of the *Evening Post* is not only false and malicious, is not only in direct contradiction to the facts, but is such that it could only have been made by a man who, knowing the facts, deliberately intended to pervert them. Such an act stands on a level of infamy with the worst act ever performed by a corrupt member of a legislature, or a city official, and stamps the writer with the same moral brand that stamps the bribe-taker. * * * Practically every statement made * * * is a falsehood.

The article speaks of my having attacked corporations and * * * of my having sought to inflame the mob and make mischief. * * * It is but another instance of the peculiar baseness, the peculiar moral obliquity, of the *Evening Post* that it should pervert the truth in so shameless a fashion.

Now for some of the basic facts:

From Theodore Roosevelt's speech at Osawatimie, Kansas, August 31, 1910.

We must drive the special interests out of politics. That is one of our tasks today.

Corporate expenditures for political purposes, and especially such expenditures by public service corporations, have supplied one of the principal sources of corruption in our political affairs.

It is necessary that laws should be passed to prohibit the use of corporate funds directly or indirectly for political purposes; it is still more necessary that such laws should be thoroughly enforced.

It is particularly important that all moneys received or expended for campaign purposes should be publicly accounted for, not only after election, but before election as well.

From Theodore Roosevelt's letter of October 4, 1904, to Edward H. Harriman.

Now, my dear sir, you and I are practical men, and you are on the ground and know the conditions better than I do. If you think there is any danger of your visit to me causing trouble, or if you think there is nothing special I should be informed about, or no matter in which I could give aid, why, of course, give up the visit for the time being, and then a few weeks hence, before I write my message, I shall get you to come down to discuss certain government matters not connected with the campaign.

From Edward H. Harriman's confidential statement to Sidney Webster.

About a week before the election in the autumn of 1904, when it looked certain that the State ticket would go Democratic and was doubtful as to Roosevelt himself, he, the President, sent me a request to go to Washington to confer upon the political conditions in New York State. I complied, and he told me he understood the campaign could not be successfully carried on without sufficient money, and asked if I could help them in raising the necessary funds, as the national committee, under control of Chairman Cortelyou, had utterly failed of obtaining them, and there was a large amount due from them to the New York State Committee. We talked over what could be done for Depew, and finally he agreed that if found necessary he would appoint him as Ambassador to Paris.

With full belief that he, the President, would keep his agreement, I came back to New York, sent for Treasurer Bliss, who told me that I was their last hope, and that they had exhausted every other resource. In his presence I called up an intimate friend of Senator Depew, told him that it was necessary in order to carry New York State that \$200,000 should be raised at once, and if he would help I would subscribe \$50,000. After a few words over the telephone the gentleman said he would let me know, which he did probably in three or four hours, with the result that the whole amount, including my subscription, had been raised.

The checks were given to Treasurer Bliss, who took them to Chairman Cortelyou. If there were any among them of life insurance companies, or any other like organizations, of course, Cortelyou must have informed the President. I do not know who the subscribers were other than the friend of Depew, who was an individual. This amount enabled the New York State Committee to continue its work, with the result that at least 50,000 votes were turned in the city of New York alone, making a difference of 100,000 votes in the general result.

Exposition Prospects.

The State legislature in special session at Sacramento exhibits, as we write on Wednesday, a commendable disposition with respect to the Pacific-Panama Exposition project. The disposition toward San Francisco is wholly friendly and favorable. The City and County of San Francisco will be authorized to raise the sum of \$5,000,000 for the exposition through a bond issue. The State will provide another \$5,000,000. These sums, with the \$7,500,000 now assured through private subscription, will make a fund of \$17,500,000—enough to assure the success of the fair on a large scale.

It would appear that with such a foundation we should have no difficulty in getting the indorsement from the national government essential to the securing of foreign participation in the exposition. But we may as well recognize that there are effective forces in opposition. New Orleans will not be able to match San Francisco in the money phase of the competition, but it

will have the support of the solid South in Congress and it will have the support of powerful transportation and other interests more directly interested in holding the exposition at the mouth of the Mississippi than on the shore of the Pacific Ocean. The Pacific Coast representation at Washington will be solid for San Francisco, but it will not match in numbers and power the representation of the South, naturally solid for New Orleans. Sentiment, the arguments of propriety, will combine with the financial argument in favor of San Francisco, and backed by these forces we ought to win.

However, serious damage has been done to our cause by the ill-timed expressions of disgruntled and fault-finding citizens. Mr. Spreckels's denunciation of San Francisco, widely circulated in the East, as a city given over to moral degeneracy has put an effective even though slanderous argument into the hands of our rivals. Likewise the extravagant statements with respect to the political conditions of the State uttered by Mr. Hiram Johnson in his late campaign have given help to the boosters for New Orleans. It is indeed a pity that in this great enterprise we must contend with bogies of misrepresentation and falsehood raised by men who ought to have been strong and helpful on the side of California. But even these handicaps we think will be overcome. There is a profound force in the justice of our appeal for governmental coöperation, and in the end we believe that it will carry the day.

The Choice of Senator.

The primary vote for United States senator in California gave A. G. Spalding thirty counties and 63,461 votes; John D. Works, the candidate of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, twenty-two counties and 64,961 votes; and E. A. Meserve five counties and 52,553 votes, with a tie in one county. The primary vote was advisory, and under the State law the choice between candidates, which the people did not make, must be left to the preference of the members of both houses of the legislature, subject to restrictions as to persons.

The statutes which govern the choice of a senator in Congress are both Federal and State. The United States law prescribes "that each house of a State legislature shall openly, by a *viva voce* vote of each member, present the name of one person for senator from such State; and the name of the person voted for, who receives a majority of the whole number of votes cast in each house shall be entered on the journal, etc." There are no Federal restrictions limiting the choice of any member of the legislature voting. He may cast his ballot for whom he pleases.

State primary laws are more specific as to the duties of legislators; and the one in Oregon compelled a Republican senate and house to elect a Democrat. In this State the material statute reads as follows:

Party candidates for the office of United States senator shall have their names placed on the official primary election ballots of their respective parties in the manner herein provided for State offices; *provided*, however, that the vote for candidates for United States senators shall be an advisory vote for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiment of the voters in the respective senatorial and assembly districts in the respective parties; *providing* further that members of the legislature shall be at liberty to vote either for the choice of their respective districts expressed at said primary election, or for the candidate for United States senator who shall have received the indorsement of their party at such primary election in the greatest number of districts electing members of such party to the legislature.

There are eighty assembly districts in California, of which John D. Works, as candidate for senator, has the advisory support of about 26 per cent and A. G. Spalding of a fraction under 36 per cent. On the popular ballot these candidates are within 500 votes of a tie. Nothing in the primary law suggests popular majorities as a basis of election; each senator and assemblyman is "at liberty" either to vote as his district advised or for the man who received the indorsement of the greatest number of districts. In either case, Spalding would be ahead of Works, the man whom the Fresno *Republican* ignorantly speaks of as the "senator-elect."

There is no senator-elect. Senators are not chosen by popular vote; and considering that the highest authority, the Constitution of the United States, declares (Article I, Section 3) that "the Senate of the United States shall be composed of two senators from each State, *chosen by the legislature thereof* for six years," it might be well to inquire how the freedom of legislative choice can be hampered at all by a State enactment? May not the California legislature vote for whatever citizen it chooses for United States senator?

And in view of the indecisive nature of the advisory vote, would it not be wise policy to do so?

A Failure and Why.

News dispatches for several days have recited a melodramatic story of disappointment culminating in an attempt at suicide in New York City, with a Miss Vera Fitch of California in the more or less heroic rôle. It appears that Miss Fitch has aspired to a literary career, but that she has failed in finding a market for the products of her pen. Chagrin and poverty followed failure, then came an attempt at self-destruction. But before attempting to shuffle off this mortal coil Miss Fitch formulated a statement of her motives for suicide, intended to be dramatically effective, and indeed so accepted by the yellow newspapers, although to the critical eye it is less reflective of pathos than of an overwrought vanity. According to Miss Fitch, it is impossible for a young woman to be successful in New York in the literary sphere without sacrifices impossible to a virtuous character. She paints a very black picture plainly reflective of her own failure and designed to justify her tragic plan of escape from an intolerable position.

It is not easy to decide which is the more reprehensible, the affectation or the downright falsehood of this presentment. Miss Fitch failed not because she had to choose between shame and success, but because she had attempted something clean beyond her reach. If instead of aiming at literature, the most uncertain and difficult of all professional callings, she had tried something within the sphere of her capabilities, she would have no difficulty in getting on in New York. Thousands, even hundreds of thousands, of virtuous women are pursuing successful careers in New York because they have taken up kinds of work which they are competent to do. The situation is precisely the same as in San Francisco and in every other city. The person who is willing to do work which the world wants done, and which he or she is competent to do, commonly has no great difficulty in finding employment, and none at all in being successful in it. The person who insists upon doing something which nobody wants done, or which he is not capable of doing, is certain of failure. It is not the inherent circumstances that are at fault, but lack of judgment and excess of false pride on the part of the seeker after career. Of course, all the world would like to succeed in one or another of the notably elevated spheres of effort. But success in these higher occupations is not for everybody; it is for a limited few of special gifts and powers. The world of common sense does not flinch to the strychnine bottle because the higher paths of life are not open to them; they seek the kind of work which they are capable of doing. No doubt Miss Fitch, while a failure in literature, might have been entirely successful in some useful and honorable employment in a less elevated sphere.

The careers of a multitude of California women in various ways of life in the metropolis give the lie to the melodramatic statement of this would-be suicide. We all know of dozens of instances of worldly and even eminent success on the part of young women in New York, without moral concession of any kind. Take the case of Maude Adams, who has won her way to the highest pinnacle of her profession without any other aid than that of industry and talent. Others have succeeded, if not in such eminent measure, at least notably and worthily. The truth is that there is no possible success without the qualities which Miss Fitch declares must be sacrificed if success is to be attained. There is no profession save that of the harlot in which rectitude is not only a desired but a necessary factor. To talk about a woman being successful through shameless moral concession is to talk the sheerest nonsense, because the fact of concession is the positive proof of complete and abject failure.

The world as a rule is not very hospitable to his pretensions. It demands of those who present themselves in the name of literature and art something more than the longing for distinction. At the same time the world is waiting and hungry for talent, and when it presents itself there is eagerness to appropriate and readiness to reward it. If Miss Fitch were a woman of common sense she would quickly have discovered that her failure in the literary sphere was due to her own deficiencies, and if she had been made the right kind of stuff she would have readdressed her energies to something within the range of her power. Her own statement, coupled with attempt at suicide

is a sufficient demonstration of the lack of moral hardihood; it sufficiently explains her failure.

Demoralizing and Disreputable.

There comes to the *Argonaut* an unpleasant story from Los Angeles. It is to the effect that in the recent primary campaign the local managers of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League employed a considerable number of youths connected with the high school, local business colleges, and the like to work at the polls on election day, paying them for this service the sum of five dollars each. It is with no wish to eriticize particular persons, much less a particular faction, that we denounce this procedure as disreputable beyond all measure and all precedent. Let us ask what possible good can be brought about through the success of any scheme of politics that will compensate for this demoralizing lesson in political corruption—a lesson administered in impressive form to a group of youths at the very threshold of their lives. What is the effect upon a boy of eighteen or nineteen or twenty to be paid in money by a political manager for a political service rendered in the interest of a party concerning whose aims he can have no real knowledge or sympathy? It teaches him that politics is a game which may be pursued even under moral pretensions by sordid means. It tends to demoralize his political character at the very foundation of his political life. It commits him to a way of thinking and doing in politics bound in the nature of things to confuse his judgment and to debase his manhood. We repeat, for we would not be misunderstood, that it is not to discredit a faction that we denounce this procedure. We would denounce it if it were done by anybody in any interest. We cry aloud in censure of it because it is a violation of every consideration which should limit the activities of political huckstering.

The high school and college boys of today are the men of tomorrow. The lessons impressed upon youth must be worked out in effects upon political character. To be instructed that it is legitimate or permissible to accept money for a personal political service is to receive a lesson in political degeneracy, all the more ruinous because associated with presumptions of moral purity and patriotic intention. No obligation can be named comparable with that which rests upon each generation of training up the generation which is to follow. And there is in modern society no function more important than the political function. A youth taught that it is right to hire out for money to a political manager and in promotion of a political cause, is a youth to whom has been administered a moral poison probably fatal to wholesome, independent, undefiled patriotic character. The wonder is that anybody should be found with intelligence sufficient to organize a political campaign and at the same time without the moral instinct to recoil from methods revolting to every decent impulse.

The Circulation Boomer.

While there never was any doubt of the advertising value of the colonel's Western trip, the public had supposed him to be, as usual, the beneficiary. The idea was that he had gone into politics again and was holding the public eye with a view to a third term. But it seems that he is traveling at the expense of the *Outlook* with a view to subscribers. It all came out in answer to a question roughly put to him by a man at Fargo as to who was paying the cost of his journey, whereupon he flurried colonel admitted that it was the magazine of which he was one of the editors. It must have been with some difficulty that he refrained from adding: "Now is the time to subscribe."

To those who have noted the policy of the *Outlook*, things that the colonel has said on his trip and some he has omitted to say, all of which have amazed a discriminating public, are now explained. He was talking as a salesman. For instance, it would have been natural for him as a man and a Republican to speak well, whenever the chance offered, of President Taft, his friend and official legatee. But the *Outlook* and Taft are at odds; and the colonel, being on the road for that interesting weekly and one of its editors, had to remember what was wanted of him, so he damned the Taft administration with faint praise. We must not blame the colonel. He was there to cry up the *Outlook's* wares, not to cry them down; and he could not be expected by any reasonable person to quarrel with his private car. The magazine is inurgent, so the salesman, whatever his own politics may

be, boomed insurgent policies; Dr. Abbott favors certain public men and is opposed to others, and the colonel, from the car platform, was blithely acquiescent; and all along the route he did not deviate a hair's breadth from the policy, especially in regard to the methods of tariff-making which the *Outlook* developed while its distinguished solicitor was temporarily out of politics.

It is not every magazine that can have an ex-President on its subscription staff, nor is it every ex-President who can do so many advertising stunts as the colonel has achieved. True, he has not openly and visibly canvassed. The best drummers are never too obvious in their work. The art of the book agent shies at too bold a delivery. But every man who got interested at the colonel's car-end suggestions knew where to find more. It was not overlooked, especially in the presence of those members of Dr. Abbott's writing and business staff who made up the traveling party, that the contributing editor of that magazine was talking and that a story of his reception along the way would find an authorized place in print. There was many a note sounded from the car platform that would be "continued in our next" with special rates for clubs. And so the great advertising tour went merrily on. Of course the colonel dressed his part, as any keen-witted salesman would. He was the silk-hatted and frock-coated ex-President in New York and Ohio; his garb was a bit more unconventional farther West as befitted a foe of the "special interests," and he got into the habit of stepping down on the depot platform and shaking hands; and when he reached the cattle ranges and mining camps he mounted a bronco and rode before the grand stand in one place, and, in another, when it rained, he gave up the speaking stand to the women and went out in the downpour to have his back slapped by the men. In Cheyenne and Fargo the *Outlook* ought to have got a thousand subscribers, in spite of the long-established preference at those literary centres for the *Police Gazette* and *Sage Brush Philosophy*.

It will soon be California's turn to subscribe. Here the colonel will put on his mortar-board and lecture at the State University; and every aspiring young man who fails to enter his name on the *Outlook's* swelling list will fail to show that appreciation of the distinguished visitor's mission which the finest advertising stunt of the country has ever seen since the "halcyon and vociferous" days of Barnum surely deserves.

Editorial Notes.

We wish it might be borne in upon those parents, guardians, and friends who at Oakland and elsewhere are urging high school children to resist and defy the anti-frat law, that they are doing a mischievous and wicked thing. Those in authority have come to the conviction that the frat societies are fatal to many of the worthy purposes involved in public education. They have found that these societies promote class spirit, stimulate the spirit of snobbery, promote extravagance in dress, and yield an abundant crop of wholly unnecessary jealousies and contentions. Under this conviction there has been enacted a law prohibiting public school children from joining these fraternal societies. Now, the *Argonaut* believes that the school authorities are right; it has seen enough of the effects of the fraternal scheme as related to the public schools to be convinced that it produces many mischiefs and no good of any kind. But whether right or wrong, it is the law; and whether right or wrong, being the law, it should be obeyed. Children have no right to question the law; their part is to obey it. Now, those fool parents, and fool guardians, and fool friends who are urging boys and girls to defy this law are in effect teaching for the youth under their influence a lesson of disrespect to authority, a lesson tending to the destruction of respect for law and of the spirit of patriotism itself. The best lesson that any boy or girl ever gets in school is the lesson of obedience to authority, in other words, of discipline. Those who counsel defiance of the frat law would rob children subject to their influence of this best of all effects of school training.

Following a decision of the New York Court of Appeals against a concern which tried to force its employees into a union of its own devising, Judge Goff of the New York Supreme Court has granted an injunction against the striking cloakmakers. He holds that a labor union which interferes with business, especially by coercing employees and "picketing" the place

where open-shop methods are in vogue, becomes a combination in restraint of trade and is therefore unlawful. This decision, which deals a vital blow to labor tyranny is, of course, bitterly resented by Gompers, who still smarts under his failure to get Congress to exempt labor organizations from the penalties against coercion.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

San Francisco's Water Supply.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 1, 1910.

The Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, voting on the question of a water supply from Hetch Hetchy, decided first, that the national park system will endure permanently; and second, that the main features of a national park should be subject to appropriation at any time. As the survival of either of these propositions means the destruction of the other, and as the members of the club accurately reflected the sentiment of the people of San Francisco, it is evident that this city has been controlled, in the water question, by the emotions, and not by the intellect.

It seems to be time for San Francisco to give sober and accurate consideration to this vital question. She has voted \$45,000,000 as an initial expense, blindly, and without knowledge of what the Tuolumne supply amounts to, or of what its cost will be. The official record of the drainage of the Tuolumne basin is supplied by the gaugings of the United States Geological Survey at La Grange, and is as follows:

1896	daily mean flow	2342	second feet
1897	" " "	3364	" "
1898	" " "	1182	" "
1899	" " "	2315	" "
1900	" " "	2160	" "
1901	" " "	3537	" "
1902	" " "	2178	" "
1903	" " "	2723	" "
1904	" " "	3948	" "
1905	" " "	1995	" "
1906	" " "	4990	" "
1907	" " "	5130	" "
1908	" " "	1440	" "

Of this flow, the Modesto and the Turlock irrigation districts by appropriation have secured a prior right to 2350 second feet a day; and this right was guaranteed to them by San Francisco by a stipulation entered into as a prerequisite to obtaining the Garfield permit to enter the Yosemite National Park.

Analysis of the above gaugings shows that the run-off of 1896 was less than the amount appropriated by the irrigation districts; 1897 gave a surplus sufficient for 2,000,000 people for three years. Then follows a continuous series of six years, 1898-1903, which give no surplus above 2350 second feet. The excess of 1901 and of 1903 are required to bring the deficit of the other four years of this series up to the amount that the irrigation districts have appropriated.

During the continuous series of eight years, 1898-1905, there is but one year, 1904, which gives an available surplus, and this was sufficient for 900,000 people for eight years, if no allowance is made for the high evaporation of the Sierra, which would have seriously reduced it during so long a period.

Of this entire series of thirteen years there are but four years—1897, 1904, 1906, 1907—which give a surplus above 2350 second feet, and over two-thirds of this surplus was given by the two extraordinary wet years in succession—1906, 1907.

In normal and in dry seasons the run-off of the Tuolumne basin does not exceed the amount appropriated by the irrigation districts. The excess available above this amount is but the capricious run-off of an occasional wet year.

The above deductions show that the foundation of the Hetch Hetchy water project is using water which the irrigation districts have located. This surprising fact has been publicly stated within the knowledge of the engineers for San Francisco and has not been denied by them; they have simply tried to evade it. It has been known to a few of the promoters of the Hetch Hetchy water project, but carefully concealed from the general public.

Analysis of the brief filed by San Francisco in the recent hearing before Secretary Ballinger will show conclusively that it is the purpose, at the very opening of the project, to draw the main part of the supply of water for San Francisco out of the 2350 second feet located by the irrigation districts; and that it is intended to continue this practice with steadily growing encroachment on the irrigation water so long as San Francisco may draw water from the Tuolumne. Under this showing, it is easy to understand why the engineers for San Francisco absolutely failed to make any showing before the board of engineers at the recent hearing in Washington.

Moreover, accustomed as we are to a state of peace, we forget that the future may see war, when a long pipe line from the Sierra would be the object of attack, with a view of reducing San Francisco.

Viewing this water question in the broad aspect of the best interests of the State, it must be remembered that the San Joaquin Valley is an arid region, capable of great agricultural development by the application of water. It is not a question of how much water the Modesto and the Turlock irrigation districts may be able to use, but of the conservation of all the mountain drainage of that locality for ultimate use in the San Joaquin Valley. For San Francisco to go this great distance without necessity and deprive those agricultural lands of water when an abundant supply flows to waste past her very doors is an economic error of the gravest ultimate consequences.

San Francisco has two abundant sources of water supply close at hand which can be developed for a small fraction of the cost of going to the Tuolumne. The Eel River drains a great uninhabited mountain forest reserve. It is being developed by a power company, which is willing to make terms for supplying San Francisco. There are no prior claimants for the water. The reservoir site has greater capacity than Hetch Hetchy. It is estimated that 60,000,000 gallons a day can be taken to the cities of Alameda County, and then connected with the San Francisco system at Dumbarton Point for about \$15,000,000. This supply can be developed up to 250,000,000 gallons a day.

A much greater supply can be drawn from the Sacramento

River. Its flow, gauged by the United States Geological Survey, is given as 6000 second feet a day in the dryest season ever gauged. One-tenth of this flow will give an abundance of water for 4,000,000 people. The ordinary low water flow ranges from 8000 to 10,000 second feet a day. The maximum flow is given as 360,000 second feet a day; or sufficient for thirty times the population of the entire United States.

The city of Sacramento has drawn its supply from this river for fifty years; and water has been so cheap and abundant there that consumption has grown to 289 gallons a day per capita, which increases to 330 gallons a day per capita in summer. Around San Francisco Bay the daily per capita consumption runs from sixty to eighty gallons a day; and the monthly water rate is at least double what it is in Sacramento.

Professor Hyde, University of California, has made an elaborate study of the Sacramento River, at the request of Sacramento City, to determine its availability for filtration, which is the developing modern method of preparing water for municipal use and which is protected by the very rigid laws of California against pollution of streams. His investigation was summed up by his statement that it is one of the best streams in the United States for this purpose.

Considering this supply for the bay cities, he estimates that a filter can be erected on the banks of the Sacramento, above the point of brackish water, and two six-foot pipe lines of the most expensive manufacture laid to Berkeley for \$20,000,000, delivering 75,000,000 gallons a day, or 25 per cent more water than San Francisco hopes to get by its initial outlay of \$45,000,000. Such a supply would then reach Oakland and Alameda and connect at Dumhart Point with the San Francisco supply.

A series of industrial towns are developing along the eastern water-front, between Berkeley and Antioch, and embracing Richmond, Vallejo Junction, Port Costa, and Martinez. The future, undoubtedly, will see a continuous urban settlement covering this territory, for which the Sacramento River forms the natural water supply. A municipal water district should include them, as well as Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda, and San Francisco.

Such a water district can safeguard its future by establishing, when necessary, compensation reservoirs at points in the Sierra, in central or northern California, with the view of releasing water into the streams to find its way by natural channels to the filter plant at the mouth of the Sacramento River, where the right to take out a like amount of water could never be assailed. Or arrangements can be made to use the outflow of electric power companies for this purpose. The great expense of a pipe line from the Sierra is thus avoided.

Such a reservoir system will be a protection against any possible season of great drought; withdrawal for irrigation, which, however, should be from flood waters; or of questions regarding reduction of the navigability of the stream during low water. It will give the bay cities an abundance of cheap, soft, and pure water for all times.

Notwithstanding these facts, it is the settled purpose of the leading advocates of the Hetch Hetchy water project, having entangled San Francisco in it, to push it steadily forward, regardless of the rights of the people of the United States in their national park, of the rights of San Joaquin lands to water for future development, and of the rights of the people around San Francisco Bay to the cheapest and most abundant supply of pure water.

GEORGE EDWARDS.

A Suggestion.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 2, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I have read with interest Willis Polk's letter in last week's *Argonaut*. Being an old resident of San Francisco and loyal to the dear old place through thick and thin, I would like to suggest a way to beautify the city at small expense. There are a number of blocks around Noh Hill and Rincon Hill where the grades of the streets render them unfit for horse and automobile traffic. It would be an easy matter to park these streets for pedestrians with zig-zag walks and picturesque lawns and gardens on the slopes. A few red-blooming geraniums and creeping nasturtiums would certainly be a desirable improvement over the old cobbles and wild grasses which those streets present now. If the Colton-Huntington residence site could be turned into a park the improvement would be complete.

AN OLD SAN FRANCISCAN.

Among the other problems confronting Japan is the proposed reform of the printed characters of her language. So far the empire has got along in all the changes which have come to her, social, political, and industrial, with the old ideographic system of writing, but so many new words, phrases, and ideas of foreign origin and nature have arisen and compelled their use that the cumbersome ancient characters of Chinese or native source have for many purposes become useless. A plan proposed in Tokyo is to adopt English in addition to the language as used at present. In the interest of commerce both England and America would, of course, prefer this. Volapuk and Esperanto have been considered, but the scholars reject them. It is thought that English is going to prevail. Its increased use in the East and on the European continent shows that it is crowding French as a means of universal communication.

The "thirteen" superstition is not universal. Dr. Nansen can afford to laugh at it. The crew of the *Fram* on its memorable North Pole expedition consisted of thirteen men, who, after an absence of three years, all returned to their homes in perfect health, despite the trials they had gone through. Then on December 13, 1893, the doctor records the birth of a litter of pups. "There were thirteen—a curious coincidence—thirteen pups for thirteen men."

A menagerie of insects will soon be installed in the Paris Museum of Natural History. Cages of glass, instead of steel, will be occupied by spiders, ants, bees, caterpillars, and beetles, instead of lions, tigers, wolves, and hyenas. Then it will be possible for the public to study the lives of ants underground and of bees in their hives.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Apparently none of the newspaper correspondents at the funeral of Earl Spencer were aware of the fact that the peer was being laid to his rest under the shadow of a church which is of absorbing interest to Americans. Next to Sulgrave, Great Brington figures most conspicuously in the lives of Washington's English ancestors, for when reduced circumstances compelled them to turn their backs on the manor at Sulgrave—now used as a farmhouse, and occupied by a tenant who has a shrewd appreciation of the value of "unearned increment"—it was at Great Brington they found a new home in a modest cottage offered by Sir Robert Spencer, the ancestor of the peer who recently passed to his rest. That cottage, substantially built of stone, still stands in a perfect condition by the side of the road leading to Little Brington, and is now occupied by a couple of laborers at a weekly rental of about a dollar.

But it is in Great Brington Church, a short distance further on, that the Washington memorials are to be found in their greatest number. It is an ancient and somewhat squat building of the typical parish church order, and one of the oldest in the county of Northamptonshire. About the middle of the centre aisle an old brass imbedded in a long stone slab tells that beneath rest the remains of Elizabeth and Robert Washington, while underneath the pews on the left-hand side of the aisle is the stone that covers the grave of Laurence Washington. At the head of this stone, and deeply cut, are to be seen the impaled arms of the Washington and Butler families, the stars and hands of which are thought to be the origin of the Stars and Stripes. Stately as are the monuments of the Spencer family in the adjacent north chapel, it is doing no violence to fact to affirm that modern visitors to Great Brington Church regard with still greater interest the simple memorials of that family which gave America its first President.

Shakespeare's native town appears to be ever the centre of a mild excitement. The latest is concerned with "the irreverent behavior of a certain class of American visitors," and the gravamen of the charge against them is that they "attend the services in the parish church with the object of visiting Shakespeare's tomb in the chancel, and not for the purpose of divine worship." This has so scandalized the vicar—a new incumbent, by the way—that he has placed this notice in the church:

Shakespeare's tomb is not shown on Sundays, and on other days a small charge is made, the proceeds being expended upon the church and its services and the care of the churchyard.

According to another version, the "irreverent behavior" consists in the addressing of postals during the time divine service is going on. That, surely, is a reflection on the vicar's preaching; if he were to put a little ginger into his sermons the "irreverent" Americans would doubtless postpone the addressing of their postals to a more convenient season. As to the other charge, that the visitors come not to attend the service but to see Shakespeare's tomb, ought not the vicar, who presumably is in search of lost souls, to be grateful for any cause which brings those souls within sound of his voice? And in any event he ought to remember that not all American tourists have unlimited time at their disposal, and that Sunday may be the only day on which they can pay their devotion at the shrine of Avon's bard. The previous vicar was often in hot water for one cause and another, and it seems as though his successor will repeat his experiences. The moral would seem to be that not enough care is exercised in selecting the spiritual guardian of Shakespeare's church.

So much attention has been paid to the matter of the Kaiser's recent fatuous speech about the divine right of kings that the theatre of that indiscretion has been overlooked. The occasion which led to the outburst was none other than the "house-warming" of William's fifty-eighth castle, a mammoth erection in solid sandstone which stands on an imposing site at the entrance to the city of Posen, where it is intended to symbolize Prussia's determination never to consent to Polish dreams of separation or even autonomy. In fact, it is the "mailed-fist" over again, but this time in the shape of fortress-palace which has cost more than a million and a quarter dollars. For all the imposing nature of the ceremony attending the "house-warming" of this new symbol of Prussian domination, the people who are to be dominated declined to assist. There were large crowds, of course, but they were German crowds, the Teutonic dwellers of the Polish province, but all the Polish members of the Posen town council abstained from attending the functions, while one aesthetic and patriotic critic roundly denounced the new structure as "an ugly heap of stones, which offends the Poles' sense of architectural beauty and insults their national pride."

Quite a number of philosophers could be better spared than William James, whose death removes the one man who in discussing the problems of the mind had no patience with the technical jargon affected by most of the race. Hence that humorous distinction between the two brothers which credits Henry with making fiction as difficult as philosophy and William with making philosophy as entertaining as fiction. His most important hook, "Big William" as the Harvard boys christened it to distinguish it from a condensed version known as "Little William," startled the logic-choppers to such an extent that one remarked, "If it were dryer it would be better for the classroom."

But that William James made philosophy readable is not his greatest service: he made it worth reading. To all finely spun theories, all up-in-the-air speculations, his greeting was, "Well, what of it?" He had no patience with the nebulous;

though a philosopher, he did not lose sight of the practical. So he became the apostle of pragmatism, in other words a system that works. He appraised philosophy by its results. If a thing is expedient in our way of thinking, then it is true: that is pragmatism. To the dust-heap with the "abstract" and all such moonshine! This is the kind of philosophy which can meet the speculations of science on equal terms, and shocked though some religious leaders have been at such a position, they will find it is the only tenable one after all. It is eminently fitting that almost the last words William James wrote should have been: "Philosophy must pass from words, that reproduce but ancient elements, to life itself, that gives the integrally new."

Almost while the dedication of the Washington statue was taking place amid the splendors of Versailles, a pathetic figure was revisiting the scenes of her regal glories in the castle of Compiègne. It was the Empress Eugénie, now howed by the weight of eighty-four years, who wandered through the little changed palace, the Salle des Fêtes, haunted by the ghosts of a pitiful past, and that suite of apartments which had once belonged to the prince imperial. The Beauvais furniture, the Sèvres vases, the beautiful ceiling by Girodet—all these reminders of a happier day are unchanged, and but little alteration has been made in Eugénie's own apartments adjoining those of her ill-fated son. The aged and broken woman paused a moment in the room where her little prince had conned his lessons in the far-off days, and paid her tribute of tears to the sad memories which thronged her brain. Paris has no doubt grown accustomed to the yearly visits of the one-time empress, but no repetition can make those visits less pathetic. It seems that the empress still adheres to her determination not to write her memoirs, but that has not prevented some of her old rivals from revealing some of the secrets of the Second Empire. Thus it is now established almost beyond question that the empress was responsible for urging on the disastrous war with Germany, prompted thereto by her hatred of a Protestant state, and that the tragic ending of her son by the spears of Zulus in a quarrel not his own would have been avoided if his mother had not thought that an exhibition of his valor as a soldier would aid in the recovery of the throne of France. Hence, the empress, and not Francis Joseph, is the saddest figure in Europe today, for while the emperor of Austria still possesses his throne, the wife of Napoleon III has lost all—youth, beauty, throne, husband, and son.

William Beckford, best known as the author of "Vathek," is usually thought to have been little more than an eccentric and a crank who managed somehow to write one remarkable book. This is because no attempt has been made to estimate his real character or study the man from his intimate writings. Now, however, that omission has been rectified, and a great many of his letters have been given to the world. They reveal him as a man of singular discernment, with well-reasoned views on most topics, and a leaning toward democracy unusual in an Englishman of the eighteenth century. Thus in reply to a friend who had asked his opinion as to the wisdom of settling a Swiss colony in the United States, he gave it as his firm opinion that America was "a country apparently destined to become the first in the world, the grandeur of whose maturity may well be augured from a state of adolescence which has produced characters already revered as the best factors of mankind." As to the Swiss colony idea, he favored his correspondent with this far-reaching and statesmanlike view of the question:

Apart from all consideration or estimate of the political or moral character of the Swiss adventurers, who may wish to purchase lands in America, or of the inhabitants from their country with whom they propose to colonize them, your own opinion, that the inhabitants of the United States, now 5,000,000, will probably be doubled in twenty years, appears to have led you wisely to conclude that, at this time of day, they can stand in little need of colonies from Europe.

It is not from the abundant productiveness of new land and the consequent facility of human subsistence we are solely to infer the rapid increase of population in America; beyond that of most countries in Europe. Our forms of civil government, the luxury of the rich, the extreme poverty of the poor, frequent and bloody wars, large fleets and standing armies, celibacy enjoined by monastic institutions, servitude of peasantry and other feudal oppressions, will go far to account for this remarkable difference in the increase of our species, to the disadvantage of Europe. If this statement be true, it may fairly be asked whether the United States would not more prudently trust to the sure and rapid increase of people from their native stock and wait a few years for a race congenial to their own climate, manners, habits, principles, and institutions, than hastily recur to colonies of strangers from an old decrepit world, whose principles, moral, religious, and political, are universally shaken and unsettled.

Have republics a special weakness for printers' hills? The question is naturally prompted by the fact that an agitation is being fostered in France against the huge printing hill which the exchequer is constantly called upon to pay. The chamber is perpetually flooded with an enormous mass of printed matter, the department of finance being responsible for an expenditure yearly of four hundred thousand dollars while the marine department spends some hundred and eleven thousand dollars, and the war office some eighty thousand dollars. And as a small item in the pension list it is suggestive to note that eight hundred thousand dollars are demanded annually for "the wounded in the combats of 1848. The veterans of the Civil War must be mere infants compared with the pensioners who were literally "in arms" sixty-two years ago.

Before vessels of greater length than 1000 feet can be used, there must be new docks, as present docking facilities, on both sides, have already reached their limit. A thousand-foot ship today would project 15 feet beyond any pier in New York where such a ship could lie.

THE LADY AND THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

New York Officials Have Keen Scent.

It is a dull week nowadays that sees no sensational scandal at the customs sheds where wealthy Americans land with the glittering spoils of effete Europe. Collector Loeb can hardly be called a new broom at this stage of the game, but he still sweeps with vigor and his bristles were never in better condition. His latest capture has sent a thrill through the high society circles of Poughkeepsie and is likely indeed to deprive those circles, at least for a time, of their bright and particular star and leader in the person of Mrs. Ada F. C. Adriance, the wife of I. Reynolds Adriance, whose mowing-machines have mowed him into the ranks of the millionaires. Mrs. Adriance, it seems, has a weakness for pearls, laces, and jewelry, and during her recent visit to Europe she is said to have gratified this taste to the extent of about \$8000. That, of course, was all right enough so long as her husband had no objection to this particular form of transmuting the base metals of which mowing-machines are made. But when Mrs. Adriance concealed her pretty things in the ribbons of her hat, and followed this up by swearing to what was not so, she transgressed the laws of a paternal government which is always ready to pardon the penitent smuggler, even at the eleventh hour. Moreover, she exposed herself to various unpleasantnesses in the shape of detection, confiscation, treble duties, and possibly of the conjugal reproof of which the American wife is so much in awe.

Take it altogether, it is a decidedly curious story and one that should serve as a warning to those similarly disposed toward the tricks that are vain. First of all there is the interesting fact that the customs inspector was well aware of Mrs. Adriance's proclivities and of the exact way in which she had gratified them. In fact, he had a list of her dutiable acquisitions and he had received this from some mysterious source long before the White Star steamer had reached her moorings. It need hardly be said that this list corresponded in no way at all to the lady's own declaration, and this unfortunate discrepancy was the cause of all the trouble. The inspector got his hands on the valuables, but only after an extraordinary scene during which the protesting lady had been searched without result. But on being asked to surrender a gold reticule, she took from it a paper which she said was of a private nature and then proceeded unobtrusively to tear this paper into tiny fragments which she scattered slowly about the dock as she walked. It was well done, and with a very pretty air of unconcern, but none the less the pieces that fell in her wake were promptly collected and fitted together like a child's puzzle. They were then found to be an invoice or list of the very jewels whose possession she had denied. Even then she refused to say where they were hidden, but she finally consented to produce them if she were allowed to use a private room. The request was apparently granted, but the female searcher made a sudden entry and found her in the act of tearing them from under the ribbons of her hat. It was certainly a choice situation for a lady of wealth and social position, but it is one of many such scandals that have come to light in the last few months. The offenders always belong to a high social circle, they are always rich, and they always show an affront to the professional criminal might well envy. Ladies of fashion do not consider that customs laws have any relation to the Ten Commandments.

The authorities are unwilling to state the precise nature of the articles seized, but it is known that there were two pieces of lace, one seven feet long and two feet wide and worth \$3000, and another about five feet long and worth about \$2000. These were hidden under the skirt. Then there was a collar containing eleven strands of pearls with diamond uprights and clasps worth about \$15,000, a horseshoe set with forty pure white diamonds worth \$6000, a bracelet set with sapphires and diamonds, a solitaire diamond, a diamond and ruby ring, another ring with an enormous opal, and various other jewels of great value. Most of these things were found under the ribbons of the hat, or, rather, were produced from that hiding-place after the searcher had failed in her quest. The lace and the larger articles were hidden elsewhere.

How Inspector Wall came into possession of his list is one of the mysteries. If it were an isolated case it might be put down to the malice of some jealous lady friend, but this same officer has shown a similar unanny prescience upon other occasions. But he refuses to explain it, and even Mr. Loeb professes to be puzzled. Inspector Wall says that if he divulges his secret it would no longer be of use to the government, and he adds ingenuously that his wife had fruitlessly tried to extract it from him that very morning at breakfast. "And I've been married only a few months," he remarked with a grin. The reporters gave up the puzzle at once. They could hardly hope to compete with a young wife, and there is at least one secret in the world that is evidently safe.

But a still more curious incident remains to be mentioned. Upon the discovery of the concealed articles Mrs. Adriance was bound over to appear before the federal grand jury upon a charge of attempting to smuggle \$8000 worth of jewelry and laces. As the incident occurred on a Sunday it was impossible to obtain bail, and as an alternative Mrs. Adriance offered certain other jewelry worth at least \$100,000 as security

for her appearance. All of this jewelry was in the lady's possession when she went abroad several months ago, and presumably had been bought in this country or had paid the usual duty upon its original admission. But suspicions once aroused are not readily allayed, and now these jewels also have been provisionally seized and they will not be returned until the facts have been fully ascertained. There is no question that Mrs. Adriance took them out of the country when she went abroad, but then they may have been smuggled upon some previous occasion, and it can hardly be said that a presumption of innocence attaches to a lady whose ingenuity in evading the laws of her own, her native land, is now the subject of inquiry. Every separate jewel will have to prove its right to American residence.

The administration of the customs law continues to evoke occasional paroxysms of protest from arriving passengers, but there has certainly been a vast improvement within the last year or so. Happening to be present in the customs shed on the arrival of one of the great Cunard boats a week ago, I watched the proceedings with some interest and there was no sign of any undue hardship. There may have been isolated cases of arrogance on the part of officials, but I did not see them, while on the other hand I saw several substantial piles of baggage disposed of after an examination that did not last more than a few minutes. Trucks full of baggage with the customs stamp upon them began to emerge from the shed within half an hour or so of landing, and there was no sign either of friction or delay. The inspectors acquire a certain facility in reading human nature and in deciphering the external signs of a guilty conscience, and I certainly carried away the impression that the passenger who makes an honest declaration has nothing to fear from officialism at the New York customs sheds. SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, August 30, 1910.

Flying machines of today are of two types—dirigible balloons and aeroplanes—both of them yet in the embryo stage. In the matter of dirigibles Germany is an easy first, France is second, and the rest of the world is nowhere beyond possibilities of what Italy may produce. In heavier-than-air machines France is the unchallenged first. America, with equal ease, occupies the second place. Germany—on account of a single successful type—may perhaps call herself third for the moment, but all other nations except the first two at present constitute "the field." The test of a flying machine is the extent to which it is copied by others than its producer. To date, no one has for a moment dreamed of copying any aeroplane that England has produced, though there are many slavish copies of leading French types.

Herman de Lagercrantz, Swedish minister to the United States, who has been recalled by his government, has been in Washington only three years, but he has been a favorite in diplomatic and government official circles from the first. Mr. Lagercrantz has had a remarkably diversified career in industrial, political, and religious work. Born in 1859, the son of a Swedish Minister of Finance, he was educated for military service, but left the army to join General Booth, of the Salvation Army, in his work in England and India. He returned to Sweden in 1896 and engaged in the iron industry. He was president of the Svastelf Railroad, which position he resigned to become a diplomat, coming here as his country's representative. In 1909 the Norwegian University conferred on him the degree of LL. D.

When Robley D. Evans has anything on his mind that troubles him he has a way of getting the same out of his system in a manner which shows scant consideration for those at the target end of his verbal bombs (remarks the Springfield Republican). Maine's prohibition laws have attracted his attention. He is reported to have said that he has had more trouble with his sailors getting drunk in the Maine ports than in any other ports in the world, and adds that he has never seen the prohibitory law enforced in Maine. He believes that it is better for the sailor men to have good whisky than a combination of poison and wood alcohol, such as is the blend used down East.

George Gifford is raising successfully a rare variety of sheep on Hesper Island, in Puget Sound. They are Karakuls, the sacred sheep of Asia. Mr. Gifford was a missionary in Central Asia when some of the sheep were given him in return for a favor to a nobleman of Bokhara, and it occurred to the American that if more were secured there might be profit in raising them in his own country. When he had succeeded in getting possession of a flock of thirty, he brought them to Seattle and chose Hesper Island as the place for raising them because of its luxuriant shrubbery and the similarity of its climate to that of the habitat of the sheep in Asia.

Since the death of the late "king" of the Cocos Islands, George Clunies-Ross, a peculiar legal situation has arisen with regard to his son and heir, John Sydney Clunies-Ross. As the islands are under the jurisdiction of no other country, and themselves possess no legal machinery for administering wills, Mr. J. S. Clunies-Ross has no means of establishing his claim to them by law. He can only hold the islands by right of possession.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Asher C. Hinds, who is running for Congress in the old Reed district in Maine, is known as one of the ablest of parliamentarians. He has been the able assistant of all recent Speakers of the House of Representatives.

Clinton Scollard was born at Clinton, New York, where he still resides. He graduated at Hamilton College, and later was for nine years professor of English literature there. His first poems were published in 1884, and many volumes have followed.

Lieutenant-General Terauchi, Japanese resident-general in Korea and negotiator of the convention of annexation, says that no stone will be left unturned to make the Koreans and the world feel that Japan's rule in Korea is a beneficent thing for the Koreans.

Sir William Gilbert, now in his seventy-fourth year, is seriously considering an offer to come to America and direct in person the first authoritative production of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in this country. Sir William has recently completed a modern drama which will shortly be brought out.

Judge J. R. Thornton, who has been appointed United States senator from Louisiana to serve until the State legislature meets, is a Confederate veteran with long experience on the judicial bench. Governor Sanders, who appointed Judge Thornton, declined the place for himself, desiring to use his time in promoting the plans for the New Orleans exposition.

Dr. Jameson recently made a speech in Durban in which he related the true story of the motive of the famous raid, from his own point of view as its leader. Its object, he said, was to make Lucas Meyer, a Dutchman, President of the Transvaal Republic. He acknowledged freely that the raid was a blunder, and that it was deserving of punishment. But he claimed that it was a step toward South African federation, which was the aim of Cecil Rhodes's life. The audience was significantly undemonstrative throughout Dr. Jameson's speech.

Stanley W. Finch is the chief of the new secret service which has the official name of the bureau of investigation of the Department of Justice. Mr. Finch is a young man, incisive, alert, effective. He was chief examiner for the department before being appointed to his present place. In this capacity he traveled to all the judicial districts from Alaska to Florida to determine whether or not they were keeping their houses in order. For two years he has been devoting his whole attention to the development of the force under him, and has built it from nothing to a body of men nearly 200 in number.

Mrs. Margaret W. Young is President of the United States *pro tem* many times in a year. She holds a unique position in the government employ which requires her to affix the signature of the President to important papers (land patents) that frequently represent great money value. She is authorized by Congress to do this and has done it now for three years. She signed "Theodore Roosevelt" to over 90,000 land patents, placing under that name her own, thus, "per Margaret W. Young." She has signed an even larger number with the name "Wm. H. Taft." Her handwriting is distinctly feminine.

Maurice Maeterlinck, philosopher, aesthete, dramatist, mystic, was born in 1862. His home was in the ancient city of Ghent, "the soul of Flanders," but he has lived from time to time in Brussels, and recently in France, where he has a winter and a summer residence. An attorney by profession, he has been more concerned with the subtle laws of nature than with the legal codes of men. He has stamped his personality deeply on the literature of the century. His works are the expression of his distinction of mind, his delicacy of taste, his love of beauty and of truth. "The Blue Bird," his poetical drama, will probably be the first fall production at the New Theatre.

Ernest Rutherford, professor of physics in the University of Manchester, is the highest living authority on radio-activity. He is credited with the discovery that all matter in its ultimate constituents is the same, and many of the problems of arrangement and combination have been solved by him. Professor Rutherford was born in New Zealand in 1871. He was educated in his native country, but went afterwards to Trinity College, Cambridge. He was for a time professor of physics in McGill University, Montreal. He has written many magazine articles on his researches. Recently he was awarded the Barnard gold medal by Columbia College for his scientific attainments.

Sir Ernest Cassel has decided to found and endow an Anglo-German Institute as a memorial to King Edward VII. The object of the institute, on which the founder is spending £200,000, is defined as "to assist, especially by facilitating their employment, workers of British nationality in Germany and workers of German nationality in England." Sir Ernest, who, though German born, is now a British citizen, has stated in an interview that his intention in making this gift was that it should be a memorial to King Edward; but if it would promote peace between the two countries, as he was assured it would, it would be even a better memorial of the late king—a great peacemaker—than he had hoped for.

THE DEATH SPIDER.

Showing How the Yaqui Maiden Wove a Potent Spell.

One time I was staying down at the Hacienda del Torreon, in the State of Durango. It belonged to my friend and my family's friend, Mariano Conde.

He and I had been out after *berendas*—lots of antelope and deer still around there—and we got back late Saturday afternoon, just as the *mayordomo* was calling the *raya*. That means what we Americans would say by "giving them their time." He takes the list from the bookkeeper's figures, and compares it with the accounts kept for themselves by the people. As they can not read nor write, they use a system of lines and circles to denote a day, half-day, quarter-day, a *real* (twelve and a half cents), a *medio*, dollars, etc. If the two accounts tally, and they generally do, for these *rancho* folks are mighty honest, then they are paid, sometimes in money, but more generally—the most part, anyway, of their wages—in orders on the *tienda*. These *haciendo* stores make lots of money for the *hacendados*, and keep the people in debt just about as hopeless as the old scheme of peonage. But the *tienda* at Torreon was very fairly managed, and the people always could have money if they preferred it to credits.

That time, after the *raya* was over, and most of the people had gone lounging away for their one rest of the week—for it is a great mistake to think the *peones* are loafers—they really work like heavens—well, as I was saying, one girl walked up to the *mayordomo* and said something in a low tone.

"Ey? what's that?" said Don Enrique, "thou, Ysmaela, asking for the washing! Are the clouds readying to rain honey? Since when art thou tired of resting?"

We could not hear what she said, but she appeared to be insisting. Don Enrique looked a question at Mariano. Of course the *mayordomo* had the right to distribute the work as he thought proper, but when the *amo* was actually on the spot, it was *compromiso*—that is to say, Mexican etiquette—that the employee should consult the master. Mariano was a good fellow, and he never did or said anything to hurt the feelings of those around him. The *administrador* and the *mayordomo* were both of good families—lots of *gente fino*, men who have spent all their money, are glad enough now to take positions that are considered inferior in Mexico—and Mariano was so good-natured that he let them run things about as they pleased. You might easily have mistaken either one of them for the master. Not that he was careless about his affairs, for he was a sharp, shrewd business fellow. But he had, as the Mexicans say, so much delicacy for them that when he disappeared of their doings, or wanted to make suggestions, he always told them about it privately, and before folks, even before the *peones*, he treated them very respectfully, and appeared to take their advice about everything. Of course that sort of thing is only skin deep, and you can call it insincere, if you want to, but all the same it is mighty pleasant to be treated that way.

Well, so that was why, when Don Enrique Vargas looked that way at Mariano, the *patron* shrugged his left shoulder and threw out his left hand with a gesture that meant: "Oh! I leave it all to you, my dear fellow!" But the little minx had seen the *mayordomo's* look, and she twirled around, as cheeky as you please, and began to discourse him.

"Yes, yes, *chula!* but this is an affair for Don Enrique. He will send thee to the *acequia*, if it seems to him well. But why wishest thou the wash? What spider has bitten thee?"

At that the girl gave a quick jump, as if something had bitten her sure enough, and she turned about the color of Manila paper, as she faced around to the door and made off in no little hurry. The last we saw of her face, the color had not come back to it. We could not help talking about her and her whim, and the queer caper of her leaving like that when Mariano spoke to her. I gathered from what they said that she had known the *administrador* rather better than was good for her, and that her freak about the washing was in order to get away from the house, so she would not have to see and worry over the way that gay blade was now dangling around Simeona, a pretty daughter of old Damasa, the *tortilla*-maker.

That's one thing I never can get used to in these Mexican fellows. I'll turn to look after a woman as quick as any other man, and I don't say that I care for them too high-toned or learned, either. But these servant-women!—strapping, greasy hussies, with every pore in their skins marked out in black, like the lines on "crackle" pottery! They are supposed to have a bath every San Juan (St. John's Day), but I really think with many of them it is only "*cada Corpus y San Juan*" (every Corpus Christi and St. John's Day), and the calendar-makers say that these two feasts fall on the same day only once in three centuries.

Anyway, Simeona was worse than Ysmaela: she was fatter. Ysmaela had a very good figure, though she was very slender. She was pretty, too, all hut for a wicked look in her black eyes. I've seen the same look often in bolting horses, when they cock their ears and roll their eyes back to see if you're off your guard or ready for them. I said something like that to Mariano.

"Oh, yes," he said: "you're right. I know it. The girl is dangerous, I am sure—the sort that the Spaniards describe as having 'three black boar's bristles through the heart.' But I don't know, I am sure, what

I can do. I wish Cosme were away from here—he is a greater care than all the rest of the *hacienda*. But he will not resign, and I can not dismiss him, *por compromiso*—from that conventional obligation that so fetters and hampers us Mexicans. You Americans would sever it as with a sword-stroke. His father and mine were *compadres*—co-sponsors—and so I must bear with his excesses at my very life's risk. The only good thing is that the girl seems to want to keep away from him and out of mischief. Of course Enrique will let her go with the *lavenderos*—thinkest not that he should, Carlitos?"

Now I want to say, right here, though it has nothing to do with my story, that my name is not Carlitos, nor Carlos, nor Charles in any shape whatever. My true name is odd and uncommon, even in English, and the Mexicans are determined I shall have "a Christian (*i. e.*, saint's) name," so they have saddled several on me. I am generally Ysac, or the diminutive or nickname of it—Chac, and from that has come my being called "Jack" by Americans. Mariano dislikes Isaac in Spanish as much as I do in English, and so to him I am "Carlos."

A day or two after, we rode around by the *acequia*. By Jove! it was a pretty sight there—I wished I was a painter. The wide, deep ditch, with its white sand bottom, was full of rippling water, humming to itself a little song, and the poplars along the edge keeping time to it, with all their glossy leaves a-clapping like tiny hands. Along the bank, in the fringe of ferns and water-sedges, was a string of women kneeling, some in a sort of scoop made of a goods-box, but mostly in holes hollowed in the sand, for hoards are boards in Mexico. Sloping into the water before them, each one had a board or a big flat stone, and on it she scraped, and thumped, and pounded, and paddled the soiled clothes, rinsed by sousing in the water, or by pouring over water with an *ollo*, or a painted *ficara*—a calabash. Some used the long, inch-square bars of Mexican soap, others used pounded or grated *amole* (soap-root), but this was mostly for woollens. The women looked well, moving in free, vigorous swings, with their long, black braids swaying, their blue *rebozos* catching the sun, and their bright skirts. Their brown arms and necks showed like bronze above the white chemises, for these *rancho* workwomen do not wear waists or jackets.

When we got to Ysmaela, we saw that she was washing her stent with some herb—a lot of green leaves, pounded.

"*Hola!* here is something new!" said Mariano. "What hast thou there, my daughter? Is it a weed common enough to save me a lot of soap?"

The girl mumbled something about it being scarce—a rare herb.

"Rare! yes, I warrant, your worship," said Ysmaela's right-hand neighbor, looking up with an impudent, leering grin; "too rare to be wasted on common *ropa*. Please, your mercy, it is a philter, a love-potion—those are Don Cosme's clothes that she is washing, to coax him away from Simeona."

Ysmaela lifted the linen shirt on her board, sodden heavy with wet, and swung it with a sweeping backhander that knocked her smart friend head-first into the *acequia*. Ysmaela looked minded to hold her under water, but returned to her task, while her mates pulled out the other, caterwauling.

"I don't like that," said Mariano, as we rode on; "the girl is too quiet by half. If she would rage and storm—but you see she strikes and does not speak. She was brought up here, a baby, by a family from Sonora, and my father always believed she had blood of the Yaquis. They are like that, the Yaquis, silent, sullen, hut swiftly, savagely dangerous."

To tell the truth, I did not like it, either.

Mariano liked it so little that when we went hunting again, he made Cosme de la Guerra come with us, to keep him out of mischief. He did not want to come. He disliked any work harder than giving orders or hanging about the women. We rode in buckskin, with flannel shirts. He was in *charra*, it is true; but his riding-suit was elegant black cloth, with all the regulation silver braid and buttons, and he took pains to show off his white shirt and the wristlets of his silk undershirt.

Well, we pushed him hard that day, to pay for his foppery—Mariano dislikes such nonsense. We killed three antelope, and, over a spur of the foothills, we struck a fresh bear-trail that led us up to a stony *mesa*, where the trail and the light failed us together. One of the *mazos* with us was Juan Largo, and he was the worst fellow after bear you ever did see. No wonder, either. If a bear had done to one side of my face what a big silver-tip did to Juan Largo's, I would go hot-foot after every one of the tribe that made me a sight of horror to frighten children.

"With the will of your mercy, we will camp here tonight and follow on in the morning. The *aso* is going home—I see that in the speed of his footprints. With the light, we can go straight to his house."

Of course we agreed. Juan Largo knew his business, and he always did as he pleased with us on a hunt. But Cosme did not like it. He made all kinds of objections, and Juan upset them one by one with good, common-sensible answers.

"Come, come, Cosme, be reasonable," said Mariano; "it is too dark to travel; we would go farther to fare worse. Like we others, thou art hungry. Thou wilt better appreciate Juan Largo's care for us after supper."

Cosme growled something about "rocky ground for *cascabeles*."

Juan Largo came over to him, grinning—a smile made that awful face of Juan more hideous than ever.

"Oh!" he said, "your mercy Don Cosme will pardon. If I had understood that your mercy was so little a countryman, I would have set your fears at rest by lessons of the camp. I will clear the stones from a space for your honor's bed, as for the other gentlemen, and then lay this rope around it. Within its ring you may sleep as in the arms of—your mother. No snake will cross a *cobriesto*, and with reason—but drag your hand across it, and say if you would hear its rasp on your own belly."

It was true enough that Cosme had not known the safeguard of this expedient that every plainsman and mountaineer uses nightly. The ventral sensibility of the serpent race shrinks from the prickling bristles that stand out thickly all over the excellent *lazos* that the *rancheros* weave of horsehair.

Well, we had supper, then we smoked, and yarned for a while, then rolled out in our *zaropes*. And as for me, I knew no more until Juan Largo shook me awake in the morning. When I sat up, Mariano and I blinked sleepily at each other, while Juan went on to awaken Cosme.

"His fear of the rattlesnakes did not make his sleep light," said the old *mozo*, grimly; then, as he touched Cosme's hand in turning down the blanket, "*Santo Dios!* come hither, quick, your honor!"

We hurried to him. No man ever was deadlier than Cosme de la Guerra. His light mustache showed bright yellow against his gray face. When the first shock was over—"it must have been a rattlesnake, after all," said Mariano.

"Not so, by your mercy's leave," said Juan Largo; "the *rcata* is tight to the ground, as I pegged it down last night. Now that the light is strong—I have been waiting—we will look—I smelled him when I bent above the *difunto*."

"Smelled what?"

But Juan Largo, slowly, cautiously, was opening the clothing of Cosme. Inside the neck of his shirt, far down, was nestled a big and devilish spider that is very rare in Mexico, but whose bite or sting is as deadly as a stroke of lightning.

"They are *caminantes*—great travelers," said Juan Largo, gravely, after he had taken measures to keep the beast from future devilment. "There is," he went on, more slowly, "a strange thing about these *arañas*. There is a weed they love better than a babe loves the milk of its mother. No, your worship, I know not the weed by sight. I know only its smell, and that it is called *la red*—the net—and that the Indians on the Yaqui River strive to rub it on the dress of an enemy—and one of the spiders will find him. Your honor, bend and smell." We bowed above the body of Cosme, and a strange, enticing perfume penetrated to our sense, through and beyond the essences he always wore like a woman. "Your honor, the cucumber smell of the *cascabel* gives warning that the rattler is nigh, and *la red* tells the approach of the Death Spider—to those that know its power." J. H. A. "DEXTER."

A project to pay off Germany's national debt has been elaborated by Judge Bamberger of Aschersleben, Germany. His proposition is to abolish what is known in German as "the smiling heir of the rich uncle." No one, in his view, should be permitted to inherit without explicit testamentary disposition money or real estate left by relatives further removed than parents, grandparents, brothers, and sisters. All other properties, he contends, should revert to the state. This of course would involve far-reaching changes in testamentary and inheritance law, but the enormous benefits to the empire resulting would far more than counterbalance any prejudice to individuals. Judge Bamberger has just published a book on this subject.

A curious legal tangle has resulted from the mistake of a tenant who moved into the wrong house in a New York suburb. It stood next the one he had taken, and seemed to correspond better to the description, and neither house bore a number. For ten months he sent the money regularly to the landlord of the empty house, before the landlord of the one he was in discovered his presence and demanded ten months' back rent. The tenant refuses to pay unless his own landlord refunds, and this has been refused on the score that the empty house might have been rented.

A bronze statue of the late Thomas Brackett Reed, for many years Speaker of the House of Representatives, was unveiled in Portland, Maine, his home city, on August 31. It stands on the western promenade overlooking Casco Bay. The statue is eight feet high, and represents Reed in an attitude of repose, with a scroll in his left hand. The pedestal is of Maine granite, nine feet high. The statue is the work of Burr G. Miller, a son of Warner Miller, who was an intimate friend of Reed's. The cost was about \$35,000.

According to the British consular reports from Amoy and Canton, while opium smoking is decreasing in China, cigarette smoking is taking its place. One factory in Hankow last year turned out 500,000,000 cigarettes for the Chinese market.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FRIENDS.

Lockhart's Life Supplemented from New Material.

Walter Scott did not have to wait for friends until after he had won fame. His social position alone would naturally have given him a wide circle of intimates, but the lovable nature of the man, which manifested itself from his earliest youth, would, apart from any other consideration, have made his acquaintance sought by many people. All this is obvious from Lockhart's life, but since that exhaustive work was published much new material in the shape of letters and journals and family traditions has come to light, all of which has been placed under tribute by Florence MacCunn in her "Sir Walter Scott's Friends."

At the outset we have attractive sketches of two old ladies who were the friends of Scott's youth, Mrs. Cockburn and Mrs. Annie Murray Keith. The future poet and novelist was a mere boy when Mrs. Cockburn was first attracted to him:

There are few scenes in history or biography that we can completely visualize as the evening of Friday, 14th November, 1777, when Mrs. Cockburn happened to sup at Mrs. Valter Scott's, and found the "extraordinary genius of a boy," aged six, reading Falconer's "Shipwreck" to his mother. The room is still there, an oblong drawing-room with three open narrow windows looking out on the square garden. In those days, when the classical taste of the Brothers Adam was the vogue, all the rooms in George Square had high plaster mantelpieces delicately moulded in vases and garlands. Mrs. Cockburn on that evening looked probably much as we know her in her portrait, taken some years earlier, for he boasts that the auburn hair (turned back under a lace arch) kept its brightness till a later age. Nor would there be much change in the quick kindly glance, the clear-cut brow and nose, the humorous, irregular lower jaw; even the ashion of her dress, the white lute-string sash and transparent black lace cape, may have been unchanged, for Mrs. Cockburn prided herself on setting, not following, fashions of dress. The child reading on the sofa wears a wide muslin collar like a girl's, and his curls fall down his neck in feminine fashion, but the wonderful dome is already characteristic, and the painter of the miniature done at this time has tried in vain to idealize into prettiness the long upper lip and heavy round nose. The same homely features and look of good-tempered shrewdness belong also to the mother sitting by his side. They came to both from old Dr. Rutherford, whose homely, heavy, sensible face hangs in the rooms of the Edinburgh College of Physicians. So the two virtuosos—as he child described himself and his new friend—sat on the sofa and thrilled over the "Shipwreck," and gravely discussed Milton together.

It adds a touch of pleasantness to the story that the correspondent to whom it was told was the Rev. Dr. Douglas, minister of Galashiels, from whom thirty years later the wonderful boy was to buy the small estate of Clarty Hole, christened Abbotsford.

Next on Miss MacCunn's list come the Parliament House friends of Scott, the best known of whom perhaps is William Erskine, whose lack of interest in "Waverley" led to that novel being laid aside for so many years. He it was of whom Scott wrote that when he first entered the cave of Staffa, "my poor Willie sat down and wept like a child."

Naturally much space is devoted to those literary friends who were associated with Scott in the compiling of the four volumes of the "Border Minstrelsy," he most familiar of these to the general reader being James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd:

Endless and ingenious were his literary enterprises and of incredible audacity. Totally ignorant as he confessed himself to be of real life, he started a little paper called *The Spy*, after the fashion of the *Spectator* or *Rambler*, with an added spice of personality. When Scott pointed out the danger of courting comparison with Addison and Johnson, the Shepherd replied cheerfully: "I'm no' the least feared for that. My papers may not be sac'lelegant as theirs, but I expect to make them mair original." When Scott refused to father one of the Shepherd's many autobiographical prefaces (which logg himself was to write and Scott to sign, substituting "he" or "I"), the refusal rankled and made him naïvely complain. I never knew any gentleman so shy and chary of his name and interest as Sir Walter." It is only fair to say that, as far as posterity may judge, Hogg's methods of doing business at St. Boswell's Fair were less "original" than his notions of literary honesty.

Through all the ups and downs of fortune, through all his follies, presumptions, mortifications, and triumphs, the centre of gravity in Hogg's life was his relation to Walter Scott. Not indeed Hogg's wayward affection for Scott, which was subject to caprice, resentment, jealousy, and once at least offered total eclipse, but Scott's steady, responsible, patient kindness for Hogg. Hogg and Hogg's difficulties appealed to every instinct in Scott—to his constant desire to help less fortunate men of letters, to the local feeling which allowed him claim of every dweller on Ettrick or Yarrow on the basis of his kindness, to his taste for all conversation which dealt with the traditional and supernatural, and finally to his immense, wholesome sense of humor. He used to say that the shepherd afforded him more diversion than any play that he ever saw acted.

One need not go to Lockhart to be convinced of the headlong unwisdom of the one poet and the benevolent good sense of the other. Hogg's own little book about his friend, with all its tactlessness and crudity, gives a lovable portrait of Scott as well as an incomparable one of the Ettrick Shepherd. Hogg was too shrewd and humorous to be altogether the dupe of his own egotism; he knew the value of Sir Walter's advice, though he rarely took it. He was aware of the eye watching over his adventures in society. At a great gathering of the ladies at Bowhill, Hogg relates that at one of the tables where the ladies sat all the company was noble. "But I, having at some chat with the ladies before dinner, and always after a favored pet with them, imagined that they could not possibly live without me, and placed myself among them. At I had a friend at the cross table at the head of the room who saw better. Sir Walter arose and requested the duke's a particular favor and obligation that he would allow Mr. Hogg to come to his table, for, in fact, he could not do without him."

Often the Shepherd chafed under the restraining hand. I must confess that before people of high station he did not much encourage my speeches and stories. He raised his eyebrows up and glowered, and put his upper lip far over the under one, seeming to be always terrified of what was to be

coming next, and then he generally cut me short by some droll anecdote to the same purport of what I was saying. In this he did not give me fair play, for in my own broad homely way I am a very good speaker and teller of a story, too."

Yet this was the companion Scott desired to take with him to the coronation of George IV., requesting Lord Sidmouth to secure seats for both poets in Westminster Abbey and at the subsequent banquet. Hogg was in low water at the time, and Scott, who had always an eye to the advantageous for his friends, hoping that Hogg might either secure some patronage by a poetical tribute of loyalty or write a popular (and lucrative) description of the ceremony. Hogg's instinct was in this instance wiser than Scott's—he made St. Boswell's Fair an excuse for staying at home. There was room in Hogg's nature for gratitude, when egotism gave it a chance, though it was not of the essence of his nature as it was of Leyden's; but he was not bred so dull as to fail to recognize the unvarying goodness of Scott. "He was the only one I ever knew whom no man either poor or rich held at ill-will. I was the only exception myself that ever came to my knowledge, and that was only for a short season, and all the while it never lessened his interest in my welfare."

Hogg it was, it will be remembered, who said, "The only foible I could ever discover in Sir Walter was a too strong leaning to the old aristocracy of the country," and Miss MacCunn has to confess that Scott did like lords and ladies, but she explains that that is to be accounted for by his love of everything that stood for that feudal and romantic past which haunted him like a passion. Among his aristocratic friends a prominent place must be given to members of the house of Buccleuch, including Lady Louisa Stuart:

Of all the letters addressed to Scott, Lady Louisa's are the most nearly on a level with his own. The fundamental understanding between them instructed her wit what to say and what to leave unsaid at the time of Scott's financial disaster. There was something of a man in Lady Louisa—respect for her friend controlled her impulse of sympathy. The warmth and frankness of Scott's reply were the reward of her restraint. It is to her he wrote this beautiful sentence summing up the wealth remaining to him. "I have everything else—my walks, my plantations, my dogs great and small, my favorite squire, my Highland pony, my plans, my hopes, my quiet thoughts." Another sentence in the same letter must have touched the heart of his correspondent: "God bless you, my dear Lady Louisa; you have been since I knew you the ready and active comforter of much distress."

A strong bond of union between these old friends in the last years of Scott's life was Lady Louisa's affection for Sophia Lockhart when she came to London. The first time Scott stayed with his daughter, in November, 1826, Lady Louisa dined to meet him. She could still love the sight of love, this grave and gifted woman whose own heart was never too old to lose the ache of loneliness. "I do like people who can love with all their hearts. His daughter Sophia sat gazing at him with such pleasure, and said so often, 'Now, don't you think my father is remarkably well?' so she is quite content." Lady Louisa took her friends "for better or worse"; their fame lay very near her heart.

"St. Ronan's Well" made her anxious. "I apprehend a tumble downstairs," she wrote, "and shall be as sorry as if I had written the rest myself." She read the doom of "Count Robert of Paris," three months before it was published, "in Mrs. Lockhart's face, and heard it in Mr. Lockhart's short words." "Alas! alas!" she wrote, "I have got 'Count Robert,' and could cry over it."

When the news of Sir Walter's death reached her, she was mourning the last of her early friends, Lady Emily MacLeod. She had expected to feel it a relief to know that Sir Walter's sufferings were over. "But yet, but yet," she writes, "one can not bear to think that it is all over and he quite gone."

It is common knowledge that Scott was singularly appreciative of the writings of the lady authors of his day. His praise of Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth is familiar. Then there were Anna Seward and Joanna Baillie, the former of whom will be remembered as the relative of Honora Sneyd, whom Major André loved:

And how came Mr. Walter Scott, advocate, to be in correspondence with Miss Seward, the Swan of Lichfield? The links are probably these. Miss Seward frequented the Spa at Buxton, in search of health and conversation. There, in 1793, she met Sir John and Lady Clerk of Penicuik, an accomplished couple whose apartments "attracted the ingenious and polite of both sexes." A neighbor of the Clerks was Colin Mackenzie of Portmore, who probably owed to them his introduction to Miss Seward. When Scott produced his first poems, his translations from Bürger, Colin Mackenzie, generously eager to spread his friend's fame, and perhaps a little proud of his acquaintance with a "literary luminary"—to use a phrase of her own—of Miss Seward's standing, sent her the translations and the ballad of "Glenfinlas." Her reception of them was so flattering that in 1802 Scott sent her the two volumes of the "Minstrelsy."

It is to the credit of Miss Seward's sagacity that she recognized in Scott the coming poet, though the expression of her intuition hardly does credit to her sense.

Here, she felt instinctively, late in the day the chance of her life had come to her. Her ambition had been to go down to posterity as the valued, sympathetic correspondent of the first genius of her time. Dr. Johnson had given her no encouragement to link her fame with his; with Dr. Darwin, so long a neighbor, she had exchanged no letters; Hayley indeed had at one time seemed to realize her fondest dream of fame, and the traffic in compliments and eulogies was carried on briskly between them. But after "the transcendent bard of the era" had placed her portrait between busts of Pope and Newton, and sent her some glowing verses on the occasion, he probably felt that he had no shot left in his locker, the correspondence languished on his part, and after some tender reproaches to "the beloved bard" was given up on hers.

That Miss Seward had never seen the young Scottish poet on whom she bestowed her sheets of letter-paper was no restraint on her eloquence. On the contrary, her correspondence, not her correspondent, was always her object in writing. With personal acquaintance might have come damping misgivings as to how enthusiastic expressions and unfettered flatteries might be received.

Joanna Baillie made the acquaintance of Scott in 1807, the year before the publication of "Marmion," and thenceforth took a high place among his dearest friends and constant correspondents:

Only once in their long intimacy was there a serious divergence of opinion between these two trusty friends, and on this occasion Joanna did not fail to speak her mind with her usual plainness. She had known Lady Byron as Miss Milbanke, was sincerely attached to her, and when the breach took place, espoused her cause with the beading chivalry of

a maiden lady. In January, 1817, appeared Scott's generous, well weighed review of "Childe Harold" in *The Quarterly*. Nothing he ever wrote cost Scott more anxious thought. He desired to conciliate without flattering Lord Byron, to point the road to amendment without reproaching him for his conduct, to make allowance for his circumstances without blaming other people for those circumstances. (Byron was specially grateful for the consideration shown for "the feelings of others.") That Lady Byron should be equally satisfied was impossible. She recognized the generosity of Scott's motives, but feared that the article would be used against her. As for Joanna Baillie, she was equally distressed for Lady Byron's feelings and for the injury she feared Scott was doing to his own fair fame.

"Oh, why have you endeavored to reconcile the world to this unhappy man at the expense of being yourself considered as regarding want of all principle and the vilest corruption with an indulgent eye? Indented my good, my kind, my unwearied friend, this goes to my heart. I truly believe that you have done it to cheer in some degree the despair of a perishing mind and rouse it to make some effort to save itself; but this will not be. You can not save him. . . . and you may depress a most worthy character who has been already so sinned against, and who bears the deepest part of her distress in silence."

Such a plea coming from a friend he so highly regarded distressed and perplexed Scott. Miss Baillie's second letter reiterating the charge reached him when he was recovering from his first attack (March, 1817). However clear a man's conscience, and however decided his view on any matter, in sickness his own mind will turn traitor and torment when it should approve.

It was a real relief to Scott to be able to assure Miss Baillie that Morritt—a great friend of Lady Byron—had written: "People here swear that you wrote the review of Lord Byron in *The Quarterly*. You get great credit by it. I hope it is true." "Now," adds Scott, "Morritt, who is 'Downright Dunstable,' would not have let this sentence slip him if he could have dreamed of the review injuring Lady Byron. So I am much cheered about this cursed blunder."

It is pleasant to find the figure of George Crabbe in this gallery, the poet who more than any other of his time appealed to Scott when he wanted to be amused:

The visit Crabbe paid Scott, in August, 1822, was one of the quaintest episodes in Scott's life, and certainly the most exciting in Crabbe's.

The two poets had met a couple of years earlier in that literary house of call, Mr. Murray's back shop, and Scott had eagerly pressed Crabbe to visit him at Tweedside. Unfortunately the time Crabbe chose for his visit coincided with that pasteboard pageantry, the visit of George IV. to Holyrood. It is unfortunate; for it would have been pleasant to imagine the gentle, cheerful old gentleman at Abbotsford dining with Willie Laidlaw and marveling at James Hogg. Still, Crabbe could enjoy distractions the most foreign to his habits. The bland acquiescence which took him to Newmarket races in a tandem driven by his undergraduate son John, sustained him when he entered Scott's dining-room and saw a group of tall men, fully armed, clad in a parti-colored garb that left their knees exposed, and talking a language the very existence of which he had never suspected! French seemed to both sides the only medium between these splendid barbarians and one whose neat black breeches, silver buckles, and delicate face suggested a Catholic abbe of the old régime.

When, on Scott's entrance, the misunderstanding ended in laughter, Crabbe sat down with the pleased bewilderment of a child who should have found his way into a fairy-tale. So caught was he by the prevailing spirit that he writes, "I thought it an honor that Glangarry even took notice of me"—a view of the matter that would without doubt commend itself to Glangarry.

Crabbe was habitually silent in company, and Scott could not be certain that he was enjoying his visit, for, with all his gentleness, there was a satiric quality in his quiet, observant manner. Certainly there were incidents that appealed to satiric humor—or indeed to any sense of humor. One is historic.

Scott was out receiving the king at the pier of Leith when Crabbe arrived. By and by the belated host hurried in, wet, apologetic, cordial; embraced his guest, flung himself back in his chair, and—a shivering of glass, a shriek, terror of the family, laughing explanations, and a rueful waste of romantic loyalty!

As we know, Scott's time was divided between exhausting gaieties at Holyrood and the darkened room where William Erskine lay dying. It so turned out that he had to go straight from the funeral to some festivity at Holyrood. "As we halted in Castle Street," writes Lockhart, "Mr. Crabbe's mild, thoughtful face appeared at the window, and Scott said on leaving me, 'Now for what our excellent old friend there puts down as the crowning curse of his poor players in "The Borough":

"To hide in rant the heartache of the night."

One result of Scott's preoccupation was that Crabbe was handed over to Lockhart and Sophia to be entertained. There is no mistaking the tone in which Lockhart alludes to Scott's friends. Good taste insures their all being mentioned with respect, but of few does he speak with so much personal warmth as of Crabbe. "Scott's family," he writes, "had from infancy been taught to reverence Crabbe's genius, and they now saw enough of him to make them think of him ever afterwards with tender affection."

One omission from this list of Scott's friends will be noted with regret. There is no chapter devoted to Washington Irving. Yet Miss MacCunn has to confess that of all the guests who have recorded their impressions of Abbotsford, Irving "has given the most 'innerly' description of the family life." Apart from that oversight, this is a most satisfactory and entertaining volume.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FRIENDS. By Florence MacCunn. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50 net.

The obituary of Florence Nightingale printed recently in the London *Daily News* was written by Harriet Martineau, who died nearly forty years ago. Many well organized newspapers have the same experience occasionally. When the late Senator Morrill of Vermont died, the Springfield *Republican* printed an obituary of him that had been written, for the most part, by an editor who had died over ten years earlier.

Mechanical draft is said by engineers to make the cost of operation of a boiler only one-sixth as much as chimney draft. It appears that factories will be able to do without chimneys before they get rid of smoke.

BURNING OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

Scenes of the Night and Following Day.

Good luck took me to Brussels the very day before the beautiful exhibition there was so tragically destroyed by fire. Thousands of people, like myself, had planned to profit by the week end lengthened by the holiday of the "Assumption," in order to see the much talked of display in the Belgian capital, and the crowd of travelers from Paris alone was enormous. The railway officials were helpless, their resources being entirely inadequate to the situation. At St. Lazare, the station master could find nothing more useful to do than wring his hands, while the porters walked round and round the ramparts of baggage accumulated on the platform, murmuring despondently, "What shall we do with it? What shall we do with it?"

This was on Saturday. On Sunday, intending travelers, having got wind of the confusion, made it worse confounded by gathering at the booking offices at four o'clock in the morning, so that by nine one could only reach the platform by performing acrobatic feats over bags, baskets, and saratogas, and by half past the ticket collector, bewildered and weary, gave up punching tickets. The tempers of a crowd of irritable Parisians then got the better of them completely; they hooted and hissed the directors of the railway company and generally behaved in such a menacing manner that the police had to be sent for. Finally, however, special trains took away all the determined holiday makers defying warnings and regulations to the last—twenty-five persons crowding into cars built for twelve, half-grown children climbing up out of the way into flimsy umbrella racks, and grown-up persons sitting on the steps of the cars at the imminent risk of their lives.

The vast majority of these travelers were collected in the grounds of the Brussels Exhibition one hundred and fifty thousand strong when, at nine o'clock on Sunday night, cries of "Fire" began to be heard. Before they had time even to ask "Where?" smoke was pouring out of the big Central Building. Within ten minutes it was a cauldron of flame—and a wild panic had commenced. Every one seemed to start simultaneously for the entrance, and nothing short of a miracle saved a terrible loss of life. As they ran, people opened their umbrellas to shelter themselves from the clouds of falling sparks. Those without umbrellas or parasols—and frightened fashionable ladies did not hesitate to attempt to ward off disaster with foolish lace and tulle sunshades—covered their heads with shawls or coats. I saw frenzied women tearing off their silk petticoats to wrap round little children. One old peasant, half-mad with terror, dragged the chiffon scarf off a passer-by and enveloped her own face in the filmy folds. Another whom I noticed deliberately drenched herself in a fountain, then joined the crowd struggling for the gates.

Probably the most dramatic moment of the fire was after the Grand Hall (which a moment before had sparkled with a thousand electric lights) became a cauldron of flame, the fire spread in the direction of Bostock's menagerie. The chorus of yells, of wild cries and howlings, that rose above the noise of the wind and the rush of the fire was like hell let loose. The poor helpless brutes struggled and clawed at their cages. Some one suggested the maddened beasts might escape from their confinement, so the order was given to shoot them down. Why this act of mercy was never carried out no one can say. Those near at hand saw the gendarmes with loaded rifles taking aim at the cages when, for some inexplicable reason, the humane suggestion was countermanded. Beyond opening the monkey's cage and freeing the trumpeting elephant nothing was done to save the poor beasts from their awful fate.

When I walked through the ruins next morning, the saddest sights were the poor brutes lying there burned or suffocated. The wretched crocodiles were literally boiled like lobsters in their bathing pool. A trainer sadly showed me the bodies of the two white bears, once the pride of the menagerie. They died literally in each other's arms like two human creatures who had rushed together for sympathy and comfort at the approach of death.

It seems a pity that men should have left living creatures to a horrible fate while they rushed into burning buildings to rescue pictures, tapestries, and Toby jugs. No doubt they would argue a Gobelins is more valuable than a lion because less easy to replace. Men certainly performed heroic actions, worthy of a better cause, in saving the exhibits the loss of which would have touched them on the modern individual's most vulnerable spot, his purse. When the beautiful French section was in full blaze I saw a man fight his way through the grounds and go down on his knees to a gendarme. "Let me in there," said he, pointing to the building with the energy of despair, "I have a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property in that building. Perhaps I might save something." But the gendarme was inflexible. Too many persons had already rushed into the flames on false pretenses, lured on by the report that there were millions' worth of diamonds among the debris. One gentleman blandly emerged with his hands covered with the rings he was saving from a jewelry exhibit—for himself.

A waiting world will be glad to know the De Beers diamonds are safe. As usual in this life, the big firms, those who could best afford to lose, will not suffer.

"To him that hath shall be given," as the Bible says. After an agitated night the gentlemen representing the various Belgian jewelers who had a collective exhibit met next morning (as soon as the ashes were cool enough) to see whether the safes in which their exhibits were locked away every night and lowered into the cellar was intact. It was a solemn moment when one of their number reappeared from the basement, his clothes covered with mud, his hat dented, his hands and face black, and declared the safes were uninjured. The diamonds were all there, and the masterpiece in pearls, a model of the Brussels City Hall which took two years and fifteen million pearls to make, was in perfect condition. A shout of delight went up from all the other gentlemen at this news—a shout interrupted by the tears of a poor woman. She was an exhibitor in jewels also—a small exhibitor—and she had come, though with little hopefulness, to ask what had happened to the modest little rings, the silver purses, and the enamel boxes which she was selling so well just yesterday. The gentlemen representing the De Beers Diamond Company perhaps felt a cloud pass over their satisfaction at their uninjured safe, as they pointed out to the poor woman all that remained of her treasures—a few little heaps of smoking ashes.

Most of what the newspapers called the "irreparable losses," from the public point of view, occurred in the British section of the exhibition. Worth's magnificent show of gowns went up in smoke, it is true, but then the most wonderful creations for the feminine toilette so soon become out of date and worthless to connoisseurs nowadays that the catastrophe need not be too greatly deplored—especially as it was fully covered by insurance. The Gobelins were all saved from the French section, and so were the pictures by Puvis de Chavannes and Detaille. I saw devoted custodians carrying them out on their shoulders not ten minutes after the fire started.

But the British this time seem to have been slow to act, and while the Belgians and French were getting out their treasures, they stood by trying to make up their minds what to do first. Result, the "irreparable loss" above mentioned. The heaviest loser will be the Victoria and Albert Museum. With a laudable desire to make themselves agreeable, the authorities of this institution loaned a number of their most precious exhibits. They should never have done so, people say now with the wisdom which comes after the event. Museum exhibits, like umbrellas and toothbrushes, should never be lent, seeing they are held as a trust for the nation at large. All of which may be sound philosophy, but it comes too late! The famous Burne Jones tapestry, "The Passing of Venus," is gone forever. So, to mention a few private collections, are Lady Pearson's seventeenth-century oak chairs, most of the Toby jugs of another generous collector, and much beautiful silverware exhibited by Birmingham firms—some of whom, I was told, did not insure for economy's sake.

The idea of a fire at a big exhibition always seems so preposterous—so remote—that few of the exhibitors entertained it seriously, just as the authorities did not entertain it seriously and provide an adequate water supply. By way of atonement, however, the latter have accepted the calamity very pluckily. The very morning after it happened the architect in chief was walking through the grounds planning how to cover up the unsightly ruins with plants and creepers. Such ruins, too! As most of the buildings were of wood and stucco, they burned clean to the ground, leaving the cellars of their foundations like gaping mouths full of ashes and half-burned planks and puddles of beer and wine which gave out a bitter smell.

The committee was very praiseworthy in following the policy of Sursum Corda. Half an exhibition is better than none at all to some tourists, and gate money is sadly needed by those exhibitors who have anything left to exhibit. But, unfortunately, they will get no diplomas or medals, as all the deliberations of the juries went up in the smoke. Further, whatever hopeful prophecies may be made to the contrary, the exhibition at Brussels will probably be the last big international exhibition. Exhibitors both public and private freely say that the risks to valuable pictures and old furniture and china are too great. They have learned a lesson.

CHARLES LORRIMER.

PARIS, August 17, 1910.

The assent of Emperor Yi-Syek, and of his predecessor, Hi-Heui, to the annexation of Korea was given willingly, according to the Japanese government's press bureau. The only hesitation shown when the terms were being discussed was in regard to the titles which will hereafter be borne by the ex-emperors. The original Japanese terms proposed the title of grand duke, but the Emperor of Korea insisted upon being styled "Whang," or king, to which Japan assented. The princes of the Korean imperial house would, it was conceded, be treated as Japanese princes, and an annuity of \$750,000 was granted them. The royal family will be allowed to reside where they please, and will probably remain in Korea.

In Ancient Ceylon the game of chess was played with local variations peculiar enough to note: the king may not castle, but he is permitted to jump like a knight till checked. The pawns are exchangeable, on the last row, for the pieces on whose row they stand.

OLD FAVORITES.

Santa Filomena.

[Published in the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1857. "For the legend," Mr. Longfellow writes to Mr. Sumner, "see Mrs. Jameson's 'Legendary Art.' The modern application you will not miss. In Italian, one may say *Filomena* or *Filomena*." The reference is to Miss Florence Nightingale and her heroic service in the hospitals during the Crimean War.]

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should he
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall he wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

To a Sea Bird.

Sauntering hither on listless wings,
Careless vagabond of the sea,
Little thou heedest the surf that sings,
The har that thunders, the shale that rings—
Give me to keep thy company.

Little thou hast, old friend, that's new;
Storms and wrecks are old things to thee:
Sick am I of these changes, too;
Little to care for, little to rue,—
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

All of thy wanderings, far and near,
Bring thee at last to shore and me;
All of my journeyings end them here:
This our tether must be our cheer,—
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,
Something in common, old friend, have we;
Thou on the shingle seekest thy nest,
I to the waters look for rest,—
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

—Francis Bret Hartle.

A Death Song.

Lay me down beneath de willers in de grass,
Whah de branch 'll go a-singin' as it pass;
An' w'en I's a layin' low,
I kin heah it as it go,
Singin', "Sleep, my honey; tek yo' res' at las'."

Lay me nigh to whah hit meks a little pool,
An' de watah stan's so quiet lak an' cool,
Whah de little birds in spring
Ust to come an' drink an' sing,
An' de chillen waded on dey way to school.

Let me settle w'en my shouldahs draps dey load
Nigh enough to heah de noises in de road;
Fu' I tink de las' long res'
Gwine to soothe my sperrit bes'
Ef I's layin' 'mong de tings I's allus knowed.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

To the Memory of Hawthorne.

He stood apart; hut as a mountain stands—
Supreme in calm repose above the plain,
Wearing no pride of aspect, no disdain,
Though clothed with power to steep the sunny lands
In mystic shadow. At the mood's demands
He, too, could cloud his soul, and so remain
Withdrawn, nor sight of it could any gain
More than of foot-prints sunk in surf-washed sands.

Yet hidden within that rare, sequestered height
Of isolation, what a new-found world
Of splendor lay! What pathless realms untrod!
What rush of passion's cataracts! What delight
Of earth-sweet flowers! What zephyrs phantom-whirled!
And over all, the fair, pure sky of God!

—Margaret F. Preston.

The highest price in cotton since the Civil War was reached August 29, when the bull combine in the New York cotton exchange forced the price up more than \$16 a bale amid the wildest scenes.

Three thousand dollars' worth of sardines is the average daily catch at Eastport, Maine.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Celt and Saxon.

In justice to Meredith this volume ought surely to have been provided with an editorial note stating that the story was left unfinished by the novelist, and also unrevised. For there is practically no movement in the book, the characters are barely introduced, and nothing happens. Indeed, it would puzzle the most alert novel reader to decide which woman was intended for the heroine. Whether Meredith himself would have consented to the publication of the fragment in its present state is doubtful; for all his waywardness of style and construction, he had an ideal, and his pride in that ideal would most probably have prompted the destruction rather than the publication of a piece of work so much in the rough as this.

Not until the sixteenth chapter is reached does the reader get a clear idea of what the novelist would have done. Then he lights upon this definition: "Celt and Saxon are much mixed with us, but the prevalence of Saxon blood is evinced by the public disregard of any Celtic conception of the honorable and the lovable; so that the Celt anxious to admire is rebuffed, and the hatred of a Celt, quick as he is to catch at images, has a figure of huge animalism supplied to his malign contempt." Hence the theme Meredith had in view was the contrast between the English and the Celt, the latter being either Irish or Welsh. In his own singular way he shows how repulsive the John Bull type may be to those outside the family. He draws him round of figure, after the manner of the comic artist, but is more concerned with his mental equipment. "Ideal of his country Bull has none—he hates the word; it smells of heresy, opposition to his image. It is an exercise of his imagination to accept an ideal, and his digestive organs reject it, after the manner of the most beautiful likeness of him consumable to the mind—that flowering stomach, he sea-anemone, which opens to everything and speedily casts out what it can not consume."

Obviously, this fragment betrays the satirical touch of its author; it will be a treasure-trove or John Bull's many enemies. And these ages, as the citations given above will prove, are replete with Meredith's awkward turns and jerky sentences. Here are two other examples: "Rounder at each inspection, he reaches to mankind from the text of a finger curved upon the pattern spectacles." "The olcano we couch on was quiet, the gritty morsel unabsorbed within us at an armistice with the gastric juices." Those native to the Meredith manner may be glad to add this volume to its predecessors, but the novel reader in general should be warned once more that so far as the book goes nothing appears.

CELT AND SAXON. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Tales and Maxims from the Talmud.

Mr. Rapoport is mistaken when he imagines that this volume of selections from the Talmud is the first in the English language, or an excellent anthology was published many years ago in the Chandos classics. However, there is room for this new collection, as it includes that masterly essay on the Talmud by which Emanuel Deutsch established his fame. He points out that there ever was a hook at once more universally neglected and more universally talked about, or even Heine's "As says Rabbi Talmud" were mostly figments of his own imagination. In attempting to define the Talmud Dr. Deutsch reminds us that it is more a hook of laws. "It is a microcosm, embracing, even as the Bible, Heaven and earth. It is as if all the prose and the poetry, the science, the myth and the speculation of the Old World were, though only in faint reflections, hound in it in nuce. Comprising the time before it rose to the fall of antiquity, and a good deal of its afterglow, the history and culture of antiquity have to be considered in their various stages." Another feature of the Talmud should make it particularly acceptable to a page which has attained to a human-hearted theology. "There is no everlasting damnation according to the Talmud. There is only temporary punishment even for the worst sinners. 'Generations upon generations' shall sit the damnation of idolaters, apostates, and traitors. But there is a space of 'only two evers' breadth between Hell and Heaven; a sinner has but to repent sincerely and the gates to everlasting bliss will spring open."

No classification has been attempted in this anthology, but there is an index of subjects. Now it is a tale, now a maxim, and anon an illustration the reader lights upon as he turns the pages—an arrangement which conduces to interested perusal. Some of the extracts are a peculiarly modern note. "Certain things are unbecoming to a learned man or religious teacher. He should not wear shabby clothes, yet, on the other hand, should not dress like a dandy or use oil or scents. Nor is it proper for him to walk about at night by himself or talk with women in the street." It takes this on gulping as compared with the saying: "He who empties his glass in one cup may be looked upon as a drunkard, the

man who drinks it in two portions shows good manners, but he who makes three sips of a glass of wine manifests arrogance." And here is a story which will astonish many who regard the Jew as the personification of miserliness. "On Ahhe Umna's face there was always a holy peace. He was a surgeon, but would never accept with his hands payment for his services. He had a box placed in a corner of his consulting-room so that those who could afford and felt inclined to pay could put the money in that box. This arrangement he made in order not to put those who could not afford to pay in an awkward position."

TALES AND MAXIMS FROM THE TALMUD. Edited by Rev. Samuel Rapoport. With an essay on the Talmud by the late Emanuel Deutsch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

The Cradle of a Poet.

Conscientious workmanship, as is usual with Miss Godfrey's stories, is in evidence on every page of "The Cradle of a Poet." The scene is laid in the isle of Purbeck, and consequently there is much about stone quarries and the gray homes of that district. In fact, the father of the hero is a quarry owner, and Noel Harmon's earliest recollections were of mounds of scurf and piles of hewn stone, rough fenced spaces and hollow lanes, and coarse, humpy fields. To the boy all this was fairyland, a world of mystery which fostered his poetic strain. The story tells how the poetic spirit waxed within the growing lad, how he became saturated with Swinburne, and how an effort to win a poetry prize at school resulted in his writing such a poem as convinced the headmaster that it must be stolen from some author whom it was impossible to trace. This was bitterness to Noel, but still sharper was the trial when he had to abandon his career at Oxford and bend his energies to work in his father's quarries. All this is carefully told by Miss Godfrey, to the accompaniment of many admirable descriptions of scenery in the west of England, and yet the story moves so slowly that it is not easy reading. Also there is an air of artificiality about Theresa, the heroine, in whom it is difficult to believe or take at her creator's valuation. Whether a girl who took delight in music-hall dancing is likely to find happiness in the old house with which we leave her with Noel—"It lies in your hand to make life here a poem"—is a matter about which the reader will have grave doubts.

THE CRADLE OF A POET. By Elizabeth Godfrey. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The Native Born.

India has inspired Miss Wylie to the writing of a story of constant action, intensely dramatic and yet not lacking in romance. It is, too, a penetrating study of Indian life in its relation to English dominance, and the keynote is finely if somewhat poignantly struck in the opening chapter, which hints tragically at the wreckage of married love which is so often a feature of Anglo-Saxon life in the Orient. Miss Wylie has painted her background of Eastern splendor with rare skill, and visualized her characters in a most vivid manner. Lois is a singularly well-drawn character, gentle and loving, but with a strength of nature which is equal to many heavy trials. There is mystery, too, of a kind perplexing enough to satisfy the most jaded hunter of unconventional plots, and everywhere there hroods over the story a spectre of racial antipathy. In the present state of unrest in India this story is particularly welcome, for it will enable the reader to appreciate the complex difficulties of the situation more thoroughly than a dozen blue books. As a first novel it is indeed a remarkable piece of work.

THE NATIVE BORN. By I. A. R. Wylie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

The Making of the Balkan States.

Students of political problems in the Near East will welcome this admirable little monograph in which Mr. Murray deals with that part of Turkey's European territory which has been lost to the Sultan's rule during the past century. The object of the study is to give an account of the peoples in those four groups now known as the Balkan States, and to trace the movements which have led to their independence. There is first an account of Servia and Montenegro up to the Treaty of Paris, which is followed by a chapter on the Balkan provinces under the protection of the European powers. Mr. Murray next discusses international complications and their outcome during the years 1870-1878, and then traces the organization of Bulgaria and eastern Roumelia and the movements leading to union and independence.

As to the probability of confederation Mr. Murray is not hopeful. "If the people in the Balkan peninsula," he writes, "could at once accept the attempt now being made to establish constitutional government in Turkey as furnishing a final solution of the Macedonian question, then the present outlook for a Balkan confederation might seem more favorable. But there are indications already that some of the states bordering on Macedonia are inclined to interfere with the administration of affairs there under the new

Turkish régime. It is well known at the same time that for several years past strife has been engendered between some of these states by the overlapping of their claims to the loyalty of parts of the mixed Macedonian population. In view of all this, unless there should be some real danger from without, a federation of these states seems for the time being quite improbable. It may be said that the present situation in relation to Macedonia, as well as to Servia, presents the problems that now appear most likely to disturb the tranquillity of one or more of the Balkan states." The usefulness of this admirable study is enhanced by an excellent bibliography and a good map of the Balkan peninsula.

THE MAKING OF THE BALKAN STATES. By William Smith Murray. New York: Columbia University; \$1.50.

China.

Text provided as an adjunct to pictures is generally a negligible quantity, but Sir Henry Arthur Blake's letter-press to the sketches of Mortimer Menpes is well written and gives the reader an informing account of China and the Chinese. There is a brief characterization of the country, an outline of its early history, and then many interesting pages on leading traits, manners and customs, religious beliefs, and the other countless phases of life. The gradations of the social fabric of the country are described as:

First. The *literati*; for mind is superior to matter.

Second. The agriculturist; for he produces from the soil.

Third. The artisan; for he is a creator from the raw material.

Fourth. The merchant; for he is a distributor.

Fifth. The soldier; for he is but a destroyer.

But of course the bedrock of China's stability is "the family life, the patriarchal system, from the hut of the peasant to the palace of the sovereign. The house is ruled by the parents, the village by the elders, after which the officials step in." Of the country as a whole there is this summed judgment: "The traveler in China is impressed with the vastness of its extent, the fertility of its various countries, the grandeur of its rivers, the beauty and holdness of its bridges, the strength of its city walls, the contrast of wealth and squalor in the cities, the untiring industry of the people." Among Mr. Menpes's illustrations, sixteen of which are full pages in color, the best are those showing types of people.

CHINA. By Mortimer Menpes and Sir Henry Arthur Blake. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Walter De Voe's "The Doors of Life" (Funk & Wagnalls; \$1.00 net) offers the reader "words of life, charged with healing potency for every receptive mind." One of the "words" is an exhortation to "eat little, but eat that little long," and there are many other old friends.

Gertrude Hall's translation of Edmond Rostand's "Chantecler" (Duffield & Co.) is in prose, and hence misses some of the poetic fancy of the original. Yet the version will enable the reader to gain an excellent idea of the playwright's intention, especially as the stage directions have been given in full. Those directions show how much the effect of the play depends upon novelty of effect.

Lyman Ahcott's gift of popular exposition is well illustrated in "Seeking After God" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1 net), the five chapters of which were originally delivered as addresses but have a common connecting theme. The gospel, he says, has a message not for those who are satisfied with their present life, but for those who are not satisfied, nor with the character they have attained.

Eleanor Hull in "The Boys' Cuchulain" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50 net) gives a spirited rendering of the heroic legends of Ireland for the benefit of young readers. While preserving the charm of the originals, Miss Hull has divested them of that archaic atmosphere which is often an obstacle to the enjoyment of the modern reader. As she claims, the stories present a high and often romantic code of natural chivalry.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

African Game Trails.

Much of the delight of "the hardy life of the open, in long rides rifle in hand, in the thrill of the fight with dangerous game" exhales from these pages in which Mr. Roosevelt tells the story of his much advertised African expedition. It is preëminently a personal narrative, for the personal pronoun is much in evidence, and the minute doings of almost every day's adventures are set down in detail. No doubt this makes for the reader's interest, and it is undeniable that this record of "a scientific expedition sent out by the Smithsonian" is a lively volume. It is evident that Mr. Roosevelt enjoyed every hour of his trip, save for those devoted to his spells of fever, and he is able to impart much of that enjoyment to those who can trace his path only in the printed page. Again and again, as though in answer to his critics, he insists that the "scientific" purpose of the expedition was always kept in view. "Kermit and I kept about a dozen trophies for ourselves; otherwise we shot nothing that was not used either as a museum specimen or for meat—usually for both purposes. We were in hunting grounds practically as good as any that have ever existed; but we did not kill a tenth, nor a hundredth part of what we might have killed had we been willing." The publishers are to be congratulated on their share in the volume. They have planned a handsome page, used type of large size, and been exceedingly liberal in drawing upon the really excellent photographs secured by Kermit and other members of the expedition.

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$4 net.

Holland of Today.

Among the many books which have attempted to catch in text and picture the unique charm of the Netherlands, this handsome volume written and illustrated by George Wharton Edwards deserves a prominent place. The pictures, many of which are in color, betray now and then an awkwardness of perspective, yet taken in the mass they give an admirable idea of the rich coloring and the quaint costumes of Holland and the Dutch.

Each chapter bears witness to the fact that Mr. Edwards was as industrious in filling in his note-book as his sketch-book. It is true his chapter headings are sometimes misleading, or but faintly indicative of what the reader may expect to find under those headings, but he will not often turn a page without lighting upon some record of interest. Take the following account of the ordinary Dutch breakfast at a wayside inn: "Here the guests of the hotel will sit at a long table, covered with dishes containing every variety of cold meat and sausage, various kinds of bread and cake, and huge bowls of cold, boiled eggs. Why cold eggs, I can not understand, but I have never been served with hot ones, excepting upon order. The peasant is a great eater, and one marvels at the quantities of sausage, rolls, veal, and ham, with great piles of ginger-bread and raw onions, which he consumes. The peasant will take a hard-boiled egg, knock it on the table edge, cut it with a knife, peel it, dip it in the salt bowl, and put the whole mass into his mouth at once, gazing at one with his watery blue eyes as he slowly masticates it. I saw my opposite neighbor eat fourteen in this way, and he then sighed and told me he wasn't hungry."

According to Mr. Edwards, the men of Holland are kind-hearted if reserved, the women shy yet cheerful and civil, but the children are sometimes too curious and obtrusive. Hospitality is not lacking, even if the sleeping quarters are at times somewhat overcrowded. Thus, Mr. Edwards visited a Boer who with his wife, son, and three daughters had but one room in which to sleep.

HOLLAND OF TODAY. Written and pictured by George Wharton Edwards. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

George H. Putnam, who has rendered such yeoman service in the cause of copyright and knows the subject as few do, in explaining the principles of the new copyright bill which has been introduced into the British Parliament with a view, among other things, to increase the term of copyright for the life of the author and fifty years thereafter, points out that Italy gives copyright for forty years or for the life of the author, Spain a term of life and eighty years under certain conditions, and Germany the life of the author and thirty years.

Fiction will bulk largely on the fall list of A. C. McClurg & Co., among the books promised being "Keith of the Border," by Randall Parrish; "Princess Sayrane," by Edith Ogden Harrison; "The Price of the Prairies," by Margaret Hill McCarter; and "The Red Wooded," by Edgar Bronson.

Seeing that so much of her verse is not subject to copyright, it is surprising that American publishers have so largely ignored the work of Christina Rossetti, whose "Goblin

Market" is perhaps the finest example of intimate grotesqueness ever imagined by a woman poet. Her devotional poems, too, are of a rare quality, and hence it is good news that Dana Estes & Co. are to publish a volume of Miss Rossetti's work with an introduction by Alice Meynell.

Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat is to be available shortly in a unique edition, every page of which has been engrossed by hand and illuminated, and the whole reproduced in color from specially prepared plates.

Among the many curious volumes treasured in the Bible House in London are the "Treadle" Bible, where the words now translated "balm in Gilead" are rendered "treacle in Galaad"; the "Bug" Bible, which contains the phrase, "So that thou shalt not nede to be afayde for any bugs (terrors) by night"; the "Breeches" Bible, with the expression, "Sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves breeches"; and the "Wicked" Bible, which omits the negative in one of the commandments. As a punishment for that error the printer was fined £300 and the edition suppressed. There is also a copy of the New Testament prepared by John Eliot for the Indians of Massachusetts, a book which no one is able to read, the tribe for which it was produced having become extinct.

Myrta M. Higgins, the author of "Little Gardens for Boys and Girls," is a graduate of the Boston kindergarten training school. She started a boy's garden club in South Framingham, Mass., in the autumn of 1906, which at once proved highly successful. The following year she organized home garden work in another city where over one thousand home gardens were developed as the result.

A somewhat neglected field is to be covered by Montrose J. Moses in his "The Literature of the South," which will start with Captain John Smith and give suitable mention of every literary worker since.

Writing about the Women of the Paston Letters, Mr. D. W. Duthie reminds us that it was to George III those letters owed their popularity. He accepted at the hands of Fenn, "the smatterer in antiquity," who had brought them to light, three bound volumes of the original manuscripts, Fenn himself rising from his knees a full-blown knight "as a mark of his majesty's gracious acceptance." How quickly the royal interest faded away from them may be known from the fact that these literary treasures disappeared, in a way never yet explained, from the library at Buckingham Palace, to come to the surface again, after a whole century, amongst the heirlooms of a Suffolk squire.

An American edition of "The Life of Lord Beaconsfield" is to be published simultaneously with the English edition by the Macmillan Company. The first volume, covering the period from birth to Disraeli's entry into Parliament, is promised in the fall.

Whether the writings of Herbert Spencer have any attraction for the "general reader" will be put to the test by the popular edition of his works announced by the trustees of his will. "First Principles," in two volumes, has been chosen for the initial experiment, the price having been fixed at one shilling a volume.

Hawthorne, according to his letters to his publisher, William D. Ticknor, now first published, never varied in his hatred of blue-stockings, "a d—d mob of scribbling women," and was equally frank in his estimate of the Quaker poet. "Whittier's book is poor stuff. I like the man, but have no high opinion either of his poetry or prose."

Max Nordau explains the origin of the quarrel between Björnson and himself. One evening the two were sitting over their wine when Björnson cited some fantastic figures as to North American protective duties, which Nordau questioned in a polite way. But Björnson "flew into a passion and replied almost in a shriek: 'How dare you contradict me? You forget who I am. I will not tolerate being so treated.'" To which Nordau merely rejoined: "Herr Björnson, it is not generous to adopt this tone to me under my own roof, where consideration for a guest prevents my answering in a similar way." Despite the efforts of Björnson's wife, the breach thus created lasted till death.

Traherne as the forerunner of Whitman is the theme of an essay by Bertram Dobell, who points out that all of Whitman's philosophy with much of his temper and style and "a far greater degree of originality" may be found in the writings of the seventeenth-century English poet. Yet, apparently, there is nothing to prove that Whitman was acquainted with Traherne's writings.

Novelists have been recruited from many professions, including the law, journalism, the navy and marine service, art and architecture, and medicine and theology. Besides these, as the *Bookman* remarks, there is the great mass of miscellaneous and sporadic cases, from which it will be enough to cite a few of the more striking and curious examples. Mark Twain and Richardson, printers; Hawthorne,

customs-house surveyor in Salem; Trollope, holding a subordinate position in an Irish postoffice; Hewlett, keeper of land-revenue records and enrollments; William de Morgan, for thirty years conducting a manufactory of tiles and pottery, and Robert Hichens, musician. All of which goes to prove that, while a novelist may have begun life by being almost anything, about the rarest thing in literature is a man who started out with the avowed intention of becoming a novelist and nothing else—and succeeded in carrying out his intention.

New Books Received.

NOVELS.

A SUCCESSFUL WIFE. By G. S. Dorset. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

A romance of every-day life, dealing preëminently with marriage, specially from the woman's standpoint.

ATONEMENT. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Distinguished for the strength of its characterization and the realism of its atmosphere.

PETTICOAT RULE. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

A romance of France dealing in a lively manner with the influence of women upon the history of that country.

DEEP IN PINY WOODS. By J. W. Church. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.20 net.

Tells in an attractive manner the experiences of a New Yorker among the piney woods of South Georgia, and exploits the spirit of kindness of the younger generation to the negroes.

DOROTHY BROOKES'S VACATIONS. By Frances Campbell Sparhawk. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50.

A sequel to "Dorothy Brookes's School Days," written largely in response to requests from the readers of that story.

MAD SHEPHERDS AND OTHER HUMAN STUDIES. By L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.20 net.

These are the sketches of character which have been described as the "Omar Khayyam of English rustic life."

THE MIRAGE OF THE MANY. By W. T. Walsh. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

A prophecy in the form of fiction of how a régime of socialism would affect the different classes of society. The scene is laid in Chicago in 1952.

GOOD MEN AND TRUE. By Eugene Manlove Rhodes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1 net.

Depicts in a lively manner the stirring adventures of a young man on the Mexican border.

RANGE AND TRAIL. By Edwin L. Sahlin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50.

A continuation of the adventures of Phil Macowan, the popular hero of "Bar B Boys."

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS. By Eugène Sue. 2 Vols. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

An excellent reprint of the original English edition, admirably illustrated and printed.

THE HICKORY LAMB. By Parker H. Fillmore. New York: John Lane Company; 50 cents net.

A short story remarkable for its delicate humor.

THE WIRELESS STATION AT SILVER FOX FARM. By James Otis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50.

A boy's story, the scene of which is laid on the Maine coast. The hero makes a clever use of a wireless installment to circumvent his father's enemies and rescue a crew from shipwreck.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRANSPORTATION IN EUROPE. By Logan G. McPherson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Describing, as the result of recent investigation, the conditions which prevail in Europe as to land roads, railways, and tariffs, and phases of government control.

TRAVELS IN HISTORY. By Mark Twain. Selected by C. N. Kendall. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents.

Selections of some of the most vivid passages from "Joan of Arc," "The Prince and Pauper," and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Intended for the use of young readers.

RHYMES OF HOME. By Burgess Johnson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1 net.

By the author of "Beastly Rhymes" and "Rhymes of Little Boys," designed for reading in the home.

BY THE WAY. By Agnes Greene Foster. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

A new and extended edition of an ideal companion for European travel, distinguished by the charm of its illustrations.

PSYCHE SLEEPS AND OTHER POEMS. By Alida Chanler Emmet. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Facile verse dealing with phases of love and the religious life.

REAL LETTERS OF A REAL GIRL. By Betty Boston. The C. M. Clark Publishing Company.

Lively epistles of life on a transport, experiences in the Philippines and elsewhere.

MY RELIGION IN EVERY-DAY LIFE. By Josiah Strong. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; 50 cents net.

An earnest and eloquent effort to explain what religion may mean to a man as a working principle of life.

THE BOLSTER BOOK. By Harry Graham. New York: Duffield & Co.

Occasional papers on the lighter side of life.

WALDEN. By Henry D. Thoreau. Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2 net.

An admirable edition of Thoreau's best-known work, fully illustrated from photographs by Mr. Johnson.

THE SCIENCE OF POETRY AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE. By Hudson Maxim. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; \$2.50 net.

Designed to provide "a practical method for literary criticism and analysis, and a standard of uniform judgment for determining the relative merits of literary productions."

RAMBLES WITH AN AMERICAN. By Christian Tearle. New York: Duffield & Co.

A personally conducted tour to places in England and Scotland associated with the memories of great writers.

WHEN AMERICA BECAME A NATION. By Tudor Jenks. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.25.

Covers the period from 1790 to 1850, and intended as a supplementary course of reading for preparatory schools.

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WILTON LACKAYE IN "THE BATTLE."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"The Battle," which is Wilton Lackaye's dramatic vehicle for the week at the Savoy theatre, is a very timely play, in this country and epoch of millions and millions. The "battle" means more than one kind of conflict. It means, for instance, the fight between labor and capital, the antagonism between the poor and the rich, and, in this particular instance, it also includes the struggle of a multi-millionaire to win the affection and ascendancy over his son and only child, who has, unknown to him, been brought up among the intelligent poor, and inculcated in him principles that, in a man's eyes, trend toward Socialism. The father, who regards poverty as the cowardly alternative of the weak and the unfit, elects for a time the power and influence of his millions, and cast in his lot with the eminent dwellers among whom Philip, his son, has been brought up; doing it partly as an object lesson and partly to win his son's affection. Like Braebart, his prototype, Bernstein's "Samson," he knows well that nothing can keep down a man of his indomitable energy, business enterprise, and financial genius.

The author, Cleveland Moffett, who not only is a good thinker and a facile writer, but who has a keen eye for stage effect, had the happy thought of making the stage setting express the rapid progression of John J. Haggleton's fortunes in his inauspicious environment of the slums. Haggleton immediately takes possession of the shabby room, with its poverty-stricken fittings, its grimy furniture, and its time-soiled, peeling walls, which has hitherto served as kitchen, bedroom, dining-room, and workroom for a family who are his son's intimates. He casts a rapid eye over it, discovers some unnecessary furniture, and resolves to turn it into business capital. He estimates that he can get thirty dollars for it. In the second act, which is supposed to follow two weeks after his entrance into self-assumed poverty the room is transformed. The walls are tinted green; the shabby furniture is either replaced or recovered. Light, cheerful print hangings retain the various shelves and recesses that such limited quarters must serve as closets and cupboards. Jenny, the pretty, discontented toiler, who keeps her relatives in state of disagreeable apprehension lest she revert to the doubtful plenty which surrounds ladies of easy morals, is turned into a salaried housekeeper; Joe, the engaging idler, who has hitherto lived by borrowing, is at the sound of Haggleton's bell, for him to serve as an admiring factotum.

Haggleton's antagonist, old Gentle, who is inherited from the dead mother of Philip charge to preserve her son from the influence of his father's ruthless business principles, looks on with a mingling of admiration and apprehension. For Philip, with his her blood in his veins, feels the stirring inherited enterprise in his blood. This enterprising stranger—for Haggleton withholds from him all knowledge of their relationship—with his energy, his resourcefulness, his business acumen, has, in two weeks, revolutionized things in the bakery shop he has gotten hold of, and the son is fascinated by the workings of this enterprise. In three weeks more, Haggleton, through the intangible workings of his system as employed in his vaster enterprises, begins to work toward the establishment of a trust. His disaffected rivals are sucked in, and set to work in salaried positions. The grimy chamber of the first act is now a business office. The cotton-curtained shelves are replaced by book cabinets, a new window sheds more light upon the interior, and plants ornament the sill. The telephone and typewriter are evidence, and system is everywhere. And Philip quotes his father's business epigrams, and looks forward to making money, instead of ameliorating the condition of the poor.

It strikes me that that is an extremely clever manipulation, both objectively and subjectively, of a stage of mental and material progression; that is to say, of change, or evolution, from one state of things to another. To the rights of the question, and the verdict as to which side has the right, Mr. Moffett altogether too correct in his instincts to anything but cleverly evade it. He puts great many extremely clever sayings in the

mouth of John J. Haggleton, whose personality and methods, it seems, are founded on those of John D. Rockefeller.

Wilton Lackaye, however, has not committed the cheap error of making himself up to resemble Rockefeller. He has given John Haggleton a slightly stooping, halting walk, as an indication, doubtless, of the corroding effects of the responsibilities of vast enterprises upon a man's physical constitution, a somewhat theatrically observant eye, and a quick and trenchant utterance. He has also given him more of a sense of humor during business hours than a multi-millionaire is apt to indulge in.

Mr. Lackaye plays his part well, although his physiognomy is not particularly well adapted to the rôle of a keen-witted financier who preys upon his fellow-men; a man with large eyes and an unaggressive nose is not expressive of the type of those who create trusts. Being Wilton Lackaye, however, his magnetism and acting ability combined make him seem to us to be the quick-witted man of keen observation and business action.

When we saw him out of character during his curtain speech, it was then very evident that he is a man of good-fellowship and wit; altogether too much so ever to have sweated millions out of the toiling masses. The speech, by the way, was quite a little masterpiece in the line of genial humor; and not only that, but in the mode of delivery. Mr. Lackaye showed a positive genius for making his meaning sink in, by pauses full of such silent signification that the audience rather entered into the game, and began to be alert, during each pause, for more than met the ear. In his speech Mr. Lackaye pointed out that no partisanship is shown for either side. Each has his say, and we are free to draw our own conclusions as to which is right.

Naturally the millionaire, being the protagonist, has the best sayings, and he certainly puts up a very good defense. The weak point in his position is that his opponent holds a paper signed by him containing an order, written during the projection of some past enterprise, the carrying out of which amounts to breaking the law.

"But," says Haggleton, "the only law any one respects in this country is the law of custom." He points out how universal is petty law-breaking, committed by those who inveigh most loudly against discovered malefactors. Automobile-speeding, evading payment of car fares, beating the telephone, and the like are among the small offenses which, he considers, are evidences that humanity *en bloc* has but slightly rooted principles where its comfort and profit are involved.

A scene is introduced in the play in which pretty Jenny, driven desperate by unrequited love, attempts to seduce Philip from his allegiance to his betrothed sweetheart by an appeal to his physical side. Her partial, although only momentary victory, lends point later to Haggleton's arguments, and still later causes the son, when faced with the written proof of his father's fault, to realize that leniency might become one who had so nearly sinned the unforgivable sin against love.

This, I should say, is the conclusion we are to draw; that is, that all humanity, with, of course, the few noble exceptions that serve to keep our faith in our own kind alive, is tarred with the same stick. If members of the proletariat were to be raised to the thrones of the financial magnates they, too, would abjure nobility of action and consequent small profits; they, too, would ruin their rivals, break the market, reward wrongdoing, and crush the individual enterprise that opposed itself to their success.

Thus Philip, under his father's tutelage, becomes a budding advocate of the trust. Moran, under the bait of a salaried position, ceases to become a "trustbuster," and subsides harmlessly into his managership of an East-side bakery.

Margaret Lawrence, being a woman, and therefore not so keenly fixed on the main chance as are the men, proves more unbending to the magnate's will. But the author had his little persuader up his sleeve to bring her to terms, and the device, although carried out in rather a theatrical way, was a good one to induce tolerance in a woman with a New England conscience.

I was curious, as the play went on, to see what device Mr. Moffett would employ to reconcile all the warring elements in the last act. But it was simple as a-b-c: Kindness and good-will on the millionaire's part, personal friendship, interest in these hitherto uncomprehended tenebrous dwellers around him. Who can withstand such things in this big, lonely world? Who will allow vaguely altruistic principles to steel one against a human providence that is kind, and generous, and gives ten millions to the poor at one whack? As for the problem, that was pushed aside in the more absorbing question of deciding individual fates, until, at the finale, the author revived the question, without attempting to settle it, in a very wittily conceived situation which ended in a curtain that sent a humorously tricked audience home laughing and in the very best of humor.

Mr. Lackaye, although ably and interestingly filling a very prominent rôle that rather

dwarfs the others, is supported by an excellent company. The love element in the play is not the main interest, nor is it the best written part of it. The loves of Philip and Margaret are just a little stilted in their effect, and Ruby Bridges, although refined, neat, and painstaking in her work, lacks spontaneity. But Douglas Wood gives a simple, natural piece of acting as Philip, and Doris Burton's Jenny, with its dull, dejected voice and air of unresigned discontent, has the quality of reality. Mr. McGrane's Gentle is a neat bit of character work, and, barring unintelligibility of speech, Mr. O'Malley's rebellious Moran has its good points. Dick Lee's light-hearted Joe supplies the comedy element very agreeably. The rôle of Joe is well conceived by the author and equally well played by the actor, and, indeed, forms a distinct bond between the audience and the millionaire with a sense of humor who appreciates Joe's East-side idiosyncrasies.

THE BEVANI GRAND OPERA.

By George L. Shoals.

"Faust" opened the season of the Bevani Grand Opera Company auspiciously Monday evening at the Garrick Theatre. A cordial greeting met all the principals, for, with one exception, they were not strangers to the audience. From the first it was evident that many of those present had heard the company during its stay at Idora Park in Oakland, and none of the singers failed to receive tokens of generous appreciation. Ettore Campana, the baritone, was especially favored—in fact, as Valentine he came near winning the highest honors, and winning them fairly. Mme. Frery, the Marguerite, was new to her surroundings, as this was her first appearance with the company, and though her first brief scene in the market-place gives her little opportunity, and passed with a reserved decision by her hearers, she succeeded admirably in the garden scene, and the jewel song as well as the air at the spinning-wheel gained enthusiastic applause.

Eugenio Battaini, the Faust of the Monday night cast, is a tenor of remarkable gifts. His voice is notably even, from the lowest register to its highest note, and it is pure, full, and sympathetic in both soft and forte passages. Best of all, he is never found hoarding his effects. He sings with power and dramatic shading from first to last. Not many grand opera companies have brought here two tenors so young and unjaded, and with such ability, as Battaini and Umberto Sacchetti. The latter proved his quality early, in "Pagliacci" and "Aida," and his Rhadames is an especially creditable achievement.

The first night's work proved that Mme. Frery, the new soprano, is a distinct acquisition to the company. Her art is the result of good training, and her voice is worthy of the culture it has received. It seemed a little thin when her first notes were heard, but the nervous apprehension of an unfavorable introduction easily explained that effect. Later the restraint that had clouded its beauty was removed, and it triumphed over every difficulty. It is particularly round and velvety in quality, and even in the most florid passages it is pure and sweet. There is nothing in the rôles of the Italian operas which the company will offer that is beyond her capabilities. Regina Vicarino and Guidetta Francini, the sopranos who alternate in the casts, have equally pleasing voices, with less of power and volume. Signorina Vicarino as Aida deserves the high praise she has received, and is little less effective in other rôles. Her Gilda in "Rigoletto" Tuesday evening was in keeping with the excellence of the cast throughout.

Campana's Valentine has already been mentioned. This singer possesses not only a fine voice, but a handsome, winning presence, and his popularity is firmly established. Yet Achilles Alberti, who alternates with Campana, is almost as great a favorite. Alexander Bevani, who has the rôle of Mephistopheles, sings with a clear, ringing voice, perhaps more baritone than bass in pitch, but it is equal to the demands made upon it. Not only in his solos—notably in the song at the fair and in the sardonic serenade—but in the two trios as well, he shows, both quality and power.

There is but one real opportunity for Siebel in "Faust," but Margaret Jarman grasped that one firmly and displayed a thoroughly delightful mezzo-soprano. Lucy Van der Mark was the Martha, and was more than acceptable in voice and acting.

In all the accessories required the Bevani Company is fitted above any but captious criticism. The chorus is large in number and in volume and is well trained. Additions to the orchestra overflow the narrow limits of the theatre pit, and Conductor Francini obtains good results from the augmented force of players.

Occasions like this visit of a well organized and capable grand opera company are rare in any American city, and it is probable that their full significance and value are not often understood until they are past. The repertory this week has included Gounod's masterpiece, two of Verdi's earlier compositions, and that

somewhat faded Flotow work, "Martha." Even better things are to come. Every lover of good music may look forward confidently to worthy offerings. It is a circumstance removed from mere indifference that the cost of participating in these entertainments is much below that of luxuries usually under the present schedule of expense for existence.

On the night of Monday, September 19, David Belasco will present at the Columbia Theatre Frances Starr in Eugene Walter's play, "The Easiest Way." It will be seen here with the New York cast and production. In view of the fact that the production is made by Mr. Belasco there is little need to dwell upon the perfection and artistry of the setting. An exceptionally fine company comes in support of Miss Starr. The advance sale of seats for "The Easiest Way" opens at the Columbia Theatre next Thursday morning. No orders will be taken in advance. Requests for seats by mail and telegraph will be filled in the order of their receipt. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

Robert Warwick, after various experiences in the East during the past year, is now heading the cast in George Broadhurst's play, "The Dollar Mark." The piece was offered at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago last week, and Amy Leslie intimates in her review of the production that Mr. Warwick is about the only thing worth mentioning in that connection.

Nance O'Neil has just returned to New York City, after her sixth journey to Egypt and Algiers, whither she went in June after the close of her long season at the Belasco Theatre, where "The Lily" enjoyed one of the greatest runs in a decade.

"When I order poultry from you again," said the man who quarrels with his grocer, "I don't want you to send me any of those aeroplane chickens." "What kind do you mean?" "The sort that are all wings and machinery and no meat."—Washington Star.

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Reserved seats, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1, at SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.'S.

VANITY FAIR.

May a man change his name? A woman may, of course, as many times as her whim dictates, either via Reno or elsewhere. But a man? The general impression is that he may not, save through the turmoil of much legal procedure and at the cost of many dollars. But Justice Smith, of the New York city court, does not so interpret the law. He has given a decision to the effect that a person may assume any name other than his own, and that that assumed name is to all intents and purposes as legally his own as though he had been born with it. And he does not require to call in the aid of the law, either. Before the Smiths and the Joneses and the Browns decide to take advantage of this ruling they should note that the privilege is hedged about with one restriction, which is that a change of name is allowable provided no fraud is intended to be worked thereby. And they must remember that if they represent in their own persons either business or property interests they will be well advised to have some legal record made of the change. Otherwise, as Montaigne said, "Who hinders my groom from calling himself Pompey the Great? But, after all, what virtue, what authority, or what secret springs are there that fix upon my deceased groom, or the other Pompey, who had his head cut off in Egypt, this glorious renown, and these so much honored flourishes of the pen, so as to be of any advantage to them?"

More gorgeous must she be—it is the open-souled confession of a member of the sex—at after-dark functions than Sheba of old—she must twinkle and glitter and gleam, though not too obviously. She must no longer rustle stiffly, as was the vogue five years ago; her gowns must be softly rich, her laces must be real and supplemented by superb embroideries over cloth-of-gold or silver; these embroideries enriched in turn by jewels, sometimes "mock," oftener real. And over all is thrown a veil of chiffon that adds to the mystery, softens the shimmer, and notably increases the expense. Thus she expresses herself through her gown. Briefly, she is dress-mad. And who pays the piper? Only trillionaires, it seems, can "stand the metallic pressure of superfine raiment." But here is the secret, darkly whispered: "One solemn fact must now be faced, to wit: that there are women galore whose barbaric adornments are stolen in part from the 'house-money.'"

When women take to disclosing the secrets of their prison house they do the thing thoroughly. It used to be thought that the arch-exposer of the feminine was Schopenhauer, and he certainly did pen some caustic sentences on the weaker sex. Then there is Nietzsche, whose unhappy experiences with Miss Andreas-Salome may have been in his thoughts as he penned this indictment:

"Woman wishes to be independent, and therefore she begins to enlighten men about 'woman as she is'—this is one of the worst developments of the general uglifying of Europe. For what must these clumsy attempts of feminine scientificity and self-exposure bring to light! Woman has much cause for shame; in woman there is so much pedantry, superficiality, school-masterliness, petty presumption, unbridledness, and indiscretion concealed—study only woman's behavior towards children—which has really been hest restrained and dominated hitherto by the fear of man. Alas, if ever the 'eternally tedious in woman'—she has plenty of it—is allowed to venture forth! if she begins radically and on principle to unlearn her wisdom and art of charming, of playing, of frightening-away-sorrow, of alleviating and taking-easily; if she forgets her delicate aptitude for agreeable desires!"

But Schopenhauer and Nietzsche are eclipsed by a member of the sex. For more than half a year this revealer of woman nature lived and worked as a man, mingling with men unsuspectingly as a member of their sex, and she affirms that when she returned to her own name and her rightful sex she did so not with a profound contempt for man "hut with a very poor opinion of some women." This "once a girl-man" contests the views of Mrs. Elena Smith, the woman who has been living as a man in New York, and tells of her experiences on a voyage across the Atlantic and in New York:

"On the way out there was much conversation about a very shocking murder that had just been committed. A young girl, who was a harmaid somewhere in London, had been killed in a railway carriage, and the murderer had escaped. I remember how I felt the difference between the remarks of my own sex and those of the men. The men all blamed the police for not catching the man, but the women all blamed the woman for being a harmaid. In New York nothing could have been kinder than the way in which the men I met received the young Englishman I was supposed to be. . . . But I did think the women, especially the married ones, vain and conceited and frivolous, and in some cases worse than that. Here in England I saw less of people than over there, but here also I formed a similar impression that the average man is a

decent sort of well-disposed fellow, much less designing and envious and self-seeking than many women are, or, perhaps, I should say, have to be."

To complete the circle of this interesting sex study it only remains for a man to disguise himself as a woman and report his conclusions. But the strange thing is that while so many women have posed as men, exceedingly few men have posed as women. Why? No one can question that there are many persons who are anatomically males but physically females. But they would hardly be the most suitable for the experiment.

Anne Warner deserves our gratitude for her lively impeachment of the present-giving microbe, but it would have been more timely had she reserved it for a date nearer Christmas. But a popular author, it seems, is liable to suffer from others' attacks of the disease at all times of the year.

This morning Miss Warner writes: "I received my eighteenth pen-wiper this year. I write hooks, so pen-wipers come easily to the reflections of my friends. I live in Germany, and a pen-wiper can be mailed free of duty, and I really do not mind the pen-wiper in itself, for I recognize its usefulness and am in the habit of keeping a hit of chamois-skin always handy. But the developments of the pen-wiper are many and not over-pleasant. In the first place, I must give them all away again, and the hookkeeping of pen-wipers is both intricate and heartrending. The fact that I know dozens of writers and can give them away is pretty evenly balanced by the fact that all writers hate gifts, as it means ceasing to write stuff that pays to write concerning that which later must be paid for. And there we get back to the crux of the present scheme again; for I must pay for all the pen-wipers, not only with the handkerchiefs and the hother of huying the handkerchiefs, but also the mailing them."

How Miss Warner must sympathize with the child who used to pray, "Forgive us our Christmases, as we forgive them that Christmas against us." She may determine to drop the whole business, to ruthlessly disappoint those who "expect something in return"; but when the nineteenth pen-wiper—otherwise "penswiper," as Sam Bernard would say—arrives, she will hie her out to huy the nineteenth handkerchief.

But ships' stewards, hless their philanthropic souls, have no such qualms. In fact they are rather down in the dumps these days.

It's all owing to the indiscretion of the relatives of that member of their fraternity who incautiously disclosed the fact that Alexander Thomson, once of the *Baltic*, hut now a passenger on Charon's liner where tips are not, departed this life owning something like fifty thousand dollars. "Ah," sighed one who was interviewed on that untoward event, "those palmy days of stewards belong to the past. It might be thought that with so many American millionaires traveling between America and Europe ships' stewards would in the height of the season reap a golden harvest. It is true that some stewards strike lucky veins, and I have known one steward make five hundred dollars in four months, hut he was extremely fortunate, and that was an exceptional case. The tips we receive nowadays hardly pay for our laundry hills."

Further doubting is impossible. Some unbelievers may have had a suspicion that all the talk about higher prices was so much hot air, hut the news that comes from Fremont, Ohio, destroys the last lingering hope. There is a shortage of cahgages, they are smaller in size, and entire fields have been destroyed by rot and "the yellows." Q. E. D., as Euclid would say, sauerkraut is to be dearer. This must strike terror into the Teutonic soul, for life without sauerkraut will be less than worth living. But that sauerkraut is actually to cost more, that hrine-soaked cahgage in an advanced state of decomposition can be made an excuse for running up the dinner bill is proof positive that we have indeed fallen upon evil days.

Such being the case, it is only too probable that the dollars for the summer vacation have not been forthcoming in many cases. But here science comes to our aid. It will never do to let the neighbors know we've not been away to coast or mountains. So let the hinds be drawn as usual, the dog and cat put out to hoard, and the tradesmen cease from calling. In the hack purloins of the family mansion may he safely passed the two or three weeks that are usually devoted to the delights of the simple life, care being taken of course to lay in a goodly store of provisions and to attempt no egress or entrance save under cover of night. And on the last day of this secret retreat, the vacationist must call to aid the ultra-violet rays of the electric light, or the quartz mercury lamp, either of which will in a few moments impart to the face and hands and arms that sunburnt hue which is the outward and visible

sign of vacation days. That's where science helps one to conform to the conventions. With an ultra-violeted or quartz-mercuric face, and the aid of a dozen folders for the sake of "local atmosphere," one can safely presume to have been anywhere.

Princess Mary of England is evidently a sensible little miss. Not content with being the first royal child to open an account at the postoffice savings bank, which she did on her tenth birthday, King George's only daughter has learned to use a typewriter, proving, it is reported, an apt pupil, and devoting herself so assiduously to the work that after a few weeks' practice she is able to command quite a fair rate of speed. The little princess is also said to have designs on shorthand, and so will be, thoroughly equipped should the business of royalty experience a slump. Perhaps the thrifty little lady has noticed the failure of Californian stenographers to cope with the requirements of Sir Robert Hadfield and his offer of a hundred dollars a week for one who can "take" a hundred and fifty words a minute.

Moses has held the field a long time with his Ten Commandments, hut he has a rival now in a health association which has descended from its Mount Horeb with this new Decalogue:

Keep windows open day and night.
Do not spit.
Breathe through the nose by keeping the mouth shut.
Drink pure water.
Eat slowly, take well-cooked meals, and cultivate regular habits.
Wear loose clothing of suitable material.
Take regular open-air exercise, in sunshine if possible.
Wash whole body at least once a week.
Work hut do not worry.
Get house drains certified by sanitary authority.

Rich people find the selection of a wedding gift to equally rich friends a subject calling for much thought. For some years a motor car has been considered quite the correct gift to a member of the family, hut now the aero plane is asserting itself. Of course it is by no means common yet; in fact, the first case on record is reported from Geneva, where Miss Marguerite Barhey, an ex-American girl is soon to marry an Englishman. One of her sisters has given the young couple a two-seated Farman biplane.

THOMAS HILL'S MASTERPIECE "The Driving of the Last Spike" NOW OFFERED FOR SALE BY SUBSCRIPTION

Fund Being Raised to Purchase It for Memorial Museum, Golden Gate Park



"THE DRIVING OF THE LAST SPIKE"

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(Now loaned to the Memorial Museum, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco)

Copyright, 1910, by Robt. R. Hill

Lovers of historical California in all parts of the world and admirers of the late artist Thomas Hill, whose paintings for forty years past have drawn the eyes of the world to California's scenic wonders, are asked to subscribe to a fund now being raised to purchase Mr. Hill's great historical painting, "The Driving of the Last Spike," and to present it to the Memorial Museum in Golden Gate Park. The price of the painting has been set at \$15,000—about one-half the artist's original commission from the late Hon. Leland Stanford, the central figure in the picture. Fully twenty thousand people weekly visit the Museum and stand before this great painting—some learning for the first time the historical fact portrayed on the canvas, but all gaining inspiration and courage from viewing this great achievement of a few of California's determined men. Californians can not afford to have this great historical painting removed from the State, as it might be if sold to one person. The Panama-Pacific Exposition soon to be held here will require this painting as the central attraction of its art exhibition. San Francisco must own it! The painting must be sold to settle the estate of the late artist; and the administrator, the artist's son, acting under a bond of \$88,000, has determined to ask for subscriptions to the amount named from city and State officials, chambers of commerce and other civic bodies of the Pacific Coast, parlors of Native Sons and Daughters, clubs and all individuals interested in presenting the picture to the Museum. Subscriptions by check, draft or money-order should be made payable to "Robt. R. Hill, Administrator," and may be mailed or sent to the office of the Estate, Room 604, Wiley B. Allen Building, 153 Kearny Street, near Sutter, San Francisco, California. Contributions will be received personally at the office between three and five o'clock daily. The full name and address of all subscribers is desired, as the Administrator wishes to give a proper receipt in each case. The progress of the fund will be announced in the *Argonaut* and daily papers.

Residence phone, West 5943

ROBT. R. HILL, Administrator Estate of Thomas Hill, deceased

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

During a recent examination in the theology of the Old Testament the following question was asked a young clergyman: "What language did Balaam's ass speak?" After a moment of thought, a smile flashed across his face, and he wrote his answer: "Assyrian."

Mark Twain, in an after-dinner speech in Bermuda, once talked of gratitude. He didn't care much, he said, for gratitude of the noisy, hoisterous kind. "Why," he explained, "when some men discharge an obligation you can hear the report for miles around."

At a Denver hotel a woman went into one of the telephone booths and sat down. It is not possible to get a telephone number from the booth—the girl at the board has to call. The girl went to the booth. "Did you want a telephone number?" she asked of the woman. "No," replied the woman. "I'm just waiting for this elevator to go up."

Professor Harry Thurston Peck, at a literary dinner in New York, discussed men of genius in his usual brilliant manner. Professor Peck's address began humorously. "There are," he said, "many different opinions as to the true definition of a genius, but all authorities agree that it is generally unsafe to lend the fellow money."

Dean Richmond was for many years the democratic leader of New York. Once the boss and his lieutenants forgot on the eve of the convention to "slate" a candidate for office which had been created by the previous legislature. Towards morning, the Boss was awakened by his workers and told of the mistake. "Oh, I'm tired. Don't bother me now. I want to sleep. Let the convention name a candidate."

The story is told that Judge Story and Edward Everett were once the prominent personages at a public dinner in Boston. The former, as a voluntary toast, gave: "Fame follows merit where Everett goes." The gentlemen thus delicately complimented at once arose, and replied with this equally laudatory impromptu: "To whatever height judicial learning may attain in this country, there will always be one Story higher."

Appropos of the enmity, now happily buried, that used to exist between Minneapolis and Paul, Senator Clapp said at a dinner in the former city: "I remember an address in a careless building that I once heard in Minneapolis. 'Why,' said the speaker in the course of this address, 'one inhabitant of St. Paul is killed by accident in the streets every forty-eight hours.' A bitter voice from the rear of the hall interrupted: 'Well, it ain't tough.'"

Hogan was playing nurse to the twins on the front porch. The twins were annoyed because each wanted exclusive possession of the solitary kitten and they were yelling. A neighbor paused at the gate. "Well, Hogan," he asked, "what would you take for them children of yours?" Hogan shifted in his chair. "All the money in the world couldn't buy them," he declared. "But," he added, "I couldn't give them cents apiece for any more of them."

Old Daniel Drew was at his house on Union Square one day, when his clerks sent for the combination of the safe which they wanted to open. Drew said it was locked. They sent again, saying it was a letter combination and they couldn't make a "door" go. Finally Drew went down. When he took the thing in hand, he says, he safely opened as easy as anything. I tried to them: "There," says I, "it opens as easy as an old sack. Just d-o-o-r-e."

Greatly to the pride and pleasure of his father, Lord Rosebery's second son, Neil Primrose, was recently elected to Parliament for a division in Cambridgeshire. During a contest, however, reference was constantly made to Lord Rosebery's opposition to the Budget, which his son supported. On one occasion the candidate was asked whether this action on the part of his father did not amount to "hitting below the belt." "Exactly," said Mr. Primrose, "but when one's father does hit one it is generally below the belt."

Pushing her way through the crowd on the trolley to the decrepit rig, the middle-aged woman sized up the emaciated animal from every point of view, and then, turning to the driver, who had clambered out of the wagon and propped himself against the engine-room, said: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for driving a poor horse like that; it should be at home and in the stable." "What is the matter with her, lady?" was the easy response of the owner, who didn't seem a whole bit perturbed. "What is the matter with

her?" demanded the S. P. C. A. lady with increasing warmth of tone. "Can't you see how skinny she is? She looks starved." "The horse is all right, lady," calmly rejoined the expressman, as a sweet smile floated through his scant crop of whiskers. "You see, she got up so late this mornin' that she didn't have time to put on her rats, pads, an' extenders, or she would have been as plump as the next one."

A chauffeur who had just returned to the garage after taking the State's examination to determine his fitness to be licensed was asked by a fellow-worker what the questions were. "One of them was about meeting a skittish horse," he replied. "They asked what I would do if I approached a horse which showed signs of being afraid of the car and its driver held up his hand to me." "What's the answer?" asked a bystander. "Oh, I had that all right," the chauffeur replied. "I told 'em I'd stop the car, take it apart and hide the pieces in the grass."

A patient in a lunatic asylum imagined himself dead. Nothing could drive this delusion out of the man's brain; but one day his physician had a happy thought, and said to him: "Did you ever see a dead man bleed?" "No." "Well, if you will permit me, I will try an experiment with you, and see if you bleed or not." The patient gave his consent; the doctor whipped out his scalpel, and drew a little blood. "There," said he, "you see that you bleed; that proves that you're not dead." "Not at all," the patient instantly replied; "that only proves that dead men can bleed."

A newly made magistrate was gravely absorbed in a formidable document. Raising his keen eyes, he said to the man who stood patiently awaiting the award of justice: "Officer, what is this man charged with?" "Bigotry, your worship. He's got three wives." The new justice rested his elbows on the desk and placed his finger tips together. "Officer," he said, somewhat sternly, "what is the use of all this education, all these evening schools, all the technical classes, and what not? Please remember, in any future like case, that a man who has married three wives has not committed bigotry, but trigonometry. Proceed."

Discussing international marriages, Senator Tillman said humorously at a dinner in Washington: "Think, too, of their queer foreign manners. They knot their napkins about their necks, you know, like this. They say that a Czech nobleman, a short time after his marriage with a Chicago heiress, appeared at the club with his face covered with scars. 'Dear me, count!' cried a friend, 'your face! Dueling again! Don't you know that your life is more valuable now?' 'Ah, no, count,' the other replied, touching his torn countenance gravely; 'I have not been dueling. It is my American wife. She insists on my eating with a fork.'"

Alton B. Parker, in the smoking-room of an ocean liner, rejoiced in the fact that there are so many German-Americans in the United States. "These solid, intelligent, industrious, and honest men," he said, "are a great boon to our country. There are a lot of them, but I wish there were more. At the same time there are a lot of them. On the boat going over, my neighbor in the dining saloon picked up a card the first day out, and glancing down it, said to the steward: 'Steward, my wife and I will have a bottle of seltzer, a half-bottle of nirsteiner, and a half-bottle of oppenheimer.' 'Beg pardon,' said the steward; 'that isn't the wine card, sir. That's the passenger list.'"

When Elisha decided to take unto himself a sixth helpmeet, he repaired to the house of a Baptist minister, a venerable man who had officiated at several of Biggs's previous weddings, to make arrangements to be married there the next day. The minister reflected a moment. "Elisha," said he, "I shall, of course, be glad to marry you again. This will be the third or fourth time, will it not? If you don't mind telling me, why is it that you never have a minister of your own race tie the knot for you?" Elisha seemed hurt for a moment, but finally a broad smile illumined his features. "Well, sah," he explained, "I hab kinder got de habit ob gitin' a white man to do my marryin', an' I reckon I'll allus do it."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Costly Coat.

Talk not of dresses lace-embossed
Or jeweled collars;
She has a coat of tan that cost
Two hundred dollars.
—Pittsburg Post.

The Mystery.

"Taint me," says the farmer,
"Who's getting the stuff."
"Taint me," says the packer,
"I get just enough
To pay a small profit,
As far as can be."
And all of them chorus
Together, "Taint me."
"Taint me," says the tanner,
"Who gets the high price
For high shoes and low ones,
For slippers and ties."
"Taint me," says the rancher,
"I live and that's all."
"Taint me," says the dealer,
"My profits are small."
"Taint me," says the cannor,
"My margin's the same."
"Taint me," says the huckster,
"Who's bracing the game."
"Taint me," says the gardener,
"I'm poor all the time."
"Taint me," says the grocer,
"I aint seen a dime."
It's purely a puzzle
To know where it goes;
No maker or seller
Of any of those
Partake of high prices,
So they all agree;
And I'm a consumer,
I'm certain "Taint me."
—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

He Meant Well.

He meant quite well,
It was perfectly well meant,
But the elephant just grabbed him
And then slung him through the tent.
In the ground he made a dent—
Oh, a big one!—where he fell,
He put pepper in the peanuts,
But he meant quite well.
He meant quite well.
He was only rather green
And indulged himself in smoking
In the powder magazine,
He has never since been seen,
But the sexton tolled his knell,
And his family wore mourning,
For he meant quite well.
—New Orleans Picayune.

Sunrise.

The sun has slipped around the hills
To where the little village dreams
Asleep, in gentle peace that fills
Each lowly cottage. Lo! it seems
To touch with wand of magic bold
Each sleeper in some shadow hid,
To stir awake for dawn of gold—
At any rate I hope it did.

The milkmaids whistle merrily
As on their way they tripping go;
They call each other cheerily—
'Twere sad to think of it not so.

O lovely sun! enchanted dawn!
O for the master's brush most rare!
When all things else are dead and gone
My masterpiece would still outwear!
And such invigorating air!
Sweet-scented with the dew-drenched flowers!
Aye, even though I was not there—
I never rose at sunrise hours.
—W. A. Branan, in Pan-American Magazine.

The Gaekwar.

Oh, the Gaekwar of Baroda
Has a white and gold pagoda,
A white and gold pagoda with a royal purple
top;
And at all the ceremonies—
All the real ones and the phonies—
They tote him in a litter till his highness bids
'em stop.

Oh, the Gaekwar of Baroda
Takes his tonic and his soda
From jeweled glasses that would bring the ransom
of a crown.
Ah, it's fine to be a Hindu
When so many things you kin do—
But as for that Baroda job, the Gaekwar holds
it down.
—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The first debutante ball, on Thursday night, inaugurated the winter season, and the entertaining consequent on the principal event of the week gave an impetus to things social which will gather momentum through the medium of other debutante functions until the date of the first Greenway Assembly, on November 4, which will find society in its entirety back in town and the season well under way.

Mrs. Charles Clark's luncheon on Friday, the large number of brilliant dinners which preceded the Crocker ball, and the week-end house parties with the now popular costume dinner as one of the entertaining features planned for the guests, were responsible for the brilliancy of the week's social record.

An engagement of interest to local society is that of Miss Jessie Clark and Mr. John D. Fletcher, which was announced on Monday at a tea given by Mrs. Raymond Wilson of Berkeley. Miss Clark is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Clark of Berkeley and is a cousin of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and a sister of Mr. Albert Clark of San Francisco.

The engagement of Miss Edith Lowe and Dr. Hans Wollman was made known this week. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lowe of Sausalito, and her fiancé is a native of Hamburg, where his family is a prominent one. No date has been named for the wedding, though it has been indefinitely stated that it will take place in the early spring.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Catherine Rockwell of Kansas City and Mr. Francis Hinckley Crosby of San Francisco. Miss Rockwell is the daughter of Captain Bertrand Rockwell, U. S. A., and a niece of General Adna S. Chaffee.

The wedding of Miss Christine Pomeroy and Mr. Thomas Scott Brooke will take place at Trinity Church at four o'clock on the afternoon of November 3. Bishop William Ford Nichols will officiate at the ceremony. The bridal party will include Miss Harriett Pomeroy, Miss Dorothy Giddings, Miss Natalie Coffin, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Helen Cheschrough, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, and Miss Margaretta Brooke of Portland.

The wedding of Miss Irene Tay and Mr. Sprague Magruder took place Saturday afternoon at the bride's home on Webster Street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph Worcester. The bride was attended by her three small nieces—Dorothy Danforth, Harriett Fletcher, and Eleanor Tay, and Mr. Frederick Salter acted as best man. The bride is the second daughter of Mr. George H. Tay, who was a pioneer San Franciscan, and is the sister of Mrs. Peter Fletcher of New York and Mrs. Edward P. Danforth. After a wedding trip to Mississippi, which is the home of the groom, Mr. Magruder and his bride will return to California, where they will reside permanently.

The wedding of Miss Elsa Draper and Midshipman James Lawrence Kauffman has been set for October 5. It will take place in Christ Church, Sausalito, and will be followed by a large reception at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. Wain-Morgan Draper.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker presented their daughter, Ethel, formally to their friends and society at a ball at their Burlingame home on Thursday night, which was attended by several hundred guests who went down on a special train from the city, and by as many who are still occupying their country homes on the peninsula. A number of the season's debutantes made their first social appearance at the ball, among them being Miss Isabel Sprague, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Constance McLaren, the Misses Cunningham, and

Miss Lee Girvin. The Crocker home, New Place, has been recently completed, and for the occasion a large temporary ballroom, with artistic decorative effects in lights and flowers, furnished further dancing space for the guests. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Breese, Mr. and Mrs. William Irwin, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Eleanor Cushing, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Amy Bowles, the Misses Havermeier, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Helen Irwin, and Miss Katherine Donohue.

Mrs. Andrew L. Stone entertained twenty-four guests at a dinner complimentary to her sisters, the Misses Havermeier, at the Peninsula Hotel Thursday night, and with them attended the Crocker ball at its conclusion.

Miss Florence Hopkins is entertaining a house party over the week end at her home at Menlo, and with her guests attended the Crocker ball on Thursday night.

Miss Louise Boyd entertained at a luncheon at the Marin Country Club on Saturday afternoon. Her guests included Mrs. Harold Dillingham, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, and Miss Martha Calhoun.

Mrs. Charles Clark was hostess at an elaborate luncheon on September 9 in honor of Miss Ethel Crocker. Twenty-four of the young friends of the guest of honor enjoyed Mrs. Clarke's hospitality on this occasion.

Miss Olive Wheeler was hostess at a tea Saturday afternoon, at which she entertained in honor of her sister, Miss Lillias Wheeler, who leaves shortly for Vassar. Among the guests were Miss Isabel Beaver, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Anna Weller, and Miss Anna Olney. Among those who assisted Miss Wheeler in receiving her guests were Miss Marcia Fee, Miss Frances Martin, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Agnes Tillman, and Miss Elva De Pue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger entertained at a dinner dance at their home at Woodside on Friday evening in honor of the Misses Cunningham. Their guests on that occasion were Miss Peggy Nichols, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Katherine Donohoe, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Myra Josselyn, Mr. Teddy Eyre, Mr. Corbett Moody, Mr. Joseph Moody, Mr. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Mr. Livingston Baker, Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., and Mr. Austin Tubbs.

Miss Janet Painter was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Friday at which she entertained for Miss Franc Pierce, who leaves next week for Wellesley. Her guests included Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, Miss Dorothy Mann, Miss Marian Ramsey, and Miss Pauline Painter.

Mr. Charles Clark was host at a stag dinner at Del Monte on Saturday evening, prior to his departure for his home at Burlingame. His guests included Mr. Douglas Grant, Mr. Vincent Whitney, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. Frank Duff, Mr. Chapin Tubbs, Judge Davis, Mr. William O'Connor, Mr. Campbell Whyte, Mr. Austin White, Mr. Eugene Murphy, Captain J. S. Oyster, Mr. Herbert Claire, Mr. Robin Payne, Mr. W. R. Millar, Mr. H. G. Potter, Dr. Teaby, Mr. Morris Redmayne, Mr. Arthur Inkersley, and Mr. Duane Hopkins.

Mrs. E. C. Wright was hostess at a luncheon at the Bellevue on Friday afternoon, which was followed by a musicale. The guests were Miss Elva De Pue, Miss Correnah de Pue, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Ruth Slack, Miss Adeline Belcher, Miss Roberta Belcher, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Helen Leavitt, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Olive Wheeler, and Miss Lillias Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening at their country home at Woodside in honor of Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger.

Mrs. W. S. Porter was hostess at a luncheon on Monday at her home on Pacific Avenue complimentary to Mrs. E. D. Tenny of Honolulu, who has been visiting here for several months.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose entertained at a handsome dinner on Saturday in honor of the officers of the Fortieth Infantry, who were en route to Atascadero. Among those present were Colonel Phister, Colonel Boughton, Major Roudiez, Captain Wilcox, Captain Goodrich, Captain Kelham, Captain Bagby, Mr. Findlay, Dr. and Mrs. James C. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Eglington Montgomery, and Mr. Hugh Montgomery.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams entertained at an elaborate reception Monday evening at their home at Berkeley. Their guests were the friends of their daughter, Miss Florence Williams.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin was hostess at a bridge party followed by an informal tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday, at which she entertained Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Mrs. Walter Albert Scott, and Mrs. Madden.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Aiken entertained a house party over the week end at their home at Los Altos and on Saturday evening gave a costume dinner for sixteen guests.

Baseball follows the flag (says a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*). In the Philippines it seems that baseball is not an insignificant factor in our educational scheme, for it gets into the government reports among nature studies and manual training. "We first got hold of the Jolo boys through baseball," writes one teacher of the young untamed Moros. "I have always found baseball a good way to interest the children in the schools," writes another. A division superintendent informs the Philippine commission that "baseball is doing more than anything else to enlist the sympathies of the inhabitants. Among the boys it engenders a spirit of perseverance."

CURRENT VERSE.

The Errant Pan.

No more 'mid low Achaean hills
Echo the flutes of Pan.
The sad winds mourn thro' graves forlorn
Where once the blithe god ran;
But I know where the wanderer calls
By Athahaskan waterfalls.

Still may his merry notes be heard
Beneath a northern moon.
He pipes the gray geese out at dawn
O'er many a green lagoon
And lures the spotted fawns to play
Along each leaf-hung waterway.

Where flower the meadows of the clouds
White with anemone,
He fills the wild-sheep's lofty folds
With his gay reveille
And frolics with the lambs in May
Upon the cliffs of Kootenay.

Beneath the birches in the fall
The shaggy minstrel lies,
While from his magic reeds ascend
To bright Alaskan skies
The ditties that the dryads knew
Where nimble feet of wood-nymphs flew.

The troubadour has journeyed far
Out to the blue Cascades,
Where dwells he in a fairer land
Than his soft Grecian glades,
And dreams beside a holder sea
Than ever girdled Arcady.

—George T. Marsh, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

The Gipsy.

Is there no room in your gipsy heart
Where a woman's love might lie
Warm and sheltered, your prize and song,
As you wander beneath the sky?

"No," for you say, "I'll carry no weight,
I must be free, be free.
I'll carry no love in my gipsy heart
To make a drag for me."

Little you know, then—love is the cloak
That shelters you from the storm;
Love makes the shoes for your gipsy feet;
Love is your coat so warm.

Tho' you take no purse and you take no staff,
You can not escape the load
Of a woman's longing and a woman's love,
That follow you down the road.
—Helen Hay Whitney, in *Metropolitan Magazine*.

The Burden.

The burden that I bear would be no less
Should I cry out against it; though I fill
The weary day with sound of my distress
It were my burden still.

The burden that I bear may be no more,
For all I bear it silently and stay
Sometimes to laugh and listen at a door
Where joy keeps holiday.

I ask no more save only this may be—
On life's long road, where many comrades fare,
One shall not guess, though he keep step with me,
The burden that I bear.
—Theodosia Garrison, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

In the Rain.

A Reminiscence of the Philippines.

As I swam across the river in the rain,
The raindrops rang a warning to my brain:
"There's a crooked knife for you,
And an ugly spear or two,
That'll make you wish you hadn't come again.
Go back!

Oh, a dead man won't look pretty in the rain!"

As I swam across the river in the rain,
The lurking lizards croaked a grim refrain:
"For a cheek of velvet brown
Shall a cayman drag you down,
Or a man-trap spit you on a pointed cane.
Go back!

Can't you see the jungle's slippery with the rain?"

As I swam across the river in the rain,
My blood beat up an answer very plain:
"Gold-black eyes as soft as night
Gave a promise of delight,
And never was there pleasure without pain,
Go back!

Why, her hair will be all shinin' in the rain!"
—David Potter, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Mayor Fitzgerald may not belong to Boston's "Brahmin caste," but it has remained for him to "recall" the city to its "Puritan virtues." According to a New York theatrical paper he has sent the managers of the theatres a letter, a part of which is as follows: "I desire to remind you that suggestive and sensational posters, such as have in the past incurred the censure of religious and ethical societies, will not be tolerated in this city, but on the contrary may, under certain circumstances, be regarded as furnishing adequate cause for the revocation of your license." Also, according to the same source, profanity and the use of expletives that would not be countenanced in the home are not to be tolerated on the stage. The zealous mayor is not likely to try to revive the "blue" laws so long as he has humbly to ask his fellow-citizens for their votes.

A square white flag, fringed with gold, and bearing three gold hees and a diagonal red stripe, has been presented to the army museum in Paris. The flag is a relic of Napoleon, and was used by him during his sojourn at Elba.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis Simpson at Coos Bay, after which they will go to New York, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker. They will then journey to Detroit, where they will make their home for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden will spend the winter in California this year, instead of returning to New York, as is their usual custom.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and her daughter, Miss Metha McMahon, will leave next week for Europe, where they will probably remain for a year.

Captain Sydney A. Cloman, attaché of the American embassy in London, and Mrs. Cloman are at Carlsbad, after a visit in Paris.

Mr. A. Dalton Harrison and Mr. Henry Landsberger will reach San Francisco next month, having sailed for home from Paris last week, after a tour of the world.

Mrs. Wilbur Burnett is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hammond at Colorado Springs.

The Misses Maisie and Angela Coyle are visiting in Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hueter are planning a trip to Mexico before opening their home in town for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss (formerly Miss Florence Dunham) will return to Lake Tahoe, where they will make their home, after a honeymoon trip in the south.

Miss Hannah Du Bois and Miss Emily Du Bois have returned from Santa Barbara and are at Sausalito with Mr. and Mrs. Rodman Pell. They will spend the winter in town.

Dr. and Mrs. Washington Dodge have returned to their country home at Menlo, after a motor trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander has returned to San Francisco, after a two weeks' visit at Santa Barbara.

Colonel John A. Darling and Mrs. Darling are at Paso Robles, where they will remain during the army maneuvers at Atascadero.

Mrs. Chrystal Harrison and Mrs. Charles Shields are now in Paris, and will sail for home on one of the October steamers.

Mrs. John Swift is in Paris, and contemplates remaining abroad until the early winter.

Miss Helen Hyde left Saturday for Colorado Springs, after a visit here with her aunt, Mrs. David Bixler.

Senator George C. Perkins and his niece, Miss Alma Perkins, returned on Saturday from a six weeks' trip to Tahiti. Miss Perkins will accompany her uncle to Washington in November.

Mr. Patrick Calhoun and his two sons left Friday for the East, where the boys will return to school in New York.

General Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., joined Mrs. Barry and Miss Ellen Barry in Washington, D. C., last week, and after a brief visit there they proceeded to West Point, where they are established in their new home.

Mrs. James Jordan has returned from Boston, where she went immediately following the death of her husband.

Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin is in Switzerland, and will remain abroad for several months longer. Mr. Schwerin is at present in China, and will not return to San Francisco until November.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and their daughter, Miss Lydia Hopkins, will return this week to their home at Menlo, after a visit at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith have returned to the city, after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Aiken at Los Altos.

Captain W. S. Brewster, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brewster will spend the winter at Colorado Springs.

Mrs. Harry Sherman is spending the month of September at the Potter Hotel at Santa Barbara.

Miss Elena Robinson is at Santa Barbara, where she will visit friends until the first of October.

Miss Bessie Ashton accompanied Miss Dorothy Baker when she returned to the Baker ranch on Friday, and they will remain there several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry have returned from Lake Alta, where they have a country home.

Miss Lalla Wenzelberger has returned from a visit to Mrs. Charles Bonte in Placer County. Her fiancé, Lieutenant Shea, will arrive next week from Alaska, and their wedding will take place in October.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and Miss Jane Hotaling, who have spent the summer at their bungalow in Marin County, have returned to the city and have opened their house on Franklin Street.

Miss Ethel Cooper, who has been at Del Monte for the past two weeks, is now the guest of Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and her daughters at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fraser Douglas have returned from the East, where they spent several months visiting relatives in New York.

Mrs. William Mintzer and Miss Mauricia Mintzer have been guests of Miss Kate Stone at the Baker ranch in Shasta County. They will leave for Europe next month and go directly to Paris, where Miss Mintzer will spend the next year at school.

Dr. and Mrs. William Younger will leave next Saturday for their home in Paris, after a visit in San Francisco which has extended over several months.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle are planning to go abroad to visit Mrs. MacMonagle's sister, Mrs. Claremont Best, who makes her home in Paris.

Mr. Hamilton Bryan, who is a cadet at Annapolis, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, during his vacation.

Mrs. William Laurence Breese will leave this week for New York, where she will attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Rosalind Fish, and Mr. John Cutter.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Alan MacDonald at their home at Ross.

Mrs. Philip E. Bowles and her daughter, Miss

Amy Bowles, have returned to their home, The Pines, at Piedmont, after a visit at Del Monte.

Mr. William H. Keith left for New York on Monday after a visit of several months in San Francisco.

Mrs. A. M. Rosborough and her son, Joseph, left Monday for New York and will sail for Europe, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Clinton Jones and her daughter, Helen, have returned from Castle Crag.

Mrs. Philip King Brown spent the week end at the country home of the O. D. Baldwins, Surrey Hills, near Cloverdale.

Miss Julia Thomas left Sunday for New York, where she will spend the winter. She accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Williams and their daughter, Corona.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has returned from Monterey, where he went following his return from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillman, Miss Agnes Tillman, and Mr. Frederick Tillman, Jr., have returned from Aptos and opened their town house on Washington Street for the winter.

Mr. Arthur Cheschrough and his daughter, Miss Helen Cheschrough, have returned to their home at Ross, after a visit at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Harold Dillingham will sail for her home in Honolulu on September 13, after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith, and Mrs. Baldwin Wood.

Miss Maren Froelich has returned to San Francisco, after an absence of several years in Europe. She has been the guest of Mrs. John Evelyn Page at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Dr. Paul de Vecchi and family have returned from their summer home, Rye Beach, New Hampshire, and will spend the winter at the Wolcott in New York.

Princess David Kawanakoa arrived on Sunday from Honolulu, where she has been visiting for several months. She will remain here several months before leaving for Washington, D. C., where she will spend the remainder of the season.

Mrs. C. W. Fisher, Jr., of Mare Island, is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Gielow, who recently arrived at the navy yard for an extended visit.

Mrs. William B. Bourn did not accompany her husband home, but has extended her visit with her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, in London.

Miss Sara Collier is the guest of Mrs. E. B. McCutcheon at Lake Tahoe, where she will remain two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Castle of Honolulu are at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar N. Wilson and Miss Maude Wilson have come over from Belvedere and are established in town for the winter.

Miss Marian Marvin, who went East Saturday with Mrs. Frederick Van Sicken and Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, will spend part of the winter with relatives in Buffalo.

Miss Sidney Davis will leave Saturday for Boston, and will probably remain East for the winter.

Mrs. Virginia Maddox and her son, Mr. Knox Maddox, will spend another month at Santa Barbara before returning to town for the winter, when they will occupy the Russell Wilson house on California Street.

Dr. Joseph Marshall Flint, who with Mrs. Flint has been the guest of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst at her country home, Wynton, on the McCloud River, returned to New Haven Saturday to resume his courses at Yale, where he occupies the chair of surgery.

Miss Louise Runyon, who has been visiting Miss Dorothy Boericke and Mrs. Ralston White at Mill Valley, has returned to her home in New York. While here she was the recipient of many social attentions.

Miss Louise Janin, the daughter of Mrs. George Mendell, will leave shortly for New York, where she will spend another year at school.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan and Miss Margaret Carrigan are in New York, after a trip through the East. They will return to San Francisco in a few weeks.

Mrs. Edgar Preston has taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss de Young, and Miss Phyllis de Young will return from abroad in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, who have been spending the summer at Santa Barbara, will spend the winter months at their home on Broadway.

Dr. Henri B. de Marville will probably remain abroad for another year at least. He and his daughter, Miss Cora de Marville, have been touring the continent recently, but are again established in their apartment in Paris for the winter.

Dr. Arnold Genthe has left for the East, and will spend some time in Washington, New York, and Boston, and does not expect to return till the middle of October.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. E. T. Ryan, Mr. W. T. Richardson, Mr. A. F. Whitman, Mr. P. P. Shelby, Mr. Thomas Mirk, Mr. Horace S. Clark, Mr. F. C. Downs, Mr. A. G. Brown, Mr. John W. Geary, Mr. Charles H. Kimball, Mr. Willard Chamberlain, Mr. E. J. Ling, and Captain and Mrs. Bent.

Among recent arrivals at Aetna Springs were Mr. and Mrs. John D. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson, Miss Mary Margaret Dinmore, Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Ford, Mr. Willmar T. Strout, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Taylor, Mr. Herbert B. Whitton, Miss Alice M. Whitton, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Prouty, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Francis, Miss Dollarhide, Miss Winifred Dollarhide, Mr. Ray Powers, Mr. Sam Salomon, and Mrs. G. Chevalier and two children, Mr. J. K. Hecht, Dr. Henry Abraham, Mr. G. P. Signer, Mr. Lester Roth, Mr. Victor H. Levy, Mr. Leon Liches, Mrs. Willis Collins, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Gilman, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Atkinson, Mr. G. W. Atkinson, Mr. Robert Atkinson, Mr. H. M. Atkinson, Mr. Henry Lachman, Mr. J. S. Pollard, Mr. H. N. Morse, Mr. W. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Buckingham, and Mr. Paul D. Buckingham.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The Bevani Grand Opera Company is scoring a brilliant triumph at the Garrick Theatre. At today's (Saturday) matinee "Martha" will be revived. Tonight (Saturday) "Trovatore" will be given. Tomorrow (Sunday) matinee "Faust" will be sung, and for tomorrow (Sunday) night "Rigoletto" will be the performance. The repertory for next week is as follows: Monday night and Saturday matinee, "Love Tales of Hoffman"; Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights, "Aida"; Wednesday night and Sunday matinee, "La Traviata"; Friday night, "Il Trovatore"; Saturday night, "Rigoletto."

When Margaret Illington, broken in health, left the stage two years ago, her retirement was universally commented upon as being a distinct loss. She was then in the zenith of her fame, playing in "The Thief," and she was generally accepted as among the foremost representatives of the younger set of actresses appearing in emotional rôles. Her health having been completely regained, Miss Illington has again returned to stage work, and the announcement that she is to come to the Savoy Theatre for an engagement of two weeks, beginning next Monday evening, has caused pleasurable anticipation. Miss Illington will be seen in what is said to be her greatest success, a new play derived from a French source, entitled "Until Eternity," adapted for her by Edward Elmer. This play, which serves to exploit Miss Illington's well-known emotional powers to their highest degree, is described as an uncommonly adroit and well made drama, founded on a plot that is well provided with human and dramatic interest. Miss Illington will be seen in the character of a repentant wife and heart-broken mother. In her supporting company are Nina Morris, Lilla Vane, Gladys Webster, Antoinette Crawford, Ruth Ormsby, Walter Edwards, Edward Elmer, Melville Rosenow, and Stanley DeWolfe. The piece is well staged and its two scenes, laid in Paris and London, represent the perfection of the scene painter's art. The tapestries and hangings were especially imported for this production.

The return engagement of Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady" at the Columbia Theatre is proving a pronounced success. In the language of Patricia O'Brien, Rose Stahl has shown that she could "come back" and make good with the laugh-provoking comedy. Miss Stahl's engagement at the Columbia Theatre is to continue for another week, every night including Sunday. Matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The Wednesday matinees at the Columbia Theatre at popular prices have apparently hit the public fancy and are in such demand that seats are completely sold out long before the performance commences. San Francisco is at present showing its appreciation of Miss Stahl's performance by crowding the Columbia at every presentation of the comedy. Miss Stahl's characterization of the part of Patricia O'Brien will be remembered as a classic. The final performance is announced for the night of Sunday, September 18.

The Orpheum programme for next week has a most attractive appearance. Rameses, the Egyptian wonder-worker, will appear in his temple of mystery, an erection of picturesque and gorgeous character, in which he performs a variety of startling feats. Two of his illusions savor of witchcraft, the sacrifice of the fire goddess, and his own eclipse and resurrection. The goddess is consumed by real flames in full view of the audience and from the charred bones Rameses restores her to life. The eclipse and resurrection of Rameses are said to haffle description. "High Life in Jail," a travesty by Ren Shields, broadly hurlesquing the daily routine of the prisoners who are compelled to dress in stripes, will be an amusing feature of the new bill. William H. Sloan and W. H. (Bill) Mack have the two principal rôles, and associated with them are Frank De Groat, Nelson Doyle, Charles Smith, and Joe Schwab. Zelilah Covington and Rose Wilbur will present "The Parsonage," a play in which these artists represent seven different characters in as many scenes, varying from the simple-minded country girl and hoy to the wayward girl who has strayed from home, the villain and murderer, and the detective. Mr. Covington and Mrs. Wilbur change their costumes with marvelous rapidity, and it is difficult at first to credit the statement that two people supply the entire performance. The Four Rianos will be welcomed, for their original and screamingly funny acrobatic sketch, "In Africa," is one of the humorous memories of Orpheum patrons. Next week terminates the engagements of Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown, the Jack Artois Duo, the Bison City Four, and George Auger and his players in "Jack the Giant Killer."

Charles Frohman is to send to this city his two big musical productions, "The Dollar Princess" and "The Arcadians." The latter will be played by the English cast of principals which Frohman is bringing to this coun-

try especially for the tour of this big success.

Wilton Lackaye and his supporting company, in "The Battle," will close their notably successful engagement at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday evening. The play and company are reviewed at length on another page.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"We've just bought a Rembrandt." "How many cylinders?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Knicker—What is Henpeck's state of mind? *Bocker*—He hasn't any; it's a territory.—*New York Sun*.

He—I made \$500 out of the chicken business. *She*—Did you? *He*—Yes, I stayed out.—*Paris Outlook*.

Mrs. Loren Yet—He has good blood in him. *Mrs. Hugh Moy*—But how admirably he conceals it!—*Life*.

"Is he a capable man?" "I should say he is. He can hang pictures to his wife's entire satisfaction."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Our humane society has asked Constable Newt Plum to prohibit the movin' pictures of "Roosevelt in Africa."—*Kin Hubbard*.

"I like to go to church." "Why?" "Well, it's comforting to see one man keep so many women quiet for an hour."—*The Widow*.

Snoll Boy—I want a box of pills, please. *The Chemist*—What kind, my boy? *Antibillious*. *Small Boy*—No, it's uncle, sir.—*Landon Sketch*.

Professor—What charming children! They are twins, I presume? *Fond Mother*—Yes. *Professor*—And—er—are they both yours?—*Chicago News*.

"Many people talk much more agreeably than they write," said the literary person. "Yes," replied Mr. Owington. "My tailor does that."—*Washington Star*.

Son (first trip in railroad diner)—Pa, what is that ax in the end of the car for? *Father*—Wait until they serve our steak, my boy, and you shall see.—*The Traveler*.

Immature Conductor (to clarinet player)—See here, Herr Schlag, why don't you follow my beat? *Veteran Clarinet* (solemnly)—If you don't look owd, I will!—*Puck*.

He (at the concert)—Miss Shreeker says she is always nervous when she attempts to sing in public. *She*—Well, I'm not surprised. She has heard herself before.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"My first wife married me to reform me." "Of what?" "Being a bachelor." "Well, she succeeded in that, anyway." "I should say—I've been married twice since."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"It must be expensive to get up these moving pictures of warfare." "Yes, actors and costumes cost a lot." "Wouldn't it be cheaper to finance a South American revolution?"—*Washington Herald*.

The Doctor—How is your appetite? *The Patient*—Wretched; the best meal my wife cooks doesn't tempt me. *The Doctor*—Um—er—er—do you ever try a meal in a restaurant?—*Chilicothe Herald*.

"John," said his wife, "I have lots of things I want to talk to you about." "That's good," answered Mr. Spenders; "generally you want to talk to me about things you haven't got."—*Buffalo Express*.

"So the book has been withdrawn from publication? A good job, too; it was perfectly scandalous. When was the order made?" "Just a week after you had read it." "Ah! I was in luck, then."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Who is the man who is so loudly and energetically opposing restrictions on automobile speeding? I don't recollect having seen him among the motorists before." "You haven't. He's not a motorist; he's an undertaker."—*Baltimore American*.

Mrs. Stubb (reading)—When ladies go trout fishing in the Canadian streams, they do not speak for hours at a time, as the slightest sound frightens the fish. *Mr. Stubb*—Great Jupiter, Marie! Let's us both go up there at once.—*Elmira Advertiser*.

"I never saw the captain show cowardice but once." "When was that?" "You know how bald he is?" "Yes." "Well, in the last engagement when the enemy's aviator began to drop his bombs I saw the captain put on his cap."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Mrs. Jangles says she can remember when that fashionable Cumrox family didn't know where the next meal was coming from." "Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "it's evident she didn't invite them to dine with her then, so there's no reason why they should invite her now."—*Washington Star*.

"Yes," said the busy merchant, "I advertised for a porter, but only a strong, muscular man can fill the place. What was your last occupation?" "I carved spring chickens in a downtown restaurant," answered the applicant. "Take off your coat and get to work at once," said the b. m. as he turned to his ledger.—*Chicago News*.

George—Do you see that pretty girl in the hummock? *Horold*—Yes. What of her? *George*—I saved her life last summer. *Horold*—Indeed! At the seashore? *George*—

No, on the front porch. I proposed to her and she said she'd die if she married me, so I excused her.—*Stray Stories*.

Cautious Coddie (to employer with pronounced squint)—Please, sir, where do you think it would be safest to stand?—*London Globe*.

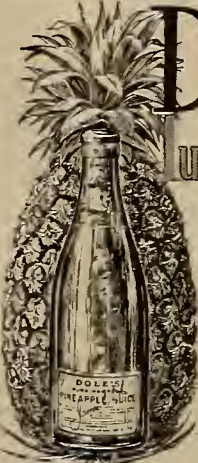
"As a politician that man was a disgrace to the city." "Well, he has risen in the political world since then. Now he's a disgrace to the State."—*Puck*.

"Why don't you eat your caviar?" asked the host. "Didn't know it was to eat," replied Bronco Bob. "I thought there had been

an accident and the cook had spilled the birdshot."—*Washington Star*.

"Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles," said Mr. Meekins. "Well," answered his wife, "it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor."—*Tit-Bits*.

Mrs. Swift—Your husband says he prefers baseball to the theatre. *Mrs. Smith*—Yes, and I am anxious to encourage the preference. The theatre tempts him to try to sing popular airs when he gets home, but a baseball game gives him all the vocal exercise he can stand.—*New Orleans Picayune*.



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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Canal Forts and Treaties.

It is not known that Great Britain has protested against the fortification of the canal terminals, but the friends of that policy fear that she may, in spite of the illingness of Mr. Hearst to resist. Her right to do so, if such right exists, lay originally in the Clayton-ulwer treaty, which provided for joint control of any thmian canal that might be built. But this treaty was perspered in 1902 by an agreement under which the dlicy of joint control was relinquished. Yet the right the United States to do as it pleased about the dense of the canal was, at the same time, circumscribed. he crucial clause of the treaty, which is in full force d effect, is as follows:

The canal shall never be blockaded nor shall any right of r be exercised, nor any act of hostility be committed within The United States, however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary protect it against lawlessness and disorder.

Plainly no forts were contemplated by Great Britain, e force permitted "along the canal" being a mere

guard to protect the locks and other public property. No right of war was permissible within the canal; and this in connection with the sentence forbidding blockades—which forts may establish as well as ships—shows that the British treaty-makers succeeded in imparting to the covenant with the United States a considerable element of canal neutrality.

What is to be done about this agreement if it be true, as various papers say, that the administration intends to build forts? England is not known to have relinquished her rights. We are not a treaty-breaking power, except with our Indian tribes. We take some pride in holding to our compacts with foreign states. And if the administration should disregard a treaty for the sake of forts, there might be trouble in prevailing on old-fashioned folk in Congress to appropriate for them. And yet it is intolerable to build the canal with American money and find American sovereignty over it to have been limited in advance. One may not become reconciled to this even by knowing that the President who did it was Roosevelt—the same who is now howling for fortification of the canal. Hence the desire, expressed in high quarters, to find a way both to keep the word of promise to the British ear and break it to the British hope, which may, perhaps, account for the threat of annexation made to the Panama authorities by the United States minister.

Of course, if we own all Panama we may fortify its ports without any reference to canal connections. One might inquire if this is what we are about without accepting the possibilities as a moral as well as a strategic triumph.

Roosevelt's Treatment of Taft.

No other of the many revelations of Mr. Roosevelt's Western tour has so illustrated the selfish side of his character as his attitude towards Mr. Taft, President of the United States. He has literally pushed Mr. Taft to one side, arrogating to himself the privileges and the moral powers which by choice of the people of the United States rest not with him, but with one whom he pretends to regard as a friend. True, he has said little of Taft directly, but the whole purpose and effect of his utterances have been to belittle the President, to discredit him in popular estimation, to increase his embarrassments.

Let us glance for a moment at the situation and history of President Taft and his relations to Mr. Roosevelt: Taft was a man of place and distinction before his association with Roosevelt. After winning high professional standing as a lawyer, he was made justice of the United States Circuit Court. His eminence as a jurist, combined with his accomplishments as a scholar, won him an invitation to the presidency of Yale College. He was selected by President McKinley to represent United States authority in the governorship of the Philippine Islands at a time when character, poise, judgment, had to supply the want of experience and precedent. How Mr. Taft carried himself, what honors he won, what record he made for the glory of his country—these are matters of open history. Later, under varying responsibilities as a member of Roosevelt's Cabinet, he so carried himself as to augment his repute, confirm himself in universal respect, and command universal confidence.

Now with a distinct sense of all that is involved in the statement, let us confess that Mr. Taft permitted himself to be "promoted" in a campaign for the presidency by Mr. Roosevelt. He consented to accept a patronage which he should have resented and declined. He permitted himself to be nominated for the presidency through the active agency of Mr. Roosevelt, and under circumstances in some measure qualifying the independence of his character. The favor on Roosevelt's part was one of doubtful quality; the acceptance on

Taft's part is the one shadow upon a character brilliant, distinguished, and worthy.

When Mr. Taft came to the presidency he was counseled to cut loose from Roosevelt, to pursue a course consistent with his own judgment, regardless of any obligation due to anybody's patronage. The world knows Mr. Taft's answer to these suggestions. Putting aside all counsels, cherishing at more than face value every obligation real and imaginary, more than loyal since he gave credit to his patron where he deserved it for himself, he took up the duties of his office. His first emphatic utterance was to acclaim the merits of his predecessor, to accredit his "policies," and to declare his devotion to them.

What followed is known not widely, because it has suited the modesty and loyalty of Mr. Taft to be silent, where he might with entire justification have spoken out, putting the blame where it belonged. He found the internal administrative affairs of the government in a state of wretched confusion. Everywhere there was the blight of that intense personalism, of that stimulated and swollen ambition for individual distinction inspired by the example of Roosevelt, permitted to run riot through his negligence and contempt of business method and practice. Every little bureaucrat had been permitted to be a law unto himself, to make up his own budget, to get what he could under presidential approval from the public treasury, and spend it as he pleased. Senator Carter of Montana has just now told the country how this scheme worked in the case of Mr. Pinchot of the Forestry Bureau. Of twenty millions of dollars, appropriated in a series of years in support of this bureau, according to Senator Carter, Pinchot expended approximately eighteen millions upon "organization" and less than two millions for forestry work. The money went not to the forests, but for the creation of a bureaucratic machine, for the education in scholastic universities of "foresters," for political connubiation, for "publicity," for exploitation in one questionable form or another.

The history of the Forestry Bureau is the history of many another. Everywhere there was extravagance and waste. Mr. Taft set himself to the disagreeable business of housecleaning, all the while anxious for the sake of Roosevelt and his reputation to avoid exposure and scandal. Then every little whipper-snapper of them all set himself up in defense of his own privileges, threatening to call down upon the head of the perplexed President the wrath and resentment of the great and good Roosevelt. Pinchot again serves as an illustration. He bitterly resented suggestions tending to an honest and efficient reorganization of the Forestry Bureau. He was privately resentful, then publicly insubordinate. If he could not have his way, he would have his revenge. He would make a scandal out of which he would emerge as a hero under the patronage of Roosevelt, and assist in the return of the latter to the presidency upon the basis of bogus issues and fraudulent presentments cooked to order and well seasoned with patriotic and moral pretensions.

Probably the country will never know the difficulties and vexations under which Mr. Taft has labored. It sees, indeed, that he has cut down governmental expense to the extent of some three hundred millions of dollars, that he has substituted order for chaos, and at least some measure of economical prudence for open and shameless waste. But it does not see that he has been opposed, browbeaten, and insulted at a thousand points by traitors in his own administrative family, enemies through resentment of his efforts to quietly clean up the financial and moral débris of Rooseveltism. The Pinchot incident affords the country an inside glimpse, but only in one case out of many.

Mr. Taft, let us repeat, in his quixotic gratitude to Roosevelt, in his desire to sustain Roosevelt's repu-

in his generous wish to give more credit on the side of the famous "policies," has made some mistakes, but they have been the mistakes of a devoted, self-sacrificing, over-loyal friend. On his own account he has committed but one grievous blunder, and that on the score of tact, in the effort to justify an insufficient tariff reform—a reform, by the way, again and again promised by Roosevelt, but for his own purposes pushed over upon the administrative responsibility of his successor.

In relation to the famous "policies" the country hardly needs to be told what Mr. Taft's course has been. If he has failed at any single worthy point, nobody has been able to find it out. Reforms which Roosevelt merely shouted about Taft has formulated and carried into execution. In the face of tremendous difficulties pledges have been redeemed, legitimate and worthy aims have been enforced or notably advanced. What Taft has done in practical promotion of the "policies" aggregates ten times more than was done by Roosevelt, for all his shoutings and ravings. This is not a matter of mere assertion; the legislative and administrative record of the past year and a half tells the story. Any member of Congress, any man familiar with legislation and administration, any intelligent lawyer, will confirm what is here declared.

Now how has Mr. Taft been rewarded, not only for his faithfulness with respect to the "policies," but for his loyalty to Roosevelt himself? Mr. Roosevelt has come back from his blood-and-gunpowder tour in Africa to a situation in every respect better than that which he left when he walked out of the White House in March, 1909. He finds his administrative delinquencies minimized, his "policies" promoted beyond anything he had reason to hope for, his name and fame conserved and expanded by Mr. Taft. He finds Taft himself criticized only for what he has done in his (Roosevelt's) behalf. The situation with respect to Taft is one which would challenge the instinctive loyalty of a generous man and stimulate in him the sentiments of gratitude and the impulses of friendship.

But has the country heard from Mr. Roosevelt one word of acknowledgment or commendation? Has he, publicly or privately, spoken in approval of what has been achieved, in compliment of the man who has achieved it, in decent recognition of sacrifices made in behalf of his own repute? If so it has not been reported. On the other hand, he has ostentatiously exhibited friendship and sympathy for Taft's critics and enemies. He has given comfort, countenance, and the support of his name to those who have conspired in mean ways against Mr. Taft. Garfield, who turned against Taft because he would not retain him in the Cabinet; Pinchot, who had to be kicked out of office for gross and insulting insubordination—these creatures have been publicly coddled and made much of by Roosevelt, not, indeed, because he cares anything about them, but because they afford him a means of indirectly discrediting one whom he pretends to call his friend, one whose only fault as he stands before the American people is that he has carried too far the spirit of friendly devotion and loyalty. And why should he discredit Taft? Because his vanity will not permit him any generous impulse; because he wants no rival in popular esteem.

What will be the judgment of the American people upon sober second thought with respect to a man so unspeakably graceless, so unspeakably selfish, so unspeakably disloyal? The *Argonaut* thinks it knows how the country will look at it when the situation in its full force shall have impressed itself upon the public consciousness. The American people never fail at the point of appreciation of fair play, they never fail at the point of contempt of foul play. If there be one virtue above other virtues which commands the respect of the American mind it is the virtue of loyalty. Time will show that American human nature has not changed. Thoughtful and worthy men everywhere as they study the facts will say that no man in our national history has treated any other man with such shameless ingratitude, with such vile disloyalty, as Theodore Roosevelt has treated William Howard Taft.

Anomalies and Inconsistencies.

Among the curious and anomalous developments of Mr. Roosevelt's Western trip nothing perhaps is so seriously notable as his bald assumption of political and moral over-lordship of the country. It was not a journey in the ordinary sense; it was a "progress" carried through upon assumptions as little disturbed by

ordinary considerations of modesty and propriety as a mediæval kingly visitation. Not even the tours of the German emperor, studiously calculated as they are to sustain imperial pretensions, are conceived in a more arrogant spirit of privilege. The tone in which Mr. Roosevelt addressed the crowds who came to hear him was not that of a fellow-citizen, but that of a political and moral authority. All that a President of the United States has a right to say—this and more Mr. Roosevelt said, unabashed by the knowledge that he was assuming a part which only a President under the responsibilities of his office and the arm of its powers has a right to play. The actual President was treated, under the contemptuous method of ignorance and inference, as of no more account in Mr. Roosevelt's survey of things than any other of the ninety millions of individuals in "my country." Thus and so is right; thus and so is wrong; thus and so will I do; thus and so will I undo! This was the tone and spirit of Mr. Roosevelt's addresses. And in this attitude, and the fact that there were many to witness and applaud it, there lies in the judgment of the *Argonaut* a hazard more serious than that involved in all the loose and furious talk which characterized this famous journey. It was expected as a matter of course that Mr. Roosevelt would do and say unbecoming things; it was expected that he would exhibit his colossal personal conceit and play his usual circus tricks to engage the multitude. Sober men, used to all that, have learned to smile at it, regarding it as mere boyish or demagogic buncombe, cheap but not dangerous. But we have something more serious than this. We have a man with a surprising gift for cajoling and engaging the multitude, boldly assuming a moral authority superior to all other powers, official and otherwise legitimate—assuming all this and in his own chaste phrase, "getting away with it."

Mr. Roosevelt's platform and car-end harangues, while far less serious than his assumption of general moral dictatorship, have a peculiar interest as illustrating the instability of his mind and pretensions. Always extravagant, always intensely personal, always more or less in ignorance and contempt of history and law, there has been in times past a certain conservatism in Mr. Roosevelt's preachments. But under the exhilaration of his Western receptions he seems to have lost his hold upon old moorings, to have forgotten the obligations imposed by his own record. At one bound he has jumped into the vacancy left by the effacement of Eugene Debs and the eclipse of William J. Bryan. In other words, he has become that peculiarly offensive type of agitator and demagogue, one who parades himself as the only honest man in the public life of the country, and who cuts loose from all the standards imposed by law or by the lessons of experience. Take, for example, his denunciation of the Supreme Court, his outcry against unnamed "crooks," his manifest eagerness to promote confusion of political judgment with the social unrest involved in it. Let us quote from his Osawatomie speech this extraordinary passage:

We grudge no man a fortune which represents his own power and sagacity, when exercised with entire regard to the welfare of his fellows. But the fortune must be honorably obtained and well used. It is not even enough that it should have been gained without doing damage to the community. We should permit it to be gained only so long as the gaining represents benefit to the community. This, I know, implies a policy of a far more active governmental interference with social and economic conditions in this country than we have yet had, but I think we have got to face the fact that such an increase in governmental control is now necessary.

This is far more extravagant, even revolutionary, in its implications than anything ever spoken by Mr. Bryan. Yet it is only four years ago that Mr. Roosevelt, speaking at Utica, New York, of Bryan's attempt at a semi-socialistic political leadership, said:

Mr. Bryan is appealing more and more openly to the base malignancy and hatred of those demagogues who strive to lead laboring men to ruin, in order to wreak their vengeance on the thrifty and well-to-do. He advocates principles sufficiently silly and wicked to make them fit well in the mouth of an anarchist leader. For the government of Washington and Lincoln, for the system of orderly liberty bequeathed to us by our forefathers, he would substitute a red welter of lawlessness as fantastic and as vicious as the dream of a European communist, turning aside from the American principles of government, repudiating everything which has made the name America a symbol of hope among nations. Instead of government of the people, for the people, and by the people, which we now have, Mr. Bryan would substitute a government of the mob.

What becomes of the mental and moral consistency

of one who can thus speak upon conceptions and in terms so diametrically conflicting?

Take again the extraordinary incident in relation to Senator Lorrimer: Mr. Lorrimer has been charged—charged, not convicted—of bribery in the matter of his election to the Senate. In view of this charge Mr. Roosevelt declined to sit at a table in which Lorrimer was to be one of some twelve hundred other guests. And yet in pursuit of his own political purposes Mr. Roosevelt has again and again, at the White House and at his own home, entertained as his guests men of known corrupt character. His association with and subordination to Senator Platt are matters of open history. His recognition of Senator Guggenheim and others notorious for the corruption of their political methods is known of all men. His reception of our own Eugene Schmitz at the White House, long after his character had been completely exposed, is fairly recent history. And even since the rude rebuff to Lorrimer—an incident, by the way, in which Lorrimer has exhibited himself as a man of far greater self-control and of superior breeding and delicacy, not to mention other points of contrast—he has greeted cordially at the house of his son-in-law in Cincinnati "Boss" Cox, whose operations in Ohio have been not only a State but a national scandal, who has grown rich upon the spoils of political manipulation, a man whom he (Roosevelt), through a member of his Cabinet (Taft), denounced as one outside the pale of public or private respect and disqualified on the score of character for recognition on the part of patriotic or self-respecting men. Where, let us ask, is the propriety, where the decency, in this amazing inconsistency? There is but one possible conclusion with respect to these flagrantly contrasting incidents. It is, this, namely, that it suited Mr. Roosevelt's purposes his taste for spectacularism, his pose as a moralist, to denounce Lorrimer; that, on the other hand, it suited purposes in which his own ambitions and the political prospects of his son-in-law are involved, to take the dirty hand of "Boss" Cox. Of course, Mr. Roosevelt is quite capable of seeing the obliquity involved in his course in this matter. He has seen clearly enough nevertheless he has ventured upon an outrageous inconsistent and unworthy course, trusting to his prestige and to his skill in the game of political and moral bluff "to get away with it." Did ever assumption, hypocrisy, swollen egotism, and shameless demagoguery take a more contemptible shape?

Pius X and Modernism.

Undismayed by the wet feet of King Kanute and the mortification of the Pope who tried to stop a comet but merely made a bull, the infallible Pius X is out with another sacred injunction against modernism. He follows a mellow custom. No Pope ever agreed with the modern spirit of his day; every Pope has fought it as the rabbis did when the Master came with his new dispensation of faith; and Pius X is no exception to the rule. To him progress is as repellant as was to that other "vicegerent of the Almighty" who called Galileo to account for mocking the orthodox belief that the earth had four corners and, perhaps legs. He will stop this progress if he can; if not he will take good care that it never enters the spirit of the church and that the latter shall remain, at least through his time, the same ecclesiastical tortoise that it was when it opposed its unwieldy bulk to the scholarship which had solved the stellar mysteries and found sermons in stones and books in the running brooks and good in everything but churchly dogma.

The Papal injunction of today has the same futile object and the same implacable spirit as had those of the long background of Catholic history; but it is somewhat changed in its terms. Once it was a call to arms, a summons to the headsman, an incitement to the torture chamber and the stake. Later it was the threat of excommunication, even a threat of disaster to civil power, as we see it now in Spain. In milder days it became an appeal to the conscience of the church or an argument, full of quotation from the fathers which the dialectics of the Jesuits were used to the uttermost in misstating the position of the other side. Today it is chiefly a recourse to ignorance. Pope Pius instructs the young clergy to shut their eyes to its presence and put their fingers in their ears. They are read no newspapers or other periodicals. Much may happen in the empire of thought; science may work further wonders; the logic of free minds may topple

down the superstitions of centuries, but the young priests are not to know it. Their part will be to keep their eyes fixed on the literature of miracles and the musty disquisitions of half-crazed monks. Their education must be exhaled from tombs and they must shelter themselves in cloisters and cells lest a ray of the world's damning enlightenment creep into their hapless minds and give them something more inspiring to think of than the sombre vaticinations of St. Thomas Aquinas and his ghostly ilk. Bishops of Catholic flocks, rectors of Catholic "colleges," must narrowly watch these novitiates lest they be convinced; must spy upon them lest they be instructed; must hold them under lock and key so they may not know even the existence of things that might make them laugh in each other's faces on their daily rounds as the Roman augurs did when they looked for prophecies in the bellies of sheep and for oracles in the blood of goats. "Hear not, see not, touch not!" is the order of the Vatican to the future defenders of the faith; and by and by, as the broad-gauge express of modernism rushes past, we shall hear them declaring in the name of all the saints at once that nothing moves but those creaking wooden carts of the far past which we find to have been drawn by one kind of an ass and driven by another.

Something better than this was expected of Pius X when he came to the Vatican. He had lived through the period of the greater discoveries of science; he had mingled with the modern world and was supposed to know its conquering force; he was a scholar and must have realized how far the pontiffs of the past had reflected the bigotry rather than the intelligence of their age; how they had never led towards those forms of enlightenment which, in the end, the church was forced, reluctantly, to accept. It ought to have been clear to him that the fortunes of the church were being lost in the lands where Modernism made little progress and only flourished in the lands where Modernism thrived. But what might have been expected failed to be realized. Once in the Vatican the new Pope became as reactionary as Leo XIII or Pius IX had been. And the result to the church is its chastisement by France, its challenge by Spain, and its coming troubles in Portugal, and the lowering of its prestige everywhere.

What the Roman Catholic Church needs most is to put itself in touch with the times it lives in. It needs adaptability. It needs to get rid of that sort of conservatism which comes to the same unhappy end as radicalism. The conservative horse which refuses to leave its burning stable meets the same fate as the radical moth that flies into the flames and is lost. There is a middle and safe ground for the Roman church, but it is doubtful if any member of the Italian trust which owns the papal office will ever find it or lead the way there. An English Pope might do it. An American Pope would do it. But the mediæval fear of Modernism is as fatal to either aspiration as it is becoming to the authority of the church itself.

The Elections in South Africa.

At one time there were good reasons for believing that the first election of members to the Parliament of United South Africa would be little more than a conventional or ornamental function. General Botha's conciliatory statesmanship during the negotiations which led to the union of the four colonies had, for a time, an excellent effect, so much so, indeed, that it really appeared as though the union were to be actual and not merely one of name. Owing his position largely to men of British birth, he has naturally done everything possible to retain the favor of his supporters, but Botha has also shown himself superior to racial issues in a surprising manner, and has undoubtedly shaped his policy on the lines of sound statesmanship, looking more to the needs of the future than to the party demands of the day. All this should have placated the Unionists as they are called, or, in other words, the British party led by Dr. Jameson and Sir Percy FitzPatrick. For some reason, however, and almost at the eleventh hour, it was decided to oppose the National party candidates in many districts, and consequently a furious political campaign has been going on in South Africa for the past six weeks.

One reason given for the heat which has been imparted to the conflict is exceedingly specious. It had been supposed that the elections would not be held until October, but suddenly the government announced that they were to take place on the fifteenth of this month. In that change of plan the Unionists fancied they detected evidence of an attack of "funk" in the

Botha ministry, and a desire to go to the polls as speedily as possible ere they lost more ground. But the fact of the matter is Botha has been master of the situation since last May without any mandate from the people, and that he has found it a thankless task to carry on the government without a Parliament. Whatever his ministry has done has been sharply assailed by the Unionist press, which has been continuous and bitter in its criticisms, and prolific in its charges of incompetence, racial prejudice, and jobbery. Hence Botha's natural desire to secure the opinion of the country at as early a date as possible.

In one respect, and in one only, has Botha given his opponents some ground for complaint. His choice of General Hertzog for a place in his cabinet was an unwise one. Apart from the fact that he is the author of those educational acts in the Orange River Colony which have done more than anything to stir up racial strife—acts which insist that the two languages, Dutch and English, shall be compulsory in the schools for at least five years—he has alone among the Dutch leaders taken an irritating attitude in his public speeches. It is no secret that several members of the cabinet do not agree with General Hertzog's educational policy, and Botha himself has done all he can to minimize the cry of Hertzogism by pointing out that after all the objectionable acts refer to one colony only.

So tense has the strife grown that the electors have been exhorted to "vote British." This is a perplexing situation for those British-born electors who were at first inclined to support Botha and the National party owing to their dislike of the Unionists being controlled by the great mining and financial houses. The cry of Hertzogism has unsettled them to a large extent, and transferred their suspicions of the Unionists to the Dutch. Nor is that all. While Botha is looking to the future, the Unionists seem to concentrate their gaze on the past. They are discussing again the Chinese labor question, and the matters which were debated and settled at the national convention before the Union was agreed upon are being brought forward once more as though they had never been considered. Dr. Jameson does little to counteract all this by his protestation that it was not the purpose of the raid to supplant Dutchmen by Englishmen; if that were so, why seek to supplant them now?

Still, there is a brighter side to the struggle. Natal—even Natal, the most British of the four colonies—is likely to disappoint the expectation of the Unionists that it will give a solid vote in their support. When visiting Ladysmith recently Botha was received with unmistakable popular favor, and was actually presented with a hearty address of welcome by the civic authorities. Nor has he neglected any opportunity to affirm his allegiance to the British flag. His reference to "our late beloved king, the great peacemaker," was no mere catch-vote phrase, but enshrined the grateful memory of Edward's urbane greeting when he was in England; while his retort to the appeal to "vote British" could not have been in better taste. Had not the empire, he asked, every reason to regard him and his party as her sons? The probability, then, is that the returns will give Botha a majority of about a dozen in the House of Representatives, and so afford him further opportunity to approve his fitness for that task of constructive and conciliatory statesmanship in which he has already achieved distinguished success.

The Word "Crook"

The enrichment of the English language by American philologists gets less appreciation in England than anywhere else, which perhaps accounts for the trouble a Birmingham editor has had with the word "crook." Some little time ago Colonel Roosevelt, in enumerating the blessings he meant to bestow on the American people, said he "would hunt crooks out of the party." This threat, without a diagram or an explanatory word, was cabled abroad, much to the confusion of the Birmingham mentality. "Crook" was caviare to the editor. It might, he speculated, be a Yankeeism for "crock," a respectable English word which, with the prefix of old, might be taken for a pleasant way of designating gentlemen of an old-fashioned description possessed of enfeebled mentality. Still the editor had his carking doubts. He was almost sure that the use of "crook" was not designed by Mr. Roosevelt in a complimentary sense, and so the family of crooks, he thought, would be highly indignant. "If they are in any way formidable," he added, "even the inspiring influence of Roosevelt may not serve to prevent serious

wakening of the Republican vote in many States." The observation recalls the comment of a Glasgow paper on the serious state of things in Philadelphia "owing to the reported preference of the people of the so-called City of Brotherly Love for scrapple."

Now, pleasantries aside, let us define the word "crook" as it is used in this country. As applied ordinarily it means a dishonest man, a man of devious or crooked ways, usually directed to dishonorable ends. But as used by Mr. Roosevelt, "crook" has quite another significance. It means any man who doesn't think as Mr. Roosevelt thinks, who doesn't shout for Roosevelt as the source of all wisdom and all virtue. Curiously enough, under Mr. Roosevelt's usage, the word "crook" may today serve to designate men for whom only yesterday, so to speak, he had the highest regard. The late Mr. Harriman was a dear friend, whom it was a pleasure to meet when Roosevelt wanted to get money from him for campaign purposes. But after the money had been given, and when Mr. Harriman declined to play the part of general henchman to Roosevelt, then this erstwhile friend became a "crook." And so with many another. If a man in public life would avoid characterization by Mr. Roosevelt as "crook" he must learn to make obeisance, he must know how to change his coat quickly, he must be alert to dance to any music, however startling or novel, the all-wise and all-virtuous one may choose to play. Character, consistency, integrity of conduct, will avail him nothing. If he would not be a "crook" he must contrive at all times and all seasons to match the changing moods of the only really "straight" man in the United States.

Past and Present Insurgency.

Insurgent movements are not new in the Republican party; and those who look for good things or dread evil ones from the present *emete* should study the political departure of 1872 for its points of resemblance. Up to the present time it is the most noteworthy experience of the kind the party has had. There was, before then, a bit of insurgency among Republicans who wanted to name Salmon P. Chase for President in 1864 against Abraham Lincoln, and twice, long since then, there have been party breaks over the money question. In the later 'seventies a host of Republicans left the organization, following men like Benjamin F. Butler, in disapproval of redeemable currency. They wanted fiat money, the kind by which a milk ticket may be mistaken for the milk itself. Twenty years afterwards insurgents led by Henry M. Teller went out on the free silver issue, but in all these instances, including the Greeley Liberal Republican movement of 1870-72, the Republican party suffered only minor State reverses and was stronger than ever at the next national election. The only exception was the revolt from Blaine when the issue was one of personal fitness.

The insurgency of 1872 was more formidable at the start than that of 1910. Its counsellors were men of the highest public quality; men whom the Republican party had grown accustomed to look to for advice and direction. The leadership of the cause was divided between Charles Sumner and Horace Greeley, names to conjure with in the realm of national politics. Chase, Trumbull, Charles Francis Adams, George W. Julian, and Carl Schurz were conspicuous exponents. William Cullen Bryant was one of the oracles of the Liberal Republican press, which included many papers of well-grounded influence. Young Republicans of the types of George William Curtis, Chauncey M. Depew, and Theodore Tilton were peculiarly attracted by the flag of revolt, and it seemed as if the public conscience had been vitally stirred by the sordid character of politics in Congress, by the "rings and things and fine array" of the contractor-politicians who surrounded the capitol, and by the obstinate adhesion of the soldier in the presidency to the cause of unworthy friends who had deceived him as to their personal course in public affairs. It was a time when official delinquency was rife and when reform was needed; and when it was proposed to intrust the housecleaning to the rugged and incorruptible old philosopher of the *Tribune* the way seemed clear to a Liberal victory. But never did defeat begin under fairer auspices. Everything started broadly and propitiously, but every succeeding month of the campaign saw the road grow narrower and counted fewer in it. Indeed, the Liberal campaign was fairly likened to the highway which started as a boulevard, became a country road, then a wagon trail the

a cowpath, then a rabbit run, and finally a squirrel track which ran up a stump.

The issues in Congress previous to 1872 and during that year revolved chiefly about honest government. Where trusts are at stake now, money-making rings within the government were at issue then. President Grant was accounted as weak in civil administration as he had been strong in the command of armies. Jealousy was shown towards members of the Cabinet. New and able men had appeared or developed in the Senate and House who were restive under the dominance of the elder statesmen. The desire was to force the Cannons and Aldriches of that period into the background or out of public life altogether. The administration did its best, but its measures failed, at critical times, of party support. For the first time since 1860 the Democrats took heart of grace; and by encouraging the revolt and assisting it finally came to the point of accepting a dictated nomination from the Liberal Republicans, which proved their own undoing.

Will history go on repeating itself? Will the Democrats and Insurgents come together again? Will they combine on a nominee for President? Will, as has usually been the case in national elections, the Republican party spirit rise in a tremendous tide and carry all before it? Why should it not? Republicanism deserves as well of the country as it ever did. Cannonism is not an issue on which to turn a great party out of power. It is the mere froth on the whirlpool of politics. If the tariff needs further amendment, the Republican party, which has begun the work, may be better trusted to do it than any combination of the free trade wing of the Republican organization with the anti-tariff Democracy. There is no logical reason why the Republican party should accept defeat at its own hands; none why it should not, when the issue is fairly made up, repeat the almost uninterrupted triumphs of its past.

A Wandering Voice.

Herewith we reprint a few excerpts which show the attitude of the more conservative element of the American press toward the recent extraordinary deliverances of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. It hardly needs to be said that the expressions herewith are only a few out of many selected because they illustrate a spirit all but universal with the journals of higher character throughout the country. It is interesting to observe that many papers hitherto complacently tolerant of Mr. Roosevelt's vagaries have been turned by the incidents of the Western tour to an attitude of open criticism; just as it was interesting to observe that the conservative political and social elements of the country were scantily represented in the groups which surrounded and applauded Mr. Roosevelt during his Western tour:

From the Springfield Republican.

It means inevitably the development of a supreme Federal power, in the presence of which the States would shrivel and decay. Mr. Roosevelt's conception of the "new nationalism" as an agency for controlling special privilege and the aggression of private wealth is no doubt democratic, even radically democratic in its spirit; but with his impatience of the restraints of the judiciary, as expressed at Denver, and his distrust of written constitutions which are not "easy" to amend, as expressed at Pueblo, and his old-time contempt of Congress, as expressed so often during his last months in the presidency, he would undoubtedly land the republic, if given a free hand, in a form of democracy which would be the ready prey of the executive power. That is to say, the executive would be in effect the entire government; and Mr. Roosevelt would finish either in socialism or Caesarism.

There are many separate features of his "progressive policies" which have our hearty approval, yet this is not the time to consider them in detail. What is chiefly essential is to get a correct measure of the Roosevelt policies, not merely in themselves, but as incarnated in the man's own tendencies, personality and temper.

From the New York Evening Post.

Corporate expenditures for political purposes, and especially such expenditures by public-service corporations, have supplied one of the principal sources of corruption in our political affairs.

Mr. Cortelyou is familiar with the facts.

These two quotations from recent utterances by Mr. Roosevelt suggest a great public service which it is in his power to render. We mean the frank and full publication of the contributions made by corporations to his campaign fund in 1904. As he says, Mr. Cortelyou is familiar with the facts connected with the money that Harriman raised for Roosevelt, and doubtless also with the very large gifts made by life insurance companies, railroads, and other corporations. Mr. Cornelius Bliss, the campaign treasurer, could be called upon to disclose the secrets of his subscription book, or the party bank account, and could supply all the information that Mr. Roosevelt wants—perhaps more than he wants. He could, for example, tell the country whether it is true or not that

the Standard Oil Company gave \$100,000 to help elect Mr. Roosevelt. The latter has now undertaken to drive special interests out of politics, and we submit that he could strike no heavier blow than by revealing what they did when they were in politics and working for him.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Mr. Roosevelt has a perfect right to criticize the Supreme Court and to persuade the people that it is futile, fossilized, and inimical to the interests of the people. That right was denied to Bryan, but then we have advanced since 1896, and moreover Mr. Roosevelt may do things which would have outlawed Bryan. It is to be regretted, however, that this sort of criticism comes at a period in our history when nearly all the important decisions of the Supreme Court are rendered by a bare majority of five to four. The denunciation of the court before a popular and uninstructed audience immediately leads to the conclusion that the most popular man in the United States, whose voice carries more authority with the people than that of any other man, should on the eve of his strenuous candidacy for the presidency practically threaten to place in our supreme tribunal only the sort of men who shall give decisions pleasing to the idol of the hour.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Theodore Roosevelt crossed his Rubicon at Osawatimie.

From the Washington Herald.

If Roosevelt shall ever become President again it will be by uniting the radicals of both old parties under a new banner. After his Osawatimie utterance the Republican party as constituted from its creation will never accept him as a candidate. And it will not consent to be reconstituted to make him President.

From the Virginian-Pilot.

The cases of the emperor and the ex-President are identical in this particular. Each is victim to the delusion that whatever he thinks or does is right, even though the identical opinion or act would be wrong in another, and each is possessed of the mania that whoever contradicts his pronouncements or obstructs his purposes is either an unspeakable fool or a traitor to God and country.

From the New York Herald.

The colonel has picked up the red flag and gone to the head of the procession.

From the New York Evening Post.

Everybody must feel the impropriety of the question put to Mr. Roosevelt at Fargo yesterday about his traveling expenses being paid by the *Outlook*. Nobody but a crank could ask it, and no one but a scoundrel could see anything wrong in the ex-President's letting his employers pay his bills. Mr. Roosevelt is a poor man. He can not have an income of more than \$40,000 or \$50,000 a year. Out of his African hook he may not make more than \$100,000. The absurdity, then, of demanding that he spend \$400 or \$500 in buying railway tickets, and meeting hotel charges, on a journey which he undertook not at all for his own pleasure or advantage, must be obvious to all. Besides, think how long it is since he has been compelled to travel like an ordinary citizen. During seven years the private-car habit became fixed upon him, and it would be cruel to make him take a common Pullman now, even if it were named Belisarius or Epaminondas. The comfort of other passengers should also be considered; and if their sleeper were subject at any moment to an invasion of patriots shouting for "Teddy," it is clear that they could not get a good night's rest. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt evidently wants to do the right thing by the *Outlook*. It has honestly capitalized him, and is entitled to every dollar it can make out of its investment.

From the Ohio State Journal.

Colonel Roosevelt has just handed down two decisions reversing the Supreme Court of the United States.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Every year added to the lengthening span of Franz Joseph's life brings nearer to the stage of world history the figure of a man about whom less is known than of any other present or potential ruler. This is the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, the heir to the Austrian throne. There is no more secretive man in Europe. Try as they may, newspaper correspondents can not obtain much definite information about him; practically all that is known is that he is very retiring, a student, a philosopher, and has a passion for gardening. But he is a Jesuit of the Jesuits, enthusiastic and unwearied in the support of his faith, and consequently sensitive to a degree to the influence of the Vatican.

When the Near East problem brought Europe to the verge of war, when the Treaty of Berlin was handled as so much waste paper and solemn obligations were scorned with contempt, many efforts were made to pierce the veil of secrecy which shrouded the doings of those days, and various were the guesses as to who the moving spirit might be. Some theorists favored fixing the onus on Baron von Aehrenthal, others on the Kaiser, and yet others on the Austrian emperor. Few, if any, thought of the archduke, and yet it seems highly probable that he was responsible for the whole business. There is good reason for believing that he has dominated even the Kaiser by his strange personality, and if such is the case his advent to the Austrian throne will prove for Europe the most significant event of many generations.

Almost as pitiful as the fate of the banished dogs of Con-

stantinople is that of the deposed Abdul Hamid, who, in his villa at Salonika, is the prey of haunting thoughts and fears. So apprehensive is he of assassins that he has for months refused to leave his house, or even show himself at the window. Indeed he is in such a state of nerves that he confines himself to the first floor of his villa, afraid to descend to the ground floor lest he become the victim of a bomb or to ascend to the second floor lest the house be set on fire. Trembling day and night for his existence, the deposed despot is described as leading the most miserable of all existences, his thin, howed figure an object of pity to his attendants. Like most monarchs out of business, however, he has found an occupation which helps to fill his idle hours, for during the daylight he works as a carpenter, and recently completed a large wardrobe. And now, it seems, his one desire is to sell that article in the hope of proving for his own satisfaction that he can produce something worth huying. All his appeals, however, that the wardrobe be allowed to be sent away for sale have been unheeded. The Young Turk is avid with suspicion that the wardrobe may contain some hidden messages to Abdul's friends. It seems hard that even a despot has to be thwarted in an effort to earn an honest living, and really the Young Turk will have to go a little more warily, for, as in the case of Constantinople's dogs, it is a bad policy to give too reasonable a ground for sympathy.

Lying so much off the beaten track, the village of Port Lesné in the Jura department of France is visited by but few from the outside world, and consequently this tiny community of men and women of color is but little known. It is not a large village, for its inhabitants number but little more than a hundred, but every one is either black, or of copper color or palish yellow. It owes its origin to the fact that about a century ago the famous negro chief, Toussaint-L'Ouverture, was hrought from Hayti and imprisoned in Fort de Joux. Many of his friends, all negroes, followed him and encamped near his prison on the bank of the little river Loue. From that encampment grew the village of Port Lesné, and when Toussaint-L'Ouverture died more than a hundred years ago his friends decided to remain in France. The passing of years and inter-marriages have transformed the settlement into a French village of colored folk, all of whom have the vote. Port Lesné is thus probably the most unique spot in all France.

American millionaires who sigh for the possession of a ruined castle and have no intention of emulating the example of the Laird of Skibo or expatriating themselves in the Astor manner should hethink them of the devices actually employed in England about the middle of the eighteenth century. Few are aware that notwithstanding the plentifulness of genuine ruined castles in that country more than one architect was called upon to design and superintend the erection of spurious ruins. One of those architects, named Miller, had as many commissions for ruined castles as he could execute. Several survive to this day, notably at Hagley and Wimpole. How popular these adornments for gentlemen's seats became is shown by this curious letter to Miller from the owner of one of them:

Your great genius in architecture must expect to be importuned by your friends, of which I am going to give you a proof. My Lord Chancellor Hardwick told me in a conversation that I had with him lately that he wanted to see the plan of my castle, having a mind to build one at Wimpole himself. Upon further inquiry I found it would be better for him not to copy mine, but have one upon something like the same idea, but differing in many respects, particularly in this, that he wants no house nor even room in it, but merely the wall and semblance of an old castle to make an object from his house. At most, he only desires to have a staircase carried up one of the towers, and a leaded gallery half round it stand on and view the prospect. It will have a fine wood of firs for a hacking behind it and will stand on an eminence at a proper distance from his house.

That ready-made ruin may still be seen, now satirically known as "The Folly," but so realistic is its appearance that the stranger who is not aware of its history is curious to know what ancient family was once sheltered beneath its roof. Even on close approach it maintains the appearance of being some centuries old, while in reality nothing but a modern structure designed as an object to give a "livelier consequence" to the landscape cottages? They have a wide range of models to copy from including the castles associated with the troubled career of Mary Queen of Scots, and the first to start the fashion with its unvarnished distinction. With a little care and man dollars the ruins may soon be toned down and clad in ivy and then imagination can easily work what other feudal transformation may be thought necessary.

There is hope for Germany after all. If Professor Sieper of Munich hears true testimony, some at least of the Kaiser's subjects are throwing off the yoke of sordid commercialism. He tells us of a new romantic school of German poets, who are deriving their inspiration from Keats, Ruskin and William Morris. If this be so, the influence of such writers as Gustav Freytag, whose "Soll und Haben" is nothing more than a fictional glorification of German commercialism, is fortunately on the wane. The selection of Keats is a happy one. Unlike Byron and Shelley, his muse concentrates on sheer beauty, and the practical affairs of life find no echo in his verse. It is a notable fact that while Byron and Shelley, and also Wordsworth and Coleridge, reflect in their work a spirit of revolt against their times, Keats is free from that note of time. He, then, and Ruskin and Morris, are ideal mentors for people who desire to hie away from the dominance of the practical view of life. The Germans were at one time as romantic and sentimental as any people, and now that a reaction is setting in against the mundane spirit which was horn out of the oppression of Napoleon there is no reason why they should not return to more idealistic view of the world.

AT THE HIPPODROME.

Manhattan's Mammoth Show-House and Its Spectacles.

It may have been a light task as well as a joyful one to write press-agent descriptions of big shows in the days of Dan Rice and John Robinson, for the gigantic and stupendous phrases seemingly appropriate still "had the dew on them," as Lowell said of the expressions chosen by the Elizabethan poets; but that day and generation have passed and the new shows are more gigantic and stupendous, while the vocabulary of the poster-writers has not been enriched correspondingly. For instance, it smacks of inefficiency to say that the Hippodrome, that amusement enterprise which covers the Sixth Avenue block from Forty-Third to Forty-Fourth Streets, five stories high and four stories deep, is the biggest show-house in the world, and its entertainment, given twice every week day, is the largest, most elaborate, and costliest thing of the kind ever in existence.

Disclaiming any desire to minister to unfounded vanities of the Messrs. Shubert, who are at the head of this undertaking, I can not entirely rid myself of enthusiastic promptings in writing of it. Compared with the offerings so far in this new theatrical season, it is distinctly worth a column of superlatives, and this, frankly, because of the magnitude of the spectacle. Few visitors in Manhattan miss it. To those readers who have not entered its doors let me give the more impressive figures in one sentence: The house seats 11,000 spectators, its stage is 200 by 110 feet, a thousand or more participants appear at one time in the acts, and under the front of the stage there is a basin which at will becomes a great lake of water fourteen feet deep. The show itself is during its many phases a circus, an animal exhibition, a grand ballet, a melodrama on a Brobdingnagian scale, a spectacle of scene-builders and mechanical engineers' wonders, and always a riot of activity and color harmonies. The curtain, instead of falling, rises from a narrow trench behind the footlights to obscure the stage for any complete change of setting, though minor transformations are going on all the time.

This season, following the same general plan as that of the preceding, the show is divided into three parts, each with several scenes. Perhaps the most beautiful and wonderful is a scenic reproduction of Niagara Falls, which without real water is still marvelously like nature. Two Indian tribes battle in this scene, enact a drama of love and sacrifice, and add some dances which are much beyond the wildest dreams of the aborigines, so far as beauty and intricate evolutions are concerned. Albertina Rasch, at one time danseuse in the Royal Vienna Opera House, now in her second year here, is the head of this ballet, and is easily distinguishable among her hundreds of dancing associates. Before this is the great circus scene, with an army of acrobats and a menagerie including a baby elephant and any numbers of bears and lions. Aeroplanes in the air and real yachts on the lake come to wreck in realistic manner, and are undoubtedly thrill producers for the emotional among the spectators.

Just here a reminiscence of last season is not out of place. It is not easy to forget the scene in which one rank after another of brawny, armored warriors marched down into the waters of that lake, sixteen abreast. From the shallow border they advanced steadily, the water increasing in depth with each step until it finally swallowed them up, and they apparently—and actually—went on to another world under the surface. Five times sixteen men went down into the depths, not to reappear, unless from the rear of the stage. During the same scene a boat on the lake sank with its occupants, and these, like the warriors, went down to rise no more. For a long time this mysterious disappearance was inexplicable to the ordinary spectator, but the mystery was fully explained later in newspaper and magazine articles. There is nothing in the present show so seemingly subversive of natural laws, though there are scores of instances where the highest ingenuity must have been exercised to bring about the effects accomplished. Above all, however, is the system and order which makes the whole possible without waits, confusion, or loss of time. Even with thorough discipline, and an efficient head for each of the many departments, it is almost inconceivable how so many diverse activities can be brought together and move with regularity and precision. Something little short of genius is required to weld opera and circus performances without a flaw in the joining. It is done here, and successfully. The orchestra suits its measures to the stage scene with much more appropriateness than might be expected, and the rhythm of the ballet is under the control of the director's baton no less surely than on the boards of theatres one-tenth the size.

An earthquake scene is the final and culminating effect on the great stage, but this, even, like the others, is concerned with an acted and spoken drama. Placed in a Central American country, with a revolution in progress, there is unlimited opportunity—or unlimited opportunities are created—for sensational developments before the great volcanic outburst and earth-shaking catastrophe at the end. Few can look calmly at this marvel of stage-craft, though understanding is kept in and that all is planned and prepared for and the wreck, ruin, and desolation are not actually destructive. In spite of seemingly adequate provision for the

crowds drawn to the Hippodrome, the ticket speculators reap their richest harvest on the sidewalk before its doors. They ask and often obtain three dollars and a half for choice seats, as the uninformed are easily persuaded that there are, after all, only a few really good places in the house. So, even from the curb, the extraordinary dimensions of everything connected with the show impress the visitor. There really is no other moral, so far as the average citizen can discover.

NEW YORK, September 9, 1910.

FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

Your Violin.

Your violin! Ah me!
'Twas fashioned o'er the sea
In storied Italy—
What matters where?
It is its voice that sways
And thrills me as it plays
The tunes of other days—
The days that were.

Then let your magic how
Glide lightly to and fro—
I close my eyes, and so,
In vast content,
I kiss my hand to you,
And to the tunes we knew
Of old, as well as to
Your instrument.

Poured out of some dim dream
Of lulling sounds that seem
Like ripples of a stream
Twanged lightly by
The slender, tender hands
Of weeping willow wands
That droop where gleaming sands
And pebbles lie.

A melody that swoons
In all the truant tunes
Long, lazy afternoons
Lure from the breeze,
When woodland houghs are stirred,
And moaning doves are heard,
And laughter afterward
Beneath the trees.

Through all the chorsing
I hear on leaves of Spring
The drip and pattering
Of April skies,
With echoes faint and sweet,
As baby angel feet
Might make along a street
Of Paradise.—James Whitcomb Riley.

At the Piano.

With drooping head and parted lips,
And the moonlight on her hair,
My lady sits, while the music drips
From her fingers thin and fair.

My lady sweet, whom I adore,
Though forever lost to me—
Oh, hither words! no more—no more—
That thro' through the minor key.

The plaintive strains that rise and fall
Are like tears of those who part,
And ever under and through them all
Rings the cry of a breaking heart.
—Edith Sessions Tupper.

Two Cousins.

She sits before the harpsichord
Her fingers straying o'er the keys,
Sure pleasant food her thoughts afford,
Perchance her heart is over seas.
"Oh, come from dreamland's misty haze,
And give a word, a smile to me!"
I pray in spirit as I gaze
Upon my cousin Dorothy.

Sir Joshua and all his ilk
Had gladly painted such a face,
And dainty figure, robed in silk
Ahlaze with jewels, soft with lace;
Would that time's wheel were backward turned
A century or so, and we—
The lesson of today unlearned—
Our great grandparents, Dorothy!

A measure we to tread would choose,
Like squire and dame in ancient tale,
I, in my wig and buckled shoes,
And you in ruff and farthingale;
And would I, as I touched your hand,
Look down into your eyes to see
A light I only could command,
And know you were my Dorothy?

Alack, that hour can never be!
It only dreams in fancy's day,
For even while she smiles on me,
I know her mind is far away.
But as I watch her there apart,
In dreams, alas! not "fancy free,"
I know that I have lost my heart
To my sweet cousin Dorothy.—May Lennox.

Violin.

Gently, beneath her perfect rounded chin,
The instrument is clasped, as mothers hold
Across their hearts a much-loved child, to fold
It from the world of misery and sin.

She draws the bow across the strings, to win
To life the tones now soft, now strong and bold,
(But ever breathing some grand truth untold)
That dormant lies within the violin.

Oh, mystery of music, wondrous art!
The sympathetic violin but steals
The loves and hates that dwell within her heart—
The very hopes, the vague desire she feels—
And at the bow's quick touch they rise and start
In melody that inmost soul reveals.
—Will Meredith Nicholson.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Bror Kronstrand, one of the leading portrait painters of Sweden, who has had among his subjects the royal family of Sweden and Count Witte of Russia, is now in New York and will have prominent Americans as his patrons.

The famous belfry of Bruges is again the subject of news dispatches, as a point of interest in aeroplane flights. Mlle. Helen Dutrieu, the French aviator, recently established a new record for feminine flyers by circling the belfry, though at a height of 1300 feet, and carrying a passenger in her aeroplane. Mlle. Dutrieu started from Ostend.

Mrs. Florence Kollock Crocker, who has been a minister in the Universalist denomination for the past thirty-five years, has resigned her pastorate at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. She is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, and of the theological school of St. Lawrence University. Her previous pastorates have been in California.

Benjamin Franklin Underwood, the noted essayist, editor, and lecturer, whose liberal views on theological subjects attracted much attention thirty years ago, is seventy-two years old. He was a private in the ranks during the early battles of the Civil War, but was promoted for distinguished services. He still writes editorially for the Quincy Journal.

The famous Hamburg family of Russian musicians have taken up their residence in Toronto, Canada, to escape the damp and foggy climate of London. Professor Michael Hamburg, the father of Mark Hamburg, widely known as a pianist, and of Jan, no less esteemed as a violinist of the Ysaye school, is the one who expects to benefit most by the change of air.

Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, the envoy of the Pope to the Twenty-First International Eucharistic Congress, which has just concluded its session in Montreal, comes of a family distinguished for its devotion to the church. The cardinal was received with the highest honors on his arrival in America, and the Canadian Catholics have vied in showing him marked attention.

The youngest Provincial Parliament member in Canada is S. Hart Green, who was recently elected to represent North Winnipeg. The new member is only twenty-five years old and is a resident of the Jewish quarter, where about 1000 votes are cast by citizens of that race. The district is said to be the most cosmopolitan in Canada, having colonies of Germans, French, Hungarians, Poles, Galicians, Russians, and Syrians. The young member overthrew an opposition of twenty years' standing with a handsome majority.

There is an actual feminine Pooh-Bah in Elyria, Ohio, in the person of Miss Rose Moriarity. Miss Moriarity rejoices in the following offices—she is but twenty-six years old, too: Deputy city treasurer, deputy city auditor, deputy clerk of the town council, clerk of the board of control, clerk to the director of public safety, and clerk to the director of public service. Politicians who know her well, and like her efficiency, refer to her—when she is not present—as "Rose," but she gets the appropriate title whenever she appears in an official capacity.

Dora Knowlton Ranous, living in a quiet home at Ashfield, Massachusetts, and not yet thirty years old, is one of the distinguished women of letters in America whose fame is known to the few outside scholarly circles. Her translations of the leading novelists of France—De Maupassant, Flaubert, Rene Bazin, Anatole France, and others—have been given the highest honors by the French Academy. Mrs. Ranous has edited many works of educational value in addition to her long application to translations from the French and Italian authors.

Maurice Henry Hewlett is in his fortieth year. He was educated at private schools, and at London International College. For some time he wrote characteristic reviews for the critical journals upon subjects which were congenial to him. From 1896-1900 he held a position in the land revenue department, but resigned after the brilliant success of his "Forest Lovers." His career since has been simply one of literary work, his time being devoted to the production of his novels. He has a strong objection to personal publicity, maintaining that while his books may be fair subjects for public interest and comment, his private affairs are not.

Herbert George Wells, the English story-writer and essayist, is forty-four years old. He was educated at a private school, but afterwards specialized in science and took his degree at London University. He used his scientific knowledge effectively in his earlier books. He was the Jules Verne of a new generation. Though many of his books seem sensational in nature, there is always a vein of philosophic speculation, and often of delicate satire. He has taken a forceful interest in social questions, and some of his later books have a wider and deeper range. He has been accused of a tendency to decry his countrymen unnecessarily, as in the case of his rather bitter indictment of Englishmen for their failure to lead the way in flying across the Channel; but his attitude is explained as broad as opposed to a provincial view of patriotism. Recently he has been discussing the question of the endowment of motherhood by the state.

TWO GALLIC COCKNEYS.

Their Idyllic Views of the Country and the Guileless Peasants.

One Saturday, toward five o'clock in the afternoon, Alphonse Mesnard came out of the Ministry of Commerce, and when his feet had touched the pavement, he skipped and bounded with a step so light and agile that it would have prevented Morpheus from sleeping. On the same day, at the same hour, Gabriel Rondeau crossed the threshold of the Ministry of the Navy, and no sooner did he reach the street than he burst forth, with a full voice, into a chromatic scale of which Mario might have been jealous. In the evening, these two young men met at the Mabilles.

"Gabriel," said Mesnard, "the Minister of Commerce is a great minister."

"Alphonse," responded Rondeau, "the Minister of the Navy is greater still."

"Do you know what measure has been determined on by the eminent administrator under whose orders I apply myself at the rate of eighteen hundred livres a year?"

"And you, do you know the decision taken this very day by the illustrious mariner who employs me in his office at the rate of one hundred and fifty francs a month?"

"He has allowed me a leave of absence of six weeks."

"He has consented to deprive himself of my services for thirty days."

"How do you intend to spend your vacation?"

"I have only one desire. It is to flee from Paris and its suburbs. Born in the heart of the city, nearly twenty-six years ago, I do not remember to have passed the limits of the department of the Seine. Will you believe it? I am acquainted with sheep only in the form of leg-of-mutton and chop. I know that it is a quadruped which has wool on its back, but I know it only by hearsay. It is shameful to confess, but it is true. I am sick of politics, literature, civilization, theatres, newspapers, and above all, of the ministry. *Orus, quando te aspiciam!* Which I shall allow myself to translate in this way: 'When shall I drink some unadulterated milk in the shade of an old moss-grown tree?'"

"Give me your hand," said Rondeau. "I, too, have hungered for verdure, for the open air, and for the warm sun. If you were born on the left bank of the Seine, I was born on the right. My long travels have been confined to the suburbs of the city. Once I went as far as Versailles. My family accompanied me to the depot, and our parting was heartrending. But, by my faith, today that is of no consequence. I have a vacation, you have a vacation. Let us take wing, and bless the ministers who have given us this leisure."

"Where shall we go? Italy is very far."

"Let me attend to that. A friend has invited me to go and see him. You can come to Mésangerie with me."

"But I do not know your friend."

"I shall present you, and then you can make his acquaintance."

"Will that suffice?"

"*Parbleu!* Before we were introduced to each other I did not know him any more than you know him now."

"That is so. Where does he live?"

"In Poitou. Oh, Alphonse! do you appreciate your good fortune? You are going to behold landscapes which will not revolve themselves like the diorama. We shall roll on the moss and in the hay. I shall behold the woods—I, who to this day have seen the elm only after being cut into laths."

"Let us start tomorrow," exclaimed Mesnard, enraptured with this rural picture.

"Agreed," said Rondeau. "Tomorrow, then, at seven o'clock, at the Orleans Station, and may we travel in the company of charming women, as do the heroes of romance in the newspapers of the day."

"Alphonse, I forewarn you that I reserve the brunette for myself."

"That is fortunate, Gabriel, for I love blondes only."

Vain illusion! They traveled with a commercial drummer, a tutor, an army officer, and an insurance agent. As for charming women, there was not a shadow of them. The more beautiful half of humanity was represented only by a venerable gray-haired nun, buried under the severe folds of her robe.

After a short stay in the city, the two friends intended to proceed to Mésangerie. Between Alphonse and Gabriel the following had been agreed upon: They would start the next day at five o'clock in the morning precisely, and the first to arouse should awaken the other.

That is why they did not leave the next day. The well-known promptness of the one snored until eleven o'clock. As for the accustomed punctuality of the other, it awakened a little before midday. Taught by experience, they took the wise resolution of intrusting to the servants of the hotel the care of arousing them at that unseasonable hour when daylight appears and the rag-pickers skulk away. Thanks to that precaution, the departure took place on the day named, and at the minute indicated.

It was a beautiful morning in September. The atmosphere was full of balmy odors, thousands of little birds flew from branch to branch with lively chirpings and joyful flappings of wings, and the sun, which rose

in a sky of purple and gold, seemed a wonderful topaz taken from the jewel-box of the Almighty.

"How fragrant it is here," said Mesnard, whose nostrils dilated with pleasure. The fact is, that for two unhappy noses, condemned to inhale Parisian dust all the year, this morning odor was better than all the perfumes of Arabia.

"What a beautiful green are the meadows! What rich tints! What an endless expanse of emeralds! How pleasant to gaze upon, especially when one is reduced, like us, in point of verdure, to the olive coat of the head clerk and the leather cushion of the second clerk."

"Miserable man! Why do you speak of second clerk and head clerk?" interrupted Rondeau. "I am no longer a clerk; I am a shepherd, and I answer to the pretty name of Némorin. I would give the fattest and whitest lamb of my future flock to hear an air performed on the flute, the shepherd's pipe, or the bagpipe. It seems to me that all other sound would be misplaced in this beautiful country! Ah! heavens!"

"What is the matter?"

"Can I believe my eyes?"

"One can always believe his eyes. But what is the matter with you?"

"A flock of sheep, of real sheep, is coming this way. Why, instead of browsing on the tender grass of the field, do they travel, like us, in the dust of the road? Let us ask the shepherd."

Having hastened forward, they approached an individual of wicked mien, who did not carry a crook, but instead, his left hand was armed with a formidable club.

"Shepherd Corydon," said Gabriel, "let us rest a moment in this charming spot. While we are taking shelter in the shade of this old beech-tree, *sub tegmine fagi*, your lambs can graze on the thyme and flowering cythus, and then they can quench their thirst in the stream of pure water." The shepherd Corydon fastened on his interlocutor a look of suspicion, and twirled his club menacingly.

"What! What!" said he: "I have no time to gabble. They are waiting at the slaughter-house for me and my companions. I am not Corydon; I am a butcher. A couple of fools!" he grumbled, while moving off, sneering at them.

The two men walked on for some time in silence. Suddenly, and with one accord, they stopped and listened.

"A thrush," said Mesnard, in a low voice.

"No; it is a nightingale. What lightness in its roulades! What grace in its trills!"

"What melodious accents!"

"Must I acknowledge it to you?—I have never seen a nightingale."

"I have seen one in the museum of natural history. It was stuffed."

"I have a curiosity to see this nightingale. Where do the sounds come from, Gabriel?"

"From that hedge there."

Mesnard picked up a stone, and threw it with all his strength in the direction indicated. A cry was heard behind the thicket. The two tourists stood stupefied.

"*Sacrebleu!*" said a furious voice, "you have just missed breaking my skull." At the same time appeared a little old man. With his right hand he rubbed his head, and in his left he held a bassoon, hung by a black string to one of the buttons of his coat. "Gentlemen," said the little old man, "may I venture to ask why you stoned me in that manner? What is my offense? It may be that you dislike the bassoon; but I love it, and I wish you to observe that the country is for every one; therefore I have a perfect right to amuse myself by making the neighboring echoes resound with the harmonious notes of my favorite instrument."

"Oh, sir! No excuses, I pray you," said Gabriel.

"My friend took you for a thrush, and I for a nightingale."

They hastened away, while the artist, who had never enjoyed a similar gratification, cried to them in the sweetest voice:

"I am Eberlé, professor of the bassoon, and *fagotto primo* in the orchestra of the theatre, at your service."

After an hour of walking, they espied a tavern, which they entered for refreshments.

"What shall I give you, gentlemen?" said the hostess, with a polite courtesy.

"Some milk, chestnuts, and brown bread."

"Would you not prefer an omelette with truffles, an *entrécôte béarnaise*, and a bottle of St. Emilion? While waiting, here is the *Figaro* to pass away the time."

"Are we in the Café-Riche in Paris, or are we in the heart of Poitou?" asked Mesnard.

"Is the country a chimera?" replied Rondeau.

Two peasants, clothed in druggot, with wooden shoes on their feet and cotton caps on their heads, entered the establishment, and took places not far from them, before a bottle of wine.

"At last!" said Gabriel, "here are two children of nature. We are going to know if potatoes are diseased, if the crops have been large, and if the wine will be good this year."

"Your health, Father Bourdier."

"Yours, Father Gaury."

"Have you your Suez still?"

"I sold them to take shares in Panama."

"I made a good stroke in British consols."

"When does your son return?"

"Very soon. He will be admitted as an advocate in five days."

"You are very fortunate. Mine will not receive the degree of doctor until next year."

"Let us go away," said Gabriel. "We are dealing with two citizens of the Place-Royale disguised as peasants."

* * * * *

After staying a week in Mésangerie, Gabriel noticed that Alphonse disappeared invariably at certain hours, and Alphonse observed that Gabriel vanished at a given moment every day.

"Where do you go in the evening, after dinner?" asked Mesnard.

"Where do you stroll in the morning before breakfast?" inquired Rondeau.

"I can tell nothing. I have promised not to speak of it."

"And I have sworn to keep an inviolable silence."

"You have secrets from your old comrade!"

"Have you not some from yours?"

"Oh, I? That is different. It concerns a young woman whom I must not compromise."

"I, too. My secret concerns a young girl. Do you think I ought to compromise her?"

"Are you not sure of my discretion?"

"Are you not certain of mine?"

"All that I can confess is, that I am the hero of a charming adventure."

"And I of a delightful romance."

"The most adorable simplicity!"

"The most piquant artlessness!"

"Good-bye, Gabriel."

"Good-evening, Alphonse."

While they conversed thus, two villagers accosted each other mysteriously, and withdrew from observation under a clump of chestnut-trees.

"Well, Father Durand, how do affairs stand?" asked the younger of the elder.

"All right, neighbor Dubois! All right! That's a blessing. What fools these citizens of Paris are! Mine, especially."

"Mine is not less so, I assure you. He is madly in love with my daughter, Valentine, and writes the most extravagant things to her."

"Mine says that he is dead in love with my wife, Lucille, and addresses to her verses without rhyme or reason."

"Never mind, my boy, they have most to laugh at who laugh last."

"You think they will suspect nothing?"

"They? No! They will be completely dazed, and then we can wring from them that which will enable us to drink to their healths at our ease."

"Ah, so! Your wife has practiced her part well."

"Fear nothing there. And your daughter?"

"Don't be uneasy. Valentine has her rôle at the tips of her fingers."

The next day Alphonse said to Gabriel: "I have a favor to ask of you, my friend."

"So much the better, my friend; I was going to ask a kindness of you."

"Can you lend me an embroidered shirt?"

"Have you any perfumery at your disposal?"

"I am going to see her this evening."

"I am going to spend this evening with her."

"If you could know my Valentine!"

"If you could know my Lucille!"

"Eighteen years old, and blonde as an ear of corn."

"Twenty years old, and dark as the night."

"A simplicity that can not be found in cities."

"An artlessness that can be found only in the country."

"Oh! When I think of the girls that I have been in love with!"

"Ah! When I think of the women that I have sighed for!"

"I am ashamed of my weakness."

"I blush for myself."

* * * * *

Two hours afterward Mesnard knocked three times, mysteriously, at Valentine's door.

"Is that you, Monsieur Alphonse?" asked a voice, sweetly agitated.

"Yes, my beautiful angel."

The door quickly opened, and closed noiselessly. The same ceremony took place at Lucille's door. Immediately this double cry resounded:

"Heavens! My father!"

"Alas! My husband!"

Alphonse turned around. He saw the muzzle of a gun six inches from his breast. Gabriel looked up. He saw a hatchet menacing his head.

"Robber!" roared Durand.

"Scoundrel!" foamed Dubois.

"Mercy!" gasped Mesnard.

"Pity!" murmured Rondeau.

What happened? Alas! let us cast a veil over the affair, or, if we speak of it, let us speak very softly very softly, so that Theocritus, Virgil and the rest of them may know nothing of it. There ensued a scene of extortion. Alphonse and Gabriel remained to sign two bills of exchange of three thousand francs, or sight at ninety days; the one for value received in dried walnuts, the other for value received in cloves of garlic. Mesnard and Rondeau returned in great haste to Paris, but not without having entered a complaint in the hands of justice. And the idyl is being unfolded in the court of assizes.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French.

THE BOLSTER BOOK.

Advice on Motors, Dogs, and Other Matters.

Humorists of the first water seem to be as scarce in England as in most other countries at the present time, but Harry Graham has a certain laughter-provoking gift which makes his sketches of the lighter sides of life particularly welcome. He has gathered together some representative examples in "The Bolster Book," that title having been chosen in view of the prevalence of insomnia. "To all who toss feverishly upon wakeful couches, vainly wooing slumber throughout the interminable hours that precede the dawn, these soothing essays—'sleeping-drafts' one might almost call them, should bring the solace they desire."

To classify such touch-and-go papers as these must have been no easy matter, but Mr. Graham has achieved success in that task. Thus at the outset we have a series of nine "Straight Talks to the Young," dealing with ordering dinner, table talk, motor-cars, dogs, breakfasting in bed, and so on. With regard to the present craze for automobiles, Mr. Graham finds that, as Shakespeare says, some men are born to motors, and others have motors thrust upon them. As a member of the latter class, but purely in the capacity of a passenger, Mr. Graham ventures on some advice on how to run a motor-car:

The first thing necessary for the full enjoyment of motoring is the possession of a reliable chauffeur. It is usual to employ a foreigner to play the part, though the same result can be attained by the simpler process of disguising your second coachman in a yachting cap three sizes too large for him, cutting his hair *en brosse*, confining him in the mushroom shed until he has grown a moustache, and bribing him to change his name from Alfred Berridge to Alphonse Bonnefemme.

The next important item is, of course, a motor-car, in the choice of which you can not exercise too much discretion or sound judgment. There are many ways of acquiring a car. The easiest way is to watch the newspapers closely for accounts of motor accidents, and immediately write or wire to the victims, their executors, or next of kin, and make a suitable offer for the car. In this way you can generally manage to acquire a cheap machine.

It is well, however, to be wary on this as on all matters that concern motors. An uncle of mine happened to read a newspaper report of the dramatic and premature demise of an American millionaire who had been touring the Alps in a 70 h. p. Jarrol-Stinkenhaus. He at once sent a picture postcard to the widow, offering £200 down for the motor, a sum which was immediately accepted. It was not until the final negotiations for a sale had been satisfactorily concluded that my uncle had sent his check, that he discovered that the car in question had fallen down a crevasse in an Alpine glacier. There was consequently no chance of his getting it until the year 2475 A. D., by which time the leading scientists of Switzerland calculated that the particular Alps in which this car was imbedded would disgorge its prey into the valley below. Being a busy man, my uncle could not afford to wait.

Mr. Graham is less confident in his instructions as to how the motor-car is to be started: all that he will commit himself to is: "When the engine is fairly started, run round and spring lightly into the car, pull back (or forwards, I forget which) the handle you will see on the right-hand side, grasp the steering wheel with one hand and the syphon—I mean the siren—with the other, and call loudly for help. The rest must be left to Providence."

While admitting that there are some people who refer children to dogs, principally because no license is required for the former, Mr. Graham is convinced that the desire to keep a dog is deeply rooted in human nature, and consequently a "straight talk" is devoted to the art of doing it properly:

There is nothing more painful than being bitten in the leg by a dog—except, of course, being bitten in both legs by two dogs. When this accident occurs, the injured limb should be worn in a sling for at least a fortnight, and the dog should be blindfolded, led outside the city gates, and shot at daybreak.

A thing you will often hear quite respectable people say is "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." Never take any notice of a remark of this sort. In the first place, it is quite unnecessary to give a dog a name at all, as I know by experience. I had a bull-terrier once which was a nameless phan, nobody's darling and all the rest of it, and had escaped from the Dogs' Home only fifteen minutes before the dog-chamber was to have been nicely aired for its reception. It attached itself to me in Battersea Park when I was cycling there one Sunday. I then and there made a pet of it and took it home, where the house-carpenter prised it off my calf with the aid of an instrument which is known in America, I believe, as a star-bangled spanner. People, especially ladies, used often to ask me, "What do you call your dog?" and I always replied quite truthfully that I did not call it at all. I had tried calling it, I explained, but as it never paid the slightest attention, I was at last forced to opt towards the sagacious animal an attitude of dignified silence. There were drawbacks to this treatment, however. One occasion the indignant father of a small child, which a bull-terrier happened to be worrying in Grosvenor Square one afternoon, shouted out to me quite sharply, "Hi, you! Call your dog off my Nellie, can't you?" I could not. As I went out to the man, he had the advantage of me in knowing his child's name, whereas I did not know the name of my bull-terrier; consequently, if any action were to be taken to end the situation, it was obviously for him to call his Nellie my dog.

After the "straight talks" we have a few essays on "lasterminds," including one on Andrew Carnegie and Skibo Castle. Mr. Carnegie is described as "probably the most American man in England and the most English man in America. He is certainly the most Scotch in both":

Every one who has paid a visit to Skibo Castle, whether the capacity of honored guest, as a friend of the butler, by paying 1s. at the turnstile, must be struck by the significance of this palatial residence, standing in its own park-like grounds, within two miles of the railway station, with spacious bedrooms, plenteous offices, hot and cold water

on every floor, electric light in the basement, and all the modern improvements and conveniences.

The sea used to come up to within a hundred yards of the dining-room window, until the lord of the manor objected, with an eloquence that King Canute might well have envied, Lobsters could be caught before breakfast on the lawn, until a policeman was stationed at the garden gate with strict orders only to admit bearers of pink tickets. Would that I had the time to pilot my readers from end to end of this remarkable domain! I would lead them from the library (a free one, of course) through an early Victorian boudoir to the state bedroom, which is tastefully decorated in a style known, I believe, as "late Pullman," and thence to the billiard-room. Thereafter, via the swimming bath (where guests are encouraged to emulate the methods of the nimble dabchick before dressing for dinner), we should find ourselves in the great hall, where a huge musical instrument, which combines the sonorous polyphony of the organ with the hiccyclic properties of the pianola, renders conversation inaudible unless carried on with the aid of the megaphones thoughtfully provided by a kindly host.

There is, however, one room into which I can not usher you. As at Glamis, Rufford, and the other haunted homes of England there is a chamber at Skibo which none may enter. You may implore me to show you the smoking-room; I can not do so. Threats, entreaties, all are useless. And for a very simple reason. There is no smoking-room. It does not exist. Visitors to Skibo Castle who wish to indulge in the harmless luxury of a pipe must join the gardener in the tool-shed, the coachman in the loose-box, or the odd man in the hoot-hole, and commit their pardonable excesses in a clandestine fashion, far from the eye of their host.

Among the "Dangerous Trades" to which Mr. Graham next turns his attention are cheese-punching, bottle-aging, and worm-eating, the first being a satire on the holey nature of Gruyère, the second a dissertation on the mysteries of restaurants, and the latter a revelation of the means taken to manufacture ancient furniture. This is from the bottle-aging disquisition:

The problem of ordering wine on such occasions is always a difficult one. If you are weak enough to ask the wine-waiter for his candid opinion on the subject he will always advise the selection of a peculiar brand of champagne called *l'œuvre Loframboise*, of which nobody has ever heard, but in which he, being a connection by marriage of the widow lady who manufactures this particular decoction, takes a more than usually intelligent interest. I do not propose to discuss the relative merits of various champagnes, for a lecture upon this expensive beverage would have little bearing upon my subject. I intend only to look upon the wine when it is red—as, for instance, claret, burgundy, heaune, raspberry-vinegar, etc., for it is in the perfection of such vintages as these that the passage of years plays so prominent a part. What's hred in the heaune—but no!

Looking carefully down the wine list of the restaurant, you will observe an item which is conspicuous by being underlined in red ink, thus: "Chateau Bonnefemme . . . (very nutty) . . . 1824. 5s. 6d. per bot.; 4s. per 1/2-hot." If you are giving a dinner to your fiancée or to a select circle of city magnates, you will probably run to a whole bot. and hang the expense. If you are merely dining with what I believe is technically known as "the wife," a half bot. will be sufficient.

You proceed, therefore, to order it with as lordly an air as you can, sit back in your chair and commence eating olives, being careful to throw the stones underneath the table or into the flower-pot with which the hoard is adorned, which contains an artificial chrysanthemum or a couple of real live daffodils.

We will now follow the wine-waiter to the cellar. Here he looks carefully about until his eye alights upon a bin labeled "Bonnefemme, 1824." From this he takes an empty bottle, which he proceeds to fill with a dark red fluid from a large cask in the corner bearing the legend, "Cohen Bros., Pimlico. This side up with care. Full value given for returned empties." Our waiter now places the newly filled bottle in a small basket, returns to the dining-room, and lays his burden upon your table with the patient smile of a man from whom none of the mysteries of life are hidden.

Popular English watering-places and other resorts frequented by the tripper afford Mr. Graham some of his best subjects. His first visit is paid to Brighton, where he is reminded of Britannia's "far-flung fleet of ocean tramps, commanded by Norwegians, manned by Poles, and stoked by Lascars." He also has something to say about the philosophy of taking a vacation:

The popular ideas of enjoyment differ vastly. One man delights in stalking cariboo in Central Africa, another hastens to Norway to fish for reaper, a third hires him to his native heath and plays cricket on the village green with twenty-one other fellows seven times hotter than himself. One man takes a walking tour in the Scilly Isles with a toothbrush, a copy of "The Open Road," a change of socks in his knapsack, and a "late lark singing" in his heart; another mounts his motorcycle and sits in a thorough draught for ten hours a day, while the picturesque scenery of the Lake District flashes by him unobserved. But to the majority of mankind the word "holiday" suggests a period of complete repose, when the tired breadwinner may don his oldest suit of flannels and sit in the sun, with a French novel in one hand, a cigar in the other, and in his breast the strong determination to fall into a profound sleep, from which he may only occasionally awake in time to partake of that series of gargantuan meals which punctuate the day so pleasantly.

Where can a holiday-maker find a more perfect haven of rest than by the shores of what Swinburne has called "the salt estranging sea," that illimitable ocean which is the peculiar heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race? What can be pleasanter than to lie at full length upon the yellow sands, listening to the innumerable laughter of the waves, while an adjacent troupe of nigger minstrels (armed with a bar-monium) render the comic songs of yesteryear in a manner calculated to make the tide go out and never come back, and somebody's large black dog, which has just triumphantly retrieved a walking-stick from the sea, bounds up to you and shakes its soppy coat in your face.

Hark! in the distance, the shrill cry of the humpboat-woman advertising her modest wares to the passer-by! Hark again! the hoarse commands of some old sea captain urging his crew to scuttle the keel, or belay, or man the mizzen hatchboom, or whatever is the exact operation for putting out to sea!

Edinburgh, as Mr. Graham observes, has several disappointments for the tourist. One of these is the complete absence of kilts, or the absence of Scotsmen in kilts:

Another mistake which strangers are apt to make lies in supposing that the good people of Scotland talk Scotch. I shall never forget my surprise on the occasion of my first visit

to Edinburgh when a policeman at the corner of Frederick Street, to whom I pleasantly remarked that it was a "hraw, bricht, nicht the night, whatever," told me to push off and stop being funny.

If you want to see Edinburgh at its best you should walk down Princes Street about six o'clock in the evening. This is the hour when the inhabitants came out in their thousands to take the air, hraw laddies and sonsy lassies, wee bit hairs and douce callants, lairds and gudewives, hawering and claverling, and wah-wahsterring together. Losh! but 'tis a grand sight for sair een, I'll warrant!

Here you may observe the American summer girl buying a photograph of Arthur's Seat to send home to her beau in Wall Street. Here you may note the English spinster purchasing a souvenir spoon engraved with the arms of the city, or an earthenware porringer inscribed with some appropriate motto, to cheer the heart of her little nephew, Johnnie, at present studying dead or morihund languages in a Home for the Half-Witted at Woking.

Cast your thoughts back a century or so, and in imagination you can see Susannah, the beautiful Lady Eglington, and her seven lovely daughters processing to the Assembly Rooms in their sedan chairs. Here in the High Street is John Knox's house, to which admittance can be obtained for the modest sum of twelve hawhees. Here, too, is St. Giles's Church, where Jenny Geddes anticipated the drastic methods of the modern militant suffragette.

Notwithstanding the charms of Brighton, Edinburgh, and other popular haunts, Mr. Graham is convinced that London is the perfect place for a vacation. August is his favorite month. "Then the air is redolent of a quiet peace. Then the streets are deserted, the public gardens empty":

The English summer has many compensating advantages. At this period of the year is held an exhibition of pictures in one of the public galleries which no true lover of art should miss seeing. Here may be noticed Mr. Marcus Stone's most recent representation of maidenhood in distress, or giddy youth staking the family fortunes on the fall of a dice in an Elizabethan room, the carpet of which is thickly strewn with about twenty-seven packs of playing cards. Here, too, you may note the Hon. John Collier's latest and most cryptic contribution to this storehouse of modern art, while the crowded and colossal canvas upon which Mr. Sigismund Goetze has depicted the last and most sensational offspring of his unfettered imagination flares side by side with the marvelous portraits of his lady friends which Mr. Sargent paints with so masterly and merciless a hand.

There is, I repeat, no more perfect place than this in which to spend the holidays. Its death-rate is lower than that of any other town boasting the same number of inhabitants. It possesses all the glamour of Brighton without the glare of that brilliant watering-place. It is as populous as Blackpool without being so crowded. During August it is not very fashionable perhaps. But by dint of lowering all the blinds and making exclusive use of the tradesmen's entrance as a means of ingress or egress, it is quite possible to conceal from curious friends the fact that one is living there at all.

I may be old-fashioned, prejudiced, what you will. But year by year the conviction is borne in upon me with more and more certainty that this is the only place where a man may live happily, comfortably, peacefully. For this reason, if for no other, I am determined that the summer of 1910 shall be no exception to my rule of "securing the only true ideal holiday."

When the happy moment comes for me to enjoy a brief respite from the grinding labors of that precarious profession to which I am bound so fast and so irrevocably, the spot that I shall choose in which to spend my holidays will be, as usual, London.

Finally there is "The Diary of a Dilettante," which embraces many topics, and pays special respects to the less enjoyable aspects of visits to country houses:

One of the chief trials of the country-house life is the difficulty of adequately entertaining or being adequately entertained. In a copy of one of our brightest halfpenny papers which I found in the smoking-room yesterday, I came across an article suggesting a number of new pastimes peculiarly suitable for the long summer evenings. I cut it out to show to Lady Strathbungo, but must reserve this for Monday. Among the games which struck me as most likely to cause pleasure to a country-house party the most attractive is undoubtedly the Frog Race. All that is required for this particular amusement is a few wheelbarrows and a lot of frogs. Wheelbarrows can always be borrowed from the undergardener, if he has not gone home to his dinner, and frogs may either be found in damp places or purchased at a purely nominal price from any respectable frog merchant in St. Martin's Lane.

The procedure of the game is as follows: The ladies of the party are lined up in a row, each of them being provided with a wheelbarrow containing four or five frogs. At a preconcerted signal the barrow-pushers race to a given point, and the one who on arrival is found to be in possession of the largest number of frogs is given a prize. As the writer of the article points out, the frogs will naturally begin to feel uneasy when the harrows start moving, and endeavor to escape by leaping out over the side or front, when they will perhaps be squashed under the wheels in a most comic way, or trodden on by some fair athlete with a foot like a poutoon. (And, by the by, the frogs must reach the winning-post inside the barrow. It is not permissible for a lady to bring one or more in upon her heel.) One can readily imagine the laughter that will be caused by such a sport as this, which is certainly one of the most amusing pastimes I have ever heard of. It is not, perhaps, so amusing for the frogs as for the onlookers; but one can not hope to please everybody.

Perhaps it should be added that Mr. Graham has something to say about "The Stately Homes of England," one of which is in the occupancy of the author's friend, Colonel Vipont, whom he first met selling peanuts and chewing-gum in a Pullman, but who has now taken his "proper place in London society." Probably, however, enough has been cited to prove whether "The Bolster Book" should find a place beneath every pillow.

THE BOLSTER BOOK. By Harry Graham. New York: Duffield & Co.

Oscar F. Nelson of Chicago, who has been elected president of the National Federation of Postoffice Clerks, was discharged from the postal service last July, charged with having unduly influenced legislation in favor of postoffice clerks. His election is considered a protest by the clerks against the government order forbidding them to attempt to influence legislation. He has previously been president of the federation and entered the postal service in 1899.

MR. PUNCH.

Apropos of the Late Cartoonist, Linley Sambourne.

Perhaps the best thing ever said about *Punch* has not been printed in its pages. "*Punch*," complained a lady to Sir Frank Burnand, "is not so good as it used to be, is it?" "No, madam," was the ready rejoinder, "and it never was."

Such is the fate of all famous periodicals. When each single issue is appraised by the traditions of its cumulative past, it can not fail to be judged as "not so good as it used to be." *Punch* was specially liable to be estimated in that comparative inanner. For what Londoner can not remember its old office window on Fleet Street, which presented to the passer-by a choice gallery of its most famous pictures? That long stretch of shop-front, which began on Fleet Street and turned round the corner into a quiet court, held an array of cartoons and social sketches such as always commanded a group of amused spectators. There could be seen the quaint drawing of a London policeman interrogating a cab-driver seated on the box of his four-wheeler and holding the reins of an attenuated horse. "Ello, cabby, going to get a new 'orse?" "Wot yer mean?" "I see you've got the framework already." Or close by there was the sketch of a door-end of a 'bus, with the conductor in converse with the angry old lady inside who protested that she had paid her fare, and that the conductor had dropped the coin down the slot of the window. "Well, d'think I'm going to turn th' bloomin' 'bus upside down for sixpence?"

But these and countless other pictorial witticisms of daily life in London were inconsidered trifles compared with the cartoons which dealt with national and world-important issues. Those cartoons often took the Londoner in thought far away from his own narrow and crowded streets. There was, for example, that stately tribute to the dead Lincoln from Tenniel's pen, depicting the figure of Britannia laying a wreath on Lincoln's bier, while not far away hung that other historic cartoon of "Dropping the Pilot," which sums up in one telling episode the tragic climax of Bismarck's career. From many another drawing the Hebraic features of D'Israeli greeted the onlooker in a multitude of guises, varied by presentments of his great political rival, Gladstone, depicted as a tree-feller, or Mrs. Gummidge, or a mountebank, or what not.

Even the most uninstructed in draughtsmanship could not fail to note that as compared with the cartoons dating prior to 1884 the picture entitled "A Midsummer Pantomime" struck a different note. It represented the work of one who was not exactly a newcomer to *Punch*, for he had been associated with the paper for some seventeen years, but it was an innovation for its draughtsman to be given the place of honor as chief cartoonist. Down in the corner, in neat and flowing penmanship, the curious might read the signature of "Linley Sambourne."

Forty-three years have passed away since Linley Sambourne first gained admission to the pages of *Punch*, a distinction he attained in his twenty-second year. A cockney by birth, for he was born in St. Paul's Churchyard, he was apprenticed to a firm of marine engineers, and thus in a mechanical way was afforded full scope for his passion for drawing. One day, however, he varied the routine of his office work by attempting a caricature of the head of his firm, and was caught in the act by his model. Instead of being wroth, the principal said, "You are not in your right place; you ought to be on *Punch*." "Yes, sir," rejoined the culprit, "but how am I to get there?" "Why, I will give you a letter of introduction to the editor, Mark Lemon, my old friend." He did more; he sent Lemon the caricature of himself with his letter, and the two documents resulted in Sambourne's engagement. All that was in 1867, and from that date to his recent death Sambourne has been closely associated with the fortunes of England's leading journal of humor.

Seventeen years later, in 1884, Sambourne was appointed second cartoonist, a promotion which accounted for that "A Midsummer Pantomime" already mentioned, drawn when Tenniel was on vacation. Since 1901, when the veteran and still living Tenniel retired, Sambourne had held the position of chief cartoonist, his last notable drawing being "A Pleasure Deferred," depicting the Budget as a modern Guy Fawkes intent upon blowing up the House of Lords.

Never has *Punch* had a more conscientious artist. His early training was no doubt largely responsible for the firmness and clearness of his drawing, but he never allowed himself to grow careless in conception or execution. As Matthew Arnold said in another sense, he drew with his eye on the object. "It does irritate me so," he once remarked, "when people say, 'I dare say you knock off your sketches very quickly.' I do nothing of the kind. Often I spend hours in investigating a point before I begin to draw." It was wholly in keeping with that painstaking spirit that Sambourne was wont for years to visit the Zoo twice a week to make studies of animals direct from the model, and that in one case he frequented the Zoo for fourteen days in succession in order to catch a lion in the act of yawning. Unlike so many artists who revile photography and at the same time have secret drawers packed with photographs, Sambourne never hesitated to admit his indebtedness to the records of the camera. "I have," he frankly confessed, "a very large collection

of photographs, both of figures and of an almost endless variety of scenes that may serve as accessories, or foregrounds, or backgrounds." The result is that when Sambourne placed his figures amid existing environments, as at a doorway of the House of Parliament or elsewhere, one could always depend upon the accuracy of the scene. And his devotion to the Zoo accounted for the faithfulness of his natural history in his famous drawings for Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies." It has been well claimed that his drawings of the salmon and seabirds in that book have become classics, while many of the other designs are replete with poetic beauty.

Of course Sambourne, like Dana Gibson, Du Maurier, and others, created his own type of female beauty, and it was in harmony with the artist's own partialities that she should be a woman suggestive of the out-door life. For he was a devotee of tennis, and golf, and fishing, and especially riding. Perhaps he was never so fully the "jolly, jovial Linley" of his friends as when on horseback, making excursions with one or other member of the "Two Pins" Club—so named after John Gil-pin and Dick Tur-pin—to which he belonged.

Doubtless there will be many old ladies and others who, missing the natty signature of "Linley Sambourne," will aver that *Punch* is "not so good as it used to be," but the appointment of Bernard Partridge as the new chief cartoonist is sufficient assurance that the *Charivari* of Great Britain will be fully as representative and entertaining in the future as it has been in the past. A journal which has survived the loss of Thackeray, Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, Leech, Keene, Tenniel, and Raven Hill has established its independence of any writer or artist. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, September 3, 1910.

Camilla, the Amazon queen of the Volscians, has been purged of the suspicion that she was merely a poetic figment of Virgil's imagination by the discovery at Belmonte, by Professor Dall'Osso, of the sepulchres of the two women warriors. The discovery was reported briefly by telegraph, but now further details are available of the women who fought and died eight centuries before the time of Christ. The district which is being excavated is rich in relics of old Etruria, and the existence of Amazons there is proved by the fact that the two women whose remains have been discovered were buried in their panoply of war beneath their chariots in exactly the same way as the fighting men whose skeletons have been unearthed. The first Amazon tomb which the professor opened was fifteen feet long, eight feet wide, and ten feet deep. The two-horsed chariot which shrouded the skeleton was ornamented with bronze and iron, the yoke was metal and the bronze bits of the horses were still intact.

It is more than 140 years since the famous "Encyclopædia Britannica" was first planned by "a Society of Gentlemen in Scotland." The first edition began to appear in 1768, and was completed, in three volumes, in 1771. The publishers were Colin MacFarquhar—who seems to have been the real originator of the work—and Andrew Bell; they had the assistance as editor of William Smellie, an Edinburgh printer of wide and varied learning. The plan of the new work differed from that used in any earlier encyclopædia by combining the method of Dennis de Coetlogon (1745) with that then in common use—on the one hand keeping important subjects together, and on the other facilitating reference by numerous separate articles under alphabetical headings. This novel and convenient plan has been adopted by practically every encyclopædia of importance. The same publishers, with James Tyler as editor, issued the second edition, in ten volumes, from 1777 to 1784.

It is making a large assumption to suppose that a safe aeroplane can be evolved, but if it is once given to the public there is reason to believe that aviation will within a few years become a dangerous rival to automobiling as an amusement (remarks the Springfield Republican). The cost is at present rather greater, but should be considerably less when the manufacture is standardized and done on a large scale. At present the usual cost is about \$3000, but some experts estimate that a good small machine could be made for \$300—a touring car for the whole family might cost twice as much. The engine power needed would be higher, but the average speed would be greater, and the distance between points much less because taken in a straight line. The services of an aviator would be at first very much more costly than those of a chauffeur, but this difference would rapidly decrease as the number of experts grows and the demand for exhibition decreases.

Frank M. Dennis, a New York banker and yachtsman, is building an eighty-foot motor-boat on which he will cruise direct from New York City, across mid-Atlantic, to the English Channel, thence by way of the Seine and the Seine canals into Paris. An attempt on the part of a German motor-boat to accomplish this feat resulted a short time ago in the failure of the gasoline supply four days out and the rest of the voyage had to be made under sail. Mr. Dennis's boat will carry 3500 gallons of gasoline in the tanks along over the keel, compartmented so as to prevent any considerable leakage, even should the hull be pierced.

"IN A BARREN AND DRY LAND."

The rays of the afternoon sun fell far aslant, lighting up the west windows of the little shack with a merciless glow of red. The heat shimmered in the dus clouds that clung close to the ground in palpitating suffocating waves. Under the single umbrella tree of scraggly growth, which partially sheltered the house was spread an old frayed quilt. On the quilt lay baby under a cover of mosquito netting.

From the house came the sizzle of frying meat and the mingled odors of bacon and corn bread. Presently a woman appeared in the door. She shaded her eye with her hand and peered down the hot, white wagon trail that stretched away to the washed-out blue horizon. To the south a thicker cloud of dust moved steadily along the road. The baby whimpered fretfully, and the woman, shuffling down the dusty path and across the strip of dried foxtail, drew off the netting and soothed the little one with practiced touch.

Wearily she dragged back to the steps and crouched there in a heap, the child still in her arms. The dust cloud grew larger, but the woman was not watching it—she was gazing straight out at the eastern horizon beyond the low-hanging dust, to where a clump of willows made a cool green above the wearying glow of yellow. Her mental vision saw clearly the picture there—a cool, small ditch, flowing lazily between the willowed banks, water flies dimpling the surface of the stream; from bank to bank a foot bridge, beyond that a path, and beyond that a house, small, it is true, but glorious to her starved eyes in its whitewash and leafy shelter. In the door of that cool, white house stood a woman, neat and restful in her pale blue calico. The woman on the steps of the little brown shack passed the back of her hand across her eyes, rose and went into the house. Carefully, yet without tenderness, she laid the baby down in his crib and bent over the stove. Outside the cloud of dust turned in toward the barn.

The doorway darkened and a man entered, followed by four boys, the eldest perhaps fifteen. "Supper ready, Jen?" growled the man. The answer was given in a colorless voice devoid even of the irritation of a tired woman who has kept a meal hot long past the appointed time. The chairs scraped on the bare floor as the boys drew up to the meal. "Jen" served. There was a place set for her, but she was seldom in it, and when she did sit down she only crumbled a piece of corn bread on her plate. Twice she caught her breath as though to speak, hesitated, closed her lips, and crumbled the bread again. At last, however, she spoke the words tumbling over each other in her fear lest the courage to utter them should fail her. "Jim," she said, "did you bring that blue calico from Lovett's?" "No," the man drawled, "I didn't. I guess you ain't needin' that ther calico for a piece yet—n' anyhow that light blue'll fade too quick. There was fresher cherries in town, 'n I brought some home so's we c' have some stewed this winter."

His wife made no reply, but rose, stacked up the dishes and took them to the bench over which hung two tin dishpans. No one offered to help. Finally she asked, "Where's the cherries? I may's well put 'em up tonight. I'll have my hands full tomorrow."

The man and the boys shambled outside, the man to smoke and read the weekly newspaper, the boys to tumble about under the scraggly umbrella. One of the boys had a mouth organ which he was learning to play. The strains of a wobbly "Home, Sweet Home" came in to the woman in the hot kitchen.

She worked quickly, with the speed of one who "going on her nerves," and by the time Jim had gone to bed ten quarts of cherries were standing on the bench under the south window and the kitchen was tidy again. Then she went to the room from which the snores of Jim came resonantly. She leaned over the baby's crib and kissed the moist, white forehead and then one dimpled hand. "Ef you'd a been a girl she whispered, 'I don't think I'd do what I'm a goin' to, but I can't stand any more men folks, an' I know t' one that's comin' is goin' t' be a boy.'" Then she went outside and threw herself on the quilt under the scraggly umbrella tree. The stars quieted her and last she fell asleep.

Some two hours later she awakened, slipped in the back way, but returned presently, and started off across the fields straight for the patch of green. There was a late moon, but she stumbled as she walked over the rough ground. Once she fell and lay prone for a few moments. Then she rose to her knees and groped wildly over the ground. At last, with a sob, she caught up something and went on again. Towards dawn she reached the willow trees by the ditch. But she did not cross the footboard, nor go up the path. Instead she followed the bank, plodding on till the sun rose.

As the great red ball came up, promising another day of San Joaquin summer torture, the woman stopped faced it a moment, swallowed something which she held all this time in her clenched hand and then walked forward again. After a while she began to stumble. At last she lay down on the moist bank of the stream under a willow tree. The sun rose higher and higher but she did not stir. It struck through the branch of the tree, flecking her faded red calico with light as shade, and bringing out golden tints in the dull brown hair. But the shade of the willow was upon her as she lay still.

ANNA LOUISE BARNEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1910.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Successful Wife.

Esther was a great success. She was a success as a stenographer. Beginning at "five per," salary while you learn, and all that, she soon had the ball at her feet to the tune of twelve hundred a year. Then her troubles began; Mr. Falsworth, otherwise "Will," was the first of them, a magnate of some kind, whose wife consisted mostly of a pair of pretty slippers and a passion for board meetings. "Will" couldn't stand it. "I married some one, Esther, but I didn't get a woman. I want a woman for a wife. Every decent human wants the same thing." So "Will" made proposals; wanted Esther to hie away with him o'er the seas, or anywhere else she pleased. But Esther, for all the glibness with which "Will" slipped from her tongue, was determined to be as much above reproach as Caesar's wife.

Then there was Senator Bellars. Not that he wanted to hie away o'er the seas. Far from it. He had a "hard, loud voice," and a hard if not a loud heart. But he was shrewd to boot; recognized Esther's incomparable value as a stenographer, and desired her as private secretary at two hundred per month. Esther declined; perhaps because the position was limited to "three months." But the senator's reprobate nephew, one Stephen Kirkland, had better luck. He had gone the pace; hadn't "been to sleep sober for a century," and so on. Esther changed all that. He kept "straight" for a whole eight months to tell her of her magnetic charm, and ask her, "What are you going to do with me?" Was she going to see him through? Esther was. And the rest of the story tells how she kept her word.

A SUCCESSFUL WIFE. By G. Dorset. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

Petticoat Rule.

Famous and infamous personages hold the stage of this novel: Louis the Well-Beloved, Mme. de Pompadour, the Young Pretender, and many more. And the atmosphere is akin to that of the banquet hall of the first chapter: "Heavy with the fumes of past good cheer, and the scent of a thousand roses fading beneath the glare of innumerable wax candles." Much pains have evidently gone to the "getting up" of the story's setting, but the pen which gave a charm to "The Scarlet Pimpernel" seems to have lost something of its cunning. For this study of the influence of women in the affairs of France and Europe is painfully artificial, and most of the characters are little better than lay figures. Gain and again it is insisted that Mme. de Pompadour maintained her hold upon Louis by her sprightly wit, but unhappily the wit is never forthcoming. Nor does the reader gain an idea of the woman's charm at all measurable to the claims made on her behalf. There is a plentiful crop of intrigues, and the inevitable duel is not overlooked.

PETTICOAT RULE. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

Deep in Piney Woods.

As an attempt to appeal to two audiences Mr. Church's story is a model of expediency. On a first glance it has the appearance of a Southern novel written for Northern consumption. For when Major Claiborne of South Georgia, owner of thousands of acres of pine forest and consequently a producer of turpentine on a large scale, finds it necessary to dismiss a Southerner from the control of his business and call in an expert from New York, it looks as though the North is to win hands down. And Brett Reed, the expert in question, is not long in making good. He brings the niggers to discipline such as had been unknown for many a day, and then works the stills on such scientific principles that their output rapidly increases. And all this the work of a Yankee! And with a Southern girl, Savannah Claiborne, hovering in the background as a prize! But at this point Mr. Church turns the trick of his little plot; Brett Reed was a Kentuckian. So after all this is a Southern story for Southern consumption. Yet there are probably many Northerners and others who will take an interest in Reed's efforts to bring order out of chaos, defeat the villain of the plot, and win Savannah as his bride. Especially as the story conveys much information about the turpentine industry and depicts some phases of Voodoo worship among the negroes.

DEEP IN PINEY WOODS. By J. W. Church. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.20 net.

Real Letters of a Real Girl.

Army life from its social side as it is colored by experiences on a transport and duty in the Philippines is depicted in this lively little book. It is in the form of letters from Beth, the wife of an officer, and tells the incidents of a nine weeks' trip from New York to Manila Bay via Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, and Ceylon. The letters are exceedingly sprightly, but also informing in an attractive manner, while the interest of the reader is enhanced by Beth's efforts to find a husband for her cousin at home. The pic-

tures of life in the Mariquina Valley are well done, and the journey home enables respects to be paid to Honolulu, San Francisco, and Hot Springs. No doubt these letters would hardly have been written had it not been for the success of "The Lady of the Decoration," but they were worth writing.

REAL LETTERS OF A REAL GIRL. By Betty. Boston: The C. M. Clark Publishing Company.

Rambles with an American.

James C. Fairfield, of Chicago, is the American whom Mr. Tearle takes on the rambles described in this volume. It was a pity he did not make his journeys alone. For Mr. Fairfield's presence impelled Mr. Tearle to impart his knowledge of famous haunts in the form of dialogue, and his dialogue is of the crudest description. In spite of Mr. Fairfield's presence, the reader will hardly be able to visualize the visitor from Chicago, save, perhaps, when the sight of the Child's fountain at Stratford makes him exclaim, "I feel an uncontrollable desire to take a glass of beer."

While the shade of Dickens hovers over most of these pages, there are other immortals who are in evidence during the rambles. Shakespeare dominates the pages devoted to the Banks and Stratford, while elsewhere efforts are made to retrace the earthly footsteps of Goldsmith, and Sir Walter Scott. But the rambles ever return to Dickens, just as they begin with him at Hatton Garden and the Marshalsea, and conclude with him at Rochester and Gadshill. It may be freely admitted that Mr. Tearle has gleaned far and wide for his information, but his manner of presentation is not attractive. The volume is illustrated from old prints and modern photographs.

RAMBLES WITH AN AMERICAN. By Christian Tearle. New York: Duffield & Co.

Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino.

Although covering a period of but four years, from 1836 to 1840, this new installment is full of interest and introduces many famous persons and places. There is a pathetic story of the first Napoleon. "Marchand often spoke to M. Mignet of Napoleon's last moments, of the loneliness and emptiness of his life; in illustration, he said that one evening when the emperor, who was then very ill, was in bed, he pointed to the foot of the bed and said to him: 'Marchand, sit down there and tell me something.' Marchand said to him: 'Dear me, sire, what can I tell you who have done and seen so much?' 'Tell me about your youth; that will be simple and true, and will interest me,' replied the emperor."

Of course there is much in this volume about Talleyrand, who "often said that a politician to complete his education should certainly go to America, as a distant point of view from which to judge old Europe." The duchess gossips on in the most informal, pleasant, yet informing manner, throwing a flood of light on the people and manners of her time. She mingled, of course, in the highest society of her day, but it is clear that her inclinations were toward a simpler life, and her visits to Paris make her "sadder than ever"; she longed for "the quiet of the country, the restfulness of the fields, time to think and reflect." It is not surprising, then, to come upon such a confession as this: "I had several times glanced at the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ.' Whether it was that my knowledge of others and myself was only superficial or that my mind was ill-prepared and too wandering, I had seen no great difference between this famous work and the 'Journée du Chrétien' and the 'Petit Paroissien.' I had often been surprised at the great reputation which this book enjoyed, but had never found any pleasure in reading it. Chance led me to open it the other day with Pauline; the first lines caught my attention, and I have been reading it with ever-increasing admiration. What intellectual power beneath the highest simplicity of form! What profound knowledge of the deepest recesses of the human heart!" This note of growing detachment from life is often struck by the writer, giving a pensive contrast to the doings and sayings of that court life which often engaged her competent pen.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS DE DINO. 1836-1840. Edited by the Princess Radziwill. Second series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Among the topics discussed by Mr. Frank are "The Purport of the Ghost," "Hamlet's Mental Transformation," "The Fate of Ophelia," and "Was Hamlet Insane?" With regard to the ghost he makes a strong point of the fact that in "Hamlet" it is objective, that is, seen by several individuals, whereas in other plays Shakespeare makes his ghost subjective, for even in "Macbeth" the apparition is seen only by Macbeth. Hence Mr. Frank's conclusion that "it is a profound psychological phenomenon, and I can not but marvel that Shakespeare seemed so far to foresee the discoveries of science as to have anticipated them by three centuries or more."

On that other problem which has so vexed the commentators—that is, whether Hamlet

was really insane or merely simulated insanity, Mr. Frank argues that "in intellect, untouched by the palsy of disease, his mind can think and reason with the best; but in will, sore and afflicted, because of the most grievous torture that can agonize a human soul. He is, when swept into the tempest of his passion—while awl in the maelstrom of his malady—irresponsible for his deeds, whose foulest must be overlooked by us with what charity we bestow upon a madman; yet in whom, when restored, we discern again the brow of honor and the visage of integrity." An interesting feature of the volume is the reproduction of the portraits of twelve famous actors who have played the title-role of the play.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. By Henry Frank. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The Public Domain and Democracy.

In this study of the social, economic, and political problems of the United States so far as they have been conditioned by Western development, Mr. Hill notes that the importance of population movements consists in the fact that they have created a condition of successive changes, social instability, and social, economic, and political restlessness. All the time two processes have been at work, the one making for the strengthening and perpetuation of the democratic ideal, the other having a tendency in the opposite direction. Mr. Hill deals with the Westward movement, with democracy and equality in Western life, and with individualism and public domain.

Among the conclusions reached by Mr. Hill as the result of his careful researches are:

Frontiers and frontier periods are places and times of great social instability where and when fundamental and social adjustments take place.

Democracy, *per se*, does not mean or essentially insure ideals of human liberty unless with it are established form of social control to insure substantial equality.

Since the final struggle for human liberty is to be chiefly fought out in the economic field, and this in reality will determine in the last analysis the other forms of liberty, the distribution of the nation's public domain may be regarded with a degree of real solicitude.

All other things considered, the greater the social heterogeneity, the greater the need of control and coercion; the greater the development of individual liberty or individualism, also the greater the need of regulation.

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN AND DEMOCRACY. By Robert Tudor Hill. New York: Columbia University; \$2.

Briefer Reviews.

Agreeing in a large measure with those critics who hold that the teaching of literature in our schools is "too academic," C. N. Kendall has in "Travels in History" (Harper & Brothers; 50 cents) selected some vivid passages from several of Mark Twain's more historical writings in the belief that he is one of the writers who "interpret life with vitality and reality." The selections have been made with care and adapted for home and supplementary reading in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades.

In the two volumes of "The Children's Plutarch" (Harper & Brothers; 75 cents each), F. J. Gould has attempted a version of the Greek and Roman lives for the special use of children between the ages of ten and fourteen. His object has been to create "in the child-nature a sympathy for some definite historic movement" by way of preliminary lessons in justice, government, and political progress. Mr. Gould has retold many of Plutarch's best stories in a skillful and most readable manner, and the little books are rendered additionally attractive by illustrations by Walter Crane.

What so many writers of fiction are trying to do for adults, that is, repicture primitive man in his crude environment, H. R. Hall has in "Days Before History" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50) endeavored to accomplish for the child reader. Boys especially can hardly fail to be interested in Mr. Hall's vivid account of how early man lived in holes dug out of the ground, dressed in the skins of wild animals, and generally struggled through existence without any of the aids to life now thought necessary. The book is fully illustrated.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Longfellow and Other Essays.

In addition to giving his views about Longfellow, Mr. Trent in the present volume has a word to say about Scott, Spenser, Dr. Johnson, Milton, Daudet, Thackeray as a poet, and Poe. Also there is "A Talk to Would-Be Teachers" and a paper on "The Relations of History and Literature."

So far as Longfellow is concerned, Mr. Trent is content to take up a modest position. He praises him for his learning—"the most important link for almost two generations between the culture of the old world and that of the new"—and his pure character, but the judgment of his verse is that "his most individual and in many respects his most notable achievement in poetry is to be found in those lyrics which express the pensive sentiment so thoroughly characteristic of their author and so universal in their appeal to our common human nature." Spenser is discussed in spite of the fact that "it is entirely superfluous to say a word in his favor to his admirers, and almost a forlorn undertaking to win over to him totally indifferent and neglectful readers." Perhaps the most whole-hearted essay in the volume is that devoted to Milton, "the writer of writers" in Mr. Trent's opinion. This has been a life-long conviction, for he tells how "some Sewanee students of nine years ago adorned one spring morning the freshly whitewashed fences with an advertisement that read in staring crimson letters—'Take Trent's Miltonic for the Brain.'" All the essays are eminently readable and should render a useful service in inspiring a love for the best in literature.

LONGFELLOW AND OTHER ESSAYS. By William P. Trent. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Houseboat Days in China.

A book of sheer delight is this record of placid days in a houseboat on Chinese waters. For the benefit of those curious in such matters, Mr. Bland gives at the end of his volume a map of the district visited, but it is best to ignore that concession to realism and refuse to be bothered with either place or time. The chief charm of houseboat life anywhere is that it builds up unforgettable memories for the prosy days of life, and those who linger over Mr. Bland's pages with the desire to enrich their brain cells with imaginative food will take from this fascinating book its greatest value.

It is true Mr. Bland does enter into particulars as to the craft on which he spent his halcyon days, but, as he notes, when all is said, the boat is to your realist "a thing of timber and tarpaulin, full of jabbering Orientals, but to the eye of faith an Argosy wherein we may sail gladly into worlds unexplored and return not empty-handed." Yet there are practical suggestions in plenty, all, however, conveyed in a vein of delightful humor and never in a pedagogical spirit. It is so all through; whether Mr. Bland describes his lowland and crew, or the dogs with which he and his companion hunted, or the sport, or the ethics of houseboat travel, or missionaries and mandarins and morals, or the books suitable for such voyages, he is always entertaining and eminently readable. In the canine chapter, for example, he writes: "It was my fate, once upon a time, to own an Australian dog named Hector. I have never been to Australia, but my feelings are respectful for a country which declines to import Asiatic labor, and is able to get good money for exporting such articles as that dog. He was the best of a lot of five guaranteed setters, imported at £10 apiece; the only conclusion which a charitable person could form about those animals was that they had been exclusively trained to the pursuit of kangaroos." Another admirable chapter is devoted to a discussion of the Chinaman, who comes out of the ordeal with much credit. These people, Mr. Bland asserts, have certain things we may well envy, "the faculty of finding joy in simple household things. Let us not too greatly pity them; I doubt if my boat-coolie, sunning himself after a meal of fish and rice, and telling his pals a story bluer than the deepest azure of the Arabian Nights, would change places with John D. Rockefeller. If he did, John might be a happier man."

Perhaps, however, the gem of Mr. Bland's character sketches is that of the American missionary named Wimple, whose high nasal accents were softened or lost in talking Chinese. "Wimple is not a type, though by no means an isolated specimen, of the results of American missionary enterprise in China. He is rather one of the peculiar products of Western morals applied, on misguided principles, to the Far East. I remember well traveling out with him on the Pacific Mail that first brought him, one of a batch of seventy youthful enthusiasts, to convert the heathen. Till then, he had been a backwoods teacher in Dakota, saw life through the distorted medium of an undigested Pentateuch, and drank out of his finger-bowl. A year later I came across him preaching at a street corner at Su Chow, in execrable Chinese, on the efficacy of faith as distinct from works, and distributing leaflets against the opium habit. That was six years ago; since then he has been led

to believe that his mission lies with the educated and official classes, in the conversion of 'this great people' from the top downwards, and incidentally it has come to pass that his labors have gradually become more secular and less dogmatic." It seems that all the delights Mr. Bland describes in so fascinating a manner were obtained for the cost of five dollars a day. The actual sport was excellent, and when that palled there was always the selected library to fall back upon. The list is not given in competition with this or the Other's hundred best books "for the equipment of a first-class mental interior," but as a sop to the curious. It included Homer, the Book of Job, the "Morte d'Arthur," the "Golden Treasury," Shakespeare, Swinburne, Shelley, Omar, Montaigne, and odd volumes of Balzac, Dickens, and Hazlitt. Perhaps the list furnishes a clew to the secret to Mr. Bland's own delightful style.

HOUSEBOAT DAYS IN CHINA. By J. O. P. Bland. Illustrated by W. D. Straight. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

American Inland Waterways.

From the car shortage of 1906 and 1907 to an eloquent plea for more waterways in America is a natural transition in the opinion of Mr. Quick. So he has written this volume to present his readers with "present national dangers, problems and opportunities." Railways, he contends, must not be allowed to kill water-borne traffic, and, on the other hand, it is an urgent duty of the hour to make our waterways fit for their work.

In a lively chapter devoted to "The Grand Strategy of Trade" Mr. Quick notes the canal-building craze which has been bred of the Panama enterprise, but he would fain base the matter on a more business-like foundation. And to this end he adduces the example of Europe and Canada. "Europe has built and is building waterways for the purpose of reducing transportation charges that she may control the world's trade. Canada, with fine sagacity, has pursued the policy of striking at New York's trade from the rear in the interests of Montreal and her lake cities. The danger was acute in the minds of American statesmen as long ago as the Fifty-Second Congress. The deepening draught of ocean vessels seems to be the great factor enabling New York to hold her Western trade as well as she has; and Canada is preparing to deepen her waterways to meet the demands of modern ships. New York has abandoned the idea of a ship canal from the lakes to the Hudson, and has contented herself with a barge canal which makes it necessary to break bulk twice in sea-going shipments. Whether she can thus hold her trade or not against the shorter lines and deeper channels which Canada is preparing is a question for her to meet; but the nation at large is confronted with the old danger of having our great avenues of commerce flow to the sea through foreign territory, and our trade is liable to the imposition of such burdens and discriminations as must inevitably tend to the destruction of our merchant marine and the building up of our neighbor nation's." That is the most serious problem in Mr. Quick's estimation, and he discusses its various phases in a suggestive and earnest manner.

AMERICAN INLAND WATERWAYS. By Herbert Quick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

James Lane Allen has abandoned "A Brood of the Eagle" as a title for his forthcoming novel and adopted instead "The Doctor's Christmas Eve." The scene will be laid in rural Kentucky once more, while for theme there will be traced the noble but unfortunate love of a country doctor.

Among the notable fiction on the Macmillan fall list is "Just Folks," a series of studies of lowly life from the gifted pen of Clara E. Laughlin. Knowing the "other half" from intimate personal contact, Miss Laughlin brings to her task of delineation not only the touch of the artist, but a warm and living sympathy.

"Great American Universities" is the title of a book, due in the fall, in which Edwin E. Slosson will present the results of a close study of Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, Yale, Cornell, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Stanford, Johns Hopkins, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, California, and Illinois.

What Palgrave accomplished for English lyrics, Professor Curtis Hidden Page of Columbia has attempted to do for purely American verse, and his volume is to hear the imitative title of the "Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics." It will be the result of some years' labor in reading, testing, and sifting the lyrical poems of American singers.

John Davidson as the poet of anarchy is the subject of a sane judgment by Milton Bronner in the *Forum*. While for a time Davidson promised to become the true singer of the humble laborer, and had a gift of spontaneity, on his falling at cross-purposes with life he passed into a position of revolt. A decadent philosophy warped his mind and

ruined his life, and he went out into the ultimate dark and cold, disappointed, defeated, and embittered. He who might have had so much baggage for posterity now leaves hut a small fardel for time to toy with. The editor of some of Davidson's prose work reaches a kindred conclusion.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has written new introductions to her stories for the collected edition of her works announced by the Houghton Mifflin Company. In the preface to "The Marriage of William Ashe" she contends that it is better in fiction writing to take historical incidents and give them modern surroundings than to attempt to carry the reader into olden days. "The form and function of any tale that has ever touched human imagination is undying. And life is always reproducing new substance for the old forms."

As soon as Mayor Gaynor was pronounced strong enough to be allowed to read, his first selections included A. Maurice Low's "The American People," Franklin's "Autobiography," and some short stories about Lincoln.

For the past twenty years Prentiss Cummings, a Boston lawyer of scholarly accomplishments, has devoted his leisure to translating the "Iliad" of Homer into hexameter verse, the metre of the original, which is to be published in two volumes by Little, Brown & Co. on the translator's seventieth birthday.

In "The Grand Cañon of Arizona," promised for the early fall, George Wharton James has embodied the results of nearly twenty annual visits to that region. It will take the form of a tourist hand-book and he fully illustrated with views, diagrams, and maps.

If familiarity with smokeless powder and high explosives is the proper equipment for a literary critic, Hudson Maxim ought to be able to eclipse Saint-Beuve, Matthew Arnold, and the others on their own ground. He has perpetrated a volume entitled "The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language," because he is convinced that than literary criticism "no other subject of equal interest and importance to mankind has been so neglected by science."

New Books Received.

NOVELS.

THE HOUSE OF BONDS. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A vividly wrought story of the social problem common to all great cities, distinguished by its restraint and elemental force.

THE SHADOW OF A TITAN. By A. F. Wedgewood. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Tells the stirring love romance of a South American adventurer, who is drawn with much originality and power.

THE LONELY LOVERS. By Horace W. C. Newte. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50.

Concerned with the nobler possibilities of passion and the price of renunciation, with unusual character studies of an apparently selfish man and an unselfish girl.

THE PASSOVER. By Clifford Howard. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1 net.

A story of Palestine, and especially of the home at Bethany, during New Testament times.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD GREEK NATURE STORIES. By F. A. Farrar. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50.

An attempt to link many of the myths of old Greece with the natural phenomena from which they may have grown. Illustrated from masterpieces of sculpture and painting.

GEORGE ELIOT: SCENES AND PEOPLE IN HER NOVELS. By Charles S. Olcott. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2 net.

Descriptions of the places in Warwickshire and elsewhere which provided George Eliot with the models from which she drew the scenes of her novels.

BEYOND THE BORDER LINE OF LIFE. By Gustavus Myers. Boston: The Ball Publishing Company; \$1 net.

Sums up the results of the scientific investigation of psychic phenomena, with an account of several well-known experiments.

ELECTRICITY. By Thomas W. Corbin. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; 75 cents.

Not a text-book, but designed to interest and give pleasure to "amateur engineers." Deals with dynamos, motors, heating, lighting, etc.

SIEGFRIED. Retold by Oliver Huckel. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 75 cents net.

Wagner's dramatic poem freely translated in

poetic narrative form, with an informing introduction.

THE MASTER'S FRIENDSHIPS. By J. R. Miller. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 50 cents net.

A brief sketch of those New Testament characters who were close personal friends of Christ.

TRUE DOG STORIES. By Lilian Gask. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50.

Specially attractive to all lovers of dogs, although intended chiefly for young readers. Miss Gask vouches for the truth of all the stories here retold.

SUN-WAYS OF SONG. By Alonzo L. Rice. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

In an introduction Charles Major remarks that not only has Mr. Rice caught nature's rarest tones, "but she has told him the secret of her voice, and has taught him to sing her highest praise in imitation."



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"UNTIL ETERNITY."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

It is evident that Margaret Illington has rejoined the ranks of emotional actresses. Yet, although she is doing very good work in that line of acting, as evidenced at the Savoy Theatre this week, she is not wholly to be congratulated. It is odd that there should be such a thing as a vogue in the art of expressing strong feeling. Emotions, I hope, will always be with us; but this is the age of repression in histrionics, of low-voiced or mute suggestion, and the old school which distilled the art of expressing violent emotions violently is passing away. There was always something uncomfortable and not wholly artistic about that class of histrionics. Great emotional displays often affect the nerves more than the feelings, the vibrations of the nerves starting a sort of emotional excitement, or something resembling it, which causes us to imagine that it is our feelings that are so profoundly affected.

Mrs. Fiske, Mme. Nazimova, Julia Marlowe, are actresses of a more modern type. They make their effects quietly, but they go deep. Their emotions seem more truly emotions, while with the others it is more often suggestive of hysteria of a thoroughly feminine brand.

In the fourth act of "Until Eternity" it was very evident that Mrs. Benson was suffering from an extremely violent attack of hysteria, crossed with a dash of delirium, and lunched up with a hint of insanity.

Miss Illington grappled very successfully with Anastasia's attack of emotional hysteria, and her efforts were warmly acclaimed by the audience, but, all the same, putting aside the actual absurdity of that special scene, it is a sort of reversion in art to fall back on the methods of an old school that is really passing away.

Modern realism does away with the hysterical woman on the stage, who nowadays is opposed, in the more polite classes at least, to be trained and educated into much more self-control than was practiced by the screaming or fainting heroines of plays in past epochs.

As a result, Miss Illington has been obliged to fall back upon an old-fashioned play in order to secure a full opportunity for her notional *tour de force*.

"Jusqu'à l'éternité," from which "Until Eternity" is adapted, is, in France, dearer than all the combined nails that were ever driven into doors. The up-to-date dramatists of France are the most brilliant technicians of the day. Their work is so fascinating that they are able to persuade readers of Anglo-Saxon standards and ideals to hear, albeit somewhat impatiently, with the preponderance of their eternal theme for the sake of the marvelous art with which it is presented, and furthermore, the better class of French dramatists often have mingled with their pictures of the elegantly vicious life of Parisical ideas which are like nuggets of gold buried in seas of mud.

Brieux always has in mind some wrong to right when he plans his plays; perhaps some social tyranny, or some abuse of political power; or some extreme in religious fanaticism which works havoc somewhere. And there are some French plays of the pleasantest sentiment. "Son Père" is a delightful drama of renewed family affections which have been broken up by a needless divorce. "Simone" is a similarly charming study of filial and maternal affection.

"Les Affaires sont les affaires" is a powerful drama containing a wonderful character study of Lechat, the husband and father whose domestic despotism drove his family away from him in aversion and contempt.

And all these studies of contemporary life are presented with a wealth of realistic detail which makes them seem like glimpses through opened doorways of lives being really lived. Nobody really lives in "Until Eternity," the characters declaim at length, all except Mrs. Benson, who, in Miss Illington's hands, presented as a woman with a wealth of maternal affection breaking through like a good when, like Isabel in "East Lynne," she at last able to press her child to her arming heart.

The play is practically identical with that of "Miss Multon," in which piece Clara Morris, in past epochs, won rivers of tears and raps of gold from sympathetic audiences.

It is, in fact, an old-timer, which French audiences, thoroughly trained to modern realism, would no longer accept. It might have been better modernized, but the adapter, Edward Elser, who is also a member of the company, has unfortunately preserved the lengthy speeches and stilted style of the original play.

The theme of mother love is a good one, and is always sure to win a sympathetic response; but the child talks like a dictionary, and his seniors are old-fashionedly prolix in their method of conveying either information, sarcasm, reproach, or even mental anguish. Sometimes the audience was left in a slightly puzzled state, as, for instance, when Leon Fornac, with a very heavy mingling of jest and earnestness, began to talk about hallucinations, after passing on the street his supposedly dead sister-in-law.

Miss Illington is really an actress of excellent methods in conveying the quieter phases of emotion, and, in her first scene, proved that she need not have recourse to scenes of violent emotion in order to win success. She has a voice of agreeable quality and sympathetic tone, and has improved since we first saw her, having acquired considerable abandon of a quiet kind. Yet she committed the mistake of allowing a really foolish, unnecessary, and quite absurd situation to stand—for the play was evidently re-adapted for her—in order to give herself an opportunity to do an old-time stunt in high-tension emotionalism.

To make the situation worse—for we were already rather mixed up as to whether Anastasia was mad or only delirious—the lights were lowered, the stage darkened, and a ghastly corpse-light turned on the sufferer's face while she raved, and pointed at invisible shapes and fairly wallowed in delirium-induced visions.

To cap the climax, the delirious lady finally mistook a standing mirror for her dearest foe, threw a scarf over it, which really in the half light gave it a weird resemblance to a human shape, and, still apostrophizing it, dragged it into an adjoining apartment, and, with the sound of the rolling castors still in our ears, left us petrified with amazement that this situation, which so narrowly shaved farce, didn't quite get there. Yet it did not, and since it did not it must certainly be counted as a feather in Margaret Illington's cap.

There are other absurdities in the play, existing, no doubt, in the original form, but too much out of date to be allowable with the realism-loving audiences of our day. Anastasia, the displaced first wife, goes as a governess to her former home, in order to be near her child, with the idea that her identity will be concealed by wearing a red wig. She is recognized by both her husband and brother-in-law, but, for a time, this firebrand situation remains, and so does the governess.

Another piece of foolishness consists in leaving in, or else introducing an unnecessary Arabian servant, who was apparently retained by Mr. Elser for the purpose of relieving a timid hankering he had for a suggestion of psychics. I think that this hankering may be responsible for the weird conduct of the lights in the closing scene of the play, but the adapter seemed not to have the courage either to carry out or wholly eliminate his psychic suggestion.

Miss Illington is supported by a company of very ordinary attainments. A bright child actress partially rescued little Guilbert from musty oblivion, and Miss Nina Morris, in spite of some affectations and a degree of fitfulness as to her assumed French accent, was a very good selection for Julie, the second wife. In dress, appearance, and manner Miss Morris was typical of the woman whose nature was concentrated upon love of luxury and social display, and her affectations, although slightly exaggerated, were suitable to the rôle.

The play is mounted so handsomely that the setting of the third act, which represented a sumptuous, old-time drawing-room in the chateau of a multimillionaire of the French provinces, met with spontaneous and surprised applause.

Strange to say, the performance, in spite of the glaring faults of the play, its high-flown romanticism, and its wild improbabilities, is not dull. This is, of course, due in part to the star, who contrives to win sympathy from soft-hearted auditors by her simulation of a hungry maternal love that will not be denied; but it is next door to a certainty that "Until Eternity" is too crude and clumsy a vehicle in which to go suing for Eastern favors.

Miss Geraldine Bonner, whose play, "Bob's Sister," written in collaboration with H. H. Boyd, will be produced early in October, has returned from Europe with the announcement that a dramatization of her novel, "Rich Men's Children," is being considered by Lena Ashwell for her next London offering.

From Rome comes the news that Gabriel D'Annunzio, the poet and playwright, will visit America early in 1911 and deliver a series of lectures.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Last Monday evening at the Garrick Theatre the Bevani Grand Opera Company gave "The Love Tales of Hoffman" with Regina Vicarino, Umberto Sacchetti, Achille Alherti, and Edmee de Dreux in the principal rôles. The presentation was notable in most particulars. There is never any question of the capability or artistic interpretation of the singers, and in this opera of varied scenes and contrasted impersonations they were still perfectly accomplished and at ease. Even the orchestra, which does its work earnestly and with every indication of interest, came in for a share of the generous yet discriminating applause. Not only the musical critics, but the audiences as well, are unanimous in praise of the organization. There has been no company of the kind here for years which had so large, so able, and so well balanced a force. There has never been a better presentation of grand opera here at popular prices.

The repertory for the coming week is as follows:

Monday and Saturday nights, "Lucia," with Vicarino, Sacchetti, and Alherti.

Tuesday night and Saturday matinée, "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Frery, Giuliani, and De Dreux, and "I Pagliacci," with Francini, Battain, and Campana.

Wednesday and Friday nights, special request, final performance of "Love Tales of Hoffman," with Vicarino, De Dreux, Sacchetti, and Alherti.

Thursday night, "Faust," with Frery, Jarman, Battain, Campana, and Bevani.

Sunday matinée, "Martha," with Francini, Battain, and Campana.

Sunday night, "Il Trovatore."

After an unusually prolonged and successful season at the Belasco Theatre in New York, extending to nearly three hundred performances, Frances Starr will be seen at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing Monday evening next, September 19, with the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinées, in "The Easiest Way." Eugene Walter's play of a "particular phase of New York life." She will have for her two weeks' engagement the support of the New York cast and the scenic equipment will be identical with that provided by David Belasco for the run of the play at the Belasco Theatre. In a direct and convincing manner "The Easiest Way" depicts the aspect of New York life which is concerned with the tragedy of those women who are so wedded to luxury that they will pay any price for its enjoyment. The play is produced under the personal direction of David Belasco. The first act discloses a scene among the rolling foothills of the Rockies, radiant in the golden light of the afternoon sun. Not less faithful is the theatrical boarding-house interior shown in the second act, which is followed by a superb setting of the interior of an expensive hotel in New York. Striking as is the play from many points of view, "The Easiest Way" is also notable for the manner in which it is acted. Miss Starr's company includes Joseph Kilgour, Edward H. Rohins, John V. Brown, Louise Randolph, and Violet Rand.

The Saturday afternoon and evening performances of "Until Eternity" will mark the end of the first week of Margaret Illington's engagement at the Savoy Theatre, and on Monday night she will begin her farewell eight performances. The play and star are reviewed at length elsewhere.

"Dinkelspiel's Christmas," a dramatic version of one of George Hohart's famous Dinkelspiel stories, arranged by the author himself, will be the headline feature of next week's Orpheum bill. It was originally produced at a Lambs' Club Gambol in New York, where it proved a tremendous success. The play is full of human interest, the lines, situations, and complications being indescribably funny and the characters naturally and cleverly limned. The home of the kindly old German and his frau is shown. It is Christmas Eve, the pair are anxiously awaiting the arrival of their son Louis, who is a salesman and whom they haven't seen for two years. Harry Linton and Anita Laurence, who also come to the Orpheum next week, are favorites here. Mr. Linton is a clever singing light comedian and Miss Laurence an arch, vivacious, and engaging souhrette. They present in "The Piano Store" a neat little story liberally interspersed with songs and dances. Waterbury Brothers and Tenny, probably the most popular musical trio in vaudeville, are sure to be cordially welcomed. They have recently been among the chief hits of Cohan and Harris's Honey Boy Minstrels, and their return to vaudeville has resulted in a repetition of former triumphs on the Orpheum Circuit. Their entire repertory of musical numbers is new and original and their comedy brighter than ever. Lane and O'Donnell, who have been styled "the Lunatic Tumblers," will present their newest offering, "Looping the Bumps." Next week will be the last of the amusing skit, "High Life in Jail," Covington and Wil-

hur, the Four Rianos, and Rameses the Egyptian Wonder-Worker, in his Temple of Mystery.

The customary "pop" matinées are given on Thursday at the Savoy Theatre during the Illington engagement.

The final performance of the Rose Stahl engagement at the Columbia Theatre will take place on Sunday night. The star and her production of "The Chorus Lady" are a combination hard to heat in the comedy line. Large audiences have been in attendance throughout the engagement.

Sunday evening, September 25, Walker Whiteside, a young actor of fame who has never appeared in San Francisco, will begin at the Savoy Theatre a week's engagement in "The Melting Pot," a wonderful play by Israel Zangwill.

There will be no Sunday performances during the Frances Starr engagement at the Columbia Theatre. Matinées will be given Wednesday and Saturdays.

Following Frances Starr at the Columbia Theatre the attraction will be Henry Miller and his New York company in the new comedy success, "Her Husband's Wife." This is accounted one of the most pronounced hits of the past season in the East, and San Francisco will be one of the first cities to see the production.

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Starting Sun. eve, Sept. 25—WALKER WHITESIDE, in "THE MELTING POT."

GARRICK THEATRE ELLIS STREET at Fillmore

BEVANI GRAND OPERA COMPANY Matinee today (Saturday), "Love Tales of Hoffman"; tonight, "Rigoletto"; tomorrow (Sunday) matinée, "La Traviata"; tomorrow night, "Aida."

Next Week—Monday and Saturday nights, "Lucia"; Tuesday night and Saturday matinée, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci"; Wednesday and Friday nights, "Love Tales of Hoffman"; Thursday, "Faust" (last time); Sunday matinée, "Martha"; Sunday night, "Trovatore."

Reserved seats, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. At 5:30 p.m., Clay & Co.'s, Kearny and Sutter Streets. Box office Sunday at Garrick Theatre.

VANITY FAIR.

A clerical benedict celebrates the attainment of his golden wedding by the following outburst:

In memory of that blissful day
I raise three cheers and shout "Hooray."
My wife—there never was a better—
A lucky man I was to get her.
'Mid ups and downs and change of weather,
For fifty years we've pulled together.
For all those years my wife has been
My comfort, counsellor, and queen.
Married, how happy 'tis to be,
When hearts in faith and love agree.
And when the gold sinks in the west
Oh, then the joy is doubly blessed.
Ye bachelors, why do ye shun
A bliss like this on earth begun?

Now it so happens that some of the bachelors have been telling why they "shun." On the testimony of one it seems that "the man has little to say in the matter." He appeals to George Sand, who declared that any woman who is not positively ugly can, if she wishes, marry any man whose acquaintance she possesses. We men, says this philosophic bachelor, especially when we are young, flatter ourselves with the idea that it is we who throw the handkerchief. What a mistake!

Let any married man whose memory of his wooing is sufficiently vivid to render it possible reconstitute those happy days. Calm reflection will probably show him that he was not the conquering hero that he imagined himself to be, and that though he actually popped the question, it was his wife who arranged all the preliminaries of that climax. Post-nuptial recriminations often suggest on the part of the husband that he was tricked into marriage. He seems to imagine that his case is particularly hard—that he is a deplorable exception. The exception is to be found when the man—like Clive Newcome—marries his Ethel in spite of all obstacles. But these exceptions are more numerous in fiction than in real life. The question that is really important is not "Why don't men marry?" but "Why don't women marry?" Every woman knows that. But they are all in a sex conspiracy to throw the blame on the man.

Why parade this as a recent discovery of the Occident? It has been a commonplace in the Orient for centuries. Take the case of Burma, which long ago developed ideas about the relations between the sexes far in advance of Western civilization. A Burmese woman, for example, makes love to the man first. A Burmese marriage is civil, not religious. They can not understand what religion has got to do with marriage. They look upon it as a pure and simple partnership which, if not happy, might be dissolved at any time. With such ideas, it is natural they should hate the "ceremony" of marriage. After marriage, there is no outward symbol like a wedding ring on a Burmese woman's body. She does not even adopt her husband's family name, but retains her own. The husband has no right over the property which his wife might possess before marriage, nor over the property which she might acquire after marriage. The Burmese woman can appear in law courts to represent her husband. In contracts with a third person she and her husband sign their names together. They can borrow money on joint security. Both husband and wife can sign deeds and lend money. And when there is no longer any love between a married couple they can get a divorce with an alacrity which puts Reno to shame. In fact, the Burmese woman can divorce her husband against his will.

But there is still another point of view. It is that of a man who has come to the conclusion that men and women were created not to understand one another, but to puzzle one another. The riddle of the Sphinx is the unsolvable mystery of the other sex. "I am very sure of this," he continues, "that the institution of marriage is based not on mutual knowledge and understanding, but on the impossibility of mutual comprehension. There is a difference between the mind of man and the mind of woman that can not be over-passed by the other. The unfathomable mystery of one another's real being is the fascinating study that attaches them to one another. On the wedding day begins the jig-saw puzzle whose chief attraction is that it has no solution. Day after day, year after year, the man and his wife go on trying to read and learn one another and never succeeding. Little chance discoveries every day may surprise them, but they are never certain enough of their knowledge, never certain enough to be able to communicate it. They are curious studies to one another to the last. If a man and a woman really begin to fathom the mystery of one another, or even think they do, they invariably separate. I defy any woman, however happily married, to say that she knows her husband's inmost self and soul. The young married girls who have read a little and flirted a little are certain that they know the exact analysis of man. But the wiser married ones realize their ignorance, and realize, too, that it is their want of knowledge that constitutes the best part of their married hap-

piness. All of which goes to show that "Strangers Yet" embodies the philosophy of the sexes, and especially the lines:

After years of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in far lands,
After touch of wedded hands—
Strangers yet!

A confession from Ostend, made in rejoinder to a New York man who didn't see any use for the "tin-pot kind of gambling" affected by the visitors to that lively Belgium resort; "they can get all the fun they want on Wall Street."

"Wall Street is all very well for you men"—the speaker was a lady who knows her Ostend as well as she knows her Paris and her Monte Carlo—"but don't you be deceived by the exploits of the suffragists. We women can't go into 'pits' and 'circuses' or stand on kerb-stones and bellow bids by the hour together, and we can't make rings and corners to squeeze out other rings and corners—we couldn't keep faith with one another long enough. No form of gambling that makes one look hideous will ever appeal to a nice woman. We like to put on a pretty frock and go and mix with pleasant, or at least interesting people, in some place where we can be seen to advantage. Consciously or unconsciously, we make even the act of placing our stake an occasion for displaying one or other of our particular attractions—a slender, jeweled hand or a rounded arm, some little trick of gesture or expression. The cool, quiet, beautiful rooms of the Kursaal gave us just the atmosphere and the *mis en scène* that we wanted; they were a pleasant retreat from the crowd outside—and the gambling didn't really hurt anybody; most of us played in cent-sou pieces, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that what we lost was spent in increasing the attractiveness of Ostend."

Dr. Stanley Hall didn't say it. That is, he did not advise teaching "the psychology of love in the public schools"; he did not say "the physical stamina of girls in the public schools is lower than it was in former days"; he did not defend and condone flirting; he did not declare that "woman makes man a little tin god"; he did not define love as "emotive delusion"; and he did not assert that woman is "supreme over her husband." It was all the wicked reporter again, and Dr. Hall is distressed at his inventions, and has been wounded in his finer feelings by being cartooned as a ballet girl. In his despair he appeals to the *Nation* to "discuss the general principles that underlie this matter," asking, "Is it not a good summer theme for discussion?" Of course it is, and that's why Dr. Hall has had so much inexpensive publicity. What more can he want? He reminds one of Canon Farrar and Bishop Brookes. The canon was on a lecturing tour in the United States, and when some of the newspapers dealt with him after their manner he declared to his friend, "If I had known, I never would have come." But Brookes only replied, "Well, you're raking in the dollars, Farrar."

Praise for the American shoe and partial condemnation of American leather would hardly be expected to crop up in a novel, but Mr. L. P. Jacks, in his study of English rural life, has accomplished the feat. One of his characters, named Hankin, is the village shoemaker, whose son emigrated to the United States and became manager of a large shoe factory at Brockton, Massachusetts. "From him Hankin received patterns and lasts and occasional consignments of American leather. This latter he was inclined, in general, to despise. Nevertheless, it had its uses. He found that an outer-sole of hemlock-tanned leather would greatly lengthen the working life of a poor man's heavy boot; though for want of suppleness it was useless for goods supplied to the 'quality.' The American patterns and lasts, on the other hand, he treated with great respect. He held that they embodied a far sounder knowledge of the human foot than did the English variety, and found them a great help to his trade in giving style, comfort, and accuracy of fit. At a time when the great manufacturers of Stafford and Northampton were blundering along with a range of four or five standard patterns, Hankin, in his little shop, was working on much finer intervals and producing nine regular sizes of men's boots. Indeed, his ready-made goods were so excellent, and their 'fit' so certain, that some of his customers preferred them, and ordered him to abandon their lasts."

Light out of the Orient once more. It has been usually thought that the entire mentality of the Chinese woman is concentrated in her feet, or, rather, on her feet. But this is a slander. She may take special pains in the shaping of her feet, but she is equally careful about her other extremity. That is, she is quite as particular about her head-dress. Why, she is far in advance of the Japanese woman in the care with which she dresses her hair, having a greater variety of ornaments for that purpose, and wearing different hairstyles for each month of the year. Nor is that

all. When the Chinese woman grows old, she uses more showy hairpins than when her years were fewer. And this is done for the purpose of diverting her husband's attention from the signs of her advancing age.

Thackeray did not exhaust the list of snobs. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that a new kind has arisen since his day. Owing to the advances of the democratic spirit, it seems that the great middle class in England is in danger of invasion, and a member of that powerful fraternity arises in his wrath to protest.

It was bad enough, he thinks, to find that a lately deceased earl had earned his living at one time as a sailor before the mast, but that is a small matter compared with the recently revived stories of the Duke of Norfolk pretending to be his own gardener in the grounds of Arundel Castle, and shaming his own head gardener by his dress. But worse remains. The illustrated papers are full of pictures showing King Alfonso as an ordinary man in white ducks and smoking a pipe, King Alfonso teaching his little nephew to ride a bicycle just like any plebeian uncle, King Alfonso in a cloth cap. Then there is the case of the Emperor of Austria, head of the most exclusive court in Europe, who is pictured in knickerbockers, and cheap knickerbockers at that, and is described as delighting to play cards evenings with men who have not even a "Von" to cover their middle-class rags of respectable industry. Now the meaning of all this is obvious—the dukes and kings and emperors are trying to get into middle-class society, and if that is not snobbery what is? For of course the snob is the person who wants to travel through life in a class to which he does not belong. Dukes should wear robes and strawberry leaves; and kings and emperors adorn themselves in fancy waistcoats of chain armor and wear the crowns of their order instead of cloth caps. Even John D. Rockefeller, it is thought, should be compelled to go abroad with a Standard Oil can on his head.

Compared with other benefactors of the human race the wife who has discovered a cure for irritable husbands deserves the highest place of honor.

According to her view, a husband coming home from work is physically and mentally tired. Young and robust men may not show it obviously, but even in their case this is the time—when they reach the doorstep—at which their bodily strength is at its lowest ebb. Men over forty, and even young men not exceptionally strong, come home very often in a state of extreme exhaustion.

This is the wife's opportunity. What should she do? Here is the answer: "In my own case, I bottle up all my troubles for the time being and always welcome my husband cheerily. Very easy things to do after a week's practice. At the beginning of our life together I paid little attentions—hung up his hat, helped him take off his coat, etc., and these I have never allowed to lapse. He has apparently ceased to be thankful, takes it all as a matter of course, but this does not daunt me. Then I always have ready a small cup of beef tea or chicken broth or a glass of wine, which he has to take, willing or unwilling. The effects are marvelous. There

are oddments besides, such as an easy chair and slippers at the fire in winter, dinner punctual as possible, husband's preferences eatables remembered, etc."

"But you will spoil him," objects a w of another type. Not at all, rejoins this be factor; quite the contrary. What with t hat and coat attention, the beef tea or br wine, and the toasted slippers, etc., t husband is transformed "into a most che ful and sympathetic companion within a f minutes of his return home." Could not t resourceful woman be prevailed upon to st a School for Wives?

Having access to a number of homes owi to his visiting duties, a minister underta to enlighten the world on the questi whether women understand men. He thin they do not take any pains about the matt In the majority of cases marriage is enter upon, on the woman's side, from insuffic motives. Desire to escape from home from uncongenial situations; to have a ho of her own; to be as other women; or t cause she can not have the man she thin she loves, are some of the insufficient reaso for matrimony; whereas the man marri largely from affection, and finds out earl his married life that his wife does not satis either his emotional or intellectual natu He craves for the affection which makes h feel he is "all in all" to her and which does not get, and so gradually seeks it els where. Or he improves himself, advances business and in knowledge, but his wife c not appreciate his knowledge nor grace t drawing-room. He goes up, she goes dow

Of all the orders bestowed on women nobility none is more coveted than the Ord of Louise. The only women in England w are privileged to wear this distinctive emble are Queen Mary and the Duchess of Arg Three years ago the honor was conferred t them by Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. Th Order of Louise, which ranks as the mo highly prized decoration that any gentl woman can receive, was founded in 1814 memory of the beautiful Queen Louise, moth of Emperor William I, and great-grandmoth of the present Kaiser. Her courage and sel sacrifice in the face of heartless treatme she received from Napoleon and her ear death, hastened by her heartbreaking expen ences in the time of her country's troubl have earned for her the highest esteem f her countrywomen and explain the reaso why the order named in her memory is t widely craved.

Frederic Gebhard, who, up to a few yea ago, was the best-known club man and ma about-town in New York, died September in Garden City, Long Island. He had on recently recovered from a serious illne which had called from Washington his seco wife, an actress, known on the stage Marie Wilson, one of the original "Flor dora" sextet. Mr. Gebhard inherited a larg fortune from his father, who was New York most successful wine merchant at the tin of his death. He had an income of abo \$100,000 a year. It is twenty-eight yea since Mr. Gebhard's name was associat with that of Lily Langtry in the gossip t the day.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bernard Shaw, although a vegetarian himself, does not fail to see the possibility of humor in the practice. Presiding recently at a meeting, he was called upon to introduce Sir Edward Lyon, who confines his diet to nuts. "And now," said Mr. Shaw, "I present to you Sir Edward Lyon, he of the earth, arthy, and of the nuts, nutty."

A train on one of the transcontinental lines that runs through Kansas City, and is usually late, was reported on time a few days ago. The young man who writes the particulars concerning trains at that station put down his statistics about this train: "No. 16—from the West—on time." Then he wrote underneath: "Cause unknown."

The trainer was explaining his system. In training," he said, "the strictest obedience is required. Whenever I think of the theory of training I think of Dash, who, after eighteen years of married life, is one of the best and happiest husbands in the world. 'Dash,' I once said to him, 'Dash, old man, how do you take married life?' According to directions," he replied."

King Edward was very fond of his eldest grandson, and liked talking to him. When the little prince was eleven his grandfather asked him what he was studying in his history lesson, and was told, "Oh, all about Perkin Warbeck." The king asked, "Who was Perkin Warbeck?" and the lad replied, "He pretended that he was the son of a king. But he wasn't; he was the son of respectable parents."

The gentleman was strolling across a large state when he came upon a man fishing. What sort of fish do you catch here?" he said. "Mostly trout," replied the man. "How many have you caught?" "About ten or twelve, sir." "What is about the heaviest you have caught?" continued the gentleman. Well, I don't know the weight, but the water sunk two or three feet when I pulled it out!"

A guest landing at the yacht club float with his host, both of them wearing oilskins and sou'westers to protect them from the trenching rain, inquired: "And who are those gentlemen seated on the veranda, looking so spick and span in their white duck aching caps and trousers, and keeping the waiters running all the time?" "They're the locking-chair members. They never go outside, and they're waterproof inside."

Some years ago there was a trial for murder in Ireland in which the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case and directed the jury to return a verdict of "not guilty." A well-known lawyer, however, who wished to do something for the fee he had received for the defense, claimed the privilege of addressing the court. "We'll hear you with pleasure, Mr. B—," said the judge; "but, to prevent accident, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

Looking more needy and seedy than ever, Sir Percival Lackcash strode into his son's costly tailor's. The proprietor welcomed him with a beaming countenance. "Ahem!" hoked Sir Percival, Bart. "My son informs me that you have permitted him to run a bill here for three years. Is that correct?" "It is, Sir Percival," fawned the proprietor. "Well, I have come—" "Oh, pray, Sir Percival," oozed the proprietor, bowing and cowering before the noble bart. "I assure you there is really not the slightest hurry." "Quite so," returned the impecunious baronet, serenely. "And, as I was saying, I have come to order a suit of clothes myself."

Mrs. E. S. Stewart, the secretary of the National Woman Suffrage Association, said in a recent address in Chicago: "These men on the one hand accuse the so-called new woman of demoralizing the home, and on the other hand they go about the world abusing the home with all the cynical wit they can muster up. Once, on a steamer, the captain uttered a lot against the voting woman and her neglect of household duties. And it was his same captain, of course, who laughed when a pretty girl said to him on the promenade deck: 'Don't you ever get homesick?' Homesick? Ha, ha, ha! he roared. 'Why, no, I'm never home enough.'"

He was a pathetic little figure, and kind-hearted passers-by felt their own eyes grow dim as they listened to his heartrending sobs. Finally a policeman tried to find out what was the matter. The little fellow could do nothing to sob. The crowd grew till it threatened to stop the traffic, and the policeman grew torn. "Now, then, my boy," he said, "you'll have to speak up or else come along with

me." At last the lad wiped his blue eyes. "I'm lost!" he cried. "Please take me to Mr. Joshua Binks, the tailor, in Lurch Street, who has got a good stock of new summer suitings in, and can sell them cheaper than any one else!" Then the crowd groaned.

When Mrs. Langtry was at the summit of her beauty and her fame—when crowds followed her in Bond Street and the Row—she met, at a semi-royal dinner, an African king. Mrs. Langtry, dazzling in her beauty, sat beside this king. She was in good spirits, and she did her very best to amuse and please him. And she must have succeeded, for at the dinner's close he heaved a deep sigh and said to her: "Ah, madam, if heaven had only made you black and fat you would be irresistible!"


Once upon a time a Philadelphia lawyer arrived in a Southern city. He had a pair of big spectacles, an inquisitive mind, and he wanted to know. With his Southern friend he was hurrying to the courthouse. A negro parade blocked the street. Negroes in carriages, on horseback, on foot; negroes with swords and axes; stumpy negroes with Masonic banners; lean negroes with Pythian devices; fat negroes with Odd Fellows' insignia; miscellaneous negroes with miscellaneous emblems. The Philadelphian pushed through the crowd and ran back in great excitement. "What's it all about? What are they doing?" The Southerner couldn't explain, but beckoned to a very intelligent young negro—who, by the way, was a prominent politician—and asked: "Tom, what's the occasion for all this parade?" The young negro laughed. "Now, judge, you ought to know dat a nigger don't need no 'casion for a parade."

The village trombone player was returning through the fields on a very dark night after an engagement at an outing some miles away, where the drink had proved too tempting for him. Feeling rather quaky and lonely, he consoled himself with a good blast on his instrument to keep his courage up. Imagine his surprise when he was answered by what sounded very much like a rival at the other end of the field. He blew again, much harder, and there was a second response—this time almost in his ear. It was from the farmer's bull, who, in response to a challenge to a further contest, promptly tossed the challenger into the air. When he had recovered from the shock the trombone player shouted defiantly into the darkness: "Ye great coward! But ah can tell ye one thing, my lad. Ye may be a verra strong man, but ye're no musician."

Senator Crane, who organized the baseball game between the statesmen and the correspondents at Hot Springs, Virginia, in which President Taft, then a candidate, played, is an enthusiast and never loses a chance for a game. The senator once took a party, composed of his council and staff, while governor of Massachusetts, to Lebanon Springs, New York, for an outing. The trip was made in three mountain wagons. On the way home Governor Crane made all get out, and taking a bat and ball from one of the wagons organized a game in an adjoining field. While the game was in progress along came a carriage, in which were two gentlemen. "Who is playing ball?" was asked of one of the drivers of the waiting wagons. "Well, that man pitching is the governor of Massachusetts, the catcher is the lieutenant-governor, the shortstop is the adjutant-general, and the man on third is a representative in Congress," answered the driver. The two looked at each other a moment. "Well," said the questioner, "perhaps you would like to know who I am? I am Napoleon Bonaparte," and he whipped up his horse and drove disgustedly away.

The Peacemaker.

When unforeseen circumstances prevent you from keeping "that engagement" let a box of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies smooth away your difficulties. Four stores from which you may send it: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.




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THE MERRY MUSE.

A Minute Affair.

"It is the little things," he said, "Which give us so much pain." His wife made answer: "Is your head, Dear, troubling you again?" —*Town Topics.*

Sam Wah Lee.

It was only a week or two ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That there lived a heathen whom you may know
By the name of Sam Wah Lee,
And this heathen he seemed to have no other thought
Than to euchre and bamboozle me.

I had a check and he had a peck
Of clothing he washed for me;
Since the check I did lose I heard him refuse
The bundle to let me see;
So I climbed all over his dusky frame
In that kingdom by the sea.

And this was the reason, a week ago,
In the kingdom by the sea,
I climbed on the neck, on the willowy neck,
Of the radiant Sam Wah Lee.
So that a high-born peeler came
And pulled him away from me,
And shut me up in the city jail,
In that kingdom by the sea.

The bundle of clothing the heathen had washed
Was needed quite sorely by me;
And that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That I camped on the heathen's symmetrical form,
Knocking the stuffing from Sam Wah Lee.

And my fine it was higher by far than the fine
I thought would be levied on me;
I supposed would be taxed upon me;
And neither the peelers in alleys asleep,
Nor those on the streets that we see,
Can ever convince me that it was a crime
To paralyze Sam Wah Lee.

And the gong never rings but I think dark blue things
Of that heathen, that Samuel Lee;
In my dreams, it is said, I keep punching the head
Of the bland, smiling heathen, Sam Lee.
My feelings are hurt, and I lie in the dirt
Of the jail, and I think of the collar and shirt
That were hooked by the heathen Sam Lee,
That were nailed by the wretched Chinese.

—*Nebraska State Journal.*

Montmorency's Love.

Montmorency Migsworth loved Lucretia Ann Adair,
Loved her with the love of twenty-four,
Loved the very hairpins that were fastened in her hair,
Loved the plaits and puffs and rat she wore.
Loved the sky because she saw it,
Loved the air because she breathed it,
Loved her as he fancied man had never loved before.

Montmorency Migsworth loved the little yellow bird
That the maiden fed from day to day,
Loved the brindle kitten that lay in her lap and purred,
Loved the wads of gum she tossed away.
Loved the chair that she had sat in,
Loved the tub that she had bathed in,
Loved her so he hardly had the time to earn his pay.

Montmorency Migsworth loved the shoes upon her feet,
Loved the little mole upon her cheek;
Loved her so he gladly paid for things she liked to eat,
Went to see her seven nights a week;
Loved the fillings in her molars,
Loved the charcoal on her eyebrows,
Loved so love became the only word he cared to speak.

Montmorency Migsworth lost the job he had possessed,
Lost it when he had himself to blame;
Then Lucretia scorned him, and, discouraged and oppressed,
What he did was really a shame—
Thought that life was not worth living,
Loathed the world and longed to leave it.
But the world went swinging on its orbit just the same.

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Playing Safe.

There was a youth in our town—his name my memory slips—who feared he'd kissed some microbes from off his sweetheart's lips. When he found what he had done, with all his might and main, he rushed back the following night and kissed 'em on again.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Social activity was temporarily transferred this week to the country, while the city was enjoying its democratic carnival revel.

The Crocker hall on Thursday night was the attraction which called the smart set out of town, and the greater percentage of the guests remained in San Mateo, Burlingame, and Menlo Park over the week end.

Luncheons and dinners at the Burlingame Club and at the country homes in the vicinity, a number of which were given in honor of the first debutante of the season, Miss Ethel Crocker, served to make the week a very gay one.

San Rafael, Mill Valley, and Blithedale also had a return of midsummer gaiety, as those who are still occupying their Marin County homes entertained house parties over the Admission Day holiday, and several dances given for the members of the younger set furnished much entertainment of an informal nature.

In town a number of luncheons and dinners and teas were given for Mrs. Harold Dillingham, whose visit here terminated on Tuesday, when she sailed for her home in Honolulu.

Dr. and Mrs. William Younger, who left for Paris this week, were also responsible for much of the informal entertaining which marked the passing week.

The dates for the Assembly dances have been named. They will take place on November 4, December 23, January 20, and February 4. The Friday Night Club and the Gayety Club will announce the dates of their dances this week, and with these focal dates arranged the season of formal entertaining for the introduction of the debutantes will shortly begin.

The season will be formally opened in town with the Shakespearean subscription recital, which will be given by Mr. Marshall Darrach of New York at the Hotel St. Francis on the evening of October 4 under the auspices of a group of prominent society women headed by Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps has announced the engagement of her niece, Miss Florence McLean, and Mr. Nelson Baker Lansing of Honolulu. The wedding will take place in the spring, and the future home of Mr. Lansing and his bride will be in the Hawaiian Islands.

The wedding of Miss Emily Rosalind Fish and Mr. John Cutter, which will take place on October 8 at Garrison-on-the-Hudson, is of much interest to local society, as Miss Fish spent part of last winter here as the guest of Mrs. William Laurence Breeze, and Mrs. Breeze will leave next week to be present at the wedding. Mr. Cutter was one of the ushers at the marriage of Miss Alexander and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., a few months ago.

The wedding of Miss Lucile M. Watson and Mr. Thomas Mittall Miller was celebrated on Wednesday at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lake Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Bates celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Tuesday at their home at San Rafael. The affair was in the nature of a reception tendered to old family friends.

Mrs. James Shea entertained at an informal tea on Saturday at which the guests were friends of her niece, Miss Kathleen Farrell.

Miss Anna Beaver was hostess at a tea Tuesday afternoon planned in honor of her niece, Miss Isabel Beaver, who leaves this week for the East to reënter school. About sixty of the sub-debutante set attended the bon voyage affair, which was given at the home of Mrs. George Beaver on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. George Howard was hostess at a luncheon at the Burlingame Club on Tuesday in honor of

Miss Ethel Crocker. Among the guests were Mrs. Robert Woods, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Vera de Sahla, Miss Marian Wise, Miss Lillian Goss, Mr. A. Christy, Mr. Edward Woolsey, Mr. George Howard, Jr., Mr. Frank King, and Mr. William Crocker.

Mrs. Kentfield was hostess at a luncheon in the green room of the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday.

Miss Katherine Peterson entertained at a dance at her country home at Belvedere on Saturday evening which was attended by many of the members of the younger set from town.

Mrs. Jessie Livernash was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday in honor of Dr. Richard Burton of Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger entertained at a dinner dance at their home, Hazelwood Hills, on Friday night complimentary to their daughters.

Mrs. Athole McBean was hostess at a tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Harold Dillingham. Among those present were Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. Orville Pratt, Mrs. Laurence Harris, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Helen Chesbrough, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Marjorie Joselyn, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, and Miss Mary Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. James Knox Wilson entertained at dinner on Thursday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Madge Wilson, who made her first social appearance at the Crocker ball.

Miss Lurline Matson was hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss Zaida Zohrisky of New York and Miss Wilhelmina Tenny of Honolulu. Her guests included Mrs. Harry Weihe, Miss Zohrisky, Miss Tenny, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Laura Baldwin, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Meta McMahon, Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Mildred Baldwin, and Miss Florence Cluff.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale will entertain at a dance Friday night, which she will give at her home on Vallejo Street in honor of her son, Mr. Hamilton Bryan, who is here on a furlough from Annapolis. The guests will include only members of the younger set.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday in honor of her daughter, Miss Henriette Blanding. Among those present were Miss Isabel Beaver, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Lillias Wheeler, and Miss Isabel Chase.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith was hostess at a dinner on Tuesday evening at the Bellevue, complimentary to her daughter, Mrs. Harold Dillingham. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Miss Laura McKinstry, Captain Zeeder, and Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow.

Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., will entertain at a bridge party at her San Mateo home on September 14.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin was hostess at a bridge party, followed by an informal tea, at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl entertained a house party last week at Idlewild, their Lake Tahoe home. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Knox Maddox, Miss Amy Brewer, and Miss Helen Chesbrough.

General Toiney, U. S. A., and Mrs. Torney, who are here from Washington, were the guests of honor at a reception given on Saturday evening by the medical officers of the General Hospital at the Presidio. Among the officers and ladies who received the guests were Lieutenant-Colonel Lemman, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Major Thornburgh, Captain and Mrs. Bevens, Captain and Mrs. Billingsly, Lieutenant and Mrs. Reynolds, Lieutenant Meler, Lieutenant and Mrs. McIntosh, General and Mrs. Wells, Captain Rockhill, and Captain Bonce.

The officers of the Army and Navy Club were hosts at a reception on Thursday evening, which they gave in honor of General Tasker Bliss, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bliss. The receiving party included Lieutenant and Mrs. Hosse, U. S. N., Captain Berry, Colonel and Mrs. Schastey, and Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark entertained a large house party over the week end at El Palomar, their country home at Burlingame, and on Friday Mrs. Clark was hostess at a "golf" luncheon, which she gave in honor of Miss Ethel Crocker.

Miss Vera de Sahla entertained a house party of twenty guests over the week end at her home at San Mateo. A handsome dinner preceded the Crocker hall on Thursday night, and on Friday she entertained at a large luncheon.

Miss Ella Bender was hostess at a tea on Saturday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Yerington of Nevada.

Mrs. Clinton Worden entertained at an informal luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday, at which half a dozen friends were her guests.

The payment of forty dollars a seat to witness the performance of a play would seem high even to the American Cressus, but it appears that the price did not deter Paris folk for attending "Pelléas et Mélisande" when a special presentation of the Maeterlinck drama was given August 29 in the ancient convent of St. Mandville, now the home of Maeterlinck and his wife, Mme. Georgette Leblanc. The scenes were laid in the various parts of the convent, and the principal rôle was taken by Mme. Lehlanc. The proceeds were given to charity.

Major-General Frederick D. Grant, in his annual report as commander of the Department of the Lakes, a post he recently left to again command the Department of the East, recommends that a law be passed by Congress giving the government a right to commandeer in time of war all automobiles holding four or more persons. They would then be used for the transportation of troops. It's a nice theory (observes the New Orleans Picayune), but the tire bill would create the necessity for a war loan all by itself.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Wastrel.

Once, when I was little, as the summer dark was falling,
Among the purple upland fields I lost my bare-foot way;
The road to home was hidden fast, and frightful shadows, crawling
Along the sky line swallowed up the last kind light of day;
And then I seemed to hear you
In the twilight, and he near you:
Seemed to hear your dear voice calling—
Through the meadows, calling, calling—
And I followed and I found you,
Flung my tired arms around you;
And rested, on the mother-hearth, returned,
Tired out, from play.

Down the years that followed, though I trod strange paths unheeding,
Though I chased the jack-o'-lanthorns of so many maddened years,
Though I never looked behind me where the home-lights were receding,
Though I never looked enough ahead to see the Inn of Fears;
Still I knew your heart was near me,
That your ear was strained to hear me,
That your love would need no pleading
To forgive me, but was pleading
Of itself that, in disaster,
I should run to you the faster
And be sure that I was dearer for your sacrifice of tears.

Now on life's last summertime the long last dusk is falling,
And I, who trod one way so long, can tread no other way
Until at death's dim crossroads I watch, hesitant, the crawling
Night passages that maze me with the ultimate dismay,
Then, when Death and Doubt shall hind me—
Even then—I know you'll find me;
I shall hear you, Mother, calling—
Hear you calling—calling—calling;
I shall fight and follow—find you
Though the grave-clothes swathe and bind you,
And I know your love will answer: "Here's my laddie home from play!"
—Reginald Wright Kauffman, in *The Forum*.

The Plough.

From Egypt behind my oxen with their stately step and slow
Northward and East and West I went to the desert sand and the snow;
Down through the centuries one by one, turning the clod to the shower,
Till there's never a land beneath the sun but has blossomed behind my power.

I slid through the sodden ricefields with my grunting hump-backed steers,
I turned the turf of the Tiber plain in Rome's Imperial years;
I was left in the half-drawn furrow when Coriolanus came
Giving his farm for the Forum's stir to save his nation's name.

Over the seas to the North I went; white cliffs and a seaboard blue;
And my path was glad in the English grass as my stout red Devons drew;
My path was glad in the English grass, for behind me rippled and curled
The corn that was life to the sailor men that sailed the ships of the world.

And later I went to the North again, and day by day drew down
A little more of the purple hills to join to my kingdom brown;
And the whaups wheeled out to the moorland, but the gray gulls stayed with me
Where the Clydesdales drummed a marching song with their feathered feet on the lea.

Then the new lands called me Westward; I found on the prairies wide
A toil to my stoutest daring and a foe to test my pride;

But I stooped my strength to the stiff black loam, and I found my labor sweet
As I loosened the soil that was trampled firm by a million buffaloes' feet.

Then further away to the Northward; outward and outward still
(But idle I crossed the Rockies, for there no plough may till!)
Till I won to the plains unending, and there on the edge of the snow
I ribbed them the fenceless wheatfields, and taught them to reap and sow.

The sun of the Southland called me; I turned her the rich brown lines
Where her Parramatta peach-trees grow and her green Mildura vines;
I drove her cattle before me, her dust, and her dying sheep,
I painted her rich plains golden and taught her to sow and reap.

From Egypt behind my oxen, with stately step and slow
I have carried your weightiest burden, ye toilers that reap and sow!
I am the Ruler, the King, and I hold the world in fee;
Sword upon sword may ring, but the triumph shall rest with me!

—Will Ogilvie, in *London Spectator*.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., have been passing the summer on the north shore at Magnolia and Beverly, and are now at White Sulphur Springs, in West Virginia. They will return to San Francisco after the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has returned to Pleasanton, after a week's visit in town.

Mr. William Gwin, Jr., left Monday for Paris, where he will resume his musical studies.

Mrs. Charles Miller and Miss Beatrice Miller have returned to New York, after a pleasant visit with friends on this Coast.

Mrs. Selby Hanna is in Chicago, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huse.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne left this week for Santa Barbara, where she will remain for a month.

Miss Mary Gamble, Miss Dorothy Chapman, and Miss Clara Allen have arrived in New York, after having spent the summer in continental travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey and Mrs. B. B. Cutter will spend the winter at the Bellevue.

Miss Lee Girvin spent a few days in town this week as the guest of Miss Edith von Schroeder.

Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brodie left on Thursday for their home in Minneapolis, after having spent the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy, who has been spending the summer in Europe, has reached New York on her homeward journey.

Miss Hannah du Bois and Miss Emily du Bois will spend the winter in town at the Knickerbocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois and their daughter are planning to return to San Francisco from Paris next month.

Princess Kawananakoa has closed her house on Presidio Terrace and will spend the winter months at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Constance McLaren spent the week end as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Duplessis Beylard at their home at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames have just returned from an extended tour, including the Pacific Northwest, the Yellowstone region, and Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee returned on Tuesday of this week from Europe. Miss Edith Chesbrough, who has been in Europe since February, returned with the Buckbees and has joined her family at their summer home at Ross Valley.

Miss Helen Gray has returned from New York, where she had at first planned to spend the winter.

Mr. Bernard Faymonville, Jr., returned this week from Honolulu, where he has been spending the last month.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ivers have reached here from Honolulu and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin.

Admiral Richardson Clover and Mrs. Clover, with their daughter, Miss Eudora Clover, will leave for Washington, D. C., on September 18.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and Miss Doris Ryer have returned from Del Monte, and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Herbert Jones has returned from Southern California, and is spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones.

Mrs. E. F. Preston has closed Portola Hall, her country home at Woodside, and has taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean have returned from Atlantic City, where they have been for the past three weeks, and are at the Wolcott in New York.

Mrs. J. D. Peters of Stockton and her daughter, Miss Anna Peters, are at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will remain for several months.

Captain J. J. Briece and Miss Elizabeth Briece will leave for Europe early in October and will spend the entire winter abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Hamilton have returned from their wedding trip to Europe, and are occupying the Lincoln home on Scott Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis and their family returned from Santa Barbara last week and spent a few days in town before leaving for Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. James Athearn Folger, with her son and daughter, left Saturday for New York, where they will remain for a few months.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and her children are now in Holland, after a pleasant visit with the Countess Hatzfeldt in London.

Miss Marion Zeile and Miss Mary Keeney were the weekend guests of Miss Florence Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, with Miss Marian Crocker and Mr. Henry Crocker, Jr., are enjoying a fishing trip on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron (formerly Miss Genevieve Harvey) will return shortly from their honeymoon trip in Europe, and will make a brief visit with Mrs. Barron's mother, Mrs. Downey Harvey, at Del Monte before settling for the winter in town.

Miss Natalie Fore will leave shortly for Pasadena, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hewlett.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner left Saturday for the East, where they will spend several months visiting the cities on the Atlantic seaboard.

Mrs. Mary Longstreet of Los Angeles is at the Palace Hotel during her visit in town.

Miss Florence Musto of Stockton is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Lewis, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Margaret Nichols, will leave the end of this month for New York, and in January will sail for a trip around the world, returning here next summer.

Mrs. Harold Dillingham, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, and her sister, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, sailed for her home in Honolulu on Tuesday.

Miss Jane Selby has decided to remain in Paris for one more year, and will not be formally introduced to society this winter.

Miss Julia Thomas left Sunday for New York,

where she will spend the winter before going to Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., will leave here in November for a tour of the world and join her next year in Europe.

Mrs. C. N. Cook, who has been spending a few months here visiting friends, will sail on October 15 to join her daughter, Mrs. Sterling Postley, in Paris. She will be accompanied abroad by Mrs. M. Curran and her son.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin is at home again, after a visit in the East which consumed the greater part of the summer.

Mrs. H. P. Gregory has returned to her country home, Eaglewood, near Santa Cruz, after a visit with friends in San Francisco.

Mrs. Martha S. Gielow, who has been visiting Mrs. C. C. Clay of Fruitvale, is again the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Mills Fisher, wife of Naval Constructor Fisher, at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, with their daughters, Laura and Mildred Baldwin, sailed Saturday on the *Mariposa* for Tahiti to be gone a month.

Miss Alice Hager has been the guest of Mrs. Joseph Sadeo Tobin at her home at Burlingame.

Mrs. A. M. Rosborough and her son, Mr. Joseph Rosborough, sailed Thursday from New York for Europe, where they will spend several months traveling on the continent before going to Cairo for the spring months.

Miss Sidney Davis left Saturday with her brother for Boston, where the latter will enter school. Miss Davis will spend the winter with her cousin, Mrs. Warren Childs, in Boston, and in the spring will sail for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilder, whose wedding took place last week in Portland, sailed on Tuesday for Honolulu, where they are to make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Lathrop have been spending a few weeks at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Eugene Lent and her children will return from Castle Crag next week, and their new home, which has just been completed, will be opened for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Remington Quick, who spent the summer in Minneapolis, are planning to go to New York next month, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and her daughter, Miss Metha McMahon, left Sunday to spend the winter abroad.

Mrs. Margaret Doe and her daughter, Miss Marguerite Doe, are still at Santa Barbara, but will return the last of this month to spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden will visit in San Francisco for a short time next month, but has planned to spend the winter at Redlands.

Mrs. J. L. Howard has been visiting her parents, General Adna Chaffee (retired) and Mrs. Chaffee, at their home at Los Angeles, and will come to San Francisco for a brief stay before returning East to rejoin Lieutenant Howard in Washington, D. C.

Miss Henriette Blanding, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Tevis Blanding, left Tuesday for the East. Miss Blanding will reënter Vassar and her brother will sail for Europe to be absent a year.

Miss Nora Brewer spent the week end with friends at Del Monte.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson, the author, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams at their home on the McCloud River, and later will visit San Francisco.

Miss Hazel Hotchkiss had as her guests during the tennis tournament at Del Monte Miss Marion Gay of San Francisco and Miss Marjorie Stanton of San Francisco. Miss Hotchkiss's mother and father and her brother, Mr. H. G. Hotchkiss, were also present to witness the finals.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week past were Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Copelin, Miss Della Elstun, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Heastand, Mr. A. H. Otto, Mr. R. Knighton, Miss Nellie Daroux, Miss M. C. Daroux, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Barnard, Mrs. E. W. Eberle, Mr. Carl R. Schmidt, Mr. Frank Hoffman, Mr. Paul Carew, Mr. Frank W. McDonald, Mr. F. F. Lacks, Mr. G. J. Scharlach, Dr. B. Stedman, Mr. G. Albert Lansburgh, Mrs. Joseph King, Miss E. M. Culvemell, and Mr. John A. Hooper.

Annual Convention of the Zeta Psi.

Zeta Psi Fraternity of North America, established in 1847, and the oldest on the Coast, held its sixty-third annual convention here last week, many coming from the Atlantic Coast, Canada, the Middle West, and from all over the Coast. Besides meetings in the Greek Theatre at the University of California and visits with the local chapters there and at Stanford, there was a trip to Tamalpais and Muir Woods; also through the Golden Gate out on the Pacific, and a visit to Stanford University. The fraternity's new home in Berkeley will represent, when completed, \$50,000 in value. The banquet at the Hotel St. Francis was attended by about 150 members, among them being C. A. Moss, Toronto; Myron W. Green, New York; William A. Comstock, Michigan; J. Somers Smith, Jr., and son, Philadelphia; H. R. Little, Montreal; V. C. Gates, Boston; A. W. Robinson and J. H. Burroughs, Philadelphia. William B. Storey, University of California, a vice-president of the Santa Fé system, and Charles K. Field, Stanford, are now the chief officers. Frank P. Deering, Fred V. Holman, Portland, George W. Reed, W. C. Ralston, F. S. Stratton, Professor George C. Edwards, Professor J. M. Stillman, Dr. Stanley Stillman, Howard Stillman, C. J. Wetmore, Frank H. Powers, Edwin R. Jackson, E. L. Hertel, the four Fosters, three Sherwoods, two each Mailliard, Knight, Leib, Langstroth, are prominent members.

Prospective Tenant—No, I'm afraid this flat would be too small. I might want to grow a beard.—Life.

Manager Greenbaum's Plans for the Coming Season.

Manager Will L. Greenbaum announces that owing to the consolidation of the Metropolitan and Manhattan opera house companies of New York he is enabled to offer our music lovers the most brilliant series of concerts ever attempted in the West. His first offering will be Signor Antonio Scotti, the favorite haritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who has never before been heard here in concert, and who was one of the really sensational successes of the great season in Paris. Associated with Signor Scotti will be Mme. Bernice de Pasquale, who has succeeded to the Sembrich rôle at the Metropolitan, and who in addition to rendering arias and songs will sing some of the great operatic duets with Signor Scotti.

Mme. Johanna Gadski, the leading dramatic and Wagnerian soprano of the Metropolitan and one of San Francisco's favorites, will give a short series of recitals, assisted by Edwin Schneider, the young composer-pianist, whose song "Rain Drops" made such a hit at the Jomelli and Hamlin concerts last season.

Mme. Liza Lehman, the English composer whose opera "The Vicar of Wakefield" served David Bispham as a starring vehicle abroad and whose vocal quartet "In a Persian Garden" (a setting of quatrains from "The Rubaiyat") has made her world-famous, will offer programmes of her own works and others, assisted by a splendid quartet of English singers.

In the latter part of November we are promised a genuine novelty in a series of ballet performances by the Imperial Russian Ballet from St. Petersburg, headed by the world's very greatest dancers, Mlle. Anna Pavlowa and M. Michael Mordkin. There will be eight principal dancers and a corps de ballet of twenty-four, and a symphony orchestra of forty-five of the best players from the Metropolitan Opera House's forces will assist. Altogether one hundred people will comprise the company. This engagement was only made possible by Mr. Greenbaum's guaranteeing an enormous sum to the representatives of both the Metropolitan and Royal Imperial Opera Houses of New York and St. Petersburg.

The final offering for 1910 will be that ever welcome Spanish haritone, Signor Emilio de Gogorza.

Early in the new year Mme. Gerville-Reache, the leading contralto of last season's Manhattan Company under Hammerstein, will make her first appearance in the West. This artist was a revelation to New York opera lovers in Strauss's "Electra," Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Delilah," and in other rôles requiring a dramatic contralto.

The violinists thus far engaged are Jaroslav Kocian and Mischa Elman, and the only pianist thus far under definite contract is the popular Josef Hoffman.

In April Signor Alessandro Bonci, the greatest living lyric tenor and one of the few Italian artists equally at home on the stage and in a repertory of songs of all countries, will make his first appearance in this city. From a truly artistic standpoint, Bonci is without a peer among tenors.

For the closing attraction of this truly brilliant list the Russian Symphony Orchestra, numbering fifty-five players under the direction of Mr. Modest Altschuler, has been secured. It will be remembered that Altschuler's music was the feature of the Shakespearean performances by the Ben Greet Company two years ago, although at that time Mr. Altschuler was accompanied by about only half of his forces.

Another great star to appear during the season will be Mlle. Emma Calvé, who is at present breaking all records in Australia. This artist rested all of last season and is now said to be in perfect voice, and when Calvé is at her best she has no peer for beautiful quality of voice and artistic temperamental interpretation. Her place on the New York and London operatic stage has never been successfully filled. Calvé is still one of the youngest of the great singers and when in good health stands alone—no one else sings or does things like Calvé.

Other negotiations are pending, and Mr. Greenbaum will shortly make some more interesting announcements.

The St. Francis Musical Art Society has again contracted with Mr. Greenbaum for a series of five concerts and the sum paid is sufficient to guarantee the greatest series of private musicales ever known here.

Professor Ignacio Quesadas has organized an original festa for the Mexican centennial. The workmen in different parts of the city will sing national hymns of nations friendly to Mexico. The laborers are to sing these hymns in the language of the country to which the hymns belong.

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Watching Traveling Americans.

For many years government espionage over American purchases in foreign cities has been complete, says a Washington correspondent, who has been soberly investigating the matter at the treasury building. Treasury agents are maintained in such cities as London, Berlin, and Paris, and if the American buys a diamond necklace or a set of expensive furs in the district of a certain agent, the chances are that he will know about it a few hours later. These agents have their spies in the stores in the form of clerks and salesmen, and in some cases even the shopkeepers are not averse to "giving away" their customers. Tracing of goods means also the watching of steamship offices to discover on what vessels suspected Americans are returning, and the employment of stewards to amplify the information obtained abroad; thus a trap is laid for the traveler who intentionally or unintentionally attempts to deceive the government.

Vera Michelena is prominent in the cast of "The Girl and the Drummer," a musical play made by George Broadhurst, with help, out of his "What Happened to Jones." The show is at the Grand Opera House in Chicago.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—Joy cometh in the morning. *He*—Not if you've been making a night of it.—*Salem Press.*

Jack—I hear you had some money left you. *Tom*—Yes; it left me quite a while ago.—*New York Herald.*

Mrs. Caudle—Henry, did you miss me the night I was away? *Mr. Caudle*—No, I went to a lecture.—*Boston Transcript.*

"How rich is he?" "Immensely wealthy. He's had every operation the doctors could think of."—*New York American.*

Husband—Does that new novel turn out happily? *Wife*—It doesn't say. It only says they were married.—*St. Louis Star.*

Mr. Peck—I tell you I'm nobody's fool! *Mrs. Peck*—What's that? *Mr. Peck*—Except yours, my love—only yours.—*Zion's Advocate.*

"What is the name of your new novel?" "The Dungeon." Good, gloomy title, eh?" "Yes. That name alone ought to get the book among the six best cellars."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"Have you any men serving sentences for bigamy?" asked the prison visitor. "Lots of them," replied the keeper, "but we confine them all in the insane ward."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"I see your wife is wearing one of the new hobble skirts." "Yes. She gave me my choice between letting her wear a hobble skirt or do a barefoot dance for charity."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Jack—Widows are wiser than maids in one respect, at least. *Tom*—What's the answer? *Jack*—They never let a good chance go by, thinking that a better one will come their way.—*Chicago News.*

Mr. Honeymoon Jones—Our room is very cozy. *Mrs. Ozone. The Landlady*—Ah, sir, what a blessing 't would be if all my boarders were on honeymoons. They'd never notice anything.—*London Opinion.*

"I went fishing the other day and forgot my glasses," said the near-sighted man. "Well, can't you drink out of a bottle?" demanded the man with the impressionistic nose.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Wife—I suppose if you should meet some pretty young girl you would cease to care for me? *Husband*—What nonsense you talk! What do I care for youth and beauty? You suit me, all right.—*M. A. P.*

Tattered Timothy—I've been trampin' four years, ma'am, an' it's all 'cause I heard that the doctors recommended walkin' as the best exercise. *Mrs. Prim*—Well, the doctors are right. Walk along.—*Tit-Bits.*

Conductor—What do you think! That woman that left the car at Fourteenth Street didn't get off backward. *Motorman*—Say, Bill, I thought all the time that that was a man in disguise.—*Chicago News.*

He—I had a queer experience last night when I fell in the street. *She*—How so? *He*—Well, you see, I fell with my hat in my outstretched hand, and when I became conscious again I had \$3 in it.—*New York Globe.*

"He's a terrible drunkard, isn't he?" "Yes, but he's a good citizen." "How can that be?" "Every time he has jimjams he goes to the courthouse and pays taxes on a pack of pink and blue dogs."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Tourist—Why do you call this a volcano? I don't believe it has had an eruption for a thousand years. *Guide*—Well, the hotel managers in this region club together and keep a fire going in it every year during the season.—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

"Family all back from the summer trip?" "Yes." "I hear your wife is confined to her room. What does the doctor say?" "We haven't employed a doctor. The laundress promises to have her out in about four days."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Physician—Have you any aches or pains this morning? *Patient*—Yes, doctor; it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath. *Physician*—All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Groom—What's your father going to give us for a wedding present? *Bride*—A big check, darling! *Groom*—Then the ceremony must take place at two p. m. instead of at three. *Bride*—But why? *Groom*—The hanks close at three.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Kind Lady—Aren't you the man I gave a piece of cake to last spring? *The Hobo*—I'm dat same, ma'am. *Kind Lady*—I suppose you have been at work ever since? *The Hobo*—I can't teller lie, ma'am. I've bin in de hospital ever sence.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Would you say I was bald?" asked the hairdresser's customer truculently. "Well, s'—," replied the diplomatic barber, "without going so far as that, I can confidently in-

form you, on the best authority, that, in a general way, there is plenty of room at the top."—*London Globe.*

Lady Customer (in furniture shop)—What has become of those lovely sideboards you had when I was last here? *Salesman* (smirking)—I shaved 'em off, madam.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Prosperity has ruined many a man," remarked the moralizer. "Well," rejoined the demoralizer, "if I was going to be ruined at all I'd want prosperity to do it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Blobbs—That's a great chorus they have in the new show at the Hoity Toigthy Theatre. *Slobbs*—Yes, I knew the piece would be a success before the curtain had gone up two feet.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"You have had your pie and coffee," said the lunch-wagon man; "anything else, sir?" "Yes," murmured the drowsy customer, as the midnight bells chimed forth, "be a good fellow and drive me home."—*Chicago News.*

"Has her marriage to the count really been indefinitely postponed?" "Yes; there was some little misunderstanding, I believe." "But does the misunderstanding amount to much?" "Only to about \$500,000, I think."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"Your husband spends all his leisure with his automobile," said one woman. "Yes," replied the other. "Don't you miss him?" "No. If he isn't at home fixing the machine I can always reach him by telephone at the repair shop."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Newrich (who has advertised for a pianist)—So you are the music teacher that answered my advertisement? *Pianist*—Yes, ma'am. *Mrs. Newrich*—Well, sit down here and play a couple of duets so that I can see what you can do.—*London Tit-Bits.*

"So you want women to vote?" "I have declared myself to that effect," said the keen politician. "And I suppose you want to see a woman elected to the office you now hold?" "No. After they have held a few spirited conventions I don't think any of them will have enough personal popularity among the members to secure even an indorsement. But there's no reason why they shouldn't all vote for me as their champion."—*Washington Star.*

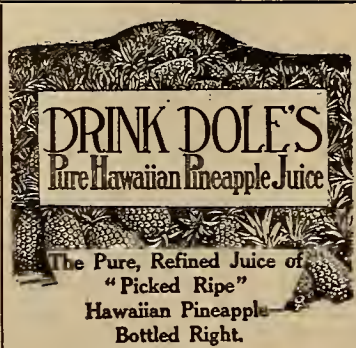
The Pessimistic Parrot.

According to Jimmy Reilly, who is the editor of a moving van here, he has a regular job with one family. The woman of the house is simply mad on the subject of moving. She always shifts quarters four times a year, while the man is mad at the subject, and, if permitted, would stay in the same place until he took root.

A third and important member of the family is the parrot. "A fine hurrd," said Mr. Reilly. "An intelligent burrd. Last spring I moved 'em to Orange, and the burrd sits by me on the driver's seat, peekin' troo the bars of his cage, and now and then makin' a witty remark to me. And last fall I moved 'em back to Long Island and they tried Swampscott. And all the way the burrd sits in his cage by me side, makin' an intelligent remark now and then, and cockin' his eye at me. So last winter I moved 'em back into town, and I puts me coat over the cage so the burrd wouldn't get cold, and he sits by me side troo the drive. And last week I was called on to move 'em up into Westchester County.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Reilly, "you'd hardly believe it—but after I got me wagon loaded

I goes in, as usual, to get the parrot's cage and lift him up to the driver's seat. And the parrot looks at me sad and subdued, wid never one of them funny cracks he used to make when he sees me, for we got to be good friends. 'Hello, Polly,' says I to him. 'Reilly,' says he, 'me good man—where the hell are we goin' now?'—*New York Correspondence in Cincinnati Times-Star.*



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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Good and Bad Plays.

There are two kinds of indecent plays. One kind flauntingly bad and advertises the fact by device here it is imprudent to do so openly. The other kind pictures vice with an asserted moral purpose, and hopes to thrive on the combined patronage of those who prefer tainted things and those who want to see the stage "elevated" by problem plays. In the end both kinds of bad plays fail, because the people who like the clean drama are in the majority and this majority supports the theatres.

From week to week the Argonaut devotes a page or more of its space to criticism of plays and actors, and gives notes of the theatrical world. It does not attempt to make a complete record of dramatic events and incidents, but chooses rather to speak of the things that may be discussed with pleasure, with interest, and without reservation. Occasionally it purposely avoids what might be considered an opportunity to criticize or describe a theatrical sensation. It avoids the discussion

that might merely advertise the bad play which pretends to have a moral purpose. There are plenty of good plays, of plays which need no defense and no advertising obtained under false pretenses. The Argonaut believes that one of the best tests of a play is the possibility of discussing its topic and salient features in social and domestic circles. A play which can not meet this simple test has no claims upon the consideration of theatre-goers or upon critics of dramatic art.

All of which explains why the Argonaut does not regard it necessary or proper to review "The Easiest Way."

Political Matters Current.

The temper of the country is obviously hostile to the Republican party. There have been evidences of this fact all along the line of political action during the past six months, and it is made emphatic by the returns from Maine, which put a rock-ribbed and historically Republican State in the Democratic column. If as Maine goes so goes the Union—and the tradition, in conjunction with the tendency of the times, is strong enough to prompt conviction—then we are in the way of seeing Democratic successes enough this fall to revolutionize the lower house of Congress. This is clearly foreshadowed, if not indeed foredoomed. It is easy to say that in the present posture of affairs—with a Republican President and a Republican Senate—a Democratic House of Representatives would be an anomaly, that its practical effect would be to neutralize the powers of government outside of routine lines; but, after all this is said, we have still to deal with the fact itself. Logic is the last consideration with the average voter; he acts according to his mood, leaving results to come to their own adjustments, logical or otherwise.

Ordinary explanations do not serve to account for the turning away of popular favor from the Republican party at a time when the country is prosperous and when its administrative powers are in the hands of a President duly and even conspicuously established in public respect. Undoubtedly the tariff legislation of last year has had something to do with it, yet dissatisfaction over the tariff is felt mainly in the Middle Western States. Surely a tariff law arranged in the interest of the industries of New England and the Northeastern States generally can hardly explain the disaffection illustrated in the congressional by-elections in Massachusetts and New York last spring, and just now in the revolution of political sentiment in Maine. Nor can Cannonism, so effective as a source of dissatisfaction in the West, be urged in explanation of political results in New England, since the whole purpose and effect of Cannonism has worked to the advantage of this region.

The motives which have prompted repudiation of the Republican party in Maine and which promise similar results in other parts of the country in November rest, in the opinion of the Argonaut, upon something very different from ordinary political considerations. For years there has been preached throughout the country a gospel of suspicion and distrust. Yellow newspapers, scandal-mongering magazines, sensational exploiters, including a presidential candidate—even a President, and now an ex-President—have practically combined in a movement to break down in the mind of the average American citizen confidence in the equity, the honesty, the security, of governmental affairs in general. This evil work has been well done in the sense that it has been effectively done. It is not too much to say that measurably it has destroyed a great and beneficent tradition, compounded of an intense belief on the part of our people in our institutions, in the destiny of our country, and in ourselves. Hitherto we have felt under any and all conditions that things were certain to come out right in the end; we have had faith in the essential integrity of things. This tradition, this confidence,

this faith, under the preachments of the muckraker and the self-exploiter have been lost. Instead of believing in the ultimate integrity of things, the average man—at least for the moment—has come to believe in the ultimate integrity of nothing. For even while registering distrust of and resentment against the Republican party there is no sign of increase of confidence in the Democratic party. It is indeed a species of revolution, but it is a revolution founded more in distrust than in hope, tending less to political confidence than to a species of political despair. Summed up, it represents the natural, inevitable outcome of the extraordinary campaign of detraction which has been carried on during the past five or six years in the names of a bogus patriotism and a fraudulent morality.

All the probabilities point to a Democratic House of Representatives after the 4th of next March. The administration is Republican; the Senate is Republican; therefore a Democratic House means a deadlock. Under such conditions nothing can be done either forward or backward; everything in the way of legislation will have to wait upon new and remote developments. Even if, on the other hand, the Republicans should succeed in electing a majority it is plain that it will be only a nominal and not a working majority, for there will surely be a sufficient number of "insurgents" to block action on the part of the regular party organization. The insurgent faction will lie between the regulars on the one hand and the Democrats on the other, and as we saw last winter in the fight against Speaker Cannon, the affinities of that faction are as close with the Democrats as with the regulars of their own party. Probably the insurgents will patch up such an arrangement with the Democrats through varying forms of log-rolling, otherwise styled legislative bribery, as will enable them with the aid of Democratic votes to carry through the more important features of their programme.

It becomes of interest to see what this programme is. First, there is the elimination of Speaker Cannon, which now seems certain under any possible circumstances. Mr. Cannon has been renominated and will undoubtedly be reelected. But his days in the Speakership are numbered. Probably by way of gaining coöperation in other matters the empty honor of the Speakership will be sold by the insurgent faction to the Democrats. The present House leaders will be remorselessly pushed to one side and their place taken by whoever among the insurgents shall develop a capacity for close bargaining with the opposition. Then the House rules will be so modified as to deprive the Speaker of the tremendous power which he now holds as the appointer of legislative committees. The curtailment of the Speaker's powers carried through last winter will be regarded as merely a beginning, and the Speakership will further be so clipped and limited as to render it a mere perfunctory office. The demand of the insurgents, presented in various ways during the past year, is for a change in the rules under which the House itself shall elect the members of the various committees as well as the chairmen. It is difficult to figure out just how this will be accomplished, for there are sixty-one committees, whose numbers range from seven to twenty-five members. The average member is on two committees, while some favored ones are on three and even four committees. In a body composed of three hundred and ninety-two members the election of sixty-one committees by election of members, and the distribution of all the members of the House on committees, is a very complicated and difficult job. But the demand has been plainly asserted, and after one fashion or another the House will have to answer it.

In the normal course of events these proposals would not come up for action until the coming in of the new Congress on March 4, 1911. The House which will

convene in the coming December will not be the new Congress, but the second session of the last or present Congress. But it is to be remembered that even in this body the insurgents, in combination with the Democrats, have a working majority, and it is not unlikely that there will be an attempt to grasp the fruits of the new deal even before its formal installation. It is to be remembered that the insurgents last winter got for a brief time into fairly good working harmony with the Democrats. Probably this harmonious relationship can be revived, in view of what is to come after the 4th of March, and therefore we may see revolutionary operations in progress from the beginning of the coming session. There will at least be no harmony between the insurgents and the regulars. And it may be regarded as certain that in one way or another the country will witness this coming winter a legislative mix-up which has hardly been matched in recent congressional history.

In the midst of a confused and trying situation President Taft has carried himself with singular self-control during the past few weeks. The manifest decline of Republican party favor has not driven him into any act of precipitancy or vexation. Mr. Roosevelt's ostentatious patronage of his open enemies must have offended him grievously, likewise the failure of Mr. Roosevelt in the course of his Western tour to utter one word in recognition or approval of Mr. Taft's achievements. But he has taken it all with composure, even to the extent of receiving courteously Mr. Roosevelt's extraordinary appeal for help in the matter of the anti-machine campaign in New York State, made in person at New Haven on Monday of this week. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* the President would have been justified in declining to receive Mr. Roosevelt at all, and it would not have been surprising or fairly subject to criticism if he had signalized the meeting by recalling to Mr. Roosevelt the derelictions of his course and rebuking him as a false friend and a disturber of party peace. We are not certain that we should not have admired the President more if he had taken a tone reflective of the just indignation which doubtless burns within him. But calm courses are usually best, and perhaps Mr. Taft is to be congratulated upon a self-control and a reserve which in themselves mark the contrast between the President and his predecessor. None the less there is, we think, likely to come an open and bitter rupture between these two men. Such a development can only be avoided by a practical if not open apology on the part of Mr. Roosevelt. That sort of thing is not in his ordinary way of doing, and yet it is not wholly outside the possibilities. The appeal to Taft in the case of New York was in itself a confession of weakness, a distinct "come down" from the high and mighty airs which the ex-President has recently given himself. Unless his skin is even thicker than it is presumed to be, it must have cost him something to go to a man whom he has notoriously and so recently treated badly for help. He would hardly have done it if he had not found himself in a hole—a hole of his own digging. He found upon his return from the Western tour widespread resentment on the score of his bad treatment of Taft. In truth, he found himself in the way of being beaten in his fight for the chairmanship at Saratoga. It was "politics" for him to get in line with Taft—hence the visit to New Haven. The incident has taught him a lesson and he is too adroit in the political game not to make the most of it. He will now seek ways of exploiting an ostentatious friendship for Taft. He will seek to correct the prime blunder of his Western trip by a noisy championship of the President. The recognition which he withheld when it might have helped Taft, he will now give with the usual Rooseveltian vehemence. The *Argonaut* would like to wager something bandsome that in the Saratoga convention, if he shall succeed in winning the chairmanship, he will smother Taft all over with fulsome praise and that he will furiously support a resolution of endorsement of the administration. He will endeavor to climb aboard the Taft band-wagon, even though he may have a carefully sharpened knife in his boot-leg, to be used if occasion offers between now and 1912.

Mr. Roosevelt's appeal to Taft may be further taken as an indication of his wish, while personally coddling Harfield and Pinchot, and while playing with the "progressives," to retain a nominal standing as a regular party man. As usual, he is playing for the favor of both sides. He is an effusive friend both of insurgents

and regulars. It is noted that after last week's election he sent a heartily congratulatory telegram to the insurgent victors in the State of Washington, with his hopes that all the members of the party will support the insurgent nominees in the coming State election, adding characteristically "just as in South Dakota, where the regulars won, I urged the progressives to support the regulars heartily." This bit of double straddling is coming in for a good many sneers throughout the country. For example, we read with reference to it in the *New York Evening Post*:

This, of course, is the familiar Rooseveltian embracing of opposites. He always had a labor leader to balance a capitalist, a negro to set off against a chevalier, a boss in one scale and a reformer in the other. He could not go to a public banquet if a Lorimer were present, but could welcome to the White House indicted Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco. It is a splendid comprehensiveness which Mr. Roosevelt displays, but is there not danger lest moral distinctions be lost in his grand amalgam? The progressive movement is nothing if it is not a moral revolt. Men are asked to join it in the spirit of crusaders and devotees. That is, in fact, the spirit of Gifford Pinchot. It has been supposed to be Mr. Roosevelt's also. But if we are to fight the regulars as if they were the emissaries of Satan, but rally to their side if they prove to have more votes than you have, what becomes of the immense moral quickening and the stern virtues which insurgency was to bring back into politics? Are we yet to see the colonel a candidate on a Regular-Progressive platform, firmly standing pat at the same time that he terrifically advances?

This is much to the point. It pictures the Rough Rider to the life. It punctures the bladder of his high-flown moral pretensions in its weakest place.

It Is Up to Intelligence and Property.

In a quiet yet emphatic way Mr. Charles M. Schwab, controlling spirit in the ownership of the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, explains why this great plant, which only a little while ago employed six thousand men, chiefly in marine construction, is now all but idle, carrying only about one thousand men on its rolls. The Union Iron Works has practically gone out of the business of manufacture in San Francisco because "it is not satisfactory" to do business here. The labor conditions here, he goes on to say, are not on a par with labor conditions elsewhere. Wages are higher, hours are shorter, and then there are other conditions which "restrict output." What these other conditions are Mr. Schwab does not explain, but we all know what they are, namely, ill-will and surliness on the part of workmen tending to limit the amount of work done per man in any given time. Commenting on Mr. Schwab's explanation, the *Morning Chronicle* remarks that "it is a matter for the unions to seriously consider"—in other words, it is "up to the unions."

The *Argonaut* ventures to point out to its intelligent but obviously timid contemporary that this thing has been "up to the unions" now for some half a dozen years or more. And we have learned what to expect when things are put "up to the unions." We put our politics up to the unions and they gave us Schmitz and Ruef and the unspeakable system which they imposed upon San Francisco. We put our industry up to the unions and they gave us an adjustment which has put San Francisco practically off the map in an industrial sense. Again, last year we put the political responsibility up to the unions and they gave us the delectable McCarthy with his *entourage* of black-legs, scalawags, and grafters. So it will be so long as we continue to put it up to the unions. The unions have no interest in San Francisco excepting to exploit it. Under the direction of McCarthy and others of his ilk, they are better pleased to maintain conditions here contrasting with those elsewhere, even though they destroy our city, than to foster a system favorable to industry and progress. Their interest is not in the prosperity of San Francisco, but in maintaining a system illustrative of the powers of organized labor. It is a system, however it may bear upon the rank and file, which gives profit and celebrity to the overseers and exploiters of organized labor.

If San Francisco is to be redeemed, the problem is to be put up, not to the unions, but to the intelligence and property of the community. Whenever our property-owners, our merchants, our bankers, take the job into their own hands—when ever they shall find the courage to put it up to themselves—we shall have an end of this ruinous business. And we shall not have an end of it until the property-owners, the merchants, and the bankers of San Francisco do take matters in their own hands. This course was pursued some years ago at Los An-

geles with results which even a blind man can see. Los Angeles is prospering not only in her own field but making inroads upon the field of San Francisco. Her contractors are doing right within the limits of San Francisco work which our own contractors find impossible to do upon competitive terms. Likewise the property-owners, the merchants, and the bankers of the city of Portland, Oregon, have taken the matter into their own hands, likewise with results worth attention. In Portland they do not submit to the exaction of organized labor in industry, in politics, or in anything else. Portland is for the open shop and insists upon the open shop whether it pleases organized labor or not, and under the open-shop system Portland is forging ahead industrially in a manner unexampled in her history.

Property-owners, merchants, bankers of San Francisco, it is up to you to say what the future of San Francisco shall be. To pass it up to the unions is to surrender again as you surrendered before. The *Chronicle's* counsel is a counsel of cowardice. It is up to the property-owners, the merchants, and the bankers of San Francisco to say whether San Francisco shall surrender to unionism, shall lie down to be walked over, and incidentally pass the sceptre of industrial, commercial, financial, and social power to the Pacific Coast over to Los Angeles, Portland, or some other ambitious, resolute, and self-respecting community.

By Way of Friendly Suggestion.

It seems necessary to say that the new masters of the Republican organization in California are going about the business of party management in ways hardly calculated to achieve the best results. They need to be reminded that there is danger in flouting and insulting every Republican who has not yielded an unqualified homage to them and their scheme of things. Their attitude has been typified by their chief newspaper organ, the *Los Angeles Express*, which in announcing the election returns put the "L. R." initials opposite the Roosevelt League successful candidates, and with a combination of mendacity and insolence stamped every other successful candidate as "Southern Pacific." It was again shown by the "steam roller" methods of the Los Angeles convention which the League controlled—by the same methods of the same machine brought up to the Alameda county convention and to the San Francisco city and county convention; again by the terrified and tumultuous refusal of the League managers to permit free speech at the State convention, and still again in the voting down of an indorsement of President Taft and his administration. It appeared in another childish display when senators in the State legislature representing League authority combined with enough Democrats to defeat the confirmation of a gentleman admittedly fit and qualified for the position of fish and game commissioner, because he has been associated with the "regular" or defeated faction of the party and is not a member of the new cult. And, finally, we have the local organ of the new dispensation, the unspeakable *Bulletin* dropping one of the two Republican candidates for the supreme bench, an incumbent of proved character and ability, and putting in his place a Democratic candidate.

There is in all this an amazing folly. The victor of a skirmish act as though the main battle, not yet fought, had already been won. It appears not to be realized that Mr. Johnson has been nominated only by a minority of Republican votes, and that from his total there must be subtracted votes of thousands of Democrats registered as Republicans for the calculated purpose of giving the Republican party a factional candidate—that many who so cast their ballot for him in the primaries will, when it comes to the election, give those same ballots to their party nominee Mr. Bell.

It appears not to be realized that Mr. Johnson will need on November 8 not only every League vote, but every other vote he can muster. The new manager should know enough of the political history of California to recall that Budd beat Estee when the rest of the Republican ticket was elected by over 40,000 votes; that Pardee beat Lane by a scant twelve or fifteen hundred on a ticket which carried to the other candidates majorities of over 50,000; that Gillett beat Bell by about the same number when the majorities of other candidates rolled up to 70,000 and 80,000; and that during each of these campaigns there was no fac-

ional division in the Republican party. If the managers do know these things they are foolish in pursuing a course which affronts President Taft and his friends, and tends to disaffect towards Mr. Johnson Republicans whose support he must have or go down to defeat.

If the new managers were wise they would know that under the motives and standards which not uncommonly control action in political affairs, the friends of the President would be justified in rallying to the standard of an independent candidate representing the sane Republicanism of his administration as contrasted with the howling dervish variety into which Rooseveltism is so rapidly degenerating. In common discretion and diplomacy, they should not fail to see that Mr. Johnson sought the Republican nomination while publicly refusing his support to the nominees of the party; that his Republicanism is not only historically doubtful, but a kind so obviously sympathetic with other ideas that the Democrats in their State convention publicly jubilated over the fact that whether Johnson or Bell shall be elected, the next governor will still be a Democrat.

Mr. Johnson, we are told, assumes the attitude of deploring the conduct of the new managers in these matters, while disclaiming power or authority to control them. Mr. Johnson is likely to learn, possibly in the near future, that political leadership entails political responsibilities which the wise man recognizes and carries and which only the incompetent shirks and repudiates.

The Crime of Getting Caught.

Anybody shameless enough to doubt the civic morality of the mayor should be near him when one of his men has been found out. It is then that the mayor's spirit of reform grows reminiscent of the Donnybrook fair. His neck swells, his vocabulary is edged with D's and he makes known his anxiety to tread on the tail of somebody's coat. At other times, when the surface of his administration is not lashed by the wind of exposure, the mayor is as serene as Billikens himself. Everything goes well with him then. He is sure that the saloon-keepers, racetrack touters, labor-union grafters, and green-goods men who have joined him in giving this city a pure administration are devoting themselves to the welfare of the taxpayers, and so he asks no questions. But let one of them get caught and the mayor is heard from. A disaster like that the whole administration feels. What is wanted here above all other things are men who can "keep it dark," and as our labor party politicians have been at that business all their lives, there is no excuse for one of them to set his foot in a trap. If he finds himself in such a fix his value to McCarthy has ended, and he is used to point a moral and adorn a tale. In the ethics of the mayor it is not what a man does, but what he lets somebody else see him do, that marks his name with a double cross.

The man to first violate the chief rule of the administration was the celebrated Mr. Flannery, between whom and the mayor the tenderest of ties had existed. When Flannery was caught in a discreditably public way, with one of his own telegrams to nail him, McCarthy must almost have lost faith in human nature. Flannery caught! And by a woman's simple trick of hiding an incriminating message in her stocking! As well try to catch a rattler with sixteen buttons by putting salt on his tail. As well expect to gather in a lively old buzzard of the hills by baiting a hook for him with a red light. Flannery! And yet, after all had been said and done, this scarred old refugee from Nevada politics, this slippery old saloon dodger, had been jerked off his pedestal and put in the stocks where all could see. His reform career was promptly cut off. No man was any good to the administration who could not lie low. A few such men would make it impossible to ever elect a labor government again. For them the word is skidoo.

Now comes Chief of Police Martin, whom Flannery, as president of the police commission, had put into office with the advice and consent of the mayor. One of Chief Martin's duties was to enforce the laws about minors in dance halls and music in saloons after 1 a. m. In progressing towards a Paris of America it had not been thought best to go too fast. Things were doing well enough from the McCarthy standpoint. The ladies of the pavement had come back, ready to pay as much as ever for protection. There was plenty of doing in the palaces of sport. Even the Chinese, on

proper application, could "gamble their heads off." The lid was up. But the labor government was less than a year old, and the young lads and misses who recruit the army of vice could wait awhile. There wasn't much in their end of the business anyhow. But the chief, in his enthusiasm for McCarthy's Paris of America, grew reckless, and the result was his exposure by the district attorney and another blast of cheap reform sentiment from the mayor. McCarthy had not caught Martin, though the latter's derelictions were notorious. Nor had the mayor caught Flannery. Neither he nor his agents have caught anybody, though they started out bravely enough in a futile effort to convict the most reputable members of the previous administration of all sorts of crookedness. They have simply stood by and hoped that exposure might be avoided. When it couldn't be, McCarthy made a virtue of necessity and turned his rascals out, after having, with full knowledge of their characters, put them in.

Now there is to be a new chief; and San Francisco will go the course McCarthy first marked out for it, but if Martin's successor is wise he will have argus eyes for the man on the trail. He need not have any for vice, and he may overlook a great deal of crime, but let him take heed lest he find himself in the spotlight. In the McCarthy scheme of things, the man who lets himself get into that illumination can hope to be of no aid to honest government.

San Francisco "Busy with Deeds."

The recent effort to incite our serenely indifferent city to a grandiose scheme of architectural embellishment is only another instance of the sporadic æstheticism which pops up every now and then to convert us from the error of our ways. That we do not yearn to be saved, that we are frankly material and unashamed, there are many evidences. Yet the proselytizing visionaries will persist.

It was a coterie of these enthusiasts that burned to establish a salon here some years ago and raise the standards of our sordid society. A salon in our hustling, reckless, commercial San Francisco! And it was a similar coterie that, more recently, planted a literary colony along our coast for the special manufacture of masterpieces and the renaissance of art and letters. It was a pity, they argued, to let so much "atmosphere" go to waste. Our climate impelled to higher things than "reeking tube and iron shard." And so, on the strength of a few cheeping songsters, on the glory of a Bret Harte and a Joaquin Miller, they reared "the baseless fabric of their vision."

The results are a matter of serio-comic history. The seventeenth-century salon was surprisingly hard to acclimate, and the lost art of conversation elected to remain lost. Experiment disclosed a painful and unforeseen dearth of candidates with enough leisure and culture and enthusiasm to pursue the elusive thing, and in desperation the would-be De Staëls and De Sévigné and Rochefoucaulds went forth into the byways and hedges for professional entertainers to supply the talk and jog up the intellectually inert. At last accounts they were still jogging. But the art of conversation remains among the missing.

Our Parnassus-in-a-patty-pan fares no better. It is true we have had weekly bulletins of impending *chef-d'œuvres* and of mystic designs upon our drama. We have been regularly regaled with the woozy wizardry of its poets and the temperamental capers of its diletanti. But as yet no magnum opus is forthcoming. The stage is set; the guests are met; the "props" are beyond reproach. All the signs are auspicious, but somehow divine afflatus is coy and the puppets lack the essential life-spark.

Obviously, our own particular *zeit-geist* is not headed for the Castalian fount. But in spite of these signs comes another æsthete, flaunting the plans and specifications of an Ecole-des-Arts phantasy and crying aloud in the humming world of steel and concrete and devil-may-care rebuilding: "We must fulfill our destiny. We have the picturesque site, and the climate that breeds artistic talent. Great things are expected of us. The world has assigned to us a rôle, splendid, spectacular—Queen of the Revels. Let us live up to our æsthetic responsibilities and stage a sumptuous Arabian Nights' Dream."

Now legendary San Francisco, consecrated to the cult of Epicurus, and actual, present-day San Francisco, devoted to trade and expansion, to income rehabilitation and step-lively standards, are two rather

different things; which our critic, beglamoured with his ideal, does not realize. The Sacred Owl has passed into the custody of merchant princes, and only an occasional artist retainer is kept on hand to Bohème to order when company comes. The profound significance of this is lost upon the enthusiast. And his great scheme means nothing more nor less than a colossal grandstand play—self-conscious and out of harmony with our times.

You can not force the art impulse. You can not persuade a busy, strenuous, commercial community that it is yearning for peristyles and Parthenons and Pallas Athenes. A genuine art-city is not called into being by the flaunting of a blue-printed prospectus. Like the salon and the revival of literature, it is a spontaneous efflorescence. When we have the necessary culture and the necessary taste and the necessary leisure; when the whole civic consciousness is suffused with real appreciation of beauty, then, and then only, shall we have an architectural renaissance.

Meanwhile let us be what we are—candidly and gloriously commercial; doing the work that lies straight before us; solving the big problems nature has given us to solve. And when that is done, art and beauty may take their turn. Did not the marble palaces of Venice rise from commercialism? And the Hanging Gardens of Babylon from vast Assyrian industries and trade? Then let us bide the working-out of nature's plans, and get into line with what *Is*!

"Great nations," says Ruskin, "write their autobiography in three manuscripts: the book of their deeds, the book of their words, and the book of their art." San Francisco is too busy with deeds just now to bother much with words or art.

Mr. Heney at Minneapolis.

Mr. Francis J. Heney, having run his course as an object of personal interest in the country at large, received scant attention in the telegraph reports of Mr. Pinchot's "Conservation Congress" at Minneapolis some two weeks ago. But it appears from the more detailed reports published locally that in his appearance before the convention Mr. Heney did a characteristic stunt. The following account, which appears in the Minneapolis *Bellman*, will, we imagine, be interesting reading to many on the Pacific Coast and elsewhere who in times past have noted Mr. Heney's practice of vehement and reckless speech with respect to matters about which he knows nothing. Mr. Heney's whole purpose as we well know, in California, is that of personal exploitation, and he cares little if it be by one method or another. From the *Bellman* of the 17th instant we quote:

Francis Joseph Heney, of San Francisco, is one of those recently arrived long-range political heroes whom most of us know through the medium of the newspapers, the muck-raking magazines, and the weekly publications which delight in exploiting the dauntless reformer, with portrait, when he suddenly emerges from obscurity in some remote part of the country by defying the corrupt and iniquitous established order of things and putting its adherents to rout by virtue of his vigorous and fearless assaults.

Thus learning about him, we are naturally predisposed in his favor. We say to ourselves "Hello here! This old country of ours is still safe from going to the dogs. Here is a new and stalwart champion of the people's rights who is not afraid of intrenched position. See how he is making things hot for these arrogant interests. Bully for Frank!" If some one who has had opportunity to analyze the hero at close range ventures to insinuate that all is not gold that glitters, we look askance at him and question his disinterestedness; perhaps his own particular ox has been gored by the valiant Francis. Anyhow the first chance we get to see the champion, we common folk throw our greasy caps in the air and wish him good fortune.

Such long-distance heroes would do well not to emulate the magazines in which they are exploited by seeking extended personal circulation, or, if they are led by ambition to wander from their own firesides and to come in closer contact with the far-spread manufactured popularity which has been created in their behalf, it would be well to be careful where they go and what they say when they get there.

It is doubtless the misfortune of the people of Minnesota that, until recently, they have never had an opportunity to hear Mr. Heney directly and upon subjects with which they are themselves reasonably familiar, but it seems even a greater misfortune for Mr. Heney that he suffered himself to come so near those who might otherwise have remained in blissful ignorance of his disregard for accuracy.

The recent ill-fated Conservation Congress, which will be found to have played hoh with the reputation of many another public man, gave occasion for Mr. Heney to make a blunder. James J. Hill delivered an address before this congress which courteously opposed, with fact and argument, the position taken by Mr. Heney and his backers in regard to conservation. Every figure presented in it was reliable and taken from official sources. There was ample op-

tunity for Mr. Heney to refute the argument of Mr. Hill, if he was able to do so. If its logic or its facts were at fault he could have corrected them.

This, however, did not suit the plans of those who had stampeded the congress to their own ends. Mr. Heney avoided public appearance until the last moment, when, just before adjournment, being sure there would be no opportunity to refute his statements before the same audience that heard them, he uttered a series of misstatements so palpably untrue that even the most ignorant among the people of Minnesota know better.

He attacked Mr. Hill. This, in itself, is neither exceptional nor peculiar; whenever a tramp is tossed off a train in the Northwest for non-payment of fare, he mounts the nearest stump and delivers a tirade against James J. Hill. Time was when some one would be found to listen to it, but, in these days, Mr. Hill's character and achievements are fairly well understood in Minnesota and now people only smile and go about their business. The trouble with Mr. Heney was that he chose to steer entirely clear of established and well-known facts and depend upon his active and vivid imagination for material.

He intimated that Mr. Hill received a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year; while it is a well-known fact that he has never received and does not now receive a dollar of salary from any railway. This, however, was a mere detail, just one of those oratorical trifles, founded on a lie, which the reckless political orator is fond of tossing into the ears of a careless and presumably ignorant audience, thinking that no one will take the trouble to refute it.

The more serious departure from truth made by Mr. Heney in this eleventh-hour attempt to influence public opinion is found in this statement which he uttered: "We gave to Mr. Hill sixty million acres of land, a strip two thousand miles long, forty miles in width, through the States. This was worth, at a fair price, ten dollars an acre."

It is an established fact, a matter of public record that any schoolboy should know, that neither to Mr. Hill nor to his railway did the government make a land grant. The Great Northern Railway did not receive a dollar in money nor an acre of land from the Federal government. Not only was this railway built from the western boundary of Minnesota to the Pacific Coast without governmental aid, but it bought the right-of-way through all unceded lands from the middle of North Dakota to the slope of the Rocky Mountains at a price fixed by the Federal commission.

Possibly Mr. Heney had in mind the Northern Pacific Railway, but the charter of this road was granted by Congress and signed by President Lincoln in 1864, fifteen years before Mr. Hill became interested in the railway business, and at a time when, as he himself testifies, he was working for the munificent wage of seventy-five dollars a month and undoubtedly earning it far more completely than Mr. Heney earned any fee he has ever received for his services in harassing wrong-doers.

These facts have been public property for fifty years. If Mr. Heney be ignorant of them, what possible right has he to put himself forward as one qualified to instruct and enlighten the public? If he did know them and deliberately chose to misrepresent them, he is again disqualified and discredited as one authorized to speak with authority or to be listened to with respect.

Thoughtful people suspect that there is much loose talk of this fashion circulated by long-distance political heroes of the Heney school. Occasionally, by our own knowledge of the facts, we are able to discriminate between fiction and truth and to nail promptly the publicly circulated lie, but, as a rule, we read the tale as it appears in the papers or the magazines, and, being a credulous and easily duped people, quite ready to believe wrong of others, we accept it as true, never having an opportunity to judge at close range of the medium through which it comes or to learn the belated truth, which travels by freight, while the lies goes by telegraph.

Mr. Heney would do well to return to San Francisco and study American history. He has made a very sad blunder at the beginning of his visit to Minnesota, and it will hardly be necessary for him to say anything further on this or any other topic connected with conservation after having so thoroughly discredited himself by allowing his mouth to escape reasonable control and guidance. Such talk will probably go down nicely with the San Francisco sand-lotter, but the further East Mr. Heney penetrates, the more he will learn that the people of this country sometimes do a little thinking on their own account and do not relish an attempt to feed them with fiction disguised as fact.

Editorial Notes.

Commenting on the Lorimer incident, the New York Sun asks: "Can this be the same honest man and fastidious gentleman who only three years and a half ago, as President of the United States, invited the Honorable Eugene E. Schmitz of California to attend a White House reception in honor of the Army and Navy of the United States? The White House reception to which the Honorable Schmitz was invited occurred on the evening of February 7, 1907. For three months previous to that the Honorable Schmitz had notoriously been under indictment for a despicable form of political and personal iniquity, for the crime of which he was convicted in the California courts and for which he was subsequently sentenced and incarcerated. Unfortunately for the Honorable Schmitz he did not reach Washington from San Francisco, whence he had been summoned by President Roosevelt

to give information and advice, in season to avail himself of the President's kind invitation to meet the army and navy. This was the fault of the trains and not of Mr. Roosevelt. The invitation, however, was in itself enough to establish the social standing of the indicted grafter at the nation's capitol, and to procure for the Honorable Schmitz a most enjoyable season of entertainment in exclusive circles at Washington."

Bryan's or "Mine"—Which?

The charge that Mr. Roosevelt in the deliverances of his Western tour, and particularly in his Osawatimie speech, stole the thunder of Mr. Bryan gains in pertinency as the utterances of the two statesmen are compared. The Springfield Union, after making a study of this interesting point, asks:

But does progressive Republicanism owe its whole inspiration to Theodore Roosevelt? Is it not true that the originator of "my policies," the real author of the so-called new creed, is none other than our old friend William Jennings Bryan? We leave this question for the reader to decide, giving herewith the essential features of the Roosevelt creed, together with quotations from Mr. Bryan's speeches, or from the platforms of the Democratic party in 1896, 1900, and 1908, the years in which Mr. Bryan was a candidate for the presidency:

MR. ROOSEVELT.

Elimination of special interests from politics.

Complete and effectual publicity of corporation affairs.

Passage of laws prohibiting the use of corporate funds directly or indirectly for political purposes.

Government supervision of the capitalization not only of the public service corporations, but of all corporations doing an interstate business.

Personal responsibility of officers and directors of the corporations that break the law.

Increased power of Federal Bureau of Corporations and the Interstate Commerce Commission to control industry more effectively.

Graduated income tax and graduated inheritance tax.

Use of natural resources for the benefit of all the people.

Clear division of authority between the national and the various State governments.

Publicity of campaign contributions not only after election, but before election as well.

It is a distinct advantage to have Mr. Roosevelt thus clearly define his position. Let him now express his judgment as to whether the things that President Taft has done and the things in which Mr. Taft believes accord with this declaration of political principles. In other words, let him say whether he regards President Taft as a Progressive or as a Reactionary. And then let us hear from the father of all this present trouble, Old Dr. Bryan himself.

New postage stamps have just been issued by Western Australia bearing the familiar head of Queen Victoria. The accession of King George made it possible to reissue government stamps with Queen Victoria's head. If such stamps had been issued in King Edward's reign it would have been an affront according to court etiquette, as Queen Victoria was his immediate predecessor.

MR. BRYAN.

The real question is whether the government shall remain a mere business asset of favor-seeking corporations, or be an instrument in the hands of the people for the advancement of the common weal.

Publicity concerning corporation affairs assured by compelling corporations engaged in interstate commerce to take out Federal license.

We pledge the Democratic party to the enactment of a law prohibiting any corporation from contributing to a campaign fund.

Existing laws against trusts must be enforced and more stringent ones must be enacted, providing for publicity as to corporations engaged in interstate commerce, requiring all corporations to show that they have no water in their stocks.

We demand the passage of a statute punishing by imprisonment any officer of a corporation who shall violate the law.

We favor the vigorous enforcement of the criminal law against guilty trust magnates and officials and demand the enactment of such additional legislation as may be necessary to make it impossible for a private monopoly to exist in the United States.

We favor an income tax as a part of our revenue system.

We insist upon the preservation, protection and replacement of needed forests, the preservation of the public domain for homeseekers, the protection of the national resources in timber, coal, iron, and oil against monopolistic control.

There is no twilight zone between the nation and the States in which exploiting interest can take refuge from both; and it is as necessary that the Federal government shall exercise the power delegated to it as it is that the State governments shall use the authority reserved to them.

This is not a new question; it is a question that has been agitated—namely, legislation requiring publication before the election.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Guide-books to Paris which cater specially for the need of American visitors usually give the names and addresses of several American or English doctors, but it appears a though at no distant date it will not be possible for Americans or English to be attended there by a doctor speaking their own tongue. Not long ago a doctors' syndicate was formed in the French capital, and already it has so terrorized the French faculty that it is rapidly becoming impossible for foreigners to practice medicine in Paris. Of course there are a number of American and English doctors at present in the field, as they secured their diplomas before the new regulations came into force, but as these die off it will be practically impossible for their places to be filled by their fellow countrymen. One of the latest regulations secured by the trust makes it imperative that every fully qualified doctor shall pass in French every examination which a French doctor has to pass. And before long the faculty is to refuse a diploma to any foreigner who, in addition to passing the French examinations, has not taken out letters of naturalization. Evidently the Parisians are bent upon making it almost impossible for good Americans to go to Paris save to die.

Aviation can already count its deserters by the dozen. M. Emile Dubonnet, one of the leaders of flying in France, has announced his retirement, thus supporting the medical contention that the nerve strain of frequent flying is so great that it forces a man to abandon active airmanship in an extraordinarily short space of time. M. Paulhan says he intends to devote himself almost entirely in the future to constructional work; M. Blériot has given up all except experimental flying; the Wright brothers fly but rarely, being also more concerned with construction; and the list of other airmen of whom the same may be said is long and growing every day.

Considering the numerous books and the thousands of articles that have been written about aviation, it is strange that Wordsworth's contribution to the subject has been entirely overlooked. It is true he called his aeroplane "a little boat," but that was only poetic license, for his description of his flying might be adopted by the Wright Brothers without the change of a word. As the stanzas occur in the prologue to "Peter Bell," perhaps the Wrights or some other airmen will seize upon that name with which to christen an aeroplane:

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little Boat,
Shaped like the crescent moon.

And now I have a little Boat,
In shape a very crescent moon.
Fast through the clouds my boat can sail;
But if perchance your faith should fail,
Look up—and you shall see me soon!

The woods, my Friends, are round you roaring,
Rocking and roaring like a sea;
The noise of danger's in your ears,
And ye have all a thousand fears
Both for my little Boat and me!

Meanwhile untroubled I admire
The pointed horns of my canoe;
And, did not pity touch my breast,
To see how ye are all distressed,
Till my ribs ached, I'd laugh at you!

Away we go, my Boat and I—
Frail man ne'er sate in such another;
Whether among the winds we strive,
Or deep into the clouds we dive,
Each is contented with the other.

Supplementary to the interesting particulars given in the Argonaut last week relative to the history of past editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" comes the announcement that the new edition, to be known as the eleventh, is to be issued at the end of this year. For the first time it will bear the imprint of one of the English universities, the Syndics of Cambridge having taken over the enterprise as a part of its intellectual work.

But some of the particulars furnished in the announcement would imply that the university has made a grave blunder. It seems that the volumes, which are to be twenty-eight in number, are to be printed on India paper, with the result that the entire set is to occupy only two feet of shelf space! Such a shrinkage is unthinkable in connection with the "Encyclopædia Britannica." One of its chief charms in past editions has consisted in the noble appearance it made on the library shelves, the volumes marshaling into a goodly row extending to some six feet in length. From the psychological standpoint it is impossible to overrate the selling influence of that formidable appearance. Think of the thousands who buy books by the length, not of their pages, but of the shelving they will fill, and then imagine the result of having the "Encyclopædia Britannica" dwarfed to a mere two feet! But apart from those who buy books as so much wall furniture, the diminished bulk of a work which has been revered for so long as a classic of reference is likely to destroy confidence in its completeness. Even Shakespeare suffers from this condensing habit. You may have the whole of his output, sonnets and poems, as well as the plays, in a single volume not much more than an inch thick even though it contains more than twelve hundred pages of India paper, but does that one volume convey a tithe of the impressiveness of a "set" of Shakespeare running to sufficient volumes to provide one for each play? Or take the case of the "New International Encyclopedia," which will give an affecting row some five feet in length. No, no, it will never do to have the "Britannica" modestly adapting itself to a couple of feet.

PRIMA DONNA AND MILLIONAIRE.

New York and the Chanler-Cavalieri Case.

There is no particular reason why New York should be profoundly stirred over the marital differences of Robert Winthrop Chanler and his new wife, Mme. Lina Cavalieri, except that Mr. Chanler belongs to the Astor family, while Mme. Cavalieri is a prima donna of renown who may be excluded henceforth from the New York stage. Of course the story, so far as it has been unfolded, is nebulous and up in the air, so to speak, but if it is even passably correct it would almost seem that the weight of censure should fall upon Mr. Chanler rather than upon the lady, seeing that folly is so much worse than wickedness.

The story in brief outline is as follows: Mr. Chanler married Mme. Cavalieri a few months ago, after laying strenuous siege to that lady's ripened and experienced affections. Originally he had an income of \$50,000 a year, but \$20,000 a year of this amount was payable to his first wife, from whom he was divorced. He thus had \$30,000 a year to lay at the feet of the new charmer, and she seems to have graciously accepted this trifle, or as much of it as she could lay her hands upon. A small sum in arithmetic will show that this left nothing at all for the swain, except of course the possession of the lady, and he was gallant enough to think that he had much the best of the bargain. Our views change as we grow older, and it may be that Mr. Chanler's views changed in the course of a few weeks, and that he found once more that married life is not always what is claimed for it.

Now a lady of Mme. Cavalieri's charms is naturally supposed to have lovers "one, two, three" as the old song says. Prince Dolgorouki of Russia was quite as ardent as the American, and it would look as though madame kept them both upon the string until she should make sure of a successful landing. No doubt the Russian would have been the winner, since even a great prima donna may wish also to be a princess, but Dolgorouki could not marry without the consent of the Czar, and this consent was refused, although madame went herself to St. Petersburg in order to soften the heart of the autocrat. Evidently the Czar has more in him than meets the eye. Dolgorouki being thus out of the way, Mr. Chanler became first favorite, and to his delight he received a telegram from madame to the effect that she would marry him. He must have known the reason for the Russian trip, and he must have known, therefore, that he was a second choice, but love is notoriously blind to such things if it can but win out in the long run.

It must be set to the lady's credit that she told her lover the story of her life, which need not be set down here. It was the old one, only more so, much more so. She had a son sixteen years of age who did not know his father's name, and one of the conditions of the marriage was that Mr. Chanler should sign a document admitting his paternity of a boy whom he had never seen nor heard of, and whose mother he had never spoken to until that year. It is said that Mr. Chanler signed that paper without a murmur. Then came other papers that he was invited to sign. He would have signed anything. These other papers were presented three days before the wedding and at a time when the lover's ardor might be supposed to extinguish his knowledge of the world and of women and what he would no doubt have called his common sense. By these papers he transferred the whole of his property to his intended wife and left himself without a cent. It seems incredible. It would be incredible in a novel, but then the author who will write a novel true to life is still on the shining shore awaiting birth. It is now maintained that some at least of this property was of a non-transferable kind, but if Mr. Chanler did not actually strip himself financially naked he tried to do so. He took off all the financial clothing that would come off.

And so this interesting couple were married in Paris on June 18, and then the really interesting act of the drama began. Mr. Chanler was wholly dependent upon his wife even for pocket money. He is an artist, one of that numerous class who find it so much easier to paint pictures than to sell them, and the proceeds of his activities with the brush were negligible. Then the Cavalieri began to show how a husband should be treated. She told him that his large pictures were of no value and that he should paint small ones, and dispose of them to his friends. In order to stimulate his efforts at self-support she notified him that she would be responsible for his board and lodging and that she would allow him \$20 a month in cash. The man who had been a millionaire was thus reduced to \$5 a week and what he could earn by the sweat of his artistic brow. But then he would be known as the husband of Lina Cavalieri, and that was better than gold and fine raiment. Moreover, he would never starve so long as he behaved himself.

At this point Dolgorouki comes again upon the stage and takes his place in its exact centre. Marriage, of course, was out of the question, more so now than ever, but what is a mere ceremony that it should part two fond and loving hearts? The Russian came and he stayed. He became a more or less permanent feature of the landscape, and the unlucky husband found himself reduced to the position of the unwanted husband, and, what position can be more pathetic? He was merely one of the crowd surrounding the beautiful

singer whom he was allowed to call his wife, and by no means an important member of that crowd. When Mme. Cavalieri fulfilled the social law by undergoing an operation for appendicitis her most faithful attendant was Dolgorouki. He it was who sat at the foot of the bed while Chanler hovered inconspicuously in the background. When madame became convalescent she went to Trouville and it was arranged that Chanler should follow her, but Dolgorouki was there first, and it seems to have been just at this point that the worm finally turned, as worms will. Chanler had a conference with his brother, William Astor Chanler, and returned to New York with him and his wife.

There the matter rests for the moment. Even the ubiquitous reporter can obtain no first-hand statement from Mr. Chanler himself except a statement that he, Chanler, would kick him, the reporter, downstairs. There have been gatherings of the Chanler clan, consultations with lawyers, and all the usual evidence of "something doing." Various unnamed friends are quoted as confirming this, that, and the other, and now Mr. Chanler himself has taken to the woods and can not be found.

Of course madame has been interviewed both personally and by cable. Her first replies were in the form of unqualified denials that there had been the faintest rift in the lute or the smallest breeze to ruffle the surface of the marital seas. Then she grew a little more communicative. She allowed herself the luxury of innuendo and of hints that she could a tale unfold if she were so disposed. And her last move is to send her brother to New York, apparently for the purpose of filing copies of the marriage settlement with the trustees of the Chanler estate. The situation becomes further complicated by the activity of Mr. Chanler's first wife, who seems to have filed other papers so that there may be no disturbance of her \$20,000 a year under the terms of the divorce.

It is evident enough that Mme. Cavalieri does not wish to have a public scandal. Neither does she wish to lose any endowment accruing to her from her husband. It is said that the Chanler family have some sort of controlling interest in the opera house and that they can close its stage to the prima donna if they wish. Moreover there is a certain prestige attaching to the status of Mrs. Robert Winthrop Chanler. In spite of the efforts of all parties concerned to be inconspicuous it would seem that legal action of some sort is inevitable, and if so the public will get a *bonne bouche* that will be a welcome change to a news diet that just now is exclusively political. SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, September 13, 1910.

Berlin is the largest city in the world built on a plan arranged with method and deliberation. The great boulevard system of Paris is not to be excelled in all the world, but it does not include all Paris, and the greater part of the French city grew Topsy fashion. The upper part of Manhattan Island is amazingly rectilinear in its arrangement of streets, but it can not be said to have a reasonable justification for its severity. Washington is ideally constructed to conform with the plans of the fathers, but Washington is only one-tenth as large a city as Berlin. And then no other city, however perfect its ground plan, has had the good fortune to have as its chief citizen a king with the absolute right to determine the height of every building erected. Exercising this right, the Kaiser has forced every builder in every street to conform to the uniform regulations, and this has given Berlin a perfect skyline.

The same species of swamp cypresses that grows in Florida today once flourished on Spitzbergen, says Count de Geer, the leader of a Swedish geological expedition which has just returned from an exploration trip to that bleak and ice-bound island. The expedition found geological strata which are described by Count de Geer as one colossal herbarium in a fossilized state. They justify the assumption that in early periods the entire north polar region was one vast low-lying plain covered with dense forest. Evidences of the early vegetation now present themselves in extensive coal deposits which a newly formed company is beginning to work. It is expected that 50,000 tons of Spitzbergen coal will be shipped next year. Today no plant grows on Spitzbergen taller than an inch or two at the most.

Yachting was little indulged in until about a hundred years ago. Owing to the presence in British waters of the pirate cutters, sailing small vessels out of sight of land was attended with considerable risk and most of the earlier yachts carried brass cannon. The yachts built in England at the beginning of the last century were either on the lines of revenue cutters or smugglers. The best of them were built by Charles White, who would, it is said, often lay down a couple of clippers together, one for the government and the other as a smuggler. He would thus be able to obtain a premium from the government for making the revenue cutter the faster vessel of the two.

William Anderson Coffin is an American painter who has turned his art studies in Paris to the advantage of other artists by precept as well as by example. He has exhibited much abroad as well as at home since setting up his studio in New York, and in addition has served as secretary of the Society of American Artists and written much art criticism for the magazines.

HOLMAN HUNT.

As was the case with Milton, who sang the glories of light in such lofty strains, Holman Hunt, famous throughout the world as the painter of "The Light of the World," was almost completely blind during the later years of the long life which closed on the seventh of this month. He died, as he was born, in London, his birth dating back to April, 1827. His father was employed in a city warehouse, and intended his son for a commercial career. Holman Hunt did actually start his working life in the London office of a calico-printer, but his passion for drawing was so persistent that at length his father allowed him to adopt the profession of an artist. Twice he failed to secure a studentship of the Royal Academy, but the third attempt was crowned with success.

It was at the Academy schools Hunt made the acquaintance of Millais, and the two soon found themselves in revolt against the conventional painting of their day. This revolt led them, in 1848, to band themselves together into the famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the aim of which was "to exploit new regions of nature in all its diversity, particularly in the variety of human character." Hence the initials, "P-R B," with which they signed their pictures, the meaning of which was then unknown to the public or the officials of picture galleries. The secret, however, was disclosed by Rossetti soon after he became a member of the brotherhood, much to the chagrin of Hunt and Millais.

By far the best known of Hunt's many pictures is "The Light of the World," which is probably the most popular canvas produced in the nineteenth century. Ruskin described it in these words:

When Christ enters any human heart he brings with him a twofold light. First the light of conscience, which displays past sin, and afterwards the light of peace, the hope of salvation. The lantern carried in Christ's left hand is this light of conscience. Its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to be committed, but to hereditary guilt. The light which proceeds from the head of the figure, on the contrary, is the hope of salvation; it springs from the crown of thorns, and though itself sad, subdued, and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts the glow of the form of the leaves and boughs which it crosses, showing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light where its sphere extends.

When "The Light of the World" was first exhibited it became the theme of heated discussion, until a French critic showed that in that picture Hunt was the first to paint night as it really is. That was a tribute to the painter's method, for he worked night after night by the actual light of the moon in the deep stillness of a country orchard.

Great as is his fame now, he had a hard struggle for existence. His earliest pictures were mainly founded upon literary themes, but from 1850 he addressed himself to those religious topics by his treatment of which he has become best known. These have included "The Scapegoat," "The Shadow of Death," "The Hireling Shepherd," and "Christ in the Temple." To make sure of his settings for most of these he paid visits to the Holy Land, the first named having been painted on the shores of the Dead Sea. One of the most recent appreciations of his work is from the pen of Sir Walter Armstrong, director of the National Gallery of Ireland, who writes:

He is one of those painters, more numerous, perhaps, in this country than elsewhere, who unite considerable aesthetic gifts with perverse theories as to their use; the result being a series of works before which it is quite impossible to feel that sense of active repose which the finest art inspires. A picture which excites controversy is not necessarily a good picture; and nearly all of Mr. Hunt's pictures do this. His best works, perhaps—as works of art—are "Strayed Sheep," "The Hireling Shepherd," "The Shadow of Death," and "Christ in the Temple." But every picture with an interesting personality behind it is interesting; and the personality betrayed in Mr. Hunt's work is very interesting indeed.

As bearing on the personality of the artist the reminiscences of Frederick Wedmore, an art critic, are to the point:

He took a full part, but never an absorbing part, in the conversation. He listened as well as he talked; and when he talked it was without a suggestion of dictation or dogmatism. A charming, homely, friendly fellow-guest. A most likeable, an immediately likeable man, as the dinner hour at least revealed him.

Once, according to the same witness, Hunt discussed the subject of the nude in art, declaring that it is absolutely easy for the artist or the artistic person to discern the motives which in each case has prompted the painting of the nude. He divided the subjects of the nude into two classes—nudes which owe their origin to love of grossness, and nudes owing their origin to love of pure beauty.

While Millais and Rossetti departed to a large extent from the Pre-Raphaelite faith, Hunt never abandoned the theories on which the brotherhood was founded. So determined was he to paint things as he saw them that his flowers have won the eulogy of the most critical botanists as being "absolutely satisfying." His passion was to depict nature as it is, in opposition to that "canker of corruption" which, to his thinking, began to taint art after the days of Raphael.

In accordance with his own desire, the body of the painter was cremated, and the ashes have been interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, which possesses one of the replicas of "The Light of the World."

AN AMENDMENT TO DESTINY.

The Composer and the Milliner.

When Professor Titus P. Hollingsworth, whilom president of the Marsyas College of Musical Art, entered upon his humble duties as manager of the "Faubourg Millinery Emporium," and the proprietress of the latter concern quietly took his abandoned position in the college, there were a few who expressed borbore at what they regarded as a double act of lunacy. The great majority, however, of those who knew the facts of the strange case, were inclined to indulge in ribald glee over its final outcome.

It was generally said to be an interesting example of amended destiny.

What occult connection is there between music and millinery? Who could have dreamed that this famous artist, composer, and instructor would come to change places with the shrewd maker and seller of feminine head-gear? She was not musical in either taste or education. It was generally believed that she did not know one note from another, and that she could not distinguish Wagner from Donizetti. On the other hand, it is safe to say that he had thus far in his life paid less attention to bonnets and other millinery than the average unappreciative man. Nevertheless, change places they certainly did, and by a process so easy and natural, that one might even be surprised that it had not been expected and foretold.

To develop this process, it is necessary that we should begin back about five years. By virtue of his fame, the professor should be considered first.

At the age of forty, Titus P. Hollingsworth had apparently good cause to be satisfied with himself—and he was well satisfied. Of his talent as a musician—some people and himself regarded it as genius—there could be no doubt; he was industrious and determined; and these qualities, together with an unselfish devotion to people of wealth, had given him a place in life where he was marked out for the admiration of the public and the envy of his fellow-professionals. No one knew anything about his origin. He may have had parents and brothers and sisters, but he never mentioned them, for a man who wishes to get ahead in the world must draw the line somewhere. His musical education, which was undoubtedly of a superior order, had been acquired in Europe, by what means or makeshifts he alone knew. On his return to America, he took up his residence in a large Western city, and began to give instruction on the piano. He soon became popular and was successful.

He wrote music, and in course of time came to be known and spoken of as a composer. For his model he selected the great man of whom a certain American humorist has said that his music is really better than its sounds. The professor's work was a skillful parody upon that which emanated from Bayreuth—a mixture of oddity and dullness, which his admirers made out to be full of originality and power. He presently had about him a considerable circle who believed his compositions to be a veritable part of the "Music of the Future."

It was easier to believe in his music than in him. He let his hair grow down to his coat-collar and combed it straight back, as did Liszt. It was curly, and he rejoiced to stand where many eyes could observe him, and toss it up in his fingers. He cultivated certain peculiarities of dress and conduct—such as he thought became true genius—and his talk was largely of himself and his compositions.

There was a story told to illustrate his opinion of himself, which, even at the risk of rambling, it were well to relate. It was said that shortly after Hollingsworth became president of the Marsyas College, he went to Europe for the express purpose of meeting Wagner. He presented himself at the great composer's home, whither copies of all his musical productions and of newspapers containing an account of their rendition had preceded him—sent, of course, by his own hand. Thus the Herr Wagner was not unprepared. When the visitor announced his identity, the author of "Lohengrin" held out his hand and said, with an unwonted display of good humor:

"My dear sir, I am pleased to meet you. I have observed your work with a great deal of interest. I may say to you, sir, that I look upon you as the Wagner of America."

Thereupon the other bowed a little stiffly and answered:

"I too, sir, am pleased to meet you. I have studied your work with much interest. For some time past I have looked upon you as the Titus P. Hollingsworth of Europe."

There were many who declared this anecdote to be the deliberate invention of some wag who did not appreciate Hollingsworth's music. Others said it was so good that it ought to be true.

The story of Mrs. Maria Murken, who owned and kept the "Faubourg Millinery Emporium," is briefer. She was the daughter of a carpenter, and received a common-school education. At the age of twenty she married, and two years later was a widow, dependent upon her own exertions for support. The bonnet-maker's art attracted her, and she began work in it. A few years later, she was the proprietor of a small shop, and had developed into a business woman of no small talent.

This small shop, in due course of time, became the

"Faubourg Emporium"—a concern which occupied in the domain of bonnets a position as exalted as that held by the Marsyas College in the field of musical art. Its owner, Mrs. Murken, was said to be worth—exclusive of the "Emporium," with its stock and fixtures—the sum of thirty thousand dollars.

"You really ought to retire from business, Mrs. Murken," her friends began to say to her; and a number of men suggested partnerships, more or less complete. But she sturdily declined either to give up business or to complicate it by matrimony. However, she transferred as much as possible of the care and responsibility to other hands, and made use of the leisure thus secured for the bettering of her mind and of her social position.

People of such prominence in their respective lines as she and Professor Hollingsworth could not long remain unknown to one another. She heard her customers speak of the Marsyas College and of him, and he heard his pupils talk of the "Faubourg" and of her. Then she heard him play at a concert, and listened to some of his music rendered by a large orchestra. About the same time, she was pointed out to him, and he learned all about the thirty thousand dollars. The next thing was that they met at some reception, to which he went as a matter of course, and she as a grand event. Then they met frequently and—

Then they were married.

Society was a little annoyed, because it could scarcely decide whether it ought to laugh or not. The feeling was general that there was a joke somewhere, but no one could tell at whose expense it was. If any one ventured to snicker over the fact that the great American composer had married a maker of bonnets, he was immediately reminded that she had thirty thousand dollars and the "Emporium," whereas the professor, having systematically squandered all his earnings in getting his music published, was forever in search of a tailor to trust him. Contrariwise, when those who had a poor opinion of the composer expressed their sympathy for the milliner, they were promptly snubbed by the statement that all she desired was social recognition, of which he had plenty enough for two.

Taking into view only the worldly matters involved, the marriage might have been called a tie; but as regards the tender passion it was a *mésalliance*. The milliner loved and admired the musician; the musician loved and admired the thirty thousand dollars.

I suppose no woman who ever married, not even the anonymous beggar-maiden who captured the affections of King Cophetua, was better satisfied with her matrimonial achievement than was Mrs. Murken when she became Mrs. Hollingsworth. That she, a plain working and business woman (for she was as modest in her opinion of herself as he was the reverse), should be the wife of this resplendent genius, about whose Apollo-like head there flashed the brilliant halo of fame! It was too much for her to believe all at once.

However, she soon became used to it, and, being a woman of good sense, went about to adapt herself to her new position.

"My dear Maria," said Titus P., at the beginning of their second week of wedded life, "you really ought to dispose of that millinery store. Convert it into cash—that's my idea."

But Mrs. Hollingsworth had a better plan. She leased the "Emporium" with its fixtures and good-will, to the chief of her aids. This left the former milliner plenty of time to devote to her new interests, and she took hold of them with characteristic energy. Her husband's inner life, the mysterious workings of his heaven-born genius, she felt it was not for her to understand or to take part in; but there were plenty of plain matters of business connected with the college and with the publishing of his compositions to which her attention might be devoted with more tact. She managed, in a short space of time, to get a clear insight into affairs, without exciting either resentment or derision on the part of those with whom she came in contact.

One day she said to her husband: "Titus, do you think I could be taught to play?"

"Play—what?" he exclaimed.

"Why the piano—or some other musical instrument."

He glanced with a smile, that was little less than a sneer, at her hands—the joints large and the fingers stiff from the toilsome years of her early life—and he replied: "No, my dear; it is quite impossible."

As the idea seemed very funny to him, she laughed, too. However, it happened soon afterward that she came into the class-room, where an elementary lesson in harmony was in progress. It then occurred to her that there might be a theory of music distinct from its practice, and she began its study forthwith. The lessons were given in secret, and the teacher, whose sympathies were aroused by the woman's perseverance and industry, combined with the work some study of the styles of different composers and of the history of music.

In the meantime, the designs of Titus P. Hollingsworth on the thirty thousand dollars gathered force and direction.

Besides his symphonies, oratorios, overtures, etc., the disciple of Wagner was the author of several complete operas, all modeled on the lines of the "Music of the Future." It had seemed thus far to Hollingsworth that their music was destined to be forever in the future, as no manager could be induced to bring them out. The business of presenting new things in the theatrical line

is a good deal like running for office: no one can tell how much it will cost, nor whether there is anything in it for the experimenter. The managers looked through the score of "Andromache" and that of "Boadicea," observed the complications of scenery, multiplicity of leading voices, and variety of costuming, shuddered and passed on. Yet it was the one dream of the life of Titus P. Hollingsworth that these operas should be presented. To that end he would gladly have sacrificed all his friends' money—only that they refused it to him. And to that end he had made this matrimonial alliance.

To contribute, in her humble, thirty-thousand-dollar way, to the fame of the great man was to the former bonnet-maker a privilege and an honor. Bonds and stocks were sold and converted into cash, and Titus ordered to go ahead with "Andromache" and "Boadicea." A manager was secured, a chorus hired and trained, scenery painted, and a number of operatic stars engaged. The newspapers were "fixed" and dates established in a circuit of theatres. The discerning reader need not be told that, surrounded by such influences as these, the milliner's money began to melt away, with a celerity like that obtained by the proverbial snowball in the infernal regions.

However, the company was at last organized, and strutted its brief hour upon the stage. The thermometer of success in the theatrical business is a thing called box-receipts. In the case of "Andromache" and "Boadicea," it registered pretty well down toward the zero point. Moreover, the farther the company went the lower it sank; until the second tenor was heard to remark that "he wished his blooming joblots would round up a few orphan asylums and a reform school for the echo was killing his solo parts." A little later this irreverent second tenor found his punishment, in being stranded where there were several hundred miles of bad walking between himself and a Rialto buffet.

"It would have been all right," said Titus P. to his wife, when he returned—despondent and morose as a man who enjoyed yesterday—"only the money gave out. The public has to be educated to appreciate my music."

"Yes," she assented, "but it takes a good deal more than thirty thousand dollars to accomplish much in this line."

Now that the money was gone and the dream of hope dispelled, the composer found himself in a very unhappy frame of mind. His wife, who, during his absence, had been devoting herself to the affairs of the Marsyas College, exhorted him to be of good cheer, for if they both worked faithfully, he with his art and she with her business skill, they could yet realize an excellent income out of that institution. The professor scoffed at this, though not in words. What had this milliner to do with the affairs of a college of music?

It has been already set forth in this narrative that the former Mrs. Maria Murken was a very sensible woman. We can scarcely doubt, therefore, that she had, by this time, come to have a pretty clear idea of her husband's character and of his design in marrying her. Love can put up with a good deal of selfishness and neglect—there are those who maintain that it thrives best on such a diet—but meanness and self-conceit will go far toward destroying it. Nevertheless, whatever opinion she may have had of the composer and whatever were her feelings toward him, he was still her husband and entitled to all that she had or could do.

The next thing that happened was that the newspapers had a two-column sensation under a big display head, all about Titus P. Hollingsworth, the eminent instructor, artist, and writer of music. He had bolted—eloped and gone to Europe with the leading contralto of his former opera company. There were no "particulars" to speak of, so the reporters took up the space in telling of Hollingsworth's fame and prominence. The all went out to the Marsyas College to see his wife, and were so impressed by the lady's quiet dignity, that they forebore to attempt anything funny in what they wrote.

The faculty and stockholders of the college met and deposed the author of "Boadicea" from his place as president, and elected one of their number to serve in his stead. But the ex-milliner remained the actual manager of the concern.

She declined to institute proceedings for a divorce. "No," she said; "I may not be his wife, but he is my husband still"—a proposition which caused the advanced thinkers in social science, to whom it was repeated, to ponder not a little.

A year passed, and then that happened which not few had predicted. The ex-great man returned—penitent but penitent—and the ex-milliner received him after the manner of her gentle and confiding sister. Forthwith she set out to look for a fatted calf. He should teach in the college. The faculty and stockholders said no, and were firm about it. The poor fellow must have something to do. There was the "Emporium," which was now back on her hands, and which needed a man and a representative of her interest. Titus was humble and anxious to please. He now confessed that in his youth he had earned the money which gave him his European education by working in a store and was not unfamiliar with business methods. So it was placed in charge of the "Emporium."

And on that same day Mrs. Hollingsworth was formally elected to the presidency of the institution which her business sagacity had placed far in advance of its competitors.

Such was the process by which the exchange was effected. Strange yet simple are the workings of fate.

PHILIP FIRMIN.

MADAME ROYALE.

The Checkered Life of Marie Antoinette's Daughter.

Compared with the countless volumes which have been written about Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI of France, the two children of that ill-fated couple have been almost neglected by the historians of court life. Hence the interest which attaches to Joseph Turquan's "Madame Royale, the Last Dauphine." The subject of this gossip biography was born on December 19, 1778, and lived to attain the age of seventy-two. As the first child of her parents her advent was the occasion of much rejoicing, and although christened by the names of Marie Thérèse Charlotte, was given the title of Madame Royale.

When but a month old her "household" was formed, consisting of a retinue of some eighty persons for her separate use. Marie Antoinette was delighted with her child; "in the eyes of her mother," she wrote to her own mother, "she is the most beautiful child in the kingdom. The king agrees with me, and I am certain my dear mother would be of the same opinion." Anecdotes of her earliest years are on record:

A pathetic record was kept by Mme. de Béarn, daughter of Mme. de Tourzel, the royal governess. She relates therein that Mme. Royale was occasionally taken to pay a duty visit to her aunt, Mme. Louise of France, at the convent of the Carmelites of Saint-Denis. In order to accustom her to the monastic habit of the nuns, the queen had requested that one of little madame's dolls should be dressed as a Carmelite. She was taken to the convent the day before she was to be "inoculated," and, on that account, was only allowed to partake very moderately of *götter*. The child made no remonstrance, but one of the nuns noticed that she ate her cakes to the last crumb, and she thought fit to remark that such obedience and tidiness might perhaps betoken some natural leaning towards a religious vocation. She ventured to inquire of the queen whether she would be content to see her daughter enter a convent. "I should be extremely gratified," was Marie Antoinette's polite answer. The nuns having assembled to do honor to their august visitors, the queen, in taking her leave, asked her daughter if she had anything special to say to them. "Mesdames," was the four-year-old child's reply, "I beg you to remember me in your prayers at mass." These graceful words were afterwards quoted as showing some presentiment of the hard blows fortune was so soon to deal to the young princess.

In one respect Marie Antoinette, frivolous and pleasure-loving though she was, tried to develop the character of her daughter on right lines. She told the little child frequently of the privations and sufferings of the poor, and encouraged her to save her pocket-money to help them. By the time of the winter of 1783-84 the princess's savings had amounted to about ten thousand francs, all of which she gave to the poor. Here is another record of her childhood:

The Baronne D'Oberkirch often dined with Mme. de Mackau, second governess of the children of France; she relates that one of the pleasures of doing so was that she nearly always met the dauphin and his sister on those occasions. "Mme. Royale," she says, "is so handsome and so full of admirable instincts! She will have common sense, intelligence, and character above the average. What a princess she will make!"

She was seven years old when the Baronne d'Oberkirch made these observations: "very tall for her age," and according to the same memorialist had "a noble and distinguished appearance." The plans for her education were excellent.

Mme. d'Oberkirch was one day struck by the child's deportment and progress, and expressed approbation in her usual frank and friendly manner; but this was not at all to the liking of the proud little princess. She paused for a moment and then replied: "I am charmed, baroness, that such should be your impression, but I am surprised that you should mention it."

From almost the earliest years of Mme. Royale's life the condition of France, which was steadily moving to the great revolution, gave her parents, and especially her mother, cause for alarm. At last, when the child was in her thirteenth year, Louis and his wife decided upon that flight from the country which is the theme of Carlyle's vivid chapter on "The Night of Spurs." As supplementary to that narrative Mme. Royale's account of the journey is full of interest. She describes the tense excitement of that delay in starting which was to prove so fatal, and then continues:

We started and met with no adventure on the way to the city gate. There a post-chaise was to be in readiness, but M. de Fersen did not know where to look for it. We waited for ages, and my father got out of the carriage, which alarmed us very much. At last M. de Fersen returned with the traveling coach. We changed into it. M. de Fersen had my father farewell and fled into the night. Our three guards were MM. de Maldan, Dumoutier, and Valory. The latter was to act as courier and the two former as servants, one mounted and the other on the box. They had been renamed for the occasion Saint-Jean, Melchior, and François. The two waiting-maids, who had left earlier in the day, rejoined us at Bondy in another carriage. We started just as day was breaking. Nothing of note happened in the course of the morning, except that at ten leagues from Paris we encountered a man on horseback, who followed us closely for some miles. At Etoges we thought we were known. At four o'clock we passed by the big town of Châlons-sur-Marne, and here we were identified. The people thanked God for this sight of the king and prayed for his safety. At the stage beyond Châlons we expected to find a troop of cavalry to escort the carriage as far as Montmédy; but no one was there. We waited until eight o'clock, and at last towards nightfall reached Clermont. There we saw troops; but the village was in an uproar and would not let them mount their horses. An officer, recognizing my father, approached him and whispered that he had been betrayed. We also saw M. Charles de Damas, but he could do nothing to help. We proceeded on our way; it was quite dark, and notwithstanding our anxiety and agitation we fell asleep. We were rudely awakened by a terrific shock, and at the same moment were informed that the courier, who had been riding ahead, had disappeared. Imagine our alarm! We thought he had been recognized and captured. We were nearing Varennes, a hamlet of barely a hundred houses, with no post-house; travelers passing through usually sent their horses on. We had done so, but they were at the château on the opposite bank

of the river, and no one knew how to reach them. At last the messenger we had sent in search returned, bringing with him a man whom he thought was in our counsel; I believe he was a spy of La Fayette's. He approached, clad in a dressing-gown and night-cap, leant over the carriage, and whispered that he had a secret which he would never divulge. Mme. de Tourzel asked whether he knew Mme. de Korff, but he said "No"—I have never seen the man since. At last we managed to persuade the post-boys that the horses were at the château and they reluctantly drove on. In the village stentorian shouts broke out on every side: "Stop! Stop!" The post-boys were seized, and in one moment the carriage was surrounded by a crowd of men carrying weapons and torches. They asked who we were, and were told Mme. de Korff and family. They scrutinized my father's features by the light of their torches and signified that we must alight. We refused, stating that we were private travelers and wished to pass on; but they ordered us to obey, or forfeit our lives, and simultaneously turned their fire-arms on the carriage. We therefore got out, and in crossing the road were almost run down by six mounted dragoons. Had there been an officer with them that handful of men could easily have intimidated the villagers and saved the king.

As history has recorded, however, the king was not to be saved. The flight to Varennes proved the death-blow of the monarchy. From that time onward events moved rapidly, and it was not long ere the king and queen and their two children were prisoners in the temple. From that building Louis and Marie Antoinette were to go forth to die, and there their daughter remained a prisoner until she was exchanged for Maret and Sémonville, and taken to Vienna.

Once more at liberty, her uncle, Louis XVIII, began to make plans for her marriage. In due time she consented to wed her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, and the meeting of the two took place at Mitau, where Louis was in exile:

Madame was a handsome, well-grown girl of twenty, rosy and fresh as a May morning, graceful, perfectly proportioned. Her hearing and manners were instinct with dignity, her eyes blue and grave; in her expression was a blending of the imperiousness of her mother and the serenity of her father—she resembled both. Distinction, indicative of a steadfast, lofty character, emanated from her as an atmosphere, and created a deep impression on those who saw her for the first time. Nevertheless, there was a pathetic droop about the lips, which told of the stormy childhood and forlorn condition of the young creature. She seemed made for happiness: loving, passionate, intelligent, ready to awake at the call of the broader, fuller life opening out before her. Marriage with a cultivated, generous prince would have put the finishing touch to a noble nature.

But the Duc d'Angoulême was hardly the mate the virile bride instinctively sought; he was not the man and master her youthful dreams demanded. A good expression is worth more than good looks to a man, but the prince had neither. He had the misfortune to be ridiculous, and to possess no feature of mind or body which could dominate a woman. He was physically and morally degenerate. One of his own partisans describes him thus: "He is small, ugly, and awkwardly built. He has very little brains, and speaks in an uneducated manner." In fact, he was sickly, ungraceful, shy, simian in appearance; he hinked constantly, his arms were disproportionately long, his legs too thin, his feet flat, his movements awkward; he kept his eyes fixed on the floor and wore glasses, and when he spoke, he giggled and scratched his head. He was full of tricks and nervous movements. It would be ill-natured to lay further stress on these "tricks and nervous movements," but they gave rise to mysterious stories. To do the prince bare justice, although he was "short of brains," he was honest and loyal, and cherished a devoted affection for his father, whom he sought to please in every way. To sum up a complex character, he was also extremely pious and was fond of sport and animals.

That Mme. Royale accepted such an apology of a man for her husband is explained on the ground that she had promised her parents to become his bride. Perhaps, however, even those parents would have absolved their daughter from breaking her promise had they known that the Duc d'Angoulême shared the physical imperfection of his uncles. The rumors about his health and manly vigor were well founded. It is no wonder madame soon lost all her high spirits and became a changed woman:

Madame no longer joked about "her lover." She spoke very little, and would remain for hours immersed in thought. Her tapestry and embroidery frames lay neglected, and all those "colored silks, gold and silver threads, spangles and chenille" were taken up, fingered and dropped again. It was almost as if the king had foreseen this state of things, and provided occupations to distract the mind of the girl from thoughts of love and husband. Yet these feminine pastimes were not sufficient to solace a heart as empty as it was bewildered. She might have written poetry, as she did in her prison days; but the sad victim of a loveless marriage had lost the divine afflatus. She tried hooks, but, like her forbears, Marie Antoinette and Henri IV, the idol of the House of Bourbon, she did not care for reading. Besides, there was no library at the little court of Mitau, and Louis XVIII did not care to see any but religious works in the living rooms. The princess would absent-mindedly open first one, then another, and lay them down. She was evidently far away in thought. Louis XVIII wrote to his brother, on the 31st of July: "Any enthusiasm that may have existed in the early days has now entirely calmed down."

The so-called enthusiasm had never been very marked. The bride would pensively pick up her work, drop it, and beg Mlle. de Choisy or Mme. de Sérent to go out walking with her. They would start but soon return, having barely exchanged a word.

There was no lack of gossip. The suite whispered that madame's eyes hardly reflected the golden dreams of happy young wifehood—and though suspicions were well-nigh certain, and the reasons of her melancholy were discreetly hinted at, it was carefully attributed in public to her former sorrows.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême must have discovered very soon that her husband was a man of no breeding. A badly assorted union is a daily and hourly trial: the princess found it one which was to endure a lifetime. Putting aside her private disappointment, her pride must have suffered from the inferiority of her spouse; she who so longed to revere and respect must have felt constantly humiliated. The ménage was indeed far removed from the Biblical conception, where the very sound of the husband's voice maketh the wife to thrill with joy.

When Louis XVIII was able to return to the throne of France, his niece naturally accompanied him to Paris. Unhappily the trials they had passed through

were ineffective to teach either of them graciousness. Madame was a soured woman, even though she could manifest some tender affection for the piano on which she had learned to play as a girl:

The Duchesse d'Angoulême was a strange mixture. Although she was capable of such tender romance for a childish toy, she so hristled with ill-humor, even in the sound of her voice, that she often gave dire offense; her frankness amounted to brutality, and was like a blow in the face to those who appeared before her, timidly bent on conciliating her. Thus, when Mme. de Boigne went to pay her respects, Mme. de Sérent, who was in waiting, inquired her name—and being very deaf, was obliged to ask her to repeat it. "Why, it's Adèle, of course," grunted madame in her coarse voice, which always sounded as if she wanted to bite. Her quickness of memory was flattering, and she meant well, but her manner effectually disguised this, and beyond some trivial question to her old playmate she took no further notice of her.

Unfortunately, the number of those wounded by the princess increased daily. Mme. la Maréchale Ney obtained an audience. The Duchesse d'Angoulême called her by her Christian name of Aglaé. So far so good. But instead of taking this as a mark of friendship to the daughter of a former waiting woman who had been allowed as a child to play with *la petite madame*, the Maréchale was deeply mortified, and imagined that she was being reminded of her modest origin; an idea suggested solely by the abruptness of the princess's manner.

Mme. Campan also had an unpleasant experience. She had hastened to ask for an audience, in the earliest days of the Restoration. The ex-governess of the Bonaparte princesses, "who gave herself the most ludicrous airs," would have been better advised to stay away; but as Marie Antoinette's former waiting-woman she never thought of such a thing. The Duchesse d'Angoulême was equal to the occasion. She began quite pleasantly: "I have not forgotten your attachment to my mother. I know you were faithful to her to the end, and that, had you not been prohibited, you would have accompanied her to the temple. I have never believed the evil reports which were spread about you. . . ." Mme. Campan was charmed by this benevolent reception, and being still ignorant of the deep resentment she had incurred by training the princesses and queens of the usurper's line, launched into a recital of her struggles during the revolution. She related her poverty, her efforts to overcome it; the humble beginnings of the school which afterwards became so celebrated; she told how she had advertised it by means of circulars which she sat up all night to write with her own hand, for want of money to have them printed. She was proceeding to enter into the difficulties of organizing the house at Ecouen, when the princess interrupted her sharply: "You would have done more wisely to remain at Saint-Germain," she said in her grimmest voice.

Even her second experience of exile, occasioned by the return of Napoleon, could not change her nature. She resumed her life at the Tuileries and behaved in the old manner:

The dauphine led the semi-idle life so much appreciated by commonplace women—a life enlivened by gossip, meddling, and the tittle-tattle of the court; etiquette, pious trivialities, and religious practices. These things pleased her, and the narrow circle of her courtiers sufficed for her intellectual aspirations.

She seldom left the Tuileries, of which she knew every nook and corner as well as the least of its inhabitants. And we may here allude to a curious trait in this rough and rude character, namely, her toleration of a most peculiar personage. The Comtesse de Boigne writes: "The presence of Father Elysée in this severely sanctimonious court was a singular anomaly. He had been a *Frère de la Charité* and a clever surgeon. When the revolution took place he threw off his cowl and plunged into the dissipations of the period with the rapid appetites of a man who has long been deprived of them. He thought it humorous to introduce his successive fancies to his *entourage* as 'Mother Elysée,' and was successful in inducing numerous pretty girls to bestow their favors on him. When he had exhausted their charms he passed them on to his friends. He plied his disgraceful trade even in the apartments of the king's palace, and under the very nose of madame, who apparently thought none the worse of him for it."

But, intimately as she knew the Tuileries and its private history, she was entirely ignorant of the greater world and the intellectual movement of the day, which was so remarkably vigorous; her brain was atrophied by the vulgarity of her ordinary pursuits.

She occasionally consented to hold receptions, but did so with ill grace. She disliked constraint; and it is self-evident that a hostess may not give way to temper, faultfinding, and contempt in the presence of her guests. As madame was almost incapable of self-control, and was equally unversed in the art of entertaining, her parties were but gloomy performances.

"She will not let people enjoy themselves in their own way," the poor Duc de Berry complained sadly one day.

Sometimes she commanded the presentation of some friend or relation of one of her suite, but her manner of receiving the favored one was singularly infelicitous. The daughter-in-law of M. Huc came to offer her respectful thanks for the appointment of private reader which had been conferred upon her, and was transfixed with fright at the severity and sharpness with which she was treated. "I must confess that in consideration of my father-in-law's devoted service I did expect some few words of gracious acknowledgment. I retired much upset and chastened."

On another occasion her bluntness was more original. Having signified her wish to see the niece of her former servants, M. and Mme. d'Agout, before her presentation to the king, she astounded the girl by the manner of her reception. The account of the audience is as follows: "Hardly had we reached the salon of the ladies-in-waiting when a door opposite was thrown open. The dauphine strode towards me, looked me over from head to foot, then turned abruptly to the Vicomtesse d'Agout: 'She should put on more rouge,' she harked; and without another word, dashed out as quickly as she had entered."

But when old age crept on, the character of madame seems to have mellowed considerably. To those of her circle who now and then reverted to the past, she would say, "Not that. Do not let us talk of sad things. We have enough sorrow as it is; I beg of you to choose a cheerful subject." In her last years she turned for comfort more and more to mysticism. A special clause in her will prohibited the opening of her body after death for embalment, presumably to protect her secret, and hide the fact that France, like England, had had its "virgin queen."

MADAME ROYALE, THE LAST DAUPHINE. By Joseph Turquan. Edited and translated by the Lady Theodora Davidson. New York: Brentano's.

ALL OVER FIVE SHILLINGS.

A Two Years' Fight for English Justice Against "My Lords" of the Admiralty.

Five shillings is a small sum. But, as the Scripture has it, small kindling may make a big conflagration. "It's the principle, you know," comments the subtle British muid.

At Osborne in the Isle of Wight, an idyllic spot overlooking the Solent, and immemorably associated with many of the happiest years of Queen Victoria's life, there is a Royal Naval College where lads ambitious to help Britannia rule the waves are trained with that end in view. Two years ago there entered that college a bright little lad of thirteen summers of the name of George Archer Shee. His father had been a chief agent of the Bank of England, had amassed considerable means, and had retired to live the life of an English country gentleman. As is the manner of his class, he was desirous that his son George should serve his country, and all his education was shaped to that end. At no period of his life did the lad give his parents cause for one moment's anxiety; he was bright, obedient, truthful, trustworthy. To all appearance, then, the boy had a promising career before him when he became a cadet at Osborne early in 1908.

But in the fall of that year a thunderbolt fell. It took the form of a solemn letter from "My Lords" of the Admiralty, and was to the effect that "My Lords" requested Mr. Shee to "withdraw" his son from the college. A postal order for five shillings had been stolen in the institution, and investigation left "no other conclusion possible than that the postal order was taken by your son, George Archer Shee."

Stunned, Mr. Shee was, but unbelieving. It was preposterous that his son should have been guilty of such a theft. The boy was allowed a shilling a week pocket money, had more than two pounds in the school bank, and an additional four pounds in the postoffice savings bank. So Mr. Shee demanded an inquiry, not an inquiry in the college itself, but a judicial inquiry where every fact would be revealed amid the greatest publicity. He might as well have asked for the moon. But for two years he persevered. Being a man of means, he was able to try many methods of obtaining redress which would have been out of the power of a poor man, and at length he resorted to that ancient device known as "the petition of right." The King of England can not be sued in the ordinary way in his own courts, but where there has been an alleged breach of contract by the crown the king can indorse a writ with the words, "Let right be done," and then the action can proceed in the usual way. But "My Lords" of the Admiralty opposed Mr. Shee even in that step, only at length, however, to be beaten on their own ground.

Two years, as has been said, the conflict lasted. For those two years George Archer Shee has borne the brand of a thief, and his parents, whose belief in his innocence never faltered, were kept in torment, struggling, as it seemed hopelessly, to obtain a fair trial of his case in open court and before qualified judges.

At last the trial was held, albeit so unwillingly by "My Lords" of the Admiralty. With that pigheadedness of the official caste, which refuses to believe that any of their own set can possibly do wrong or be mistaken, they fought the cadet's father to the last, and the amazing spectacle was seen in court of the government's greatest legal pleader, Sir Rufus Isaacs, fencing in his best forensic style with a lad of fifteen. But innocence was a more potent weapon than legal skill. One ponderous question Sir Rufus put in two or three forms in order, as he thought, to make it perfectly plain, but when he had made his final effort in lucidity the lad leaned forward on the rails of the witness-box, and naively said, "I am afraid I do not follow you yet."

But about that five shillings. It appears that another cadet had received a postal order for that sum, and that it had been cashed at the local postoffice on the same afternoon that George had bought a postal order for fifteen shillings which he was sending away for the purchase of a model steam-engine. The postmistress, a lady of hazy ideas, had said that the five-shilling order was cashed by the same boy who bought the one for fifteen shillings, and that was practically the whole of the evidence upon which the authorities of the college based their charge of theft. Yet this important witness had to confess that the cadets in their uniform were so much alike that she could not identify one from the other, and that if a cadet were at her counter when she had to go into an inner room she might return to find another cadet there of about the same size and not know it was a different one!

Happily there is no necessity to give even a summary of the evidence, for on the third day's hearing the government's great legal fighter threw up the sponge, and on behalf of "My Lords" of the Admiralty admitted "without any reserve of any description" that an innocent boy had been wrongfully accused. And yet "My Lords" did everything possible to prevent that boy's father establishing his innocence!

Not for many a day has the white light of truth shone so revealingly into the dark recesses of naval and military tyranny. A youth in a naval or military college is at the mercy of a "set" or a petty officer whom he may have unintentionally offended. The case against George Archer Shee was got up by a petty officer who

displayed an astonishing excess of zeal, and when it was "investigated" behind the closed doors of the college the accused was not allowed to have the slightest assistance from a friend or a legal adviser. In comparison, the "third degree" is a method of pristine innocence. And even "My Lords," as has been seen, so far from favoring a legal trial, used every process of the law to prevent justice being done. It was the same with the late General Sir Henry Colville, when he was relieved of his command. He has passed to his grave without having had a trial of any kind. Altogether, youths who aspire to serve their country may well hesitate ere they place themselves in a position where they will have fewer privileges or rights than the vilest criminal.

LONDON, September 10, 1910.

OLD FAVORITES.

Written at an Inn at Henley.

To thee, fair freedom, I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne:
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys one freedom at an inn.

Who'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

—William Shenstone.

The Village Shop.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged heen,
Apples with cabbage net y-covered o'er,
Calling full sore th' unmoneied wight, are seen.
And gooseherie, clad in liv'ry red or green:
And here of lovely dye the Catherine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyles come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pines with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet aound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scatt'ring like hooming maid their glances round,
With pamp'ring look draw little eyes aside,
And must he hought, though penury hetide:
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown.
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honor'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cakes display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
Till Reason's morn arise and light them on their way.

—William Shenstone.

The Village Schoolmistress.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the husy dame,
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came,
Such favor did her past deportment claim;
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same:
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh haum, and margolyd of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
And pungent radish, hating infant's tongue,
And plainein ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound,
And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found,
And lavender, whose pikes of azure bloom
Shall he, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,
And crown her kerchief clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarie, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its env'y'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear.
O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

—William Shenstone.

Winnipeg Avenue in the Canadian city that gives it the name has grown into a modern mercantile thoroughfare in the past five years, and less than thirty-five years ago it was the Indian trail that led into Old Fort Garry. Winnipeg has today a population of 150,000, which has grown from the fort of 1872, with a population of 215. It has one of the largest department stores in the world, employing regularly 3000 men and women.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John L. Stoddard, for a long time in the public eye with illustrated lectures of travel, now lives quietly at his place on Lake Como, Italy, and devotes his time to writing.

Dr. Osler, now the regius professor of medicine at Oxford University, is still active and enthusiastic in spite of his widely quoted opinion that a man is useless and should be chloroformed at sixty-one. The professor is now in his sixty-second year.

Judge Richard Stanley Tuthill presided in Chicago over the original "juvenile court" for six years, beginning in 1899, by request of his fellow-members of the bench. Judge Tuthill served in the Civil War, and is still vigorous in his sixty-ninth year.

Miss Alice Thompson, a graduate of the University of California, 1905, has been for some time soil chemist at the Hawaiian Agricultural Experiment Station Honolulu. Miss Thompson has recently decided to enter Columbia University for advanced studies.

Everybody knows that George Ade accredited the Sultan of Sulu with eight wives when he made that potentate the central figure of his merry comic opera but the fact is, according to the latest news dispatches that there are fourteen sultanas, and that they are supported on \$125 a month.

Curtis Hidden Page is a noted French scholar as well as a poet. He was professor of romance languages at Columbia University before going to the Northwestern University as professor of English literature last year. He has written and edited many books including some standard collections of poetry.

Frank Watson Dyson has been appointed royal astronomer by King George of England. Mr. Dyson is forty-two years old and has been noted for his scientific attainments for years. He was appointed royal astronomer for Scotland in 1905, and had been secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society for six years previously.

Yvette Guilbert, the French *chanteuse*, that is music hall singer, has achieved fame by "individuality" it is declared in her autobiography, recently published. Mlle. Guilbert was born in Paris and knew for year the hard life of a working girl. After she tried to win her way by singing on the stage she was not successful until a Paris newspaper gave her a favorable notice.

Maud Morgan is one of the few American women who have seriously devoted themselves to the harp. She studied with her father when a girl and afterward with Chevalier Charles Oberthür, harpist to the Queen of the Belgians. Her debut in concert work was made in New York in 1875, with Ole Bull. Miss Morgan has been harpist in Grace Church, New York, since 1895.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederic Vaughan Abbot, who was graduated from West Point a little more than thirty years ago, probably knows as much about the defense fortifications of the country as any man. He has not only inspected the works in the Philippines; but the Atlantic coast forts as well, and has in addition had much to do with various projects of river and harbor improvements.

Madison Julius Cawein, the poet, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1865, and was educated in the public schools of that city. His first book of poems was published in 1887, and many volumes have followed since. In 1907 a complete edition of his poems was issued, in five volumes. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and an over-seas member of the Authors' Club, of London.

Colonel William Bender Wilson of Philadelphia, who was manager of the military telegraph during the first eleven months of the Civil War, has been reelected president of the military telegraph society. Colonel Wilson was loaned to the government by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and when he went back to that work President Lincoln dictated a letter to the adjutant general of the army commending his services.

Charles Alexander Eastman, one of the most distinguished representatives of his people, the Sioux Indians, was born in Minnesota fifty-two years ago. He was educated at Dartmouth College and then studied medicine. In 1891 he married Elaine Goodale, the poet and author. Besides serving as a physician among the Indians in the Dakotas he was practically in charge of the whole Indian field for some years. Several books on nature themes have come from his pen and he has given many lectures on Indian life and history. Dr. Eastman's home is at Amherst, Massachusetts.

William Trufant Foster, formerly professor at Bowdoin, is the head of Reed College, the new institution to be opened next year at Portland, Oregon. Professor Foster is a Harvard man, and only thirty-two years old. Reed College is founded on the gift of the entire estate, three million dollars, of the late Mrs. Amanda Reed of Portland. William Ladd, the Portland banker, gave forty acres of land along the Willamette River for the site, as Mrs. Reed's bequest can not be used in the purchase of ground or erection of buildings. Already there have been numerous applications for professorships in the new college, but Professor Foster is proceeding slowly.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Forbidden Ground.

Barlaam monastery, grandly situated among the crags of a mountain not far from the Albanian border, is the scene of Mr. Watson's fine story. For the moment it shelters under its roof not alone Stephanos, the seducer of Zetitzka, who in remorse for his sin has fled thither if haply he may find peace, but also Zetitzka herself, who, in the disguise of a young man, has followed her betrayer to take his life in accordance with the customs of the rude mountaineer race to which she belonged.

But in Barlaam she meets an unworldly young monk, Petros, who takes the hate from her heart and implants a love of himself in its place. This twist of circumstance is admirably treated by Mr. Watson. "The pathos of the situation lay in the fact that though she had at last found the one man in the world constituted to heal and fill her heart, whom she loved, and by whom she was beloved—yet he was denied her. Both were young, nature had formed them for each other, instinct commanded them to love, everything approved of the union, everything but man, who, with his self-imposed laws, stepped in and forbade it. In a sense Petros was as dead to her as though he were already in his coffin." Such a situation is obviously one possible of fine issues, and Mr. Watson is fully equal to the occasion. The mental struggle of the woman and the young monk is developed with consummate art, and the reader is made to feel the brooding atmosphere of monastic peace in which it is carried on. One realizes the quiet passing of the days, close brethren of the other dawning and fading days in the uncounted years, the long services, the hours of meditation, the meals in the hall refectory, the listless silence, the sun-steeped repose. But through it all is the tense sense of the age-lasting human conflict of love, heightened by the vows of one of the lovers. At length Petros awakens to the falsity of his position, partly through the rebukes of Dimitri, the likable muleteer who had divined Zetitzka's secret and had also fallen in love with her, and partly through the seeming frowning of the monastery itself. It was indeed forbidden ground, not alone to the woman, but to Stephanos himself, and at length the two know its shelter no more. It will be seen from the foregoing that this is a remarkable novel, but nothing short of a careful perusal can convey to the reader an adequate sense of Mr. Watson's poetic writing and masterly character drawing.

FORBIDDEN GROUND. By Gilbert Watson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.

The Pools of Silence.

For hero Mr. Stacpoole presents his readers with Dr. Paul Quincy Adams, a Vermonter, "an American gentleman whose chest measurements were big, almost, as his instincts were fine"; for heroine, Maxine Berselius, a young Parisienne, "a rose only just unfolded, unconscious of its own freshness and beauty"; for the sinister figure of his story, Captain Berselius, Maxine's father, a primitive man, "who had never known any law except the law of the axe wielded by the strongest." Partly these figures move against the background of Paris, but in the main the two of most importance, Adams and Berselius, are thrown into vivid relief by the forest spaces and inhumanities of the Congo. As a matter of fact, Mr. Stacpoole has a thesis, the horror of the slave-trade connived at by the Belgians, and he gives the reader a startling picture of that iniquity. Captain Berselius's supposed devotion to hunting, the ostensible reason for the expedition on which Adams accompanied him as his doctor, was a blind to satisfy his delight in the "mad pleasure of watching suffering in its most odious form"—a weakness of character which made him oblivious to the fact that his great wealth was the price of human wretchedness. The Congo scenes are painted with a lurid touch, but so mingled with the orderly progress of the story that the reader's sympathies are enlisted without his interest being weakened. It is hardly surprising that Adams determines to devote himself to the overthrow of the evil, or that his incidental reward should be the love of Maxine. Yet perhaps the love culmination is the least cleverly managed part of the novel; at any rate it demands that the reader shall supply many missing links.

THE POOLS OF SILENCE. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

Good Men and True.

Did Mr. Rhodes, when he sat down to write "Good Men and True," find himself in two moods? It would appear so. For there are two kinds of stories here, neither of which has much intrinsic relation to the other. Up to the end of the second chapter the reader has one kind of story; from that point onward he has another variety. Each is excellent, but if a choice had to be made probably most readers would vote for the type represented by chapters one and two. There the stage is held in the most natural manner by the alert cowboy, Jeff Bransford, and the not

less alert lawyer's clerk, George Aughinbaugh. The hunter that passes between the two is wholly delightful, typically American, and hence exceedingly racy. To the claim that the lawyer is "our employer," Aughinbaugh retorts: "In a way, of course, Mr. Hihler might he said to employ us both. But I would have you realize that a vast gulf separates the social status of a lowly cow-servant, stolid and stunned, a brother of the ox, from that of an embryo Blackstone—like myself. I accept a position and receive a salary. You take a job and draw wages. Moreover, a lawyer's clerk marries the youngest daughter and is taken into the firm. By the way, Hihler has no daughter. I must remind him of this." Jeff takes it all in good part, and retorts in kind. But then he gets mixed up in a midnight scrape and becomes the prisoner of a wild gang. That is the second story, which enables Aughinbaugh to prove that he, too, has metal.

GOOD MEN AND TRUE. By Eugene Manlove Rhodes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1 net.

George Eliot's Scenes and People.

Books which describe by text and picture the homes and haunts of famous authors are always interesting, but compilers of such volumes should remember that there is a limit in the application of realism to works of imagination. In certain respects Mr. Olcott has transgressed that limit. Despite the denials of George Eliot herself as to the identity of certain characters in "Adam Bede" and other novels, he persists in searching out the originals, while in the matter of places he has to admit that the Hall Farm has never been identified, and that it is not possible to place the scenes of "Silas Marner" or the town of "Middelmarch." Consequently, had Mr. Olcott confined himself to certainties he would have produced a much smaller hook, the size of which, too, would have shrunk still further had he not retold the stories of the novels. However, many of the illustrations are full of interest to all lovers of George Eliot's novels, and the chapter explaining her relations to Mr. Lewes was worth writing. It puts the case in a nutshell: "Lewes's wife deserted him and their three children, preferring the society of his most intimate friend and companion, who forsook his own wife. Lewes was lenient and took back his erring wife with full forgiveness. But her infatuation for the other man was too great, and she left her husband again, this time giving him to understand that her decision was final." It was under these circumstances that George Eliot consented to link her life with Lewes, who, it will be remembered, was the means of turning her attention to fiction.

GEORGE ELIOT: SCENES AND PEOPLE IN HER NOVELS. By Charles S. Olcott. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2 net.

The Science of Poetry.

Hudson Maxim is a fortunate man. Thanks to the unpoetic demand which exists for high explosives, he is a person of means. Consequently, when he turns author he can command the services of the largest type, the widest page, and the most gorgeous binding. Further, he can pay for pictures after his own heart. Hence the illustrations which

William Oherhardt has provided for the embellishment of this momentous volume. Three of them are specially appealing. There is the frontispiece, for example, which depicts Mr. Maxim in all the glory of poetic affluence, leaving far in the rear that popular portrait of the disheveled Tennyson. Illustration number two shows Mr. Maxim mounted upon Pegasus, which is rearing in a terrible way and threatening at any moment to deposit its rider supine on the earth. Not so, however. For picture number three shows the triumphant Mr. Maxim in his best circus pose, with Pegasus as tame and mild as a lamb. All of which is an allegory. For in this volume Mr. Maxim undertakes to show that the making of poetry is such a simple matter. "Any safe and sane person of education" can do it. For, after all, it is only "the expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by artistic trope." All that is necessary is to learn the art of "potentry" as defined by Mr. Maxim. But we forget; the manufacturer of poetry must also know something about "tropetry," and "literatry," and "tro-potentry," and "tem-potentry," and "tro-tem-potentry." That's about all.

THE SCIENCE OF POETRY AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE. By Hudson Maxim. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; \$2.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

All those qualities which make J. R. Miller so popular an author with so many readers are exemplified in "The Master's Friendships" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 50 cents net). The little book gives a pleasant sketch of Jesus as "the friendliest man who ever lived in this world" and deals with those of his disciples with whom he was most intimate. But Dr. Miller does not forget to apply his subject to the needs of the present day.

Thomas W. Corbin gives, in "Electricity" (R. F. Fenno & Co.; 75 cents), a non-technical explanation of dynamos, electric motors, switches and controllers, electric measurements and measuring instruments, electric lighting and electric heating. The hook will appeal specially to the amateur engineer, and forms an admirable introduction to the theme of which it treats. There are many explanatory illustrations.

Continuing his studies of history, Tudor Jenks in "When America Became a Nation" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.25) deals with the period from 1790 to 1850 and notably with the leadership of Hamilton, Jefferson, and Jackson. Always keeping in view the needs of youthful readers, Mr. Jenks writes with spirit and takes care to subordinate wars to the development of the people along social and economic lines.

In its revised and enlarged form, Agness Greene Foster's "By the Way" (Paul Elder & Co.) is an ideal companion for European travel, and not less acceptable for those who can take their tours abroad only in an arm-chair. The countries so tersely described include Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, Greece, Turkey, Hungary, Austria, Germany, and France. Rarely have the salient features of those lands been more sympathetically depicted in little, while the numerous illustrations have an unusual pictorial quality.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

William Beckford.

Byron's "Vathek! England's wealthiest son," otherwise William Beckford, the abbot of Fonthill, would doubtless have been forgotten long ere this had he not written that one imaginative tale the title of which is used by the poet instead of the author's name. Perhaps that is because he has been unfortunate in his biographers. Fifty years have passed since Cyrus Redding penned his unsatisfactory life, and no further attempt to do justice to Beckford's many gifts and unique character has been made until now, when Mr. Melville, who has had the use of a considerable number of unpublished letters and other material, provides the first full-length biography of a man who was much more than the eccentric of popular imagination.

Beckford was really a many-sided man. Apart from his books, which, in addition to "Vathek," included the "Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters" and volumes of travel, he was "the greatest English connoisseur of his day, collecting most kinds of works of art and *virtu*; his library was one of the most magnificent ever brought together in this country by a private individual; and, further, he was to a great extent architect of his pleasure-palace of Fonthill." He had ample means to gratify all his tastes, for he started in life with an income of one hundred and ten thousand pounds a year and a capital of one million pounds.

Owing to the manner of his life at Fonthill, he was suspected of all kinds of crimes, including the poisoning of his wife. Because he built a high wall round his estate at Fonthill, it was believed that he indulged in all sorts of unspeakable orgies, whereas the truth was that the wall was built to keep off his grounds those fox-hunters with whose sport he had no sympathy. The early death of his wife had much to do with the development of the spirit of the recluse, but his habit of refusing to admit strangers to Fonthill gave rise to many stories. Once, it was said, a stranger contrived to slip in by the great gate. "It has been said that the stranger, mistaking Beckford for the gardener, addressed him; that Beckford showed him the grounds; and then, declaring his identity, invited him to remain to dinner; and retiring after the repast, sent a servant to say: 'Mr. Beckford ordered me to present his compliments to you, sir, and I am to say that as you found your way into Fonthill Ahhey without assistance, you may find your way out again as best you can; and he hopes you will take care to avoid the bloodhounds that are let loose in the garden every night.' Of course Nelson was more considerably treated on his visit to Fonthill with his famous Emma. That lady was described by Beckford as "Lord Nelson's Lady Hamilton, or anybody else's Lady Hamilton." He did not think her a fascinating woman, but "somewhat masculine, but symmetrical in figure, so that Sir William called her his Grecian." When losses in fortune compelled Beckford to part with Fonthill no fewer than seventy-two copies of the catalogue of the sale were sold at a guinea each. But the property was disposed of privately for three hundred and thirty thousand pounds.

One of Beckford's most notable purchases was that of Gibbon's library at Lausanne, which he acquired that he might have something to read when he passed through Lausanne. "I shut myself up for six weeks from early in the morning until night, only now and then taking a ride. The people thought me mad. I read myself nearly blind." But apparently he did not admire the historian whose hooks he bought. In the fly-leaf of his copy of the "Decline and Fall" he anticipated the time when Gibbon's many faults and errors—as he thought—would be exposed, and then, "Once fairly kicked off from your lofty, hedizened stilts, you will be reduced to your just level and true standard." This fly-leaf annotation was a favorite amusement. In a volume by a woman he wrote: "I wish Lucy would take to the needle instead of the pen, and darn stockings instead of history." John Galt's poetry he found "about as harmonious as the screeching and grating of the wheels of a Portuguese dray."

According to Mr. Melville, the keynote of Beckford's character was enthusiasm; if he undertook anything it must be done in baste. It is obvious from the intimate record of this handsome volume that he enjoyed life fully, so much so that although he lived to his eighty-fourth year he was able to say, "I have never known a moment's ennui." The illustrations to the volume include many striking portraits and interesting views of Fonthill.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM BECKFORD. By Lewis Melville. New York: Duffield & Co.

Organismic Theories of the State.

Are there really any responsible persons who believe in the organismic theory of the state? Who hold, that is, that "the state is essentially like a natural organism in structure and members, in origin and development; that it is a higher type of the general class of organic existences within which the animal and vegetable kingdoms form lower types; or that its genesis, nature, and evolu-

tion are determined by the laws of the psychic phase, in particular, of the highest type of animal organisms"? If there are, the studious monograph by Mr. Coker may be heartily commended to their attention. He examines the subject in a most careful manner, is respectful to the wildest notions, and shows in a conclusive manner that the organismic theorists are not explicit and definite in defining their terms, that certain fundamental propositions involved in their conception can not be validly asserted of the state, and that "such of their propositions as are valid are inadequate to prove that the state is an organism or person in the sense either in which these terms are commonly used, or in which the theorists must be inferred to have conceived them." But apart from all this, as Mr. Coker rightly argues, the hypothesis that the state is an organism or person has no practical or moral consequence.

ORGANISMIC THEORIES OF THE STATE. By F. W. Coker. New York: Columbia University; \$1.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Following the excellent example of Russell Lowell, Joseph H. Choate has edited for hook publication a number of the addresses he delivered in England while ambassador there. It will be entitled "Abraham Lincoln and Other Addresses," and is to be published by the Century Company.

Carlyle would probably have a few pungent remarks to make could he return to earth and cast his eyes over the guesses that have been made as to the original of Blumine in his "Sartor Resartus." Another explanation is to be forthcoming from the pen of Lady Russell in a volume of sketches of mystery and romance entitled "The Rose Goddess."

Admirers of the poetic writings of "Fiona Macleod" will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Sharp has written a memoir of her husband, William Sharp, the bulk of whose literary fame was won under that Gaelic pen-name.

For a considerable time prior to his death Professor Griffin was engaged upon a new life of Robert Browning, which has been carried to completion by H. C. Menchin. The volume is described as "the first serious attempt to set forth correctly and adequately" the facts of the poet's life, and will embody the information gleaned by Professor Griffin in visits to every scene connected with the "Ring and the Book." Browning's sister and son have given material help in the preparation of the book.

Harry Whitney's "Hunting with the Eskimos," a publication of the early fall, will give a record of an adventurous year among those northern people and is to have sixty-four full-page illustrations from photographs.

As he was born and spent his early years among the Catskills, John Burroughs will be on familiar ground in his forthcoming volume, "In the Catskills," which will present eight characteristic essays and he fully illustrated from photographs.

Just in time for the centenary of Mrs. Gaskell's birth the discovery has been made that that event took place in the house now numbered 93 Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, London, not far from the home of Carlyle.

Popular authors are supposed to have brought to their attention many promising aspirants for literary honors. One such is reported to have had confided to her by a fond mother the conviction that her daughter would excel as a novelist "because she's such a beautiful speller—a really beautiful speller." Another suggested that her niece ought to get on well writing stories for the women's magazines because the girl knew such a tremendous number of recipes. "You know she could work these in from time to time, and it would make the stories of real value. They wouldn't be just these trashy, sentimental things such as we commonly see published, but they'd be the kind folks cut out and keep—for the recipes, you know."

Dr. Weir Mitchell, despite his eighty-one years, is to be represented among the fall books by a collection of short stories of mystery.

"We can not remember any hook with a wicked Mary in it." And this from *Chambers' Journal*, which ought to know something about Mary Queen of Scots!

H. G. Wells is doing quite a lot of hookish campaigning in his new novel, "The New Machiavelli," now appearing serially. He has a good word for Dr. Richard Garnett's "Twilight of the Gods"—the "precious volume"—and a friend of his hero had "a scholar's knowledge of the works of Miss Marie Corelli, Miss Braddon, Miss Elizabeth Glynn, and Mme. Sarah Grand that would have astonished and flattered those ladies enormously." But Kipling is another story. "It is a little difficult now to get back to the feelings of that period; Kipling has since been so mercilessly and exhaustively mocked, criticized, and torn to shreds;—never was a man so violently exalted and then, himself assisting, so relentlessly called down." And now it is George Moore's Woman of Thirty with whom the new Machiavelli is philandering. Mr. Wells's hero is getting on.

New Books Received.

NOVELS.

FLAMSTED QUARRIES. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

Present-day conditions of social and industrial life provide the background theme for this ardent story, the heroine of which is a particularly winning character.

CLEVER BETSY. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Betsy is a spinster who interferes successfully in the love affairs of another character. The scenes of the story are laid in Maine and the Yellowstone Park.

THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS. By William Le Queux. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

A tale of mystery and romance written in Mr. Le Queux's well-known style.

ONCE UPON A TIME. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Eight characteristic short stories.

THE REFUGEE. By Captain Charles Gilson. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

Full of adventure of the old-fashioned type, with a polished French refugee from the Revolution as chief character.

SALLY ANN'S EXPERIENCE. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 50 cents net.

A reprint in an attractive form of the famous first chapter in "Aunt Jane of Kentucky."

THE LOUISA ALCOTT STORY BOOK. Edited by Fanny E. Coe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 50 cents net.

Episodes from "Little Men" and other of Miss Alcott's stories for use in schools as supplementary reading.

THE WHEELS OF TIME. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 50 cents net.

A short story of special appeal to young married people, by the author of "The Rosary."

THE BLUE LAWN. By Loretto E. Kolle. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1 net.

Priests and the confessional figure largely in this story.

ANNE NELSON. By Alice Turner Curtis. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.25.

Tells the story of a quaint little girl in Provincetown in revolutionary days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS. By A. L. Haydon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A spirited history of the doings of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police written from extensive personal knowledge.

HOME LIFE IN IRELAND. By Robert Lynd. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

An intimate and sympathetic study, with chapters on marriages and match-making, schools and children, wakes and funerals, priests and parsons, and the Irish gentry.

THE PILGRIMS. By Isaac C. Kettler. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; \$1.50 net.

An attempt to relate in blank verse fourteen years of the history of the Pilgrim Fathers, with an interpretation of their character and motives.

PIPPA PASSES AND MEN AND WOMEN. By Robert Browning. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A dainty little reprint which follows the earliest edition of "Men and Women." There are ten exquisite illustrations in color.

THE GRANO CANYON OF ARIZONA AND HOW TO SEE IT. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Embodies in a convenient form all the information necessary for the tourist. Numerous illustrations and maps.

GERDA IN SWEDEN. BETTY IN CANADA. FRITZ IN GERMANY. BORIS IN RUSSIA. By Etta Blaisdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 60 cents net each.

Four volumes in the "Little People Everywhere" series designed to inform young readers about the different countries of the world. The books are attractively illustrated.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Translated by Prentiss Cummings. Two vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3 net.

An attempt to render Homer in his own metre, that is, hexameter verse, comprising about half of the Iliad, but including all the main story and nearly all the celebrated passages.

THE HISTORY OF THE TELEPHONE. By Herbert N. Casson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Tells in an entertaining manner the history of the invention of the telephone and its subsequent development.

FAMOUS VOYAGES. By Eric Wood. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50.

A new version, couched in simple and direct language, of the stories told by early explorers.

SEVEN GREAT STATESMEN. By Andrew Dickson White. New York: The Century Company; \$2.50 net.

Suggestive studies of men who were not mere office-seekers, but who devoted themselves to "serving the great interests of modern States." The statesmen are: Sarpi, Grotius, Thomasius, Turgot, Stein, Cavour, and Bismarck.

BERNARD SHAW AS ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER. By Renée M. Deacon. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

Brave eulogy of Mr. Shaw from many points of view; "no keener artistic conscience than his exists at the present time—few so keen."

THE LITTLE OLD OUTLAWS. By Anne Archbold Miller. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents net.

Christian Science teaching presented in simple verse for the instruction of small children.

RACE DISTINCTIONS IN AMERICAN LAW. By Gilbert T. Stephenson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Another exposition of the proper and permanent relations between the white and colored races

from the standpoint of the laws of the States and nation.

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"LUCIA" AND THE SINGERS.

By George L. Shoals.

There are only a few great masters of music in the world at one time, either of the composers or of those who interpret their creations. It is surprising to note how few of those who have written grand operas have achieved a world-wide popularity, and even more surprising to realize how short the roll of the really great singers. It is more than fifty years since Patti first appeared on the operatic stage, yet among those who have endeavored to succeed her worthily there are only four or five who are recognized in that rivalry. Such gifts as Patti displayed are rare indeed, and though a Melba, a Nordica, a Sembrich, and a Tetrazzini, have come to view in later years, they have merely joined the eminent sisterhood without eclipsing the fame of the greatest of sopranos.

It is probable that there are young singers not widely known at this time who will take the places of those who must soon retire, and even if not entitled to the highest rank, they will yet deserve and obtain a recognition and appreciation that is obscured and delayed by admiration for earlier favorites. Regina Vicarino, of the Bevani Italian Grand Opera Company, now at the Garrick, is surely among those younger aspirants of whom great things may safely be predicted. She has sung several rôles here with much more than ordinary success, notably Gilda and Nedda, and even as Aida she proved her ability in heavy work. But as Lucia last Monday evening she gave her hearers such a revelation of artistic power and beauty of voice that all hesitation in judgment was carried away. Signorina Vicarino is one of the few great artists San Francisco has heard in grand opera.

Donizetti's theatrical and sentimental opera does not merely contain "some of the most beautiful music ever written," it is one strain of cloying sweetness from the opening notes of the overture to the last agonizing tones of the dying Edgar; but it is not likely soon to be driven from the boards by works of the more modern composers. It has enduring claims to regard. Every young soprano learns that Patti made her debut as Lucia; that Melba triumphed in the part at La Scala in Naples when she was hated and wildly opposed because she had won a reputation outside of Italy; that Nordica and Sembrich won high praise as the ill-starred Scottish heroine, though other rôles were more to their liking. It is seventy-five years old, but is as fresh as ever, and when the three principal voices are well balanced, and the singers have dramatic ability as well, it never fails to be effective.

Such a cast and such a representation was that of Monday evening. Achille Alberti as Henry, Eugene Battain as Edgar, and Vicarino as Lucy, were a trio that is seldom equaled on any stage. Lucia's arias in the first act were charmingly done, and the duet with Edgar was most harmonious and satisfactory in every way. It was in the so-called "mad scene," of course, that Lucia met the supreme test. Only a qualified musical critic could describe the art, the technique, of her singing, and that would be only for other critics. To the great majority of her audience it was without fault. She found no difficulty in runs or trills, in high sustained notes or broken phrases, and her voice was true and warm with expression in even the most exacting passages. Her face took on a new beauty with the inspiration of the impassioned scenes, and she seemed in every gesture and movement such a pathetic figure as Scott pictured with moving art in his great novel.

Whether large or small, the audiences at grand opera in San Francisco always contain many enthusiastic lovers of good music, and the applause of these enthusiasts is an authoritative direction for those less susceptible, but Vicarino was not indebted to these alone on Monday evening. There were no idle hands when the end of the great scene came. For minutes the hand-clapping and cheers continued, and even the orchestra rose and as one man joined in the tribute to the singer.

Battain, the tenor, deserves but little less in the way of praise. He is an ideal Edgar in voice and appearance. Even the casual opera-goers felt the magnetism of his imper-

sonation, for his singing and acting were equally effective. His solos were invariably given with power and artistic poise, the last scene, which is all his, being a particularly sympathetic offering.

Alberti, the possessor of a noble baritone, deep and full, yet never harsh, is always sure and accomplished, no matter what his rôle. His Henry is a good piece of work. In fact, it is not possible to imagine him the object of unfavorable criticism.

The ensemble work was worthy of its place. That familiar show-piece, the sextette, would have stirred enthusiasm anywhere. It was simply one of the many jewels of the opera. The chorus was remarkably large in numbers and notable for precision and volume.

There have been larger audiences several times during the season, the newer compositions being chosen by those who are not confirmed and inveterate in their attendance at grand opera, but those who missed this presentation of "Lucia" may well hope for another equally delightful occasion.

* * *

It was Boucicault who said that plays are not written but rewritten, and his saying is often quoted, but it is understood only by those who actually know the process. Almost anybody who has seen a play presented assumes a knowledge that is only to be obtained by long and trying experience. Perhaps the knowledge is not worth having, but it certainly would prevent a vast amount of ponderous rubbish from getting into print were it possessed by all of those who talk about the stage.

One of the women who write entertaining novels a year or so ago assisted in making a play out of one of her stories. Long before the work was done she had lost forever a lot of illusions, but she had taken on in their place a heavy burden of disappointment. She described some of her troubles in a letter to a popular weekly, and asserted that she disowned the concoction made in her name; that what she wanted put in the play was left out, and what was put in she wanted left out. But the play was a success. Probably the actors had something to do with this. If there were any possible way to tell whether a play would succeed without trying it on the public, that way would have been found long ago. There is no way. A play has one known and two unknown and ever-changing quantities. Its form, its technique, though admitting a thousand familiar and undiscovered variations, may be pronounced good or bad, absolutely, but what the actors will do with it and in what mood the actors will find their audience are vital problems always to be demonstrated, never safely presumed.

Sometimes, however, the writer of a play knows the secrets of stage production and the capacity of the players who will present his work, and he has then but one masked difficulty—the audience. The plays that last are almost invariably worked into their enduring shape by managers or actor-authors. Witness the great foundation structures of the English drama, and the many popular pieces by practical playwrights down through the years.

This is rather heavy as an introduction to a light but pleasing work which first saw the footlights this week at the Princess Theatre, but it has its application, here and elsewhere.

"The Campus" is the title of a musical comedy written by Walter de Leon and presented for the first time on any stage by the Ferris Hartman Company. Mr. De Leon is a member of the company who has had three years' experience on the stage since he left college. He had written farces and songs in his undergraduate years at the State University, and proved his talent, but they were light and airy trifles compared with the task essayed when he undertook to satisfy professional people and a commercially interested and critical audience. But he has succeeded. His comedy is really a comedy, with a plot, and naturally developed situations. It is bright if not startlingly clever; it is clean, and it is surprisingly musical. The word surprisingly is warranted. Mr. De Leon is the author of the music as well as of the words, and his melodies are tuneful, his lyrics are good verse and not doggerel. If he has not equaled George Ade in wit, he has certainly outdone George M. Cohan in plausibility and sense. He has ingeniously brought to his aid many turns of college sentiment and humor, and he has not strained the proprieties in any part of his work.

It is a pleasing experience to be able to praise truthfully the first work of a young author, and Mr. De Leon's play is worthy of praise. It has promise of joyous life. Should it be the precursor of better things, it will still merit consideration. One of the reasons why he has succeeded is to be found in his exact knowledge of what he was trying to do. Another is his evident determination to choose as his models the blossoms of stagecraft rather than the over-ripe fruit.

May Robson is playing "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" successfully in London.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

At the Savoy Theatre on Sunday evening "The Melting Pot," Israel Zangwill's great play, one of the most successful offerings in New York and Chicago during the past two seasons, with Walker Whiteside in the principal rôle, will begin an engagement limited to one week. In "The Melting Pot" Israel Zangwill, himself a Jew, has advanced the idea of wiping out the religious differences between Jew and Gentile and the fusing together in the crucible of American citizenship and American life of all the old racial prejudices—refining the dross of ages into the pure gold of a higher life in the great "melting pot," America. Walker Whiteside will be seen in his original rôle of David Quixane, a young Russian Jew composer, whose parents have been butchered at Kischinef. He escapes to America, where he meets a Russian Christian girl, Vera Revendal. She is a revolutionist, a settlement worker, and daughter of Baron Revendal, "the butcher of Kischinef." Unaware of her parentage, Quixane falls in love with her, as he can not see how the prejudices of the old world should hold them apart in America. When he learns that Vera's father is Baron Revendal there is a scene in which he denounces the baron, describes the massacre, and renounces his love. New York and Chicago critics have united in declaring that Mr. Whiteside's acting in this scene and throughout the play reaches greatness. Liebler & Co. are the managers of Mr. Whiteside's tour, and they have given the star capable support, while the production is up to the high standard established by this well-known theatrical firm. The usual popular-priced matinee will be given on Thursday.

The second and final week of Frances Starr's successful engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be inaugurated with the performance on Monday night, September 26. David Belasco's star and the Eugene Walter play, "The Easiest Way," have both made positive impressions. The audiences have been large, and the company has been pronounced fully capable. The final performance of the play will be given Saturday night, October 1. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The Bevani Grand Opera Company has firmly established itself in popular favor at the Garrick Theatre, and good houses will be the rule till the end of the season. The bill for the matinee today (Saturday) will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," with Frery, Francini, De Dreux, Sacchetti, Giuliani, Campana, and Secci Corsi. Saturday night "Lucia" will be sung with Vicarino in the title-rôle, in which she scored such a success last Monday night. The other principal rôles will be interpreted by Battain, Alberti, Bevani, and Giuliani.

Tomorrow (Sunday) at the matinee "Martha" will be the opera, with Francini, De Dreux, Sacchetti, Campana, and Florian.

Sunday night, by special request of many prominent members of the Italian colony, Verdi's "Il Trovatore" will be given, with Frery, Jarman, Battain, Alberti, and Florian.

The programmes for next week will be as follows:

Monday and Wednesday nights, Offenbach's "Love Tales of Hoffman" will be sung for the last times, with Vicarino, De Dreux, Scherzer, Sacchetti, Alberti, and Florian.

Tuesday night "Rigoletto," with Francini, De Dreux, Battain, Campana, and Bevani.

Thursday night and Saturday matinee, by special arrangement with the composer, Puccini, "La Bohème" will be splendidly produced with an considerably augmented orchestra and an excellent cast, which will include Francini, Newcombe, Battain, Campana, Secci Corsi, Bevani, Giuliani, and Florian.

Friday night "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be repeated.

Seats are now on sale for all performances at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store.

Next week's programme at the Orpheum will be composed of a number of the cleverest and most popular acts in vaudeville. Howard and Howard, who are immense favorites in this city, will head the bill. They are capital singers and always bring with them a good selection of songs. As comedians, they are in a class by themselves. The Hebrew impersonation of Willie Howard is particularly accurate and brims over with fun. This season their contribution is entirely new and is called "The Porter and the Salesman." "Baseballitis" will introduce the Evers-Wisdom company. Those who love the great American national game will delight in this sketch, which tells the story of a young lawyer who is "bugs" about baseball and neglects his wife in order to witness the games with his bosom friend, Steve. Fred Singer will present an ambitious musical novelty called "The Violinmaker of Cremona." In a dream Amati's workshop is transformed into a drawing-room where he sees and hears the violin virtuosos, Paganini, Joachim, Sarasate, Kubelik, and Remy, play upon his violin, Tom Smith and the

Three Peaches will appear in a comedy of the schoolroom called "Their First Lesson." The "Peaches" are Gertie George, Helen Viollette, and Vintoria Luhnman, who sing and dance admirably. The holdovers include Linton and Laurence, the Waterbury Brothers and Tenny, Lane and O'Donnell, and the great Lambs' Club and San Francisco hit, "Dinkelspiel's Christmas."

Margaret Illington will make her last appearances at the Savoy Theatre in "Until Eternity" this Saturday afternoon and evening.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre following Frances Starr will be Henry Miller and his company, who will appear in the latest comedy hit of the New York season, "Her Husband's Wife." The piece is said to be as amusing and complex a matrimonial tangle as one would want to laugh at. It is called a comedy, but in reality it is a farce of the best modern order. Mr. Miller will be supported by his New York and Chicago company. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

"The Prince of Pilsen," which Henry W. Savage is sending out with an all-star cast, headed by Jess Dandy and Frances Cameron, and with a company of eighty-five people, will follow "The Melting Pot" at the Savoy Theatre.

Holbrook Blinn, whose association with Mrs. Fiske for the last two years has been a successful one, is to become a star under the management of William A. Brady. He will make his first appearance in a play called "The Boss," written especially for him by Edward Sheldon, author of "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger."

Fritz Scheff is to make a short tour in "The Mikado." Dighy Bell will sing Ko-Ko, Arthur Cunningham sang the Mikado, and Kate Condon Katisha.

The only still wines used at the centennial banquet celebration given at the Palace Hotel, on September 15th, by the Mexican citizens of San Francisco were Italian-Swiss Colony TIPO, red and white. Try these choice table wines.

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BEVANI GRAND OPERA COMPANY
Matinee today (Saturday), "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci"; tonight (Saturday), "Lucia"; tomorrow (Sunday) matinee, "Martha"; tomorrow (Sunday) night, "Il Trovatore."

Next Week—Monday and Wednesday nights (last times), "Love Tales of Hoffman"; Tuesday, "Rigoletto"; Thursday, night and Saturday matinee, "La Bohème"; Friday, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci."

Reserved seats, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kearny and Sutter Streets. Box office tomorrow (Sunday) at Garrick's.

VANITY FAIR.

In due time the United States will be able to hoast a complete collection of private mansions in all the styles known to architecture. Mrs. Jack Gardner has provided New England with one type, Mr. J. R. McLean has furnished another—Italian—for the delight of Washingtonians, and Mr. William de L. Dodge has adorned Long Island with a replica of a Greek villa. Not satisfied with the Colonial style of his native Virginia, Mr. Dodge, in his travels abroad, fell in love with the columns, mosaics, and statues of ancient Greece, with the result that may now be seen in all its classical glory on Smithtown Bay. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Pryor, a lady of utilitarian instincts, when she heard about the plans for the Villa Francesca, wanted to know about the kitchen and the laundry. "I hear a lot about marble columns and statues. Perhaps you have forgotten that cooking and washing also are necessary," Mr. Dodge had not, but for all that his main thoughts were concentrated on Ionic columns, Pompeian vases, hits from the Acropolis, and other classical oddments. But Mr. Dodge is eclectic in his tastes. He has a fountain of Venetian glass mosaic, an antique Turkish lamp, and has gone in heavily for Louis XV furniture. Apparently there is little left for any other mansion-builder, unless it be a Newport cottage which shall be a composite blend of Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Norman, and Gothic all in one.

"They leave New York in the middle of June and they get back in the middle of September, and in that time they have done Europe from Palermo to the North Cape, from Brest to Budapest."

Such is W. J. Henderson's indictment of the American tourist of the strenuous type. They are the kind that make Europeans form wrong conclusions of their fellow-countrymen and countrywomen. They constitute "a vast horde of uncultivated, ill-mannered, loud talking, offensively aggressive, pushing people, swarming over Europe and behaving as if it were created especially to be a field for their holiday. They act as if Europe were a penny peep show, not a collection of venerable countries with business and life and emotions of their own. Instead of trying to understand and accommodate themselves to the ways of the countries through which they are traveling, they continually scold at them and demand things which can not be obtained. They bellow for ice at roadside inns, and they clamor for ham and eggs in the Café de la Paix. They make no instant of hesitation in deriding the paintings of Ghirlandajo or the carving of Peter Vischer. They do not know the difference between a Corinthian column and a Gothic buttress, but they publish in strident tones positive opinions as to the architectural merits of the cathedral of York or Santa Maria Maggiore."

For the future no engaged young lady who wants to be in the fashion will fail to have a "hetrothal cake." This is said to be the very latest fashion in contemplated matrimony, but of course it has not taken the place of the engagement ring or the wedding cake. No such luck. It is merely another proof of the higher cost of living, which is hearing down upon the bread-winner in all kinds of unsuspected ways. The hetrothal cake is described as a modification of the wedding cake, built on similar lines, and intended presumably to be a concrete reminder to the would-be bridegroom of his promises and pledges.

As if there were not already sufficient obstacles in the path of the poor bachelor! He is blamed for not marrying, and yet every day the road to matrimony is made more expensive and less alluring. He is being told with tremendous emphasis that women are selfish, that they can not cook, keep house, darn, or sew, or nurse, or do anything properly. House rent is always soaring upward, food is keeping it company, and as for dresses and hats! To add a hetrothal cake to all this seems suicidal. Yet what will it all avail when the critical moment comes? Let the distressed Boh Chanler answer. There were the pre-nuptial contracts, sweeping away all his fortune and not leaving him enough, as his brother warned him, to buy his clothes and a lunch, yet at that moment of hesitation the siren Lina had but to put her velvety arms about his neck and kiss him and breathe, "Robert, I love you" and the victim put his pen to the documents that left him a pauper. An astute woman, Lina, with a keen appreciation of the value of loveliness and its price in the market, but her mercenary transaction wouldn't last a week as a warning. It has a value, however, as establishing a new scale of prices.

How is it, once asked the manager of one of London's largest stores, that New York has at least a dozen great stores, and London, with a much larger population, has only about three? His answer was that the average American woman spends three or four times as much in every way as the average Englishwoman. She has it to spend, and

she spends it. Commenting on this, Mrs. Creighton, the widow of London's historian hishop, remarks: "It is said that Englishwomen who have money are inclined as a rule to be conservative both as to its investment and its expenditure, whilst American women deal freely with money, but are not, for the most part, clever or wise in business transactions. It has been argued that their methods of spending rather than saving is better for trade, and increases trade." The Four Hundred of New York should make a note of this deliverance. When next reproached for their extravagance, it will be comforting to be able to fall back upon the support of a hishop's widow.

Snuff, to the ordinary individual, is just snuff, nothing but snuff. He would not apply to it even the modified classification of eggs; that is, new-laid eggs, fresh eggs, and eggs. But he would be hopelessly wrong. According to the New York *Evening Post* there is a shop on Broadway where it is possible to obtain two hundred distinct varieties of snuff. There is the dark Black Rappee from France, the De Adrien Delpit made from Perique tobacco, the Irish and Scottish snuffs, the snuffs from Austria, from Portugal, from Germany, from Russia, and many other lands. Who uses them? Connoisseurs, travelers who have picked up the habit, and foreigners are ready buyers. But the great field for the sale of snuff is the South. There its use is still very general. Some folk take it in the good old-fashioned way, by a pinch inhaled through the nostrils, but the working population, the mill hands especially, use it differently, by "dipping." For this a small stick is usually necessary, on which the powder is poured and which is then applied to the inside of the mouth, and especially the gums. Some varieties are exceedingly costly, priced, as they are, at from thirty to forty dollars a pound.

Prize turbot and pedigree cod, to say nothing of specially bred shad (honestly by preference) and selected sand dabs, are to be the pride of humanity in the future. So thinks Sir J. Crichton-Browne, who complains that we have depended too long on the forest and the ranch and fold for our food supplies. He wants marine stock farms on every seacoast, and implores us to remember that the market price of fish is no criterion of its nutritive value. It is certainly curious that there are fashions and prejudices in fish, and that, despite the royal patronage it has enjoyed, the lowly herring is often scorned even by the poorest. The Kaiser's grandfather was so fond of that common but nutritious fish that one of his nicknames was the "Herring Emperor." The present Czar of Russia is specially fond of fish, and when, on his visit to Paris, President Faure asked him his favorite dish, he replied, "Cod cooked in olive oil. I should like to eat it twice a day." It is probably true that no royal meal today is regarded as complete without fish. Queen Victoria was a notable lover of sea-food, but preferred the old-fashioned ways of cooking it. When her famous chef, Francatelli, was told on one occasion that "whitebait à la Reine" would look well on the royal menu, he replied: "The queen is a constitutional monarch; I am a constitutional cook: your suggestion is revolutionary; I am sure her majesty would not approve." Like his grandfather, the Kaiser is fond of fish, but he affects carp instead of herring, and he prefers it cooked in beer. When entertaining a men's party at the Schloss in Berlin one evening he ordered a second helping of his favorite carp, but the servant had to confess it was all gone. "How is it," he asked of the comptroller of the household, "that you buy so little carp?" The official rejoined that on that particular day over four hundred pounds had been bought for the royal kitchen. "Quite a liberal allowance," commented the Kaiser; "in future, however, when you buy that kind of fish, please order an extra half-pound for myself."

All these royal preferences should be duly noted by the men whose ambition in life is to fill the mouths of others with gold and porcelain. For the dentists have troublous times ahead. The physicians are investigating the influence of artificial teeth upon health and longevity, and the results up to date are not encouraging to the tooth doctors. Here is the trouble in a nutshell. The man who gets a new set of teeth, and has his cheeks filled out again to the plumpness of earlier days, is congratulated with such remarks as, "Why, you look ten years younger." And he feels able to "eat anything." Consequently he begins to eat ten years younger. That's the danger. With those new teeth, the appetites of youth reassert themselves and crave for indulgence. "Strong meats," remarks Dr. Bayles, "which, without teeth, could be eaten only when stewed soft or minced, once more appeal as substantial steaks and generous roasts, and are relished the more because of long deprivation, recalled with impatience. People thus rejuvenated are very apt to eat a great deal too much and to include in their dietary many things they had better avoid." Now when this campaign against the "fatuous

trifling with chronology" hegotten of false teeth waxes fast and furious, the only hope of the dentist is to become a champion of fish food.

The guests at a dinner party were telling stories about queer uses of words and phrases when a woman from Chicago spoke of the efforts of the Scandinavians in the Northwest to get on intimate terms with the English tongue. "They pick up the slang first," she said, "and use it indiscriminately. I was in Wisconsin last summer, near a place where there had been an outbreak of typhoid fever, and I asked a Swedish woman who was doing some work for me if her family had suffered from it. 'Ay han lost,' she replied, wiping the tears from her eyes, 'my fader, my husband, my sister, all in one month, and I tink dat was going some, eh?' 'That reminds me,' said a woman who had lived in the South. 'of an old mammy who told me once a most pitiful tale of how she had lived through an epidemic of typhoid fever. One after another the disease had swept away her relatives, while she cared for them as best she could. Her father and mother, her husband, three children, a brother, two sisters, she had watched over day and night, and finally had seen them die. My heart ached and my throat filled up with sympathy and pity for all that she must have suffered. 'Oh, Aunt Mandy,' I exclaimed, 'how dreadful it must have been! How did you ever live through it?' 'Yessum,' she replied, 'it was sho'ly teejus.'"

Not only what the German emperor drinks, but how he drinks it, is the subject of an article in the *Strassburger Post*. "William II," says the *Post*, "is no Philistine in his manner of drinking, for whether he drains a golden cup on the banks of the Rhine, or a Roemer in a Bremen cave, or a Hungarian crystal healer at a hunting box, he acquires himself equally well, and drinks with frankly boyish enjoyment. But though he is no apostle of total abstinence, he is a convinced adept of moderation, who never cared for much alcohol, and has of late years taken less and ever less." The *Post* adds that at the emperor's Potsdam residence, the New Palace, strawberry liqueur and cider are always offered, and the emperor, whose favorite beverages these are, often urges his visitor to partake of them.

It will surprise many disciples of Izaak Walton to know that the finest fishing grounds along the shore of the Atlantic are situated very close to the gate of New York harbor and extend from Sandy Hook along the Jersey coast to Asbury Park (observes *Leslie's Weekly*). Five steamboats make regular daily trips to these fishing banks every morning from different piers in Manhattan. On Sundays, especially, the waters swarm with sailboats, launches, and steamboats. On the calm days ten thousand fishermen go out after the hidden treasure. One of the most pleasing features of the piscatory sport along these fishing banks is the fact that the devotees almost invariably come home with a basket full of fish.

A new operatic record was made the other day by the departure of an operatic company from New York to Mexico in a steamer chartered for the voyage. This National Opera Company, which is to open its season in the City of Mexico this month, is to hold its rehearsals in the second cabin, which has been fitted up for the purpose. One pleasant feature of the passage will be that no one will be asked to subscribe for the band or to buy tickets for an amateur concert.

A Song of Long Ago.

A song of long ago,
Sing it lightly—sing it low—
Sing it softly—like the hisping of the lips we
used to know
When our baby laughter spilled
From the hearts forever filled
With a music sweet as a robin ever trilled!

Let the summer fragrant breeze,
And the leaves of locust trees,
And the apple buds and blossoms, and the
wings of honey bees,
All palpitate with glee,
Till the happy harmony
Bring back each childish joy to you and me.

Let the eyes of fancy turn
Where the tumbled pippins burn
Like embers in the orchard's lap of tousled
grass and fern;
And let the wayward wind,
Still singing, plod behind
The cider press—the good old-fashioned kind

Blend in the song the moan
Of the dove that grieves alone,
And the wild whirr of the locust and the
bumble's drowsy drone;
And the low of the cows that call
Through the pasture bars when all
The landscape fades away at eventfall.

Then, far away and clear,
Through the dusky atmosphere,
Let the wailing of the kildees be the only
sound you hear.
Oh sweet and sad and low
As the memory may know
Is the glad pathetic song of long ago!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

An unofficial dog show on the high seas was held on the upper deck of the *Baltic*, of the White Star Line, and more than four hundred first cabin passengers and an equal number in the second cabin had an opportunity to vote on dog behavior at sea. The steamship arrived recently from Liverpool, and within an hour after being made fast the dog colony was landed on the pier. In sizes the dogs ranged from Octar, a 130-pound Great Dane belonging to R. A. C. Smith, to a tiny Pomeranian, the lapdog of a woman passenger. There were fifteen dogs in all, and they gave the United States a noisy welcome that added to the excitement of the landing of the passengers and their baggage. Mr. Smith's dog was awarded the prize for good behavior at the deck show. H. B. Palmer, the steamship purser, and a fancier himself, together with "Jack" Armstrong, the keeper of George J. Gould's kennels, said that the choice was a good one. Besides Octar, who was third largest Great Dane in England and valued by Mr. Smith at \$2000, was a string of eight dogs for Mr. Gould. There were seven pointer brought over by Mr. Armstrong and a black retriever.

At the last dinner of the American Book sellers' Association one of the souvenirs was a paper-weight which contained this rubricated text: "To write a hook is an easy task; it requires only pen and ink and some patient paper. To print a hook is slightly more difficult, because genius often expresses itself in illegible manuscript. To read a hook is still more difficult, as one must struggle against sleep. But the most difficult task that any one may attempt is to sell a hook." The Harpers presented the paper-weights, but the sentiment belongs to one of the most prolific modern writers, Felix Dahn, a man who moreover, never sold a hook in his life. He is a German novelist, historian, jurist, and playwright, and has written half a hundred works of all sorts.

"Who was it kissed you in the arbor last evening?" "What time?"—*Simplicissimus*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Scotch laird once said to his servant John, who had complained of his temper: "I am sure, John, it is nae suner on than it's off." "Aye," said John; "but, laird, it's nae mair off than it's on."

The electric ventilating fan on the wall of the restaurant was whizzing round. A gentleman who had dined extremely well sat looking at it for some time. "Waiter," he complained at last, "that clock's fast!"

Hoyster had reached home at 2:30 a. m. and found his wife very much awake. "Now, dear," said the belated man, rather thickly, "don't fly up in the air!" "And why, pray?" very deliberately inquired the lady, breathing hard. "Because you might infringe the (hic) Wright brothers' patents, my dear," chuckled Hoyster, just before she aviated.

There is a story told of a French poet who inquired of a friend and flatterer what he thought of his last work. "I have arrived at the fifteenth canto," he replied with enthusiasm, "and think there is nothing more beautiful and harmonious in the language." "Pardon me, there is one thing," said the poet. Ah, perhaps you mean Chateaubriand's 'Atala'?" "Certainly not. I mean my sixteenth canto."

Mark Twain hated a gloomy man. Once, at a banquet, a gloomy man sat opposite him. This man would not smile at the most amusing jokes. "What's the matter with you?" cried Mark Twain. "The stories are all good. Why don't you laugh?" "Ah, sir," said the gloomy man, "how can I laugh when I remember that every time I breathe a soul passes into the great beyond?" "Good gracious," said the humorist, "did you ever try loves?"

Keen theologian though he is, the Prehenary Wehb-Peploe is not without a strong vein of humor. There is a story told of how at a church congress he once was introduced to a city stockbroker, who began to enlarge upon his own business capabilities and to deplore the lack of initiative in the modern British youth. "Why," he said, "when I landed in this country I was without a cent in my pockets." "Yes," said Mr. Wehb-Peploe, but there were other pockets."

The farmer's wife was greatly stirred up at the agitation of the women's rights question. One evening the old lady was condemning the men in very strong terms and expressing herself in favor of women's voting. The old man got tired of it. He dropped his paper, pushed back his spectacles, and exclaimed: "Mareddy! The men hev made out to govern this kentry ever since Robinson Crusoe discovered it, and I guess they will for a spell longer, so you keep still."

A clergyman had been for some time displeased with the quality of the milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such unwholesome stuff. He began mildly: "I've been wanting to see you with regard to the quality of the milk with which you are serving me." Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman. I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for drinking purposes exclusively, and not for christening!"

The guilty man always gives himself away, like the chap who bought the forty-cent hatching suit. He can't hide his guilty conscience. The chap mentioned entered the water at Atlantic City in a forty-cent suit of blue flannel. As he splashed about he was joined by a girl friend. The girl flashed her bright eyes over the tumbling expanse of sea and then, with a sigh of delight, she said: "Isn't the water blue today?" "It's shameful," said the man, with a hot blush; "it's perfectly shameful how this cheap hatching flannel runs!"

In an English town a gentleman and a countryman approached a cage in the traveling Zoo from opposite directions. This cage contained a very fierce-looking kangaroo. The countryman gazed at the wild animal for a few minutes with mouth and eyes both open, and then turning to the gentleman, he asked, "What kind of animal is that?" "Oh," replied the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia." The countryman covered his eyes with his hands as he exclaimed in horror, "Well, well! my sister married one of them!"

A Virginia girl, who went to Washington, D. C., recently for a visit, tells a story of her old negro "mammy," Aunt Malindy, who accompanied her to town in the capacity of maid. It seems that they went through the Corcoran Art Gallery during their stay, and very step of the way the elderly and provincial colored woman grew more and more scandalized by what she saw. Not one word as said, but by eloquent grunts and sighs of disapproval was manifested, until they

entered the hall of sculpture, where her feelings grew too deep for words. When they faced the Venus of Medici's naked loveliness and viewed the statuesque beauty of the Apollo Belvedere, Malindy took on an ashy hue. So thoughtfully was she polishing her silver-rimmed spectacles as they left the building, her mistress was moved to inquire whether she liked it all. "Yes, 'um," Aunt Malindy responded, cheerfully; "liked it well 'nough, only I'se powerful glad dar aint none er my color in dar."

When Chief Justice Chase chose to unbend himself, he could be witty as well as wise. At a social gathering in his house when he was Secretary of War, the subject of taxation having been mooted, a distinguished naval officer present said he had paid all his taxes except the income-tax. "I have a little property," said he, "which brings me in a yearly rental, but the tax-gatherers have not spotted it. I do not know whether I ought to let the thing go on that way or not. What would you do if you were in my place, Mr. Chase?" There was a merry twinkle in the eyes of Mr. Chase as he answered: "I think it is the duty of every man to live unspotted as long as he can."

Two Americans were disputing as to which had experienced the greatest cold in winter. Said one: "In the part of Iceland where I was last summer the ground is frozen so hard all the year round that when they want to hurry a man they just sharpen his feet and drive him in with a pile hammer." The other replied: "Yes, I know that place. Didn't stay there long—found it not bracing enough for me. Went on to a small town further north. The hotel where I was staying caught fire. My room was on the top story. No fire escape or ladders in that primitive settlement. Staircases hurned away. Luckily kept my presence of mind. Emptied my bath out of the window and slid down the icicle."

Some twelve or fifteen years ago there was a certain pompous and pragmatical Royal Academician who was anything but a favorite with the students. He once rebuked a young gentleman in the painting school for not using a "gentlemanly palette," whatever that might mean. On one occasion, however, he met his match. He had been making himself especially disagreeable to the majority of the students, when it came to pass that a young Scotchman fell under his admonitory eye. After examining this student's work with severe attention he turned to him and, in a voice of depressing solemnity, said: "Have you any private means?" "I beg your pardon, sir?" replied the youth, literally in the Scotch manner. "Is it your intention to make painting your profession?" "It is," rejoined the Scot. "I am sorry to hear you say so," pursued Mr. R. A., with augmenting severity, "for you will never make a living as a painter." "I am not so sure about that," observed the student. "You seem to have made a pretty good thing out of it."

The new dairyman had been given instructions that the lady at No. 75 was inclined to find fault. But she was a good customer, and he was on no account to be rude to her. "Those eggs you left here yesterday were stale," grunted Mrs. 75, on the dairyman's second visit. "Them heggis," responded the dairyman blandly, "was laid 'arf an hour before you 'ad 'em by special, quick-laying birds imported from the Mooly Womps Isles, marm, an' they came down ter this very house by Marconigram, so as yer should get 'em fresh. A bit of a twangy flavor they may 'ave; but you can lay odds, marm, they weren't stale." Mrs. 75 gasped. "Well, the milk didn't seem as good as usual yesterday, either," she pursued. "Well, the guv'nor will be cut up when 'e 'ears that!" continued the dairyman. "E sent down to Halderney a-purpose for a cow wot'll eat nothing but peaches an' pineapples. 'Never mind the expenses,' sezee. 'This 'ere cow we keeps a-purpose fer the lady at 75; an' 'er mind it sleeps on a feather-bed at nights,' 'e sez, 'an' don't forget the heiderdown quilt an' the hed socks.' Was there anything wrong wi' the butter, marm?" But Mrs. 75 shook her head, breathless.

What's in a Name.

Watch the smile when she sees the name "GEO. HAAS & SONS" on the box of candy. It is ample proof that the name counts for quality. Four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Now, But Not Soon.
My country, 'tis to Me
You owe all fealty—
Sing! blast you, sing!
Down with democracy.
Cant and hypocrisy,
Hail Theocracy,
Hail to the King!
—Evening Sun Minstrel.

A Sure Shot.

He saw a deer, blazed at it hot,
The hasty charge went wide;
But tho' he failed to guide the shot,
By jings! he shot the guide!—Puck.

He Never Told His Love.

He never told his love; she met him at the door
And told him that he ne'er had looked so well
before;
She said she was so glad he had been pleased to
call,
And, talking, took his hat and hung it in the
hall.
She'd thought of him all day, she hastened to
declare;
She led him to a nook and sat beside him there;
She deftly smoothed his tie and tucked one corner
in,
And with her little hand she softly touched his
chin.

She told him she was sure he'd some day make
his mark;
The nook in which they sat was all their own,
and dark;
He found her in his arms and vowing to be
true;
He never told his love—she made it needless to.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Flying Buccaneer.

Aboard the Flying Buccaneer I was with Captain
Skid,
And woolly as the clouds and queer were some
things that we did.
So all ye bold halunatics and aeronutty men
Come hear the tale how he did sail to Mars and
back again!

We raised away—way-hay! hooray!—from off
Mount Everest.
We touched the Moon one day at noon for gaso-
line and rest.
Then with the motors working fine we steered
athwart the stars,
Our planes inclined to take the wind that lifted
us to Mars!

We fell in with an octoplane that flew the Venus
flag.
Says Captain Skid: "May I be did! Run up the
Jolly Rag!
Electric mortars fore and aft and homproof
shields abeam.
But come, me boys, if she's a Noise she'll find
that we're a scream!"

We fought that Venus octoplane all day and
through the night!
And, take my word, you never heard of such a
flighty fight;
But with a voltage wave we gave her such a
powerful smack,
We heard her (ten days later) hitting Eros with
a crack!

We raised an aeroliner crammed with tourists
bound for Jupe,
We shot away her warpstap and the structure
from her supe!
We looted her from fan to fin, and made 'em
walk the plank,
And waved our kerchiefs to the specks that faded
down the Blank!

Next day we had to flutter some—a cruiser at our
tail!
It squirted gas cyanogen and fired electric hail—
A shocking thing upon the wing!—but we had
diving suits,
And manned the antidotal pumps and walked in
rubber boots!

And so for days and weeks and months we
scoured the Heav'nly Main.
The Flying Buccaneer could tackle any aeroplane!
And we got drunk on gasoline and yo-ho-ho'd for
days,
Till Skid described the weather as "an oily sort
o' haze!"

But when we lit on Mars we hit like Morgan hold
of old.
We sacked the place and soared away with plati-
num and gold—
Enough to keep us snug for life (with radium be-
sides)—
And made a record trip to Earth with dips and
swoops and glides!

So all ye bold halunatics and aeronautty men,
Who've never even sailed around the Moon and
back again,
I was with Captain Skid aboard the Flying Buc-
caneer,
And I have seen and done some things that—well,
there's children here!
—Stephen Cholmers, in Philadelphia Ledger.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The week has been a quiet one in town socially, contrary to the expectations of those who have anticipated an immediate resumption of gayeties following the return to the city of many of those who have been spending the summer in their nearby country homes.

No affairs of any pretension have marked the week's passing either in the city or in the country, and the calm following the Crocker ball has been complete.

Several large bridge parties have occupied the attention of the enthusiasts of that game, and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, who is a frequent host at these affairs, presided at one at her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday.

The Bliss-Pillsbury wedding, which took place quietly and unexpectedly on Wednesday, caused a ripple of excitement in society, which had been led to expect that the marriage would be solemnized in November with much pomp and ceremony.

The usual number of informal dinners, luncheons, and teas have served to otherwise fill the social calendar to the satisfaction of those who are occupied with plans for the large affairs of the winter season.

The engagement was announced on Wednesday of Miss Laura Doe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Doe, and Mr. Percy Lawton Pettigrew. The wedding date has not yet been named, but it will probably take place in the spring.

The engagement has been announced in Berlin of Miss Claire Van Vliet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Van Vliet, formerly of San Francisco, and Mr. Arthur Wellbach of Berlin.

The engagement of Miss Annette Hall and Mr. Robert McBride was announced a few days ago, and much entertainment for the bride-elect has already been planned.

The wedding of Miss Edith Pillsbury and Mr. Walter Bliss took place quietly on Monday afternoon at the Swedenborgian Church. The ceremony, which was performed by Dr. Jordan, was followed by a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury, on Pacific Avenue. Mr. Bliss and his bride are enjoying their honeymoon at the country home of the groom at Lake Tahoe. They will make their home in this city.

The wedding of Miss Vivian Puter and Mr. Alan McEwen, which took place in New York on Monday, is of local interest because of the fact that the bride is a popular member of the younger set here and the groom is a son of the veteran journalist, Mr. Arthur McEwen.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained at luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club last Sunday, at which their guests were Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Lillian Goss, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Harry Scott, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale was hostess at a dance at her home on Vallejo Street Friday night, which she gave in honor of her son, Midshipman Hamilton Bryan, who is spending his furlough from Annapolis in San Francisco. Among those present were Miss Anna Peters, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Helen Johnson, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Helen Leavitt, Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Janet Painter, Miss Elizabeth Brice, Miss Elyse Schultze, Miss Edith Slack and Miss Ruth Slack, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Mr. Garth Boericke, Mr. Fred St. Goar, Mr. Charles St. Goar, Mr. Gerald Halsey, Mr. Charles Adams, Mr. Bliss Hammond, Mr. Gerald Hammond, Mr. Herbert Jones, Mr. Edward Polhemus, Mr. Alfred Robertson, Mr. Alexander Wilson, Mr. Clark Van Fleet, Midshipman Anderson, Midshipman Callahan, Midshipman Boyden, and Midshipman Walton of Annapolis.

lis, who have been the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hale for the past week.

Mrs. Russell Wilson was hostess at her home on California Street at a luncheon on Monday at which she entertained a dozen guests. An afternoon at bridge followed the luncheon. Mrs. Russell was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughters, Mrs. Orville Pratt and Mrs. George Cadwalader.

Miss Florence Williams entertained at a tea at her home in Berkeley Friday in honor of Miss Isabel Beaver, prior to her departure for the East.

Miss Frances Ramsey was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Monday in honor of Miss Franc Pierce. Those invited to meet Miss Pierce were Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Dorothy Mann, Miss Janet Painter, Miss Pauline Painter, Miss Marie Tyson, Miss Dorothy Taylor, and Mrs. Andrew McCarthy.

Mr. Frederick Sharon was host at a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening at which the guests were Lieutenant McIntyre, Colonel Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Allan McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Miss Isabel Chase, Miss Augusta Foute, Senator Francis Newlands, and Mr. William Tevis.

Mrs. James Otis entertained at a luncheon, followed by a theatre party, which she gave for her debutante daughters, Miss Frederika and Miss Cora Otis, on Saturday. The girls of the party included Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Marian Wise, and Miss Ethel Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee entertained at a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club on Saturday. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, Mr. Austin Moore, and Mr. George Howard, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock entertained at a dinner at their home at San Rafael on Thursday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson.

Mrs. W. H. Ohear was hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday at her home on Clay Street, which she gave in honor of Mrs. John Ohear of Chicago. Among her guests were Princess Kawana-naka, Mrs. Harry Gray, Mrs. Marshall Hale, Mrs. Frank Ames, Mrs. Clement Bennett, and Mrs. Joseph Martin.

Miss Helen Sullivan entertained at a theatre party on Thursday evening in honor of the group of Naval Academy midshipmen who are spending a brief furlough in San Francisco. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale and included Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Breedon, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Margaret During, Mr. Herbert Erskine, Mr. J. F. Sullivan, Jr., Midshipman Hamilton Bryan and Midshipman Callahan.

Miss Janet Deal was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Sacramento Street on Thursday in honor of Miss Georgiana Spalding of Santa Barbara, prior to her departure for New York, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin entertained at a dinner on Monday evening in honor of Duke Franz Josef of Bavaria. The affair took place at the Hotel St. Francis. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. Templeton Crocker, and Mr. John Lawson.

The officers of the *West Virginia* were hosts at a dance on board ship Saturday night at Mare Island, at which a number of girls and men from town were present. Included among these were Miss Anna Peters, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Elsa Draper, Miss Helen Glenn, Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan, and Miss Cornelia Kempf.

Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., was hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday, which she gave at her home at Hillsboro.

Paymaster and Mrs. Eugene Hale Douglas entertained at dinner at Mare Island Saturday night. Their guests included Miss Anna Peters, Miss Howard of Washington, D. C., Lieutenant and Mrs. Earl Smith, Ensign Taffinder, U. S. N., and Mr. Frank de Lisle.

Writing from Dresden, an American says: "There is at least one thing in a German restaurant for which one would look in vain in our country. That is the piccolo. You may think that I mean a musical instrument and that any orchestra in the country might have one of these, but you are wrong. My piccolo, the one at the restaurant, is a human being. He is a boy twelve to fifteen years old, who assists the regular waiters. He wears the regulation waiters' costume and looks too funny in his spiketail coat. He is as solemn as a funeral, knows how to extract a tip, and for the big privilege of retaining his place and taking his first degree as a waiter must endure much abuse at the hands of the head waiter and his underlings. He is a funny little fellow, this piccolo, who, because of his appearance, could never prosper in our country."

N. C. Goodwin will star in "The Captain," a play by George Broadhurst and C. T. Dazey, opening in Indianapolis in October. Mr. Goodwin will play the rôle of a globe-trotter and clubman who has been an officer in the National Guard.

Emma Calvé, who is at present in Australia, is said to have composed an opera with the title "Giovanni d'Arco." It is to be produced in a French theatre next season.

Thomas Hill's Sketches.

A most remarkable collection of this great artist's outdoor work may be seen daily at the gallery of the estate, 153 Kearny Street, near Sutter, from three to five o'clock. The sketches include views of the Yosemite, Yellowstone Park, Grand Cañon of the Colorado, Alaska, California, and New England. Catalogue of entire collection of paintings and sketches now in preparation.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Friend.

He who'll accuse me,
Fairly abuse me,
Make me or mend—
Prosper and drink with me,
Close eyes and sink with me,
That is a friend.

Knowing my failing,
Spite of my railing,
Never to bend;
Loving the best of me,
Nursing the rest of me,
That is a friend.

He who will share with me,
Fare with me, bear with me,
Up to the end;
Willing to lie for me,
All to defy for me,
Asking to die for me—
That is my friend.

—From "Hylas and Other Poems," by Edwin Preston Dorgan.

The Winds.

Here on the open moor,
Under the open sky,
With a surge as of restless feet
The host of the winds go by.

Whence they came who kens?
Whither they fare who knows?
The tropic jungle deeps,
The vast of the arctic snows!

Out of and into the void—
Space with no bound or span!
Freed from its mortal gyves,
So with the spirit of man!

—Clinton Scollard, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

The Unexpected Peril.

Unlike the youth that all men say
They prize—youth of abounding blood,
In love with the sufficient day,
And gay in growth, and strong in bud;

Unlike was mine! Then my first slumber
Nightly rehearsed my last; each breath
Knew itself one of the unknown number.
But Life was urgent with me as Death.

My shroud was in the flocks; the bill
Within its quarry locked my stone;
My hier grew in the woods; and still
Life spurred me where I paused alone.

"Begin!" Life called. Again her shout,
"Make haste while it is called today!"
Her exhortations plucked me out,
Hunted me, turned me, held me at bay.

But if my youth is thus hard prest
(I thought) what of a later year?
If the End so threatens this tender breast,
What of the days when it draws near?

Draws near, and little done? Yet lo,
Dread has forborne, and Haste lies by.
I was beleaguered; now the foe
Has raised the siege, I know not why.

I see them troop away; I ask
Were they, my foes, my enemies—
Terror, the doubt, the lash, the task?
What heart has my new housemate, Ease?

How am I left at last, alive,
To make a stranger of a tear?
What did I do one day to drive
From me the vigilant angel, Fear?

The diligent angel, Labor? Ay,
The inexorable angel, Pain?
Menace me, lest indeed I die,
Slough! Turn, crush, teach me fear again!
—Alice Meynell, in *London Saturday Review*.

The Queen's Fleets.

Take for thy throne, my queen, this niche my hand
Hath carved for thee
Here in the gray breast of this dune of sand
That fronts the sea.
In sovereign state aloof, the solitude
Hedging thee round, as once thy maidenhood.
Make me no partner of thy thought or speech
This hour when day and darkness meet,
But count me merely jetsam of the beach,
Here at thy feet.

It is mute beauty's hour. No late bird sings;
Voiceless, serene,
The sea dreams; silence holds all lovely things—
And thou art queen!
For Silence in the twilight's gold and red
Behind thee sets a crown upon thy head.
Send forth, O Queen, thy fleets upon the main,
Send forth thy daring fleets of thought,
And let me wait to hail them home again
With riches fraught.

By Fancy captained, send thy fleets afar
To win the sea;
Send them to know what spoils in ocean are,
What mystery,
What beauty in all things that "suffered change"
In coral caves to "something rich and strange."
Then bring them home and I with kingly might
Will take their treasure, as it lies
Safe-harbored in the starlit, purple night
Of thy dear eyes.

—T. A. Daly, in *Catholic Standard and Times*.

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PERSONAL.

* Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Tasker Bliss and Miss Eleonora Bliss went down to Paso Robles Monday, where they will remain during the period of the army manoeuvres at Atascadero.

Mrs. Max Garber, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Willard at the Fairmont Hotel, left a few days ago to join Lieutenant Garber at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Miss Alice Wilkins, who was the guest of Miss Irene Babin at her home at Mountain View, has returned to San Rafael.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has closed her summer home, Wynton, on the McCloud River, and will spend the winter at her Pleasanton home and the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham are expected from Honolulu this week, and will make a brief visit here before going to Chicago, which was Mrs. Dillingham's former home.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Remington Quick left this week for New York, where they are to make their future home.

Captain J. J. Brice and Mrs. Brice have closed their country home in Napa County and will spend a week in town before leaving for Europe, where they will spend a year in travel. They will be accompanied by their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Brice.

Mr. Eddie Woolsey, son of Sir Thomas Woolsey and Lady Woolsey, of London, has been the guest recently of his cousin, Mr. Eugene Murphy, at Burlingame. He left a few days ago for Goldfield, where he will remain several months.

Mrs. Henry T. Ferguson, wife of Captain Ferguson, U. S. A., has returned from the Philippines, where she spent the last few months at her husband's station in Panay. She will spend the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois and Miss Jeanne Gallois are in Paris preparing to leave for home. They expect to reach here the end of next month.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith left on Wednesday for the East and Europe. She will meet her sisters, Mrs. Camille Martin and Mrs. Alexander Jarreau, in London, and will then travel leisurely through Europe, returning to San Francisco by way of the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker and their son are expected home within a few weeks from Europe. They have already sailed from London and will return by way of the Canadian Pacific.

Miss Dorothy Chapman and Miss Clara Allen, who were chaperoned on their European trip by Miss Mary Gamble, sailed a few days ago from Liverpool, and will come directly to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne, who are now in Paris, will return to their home at San Mateo within a month.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy and Miss Edith Cheselrough, who have been traveling in Europe, reached San Francisco again this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, who are now in London, will sail for home the first week of October.

Vicomte and Vicomtesse Helie de Dampierre are expected here shortly for a brief visit with Mrs. Abby Parrott at San Mateo.

Miss Helen Glenn has been spending the past two weeks as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Hitchcock at their home at Hillsboro.

Mrs. Frederick Beaver left Saturday for the east with her son and daughter, who will continue their studies in New York.

Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and Mrs. Clover, accompanied by their daughter, left for Washington, D. C., on Monday after having spent the summer at their country place at Napa.

Mrs. Edward Bullard and Miss Marie Bullard left Tuesday for Chicago to attend the wedding of Mrs. Bullard's son, Dallas, and Miss Corinne Smith. They will return to San Francisco the first of this month.

Miss Bessie Ashton has returned from Shasta, where she has been the guest for the past two weeks of Miss Dorothy Chapman.

Captain and Mrs. Henry Bull and their daughter, Miss Marjorie Bull, who are now in London, will sail October 1 for San Francisco via theuez Canal, and will spend the winter here, where Miss Bull will be formally presented to society.

Mrs. Walton Hedges has planned to spend the next year in Paris, and will not return to San Francisco this winter, as she at first contemplated.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Lillian Goss, Mr. W. Hopkins, and Miss Florence Hopkins returned Monday from a motor trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers will return shortly from Blithedale, and will spend the winter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanderly Stow, Mrs. H. A. Ellis, and Mr. Ashfield Ellis Stow are at the Volcott in New York.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, and Miss Marian Newhall returned Saturday from Santa Barbara, where they spent the summer.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Ethel Crocker will leave shortly for Paris, where they are taken an apartment on the Place des Etats-Unis.

Miss Harriett Alexander has returned to Paris, after a visit of several weeks at Chantilly, where she was the guest of Mrs. Trevor Park.

Mrs. Amy Talbot and Miss Amalia Talbot, who have been abroad for several months, will sail for home October 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike have been spending part of the week at the Simpson home on Pacific avenue, prior to their departure for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will spend a month.

Mrs. George Cameron will leave shortly for New York, where she will meet her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, and her sister, Miss Kathleen de Young, on their return from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis are enjoying the pleasures of a visit to Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. William Wheeler has gone south to her

country home near San Diego, where she will spend about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. de Bolt (formerly Miss Elizabeth Rowan) have been spending a week here from their home at Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb, and Mr. Hanson Grubb are spending the week at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullen are enjoying a motor trip to Lake Tahoe and the surrounding country.

Mrs. Walter Hobart, who spent the summer months in Italy, will pass the winter in Paris.

Mrs. Walter Macfarlane of Honolulu, a sister of Princess Kawanakoa, is expected here shortly to spend part of the winter.

Miss Jennie Lee has been the guest for several days of Mrs. John McNear of Port Costa.

Miss Emily Johnson, who has been in Paris for the past year studying music, will return to her home here before the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. I. Laurence Pool and Mrs. George W. Gibbs have returned to San Francisco, after a sojourn at the Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo.

Miss Cornelia Kempf has been visiting friends in town for the past week, but will return in a few days to her home at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cornwall have been enjoying a visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin, and Miss Vera de Sabla left Monday for British Columbia, where they will visit relatives and friends.

Miss Ernestine McNear is expected to return from Europe next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bently spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boardman and Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson are touring through the Northwest. At present the party is at Banf.

Miss Marian Wise, who has been visiting Miss Ethel Crocker at her home, New Place, for several weeks, left Saturday with Mrs. Frederick Beaver and traveled with her as far as Reno, where she joined her aunt, Mrs. Francis Newlands.

Miss Margery Knight is the guest of Mrs. Robert Knight since her return from Manila. She will leave for her home in Rochester, New York, next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Baldwin arrived from Honolulu this week, and are at the Fairmont Hotel for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, Miss Dorothy K. Fries, and Mr. Frank H. Fries are again permanently settled at the Fairmont Hotel, after an absence abroad of nine months. Miss Lucie Seller has come with them as their guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld and Mrs. Florence Schloss, who have been touring Europe the past four months, arrived Monday evening and are again at their residence, 1809 California Street.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Captain and Mrs. Charles King, Pasadena; Mr. George von Ache, Los Angeles; Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Topham, Mr. J. W. Adams, Mr. F. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Kellogg, San Francisco.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, during the week included Mr. J. C. Feige, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Skafte, Miss Lola Schenberg, Mr. Bruce Fair, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rogers (Oakland), Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Heastand, Mr. A. H. Otte, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Copelin, Mr. D. W. King, Mr. R. Knighton.

Striking grave-diggers in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise recently called attention to the largest of Paris burial grounds and one that is said to harbor more celebrities than any other cemetery in the world. Few of the tombs, however, possess much artistic merit. "Weight is their chief peculiarity," writes Augustus Hare, "and all the monuments look as if each family had tried to pile up as much marble as possible upon their deceased relatives." To foreign visitors the offerings on some of the graves constitute the most interesting feature. Children's graves are often strewn with fruit and sweets, and those of adults with more substantial food. Bottles of wine are also seen, and one hereafter parent leaves a potato salad on his son's tombstone every Sunday.

"New Orleans" has been inscribed thousands of times upon hotel registers throughout the country as the address of travelers, but it is to vanish for a period of four years. During that time New Orleans is to have a new name. Its first appearance in Chicago was reported when Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Feingold registered at the Congress Hotel and after their names neatly stamped with a rubber pad "Logical Point, 1915." Their explanation was that New Orleans wants the Panama Canal Exposition to be held there and loyal residents traveling over the country are taking the rubber stamps with them as an advertising scheme. New Orleans is now "Logical Point."

At the recent Newport Horse Show, one of the first animals to be led into the ring was billed as "Mary Garden" (remarks the *Musical Courier*). It was a magnificent steed, harehacked, of course, and wearing only little blue ribbons on its mane.

Policeman—Hi! What are you doing up that ladder? Husband (returning late)—Hush! I'm only seeing if my wife is already asleep.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Geo. Haas & Sons' Candies.

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Karlsbad Scenes and Changes.

In a letter to London *Sketch* from the famous German health resort the writer pictures some familiar scenes with new zest, and adds a pleasing reminiscence:

"The one unvarying subject of conversation this year at Karlsbad is the all-round rise in prices. There has been a general advance, not only in the prices of rooms at the fashionable hotels, but in the rates charged at the more modest lodging-houses. For the same two rooms I occupy this year, and for which I pay seventy kronen a week, I paid but forty kronen in 1896. When I first visited Karlsbad the usual fee asked by all the doctors for the care of a patient during the three weeks of his 'cure' was the equivalent of three guineas. Now some of the doctors ask 'two guineas' for a single visit. The usual fee, however, for a man who goes to see his doctor instead of asking his doctor to visit him, is twenty kronen for the first consultation and ten for every subsequent one—a crown being the equivalent of a franc. If one is content to dine at the modest restaurants in the town, one still obtains a wonderful meal for three kronen, but the à la carte prices at the fashionable restaurants are now at Parisian level. Only the price of the roses remains the same. I used to give twopenny for a rosebud every morning twenty years ago, and I pay the same price now.

"The flower market at Karlsbad is a beautiful sight, and of a morning the scent of the roses perfumes all the lower portion of the town, where the steamy little river flows past hospitals and bathhouses and the little stadt-park. One picturesque feature of the town which is disappearing is the gathering of a morning of the Polish Jews, clad in their distinctive national garments. Hard by the stalls where the roses are sold, the elders of the synagogues used to sit, fine old fellows, in gaherdines and silk caps, with flowing beards and two long curls which hung one in front of each ear. The women-folk of these picturesque Hebrews also wore a distinctive handsome costume and much heavy gold jewelry. The Jews still crowd to the Jewish capital, which is one of the flourishing charities of the town, but a round felt hat has replaced the silk cap, the men's curls are gradually disappearing, and a long black great-coat has taken the place of the gaherdine. The Polish Jewesses now resemble the other ladies of their faith all the world over. This merging of individuality has deprived the Karlsbad of today of some of its picturesque features.

"The great Catholic cathedral-church of Karlsbad lies deep in the valley, but on one of the hills which border the vale of healing the gilded domes of the Russian church and the spire of the English one are very prominent features. The English church is, at the present time, sadly in need of restoration, and the members of the committee who propose to raise funds for this object are confronted by many difficulties. The church is, to all appearance, a most solid edifice, stone below and brick above, and it was thought that a few hundred pounds would suffice to pay for all necessary alterations and repairs; but when a competent architect had examined the building he reported that the necessary work would cost thousands and not hundreds of pounds. Many rich people of the Church of England go yearly to Karlsbad, but they are birds of passage only, and it is difficult to interest them in the church of a town where they only stay for three weeks. Such a slice of good fortune as came to the organizers of the first building fund for the church at Karlsbad would he very welcome now.

"When, in the 'seventies, the project of building an Anglo-American church in Karlsbad first took definite form, the chaplain of the time, to stimulate the flow of subscriptions, called for volunteers to form a choir and to organize a concert. Willing helpers came forward, and the chaplain had a sufficiency of names for his concert when a quiet little lady in brown called on him and offered to sing. The chaplain explained to her that his list was already a superabundant one, but that if she would kindly give him her name, he would remember it should a vacancy occur. The quiet little lady said that, when she used to sing professionally, her name was Jenny Lind, and the chaplain nearly fell off his chair with astonishment and gratitude. A Jenny Lind concert to aid the church was advertised, and the great room of the Kursaal was packed to its fullest extent, a vast crowd, for which there was no room, standing outside the building, hoping to hear, through the open windows, the sound of the great prima donna's voice. A lady who, had she been an Anglican, might have done for the English church of today what Jenny Lind did many years ago, Mme. Adelina Patti, has been in Karlsbad this summer; but, unfortunately, she belongs to another division of the great Christian church.

"Karlsbad is beginning to empty, and the sound which heralds the close of the season—the heating of the mattresses before they are put away for the winter—is already making itself heard. The Emperor of Austria's birthday marks the commencement of the

final mouth of the Karlsbad season, and on that day the tradesmen of the town and their families begin to drink the waters, taking their three weeks' 'cure' before going back to Prague or Vienna. The fourth week is occupied in packing up their goods, and by the middle of September Karlsbad seems to shrivel up into a dull little provincial town."

Dick Stone, conceded the finest bulldog in the world, and for which his owner, Walter Jeffries, refused \$60,000 only a few weeks ago, died in London a few days ago. He was a grandson of Rodney Stone, for which Richard Croker was reported to have paid \$50,000, and was the dog which Lord Charles Beresford mostly used to create the famous battleship strain.

William Burress, the comedian, is the principal figure in Oliver Herford's new adaptation from the French, "Con & Co." The piece was produced a few days ago in Washington.

Berkeley Consultation Hours, Saturday 1:30 to 4:30 and by appointment

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2446 Channing Way (Bldg) Berkeley 17

Investment Oil Company Notice of Stockholders' Meeting

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to a warrant dated September 20th, 1910, duly issued by Hon. W. H. Smith, Jr., Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under and pursuant to the provisions of Section 311 of the Civil Code of said State, a meeting of the INVESTMENT OIL COMPANY, a corporation, and of the stockholders thereof, to be held on Monday, the 10th day of October, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., at the office of the undersigned, No. 216 Pine Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors of said corporation, and the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the said meeting.

Dated, September 20th, 1910.

DANIEL MEYER.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Will ye loan me yer bike, Jimmie?" "I dassent loan it to ye, 'cos it aint mine, but I guess maybe it'd be all right to rent it to ye."—*Life*.

"Then you think you won no permanent place in her heart?" "I'm just a notch on her parol handle; that's all."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"That's queer." "What is?" "Eighteen people waited on me and urged me to run for office this year, and only eleven voted for me."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Fother—Politeness costs nothing, sir. Son—I don't know, dad. Try putting 'Your obedient servant' on the bottom of a telegram."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Well, I think the doctor is about through with me. Told me my ailment is practically cured." "What did you have?" "Two hundred dollars, originally."—*Pittsburg Post*.

Mrs. X—Do you intend to stay away long this summer? Mrs. Y—I don't know just how long. I shall stay \$500 at the seaside and \$300 at the mountains.—*Boston Transcript*.

"The course of true love doesn't always run smooth," sighed the young widow. "That's right," rejoined the old bachelor. "Sometimes it ends in marriage."—*Chicago Daily News*.

Dick—I know a girl who accepts rings from men she doesn't know. Cloro—I don't believe it. How could she? Dick—Why, she has to, you know; she's a telephone girl.—*Boston Courier*.

"I hear that young Spendit is going the pace that kills." "Yes. He only got his racing automobile last month, and already he has been indicted for homicide."—*Baltimore American*.

"Why did you tell me you were working your way through college?" "I am." "But nobody seems to know about it." "Certainly not; my work consists of getting money from dad."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Is your suburb healthful?" "No, old chap, it aint. My wife lost her voice as soon as we moved out here, and—" "What's the price of the lot next to yours?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Morrison—I bet the man who ran his automobile over Snodgrass is sorry. Harrison—Why do you think so? Morrison—Snodgrass was wearing a scarfpin that punctured the fellow's tire.—*Chicago News*.

The Passenger—Your charge is exorbitant. I refuse to pay it. The Taxicoboy—if you don't pay it I'll take you to the police station. The Passenger—That suits me. I am the police court prosecutor.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Well, Missus Mulcahey, Oi see be the pappers Danny's been discharged from the pinitinchery," observed Mrs. O'Hooligan. "Yiss," sighed Mrs. Mulcahey. "Danny niver could hold anny koind of a job."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Young Wife (in a passion)—I'm going home to my mother! Husband (calmly)—Very good; here's money for your railway fare. Wife (after counting it)—But that isn't enough for a return ticket.—*Every Woman's Magazine*.

Lady Exhibitor (ot close of baby show)—But good gracious! This is not my baby, sir! Check-Taker—Very sorry, madam; it's the last left. The checks got mixed up somehow. But I'll take care it shan't occur again.—*Boston Herald*.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband. "I'm looking for a small man with one eye." "Well, ma'am," replied the polite shopwalker, "if he's a very small man, maybe you'd better use both eyes."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Pshaw!" scornfully ejaculated the fond mother. "What do you know about babies?" "Very little," humbly acknowledged the bachelor who had ventured an opinion, "except that some years ago I had considerable practice at being one."—*Puck*.

"Yes," said Miss Pasay, "I found a very nice boarding-house today, but the only room they had to offer me had a folding bed in it, and I detest those things." "Of course," remarked Miss Pert, "one can never hope to find a man under a folding bed."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"You don't seem anxious to meet this millionaire." "I met a millionaire here last season," explained the summer girl, "and he wouldn't even buy an ice-cream cone. Could you introduce me to some young chap who has come to the beach with \$200 saved up?"—*Kansas City Journal*.

"Now," said the architect, who was putting the finishing touches upon Mr. Nurich's residence, "what color do you prefer for the parlor decorations?" "Oh! they've got to be red," replied Nurich. "My wife's got a red

plush photograph album that always sets on the parlor table."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

Ferrald—I can't get any speed out of that motor-car you sold me. You told me you had been arrested six times in it. Hobart—So I was, old chap; for obstructing the highway.—*Tit-Bits*.

"How was the day's fishing?" "A failure." "Didn't the fish bite?" "There were plenty of fish, but Jim Culver dropped our only flask in a ten-foot pool and then we all came away."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Scribbler—I understand your wife is of great value to you in your work; I had no idea she was literary. Scrivener—She isn't, but she never attempts to straighten out my desk.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mrs. Neighbors—They tell me your son is in the college football eleven? Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, indeed! Mrs. Neighbors—Do you know what position he plays? Mrs. Malaprop I aint sure, but I think he's one of the draw-backs.—*Chicago News*.

"I thought you said this bathing suit was in fast colors," said Binks indignantly to the bathing master of whom he had bought his dollar suit that morning. "Yes, sir, that's what I said," returned the bathing master. "Well, every blessed stripe on the blooming

thing has come off on my back," retorted Binks. "Ah, but wait until you try to get 'em off your back," smiled the bathing master suavely. "Then you'll see."—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Mistress—Bridget, I must object to your having a new beau every night. The Cook—Thin buy better food! One'll niver come again wance he's tackled what I have 't serve him!—*Cleveland Leader*.

"That man doesn't own an auto and has no chance of ever buying one." "What makes you say that?" "It's easy to tell. Didn't you see how heartily he laughed when he saw his friend's auto stalled in the mud?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Why do you watch the baseball bulletins so carefully?" asked one woman. "My husband is an enthusiast over the game," replied the other. "I make it a rule never to discuss household or millinery expenses with him except on days when the home team wins."—*Washington Star*.

"Waiter," grumbled a customer, "I should like to know the meaning of this. Yesterday I was served with a portion of pudding twice this size." "Indeed, sir!" rejoined the waiter. "Where did you sit?" "By the window." "Oh, that accounts for it. We always give people by the window large portions. It's an advertisement!"—*Tit-Bits*.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Secret of Municipal Vitality.

In ten years Detroit, Michigan, has grown from the thirteenth to the eighth place in the relative importance of American cities. Various theories are advanced to explain the gain of Detroit over Milwaukee, Buffalo, St. Louis, and other communities. Its natural conditions are in no wise better; its relation to commercial channels is not more important. The truth is that Detroit has had for ten years a notably efficient municipal government. The movement started by the late Mayor Pingree has been consistently sustained. Manufactures have come to Detroit, and largely on this account. Capital has been safe there. Labor conditions have been fairly adjusted. Social conditions have been decent and secure. All this accounts for the concentration in and about Detroit of automobile and other large manufacturing interests. And by the same token, absence of all these conditions explains why San Francisco instead of going ahead in an industrial sense conspicuously losing ground. Capital will not ven-

ture where it is subject to the hazards of bad politics, arbitrary labor control, and the ten thousand forms of social disturbance which rest upon these conditions.

The Panama-Pacific Project.

San Francisco's campaign for the Panama-Pacific Exposition has reached a stage where a supreme effort is required to turn a bright dream into a reality. And perhaps it may stimulate public interest to run over the facts and considerations, as they illustrate the necessity for earnest and coöperative action.

The idea of a world's fair in San Francisco is not new. It came originally in the form of a suggestion that it was due on the part of San Francisco, as the chief city of the Pacific American States, that it should in some signal manner celebrate the completion of a great work calculated to revolutionize the Pacific world—to carry forward to the point of universal justification Mr. Seward's prophecy that this western ocean is destined to be the theatre of great events. It was immediately after the St. Louis exposition of 1903 that this idea was first presented, and it will be recalled that it met with instant approval on the part of leading citizens, attested by the formal concurrence of civic and commercial bodies. The conception had ripened into a plan prior to the disaster of 1906, a plan so concretely developed as already to have invited coöperation on the part of the State legislature. We review this history because it is not without its bearing upon a later project for a fair at San Diego in 1915 in exploitation of the completed Panama Canal, and the still more recent appearance of New Orleans as a competitor with San Francisco for exposition privileges and honors.

The first and largest motive for the exposition project rests, as we have already suggested, upon the sentimental necessity for emphasizing an event of great importance. This motive is natural in the world's progress; it springs from the same impulse which prompts the celebration of victorious achievements, and which universally marks great occasions by ceremonies expressive of joy and congratulation. The obligation of San Francisco in the matter has seemed imperative, as the city most immediately and directly interested—as the city, indeed, which traditionally and almost exclusively stands throughout the world as the representative of the American interest in the Pacific Ocean. But there are other considerations. California is still relatively a new country with the needs of a new country. We have recognized this year after year in our efforts to exhibit to the world the potentiality and the charm of our resources and the need for men and means to carry forward their development. It has been a fixed policy of the State to expend considerable sums in one way or another in enterprises of exploitation; and it has seemed to leading men among us that here in the opening of the Panama Canal, an achievement of world-wide significance in its relation to commerce and progress, and at the same time an achievement to which we stand peculiarly related, we have an occasion for doing by wholesale what we have been doing by piecemeal. There has, too, been a natural wish to invite the attention of the world to what has been done with a practically untouched country in a single generation by American enterprise, aided by the facilities with which science and invention have endowed modern life. More recently there has been another motive—one which though entirely local to San Francisco and California may still be presented without apology. Our city, since this celebration was first proposed, has suffered a disaster unmatched in the world's history. In one way or another this great incident cost us a thousand millions of dollars. We have not allowed grief for our losses nor the impotence which so often comes from loss of fortune and blasting of hopes to limit

our energies. Do we seem to boast in saying that San Francisco under the blight of disaster took heart from misfortune, girded up her loins and went at the business of reconstruction with an energy that has made a new mark in the record of human courage and achievement? Having done what we have done, having substituted for a wilderness of desolation and broken walls a city nobler and fairer than that which was taken from us, it is neither unnatural nor unreasonable, nor beyond the calculations of a worthy pride, that we should wish to show to the world our beautiful and splendid new San Francisco.

It is with no wish to speak in criticism of another community that we voice San Francisco's profound surprise that New Orleans at the late day of her entry into the competition should have presented herself as a candidate for exposition privileges. It has seemed to us that all the proprieties, all the considerations of reason and sentiment, have been with us. In our view the official celebration of the completed Panama Canal in any other city than San Francisco would be a thing out of reason, out of place. No special suggestion, historical, sentimental, or otherwise, points to New Orleans. Every suggestion—every argument—points to San Francisco.

It is an imperative necessity that an exposition international in its pretensions and character should have the indorsement and coöperation of the government. Without these aids it is useless to appeal to foreign countries or to foreign exhibitors. San Francisco has asked the government at Washington for recognition not with the hope of financial aid, but for the moral support involved in official recognition. At the threshold of the national capital we encountered a competitor in New Orleans. The government was embarrassed and sought to let the competition work out its own solution partly through delay and partly by the imposition of conditions. It was suggested by a congressional committee that the competing cities should make a showing of financial competence for the project in view, it being intimated that the sum of \$7,500,000 ought to be provided as a guaranty fund. San Francisco's answer to this demand was prompt and even dramatic. She raised the sum of \$5,000,000 practically in one day by responsible individual subscriptions. Within a hundred days she had practically raised the entire sum. We venture to declare that in view of all the circumstances no community in the history of the world has ever made so notable a contribution in behalf of a sentimental obligation and a legitimate pride. The answer of New Orleans to the demand of Congress was certainly less notable. She raised \$1,000,000 by subscription. She has further submitted a proposition for a State guaranty to the extent of \$6,500,000, but as yet this proposal is in the air. The State of Louisiana will, however, in one way or another, assist liberally. In addition Texas has taken steps for a liberal grant of aid to New Orleans, and other contiguous States will undoubtedly help in a large way. New Orleans will have the backing in Congress of the whole South, and she will have a further powerful support from the several railway systems with which she is directly connected.

As matters stand it is a case where money will talk. There is need for us in our appeal to Congress to stand in a strong financial position; for upon this point the necessary recognition of Congress is apparently contingent. It was in response to the necessity for an overwhelming show of financial strength that Governor Gillett was recently induced, quite against his inclination, to assemble the State legislature in special session. The State legislature could not, indeed, owing to constitutional limitations, levy a direct tax in aid of the exposition, but it did have the power to submit a proposition to the voters of the State authorizing such a

tax. One result of the special session was a constitutional amendment authorizing a levy of five mills to be collected in installments over a period of four years. Another result was the proposal of a constitutional amendment authorizing San Francisco to so modify her charter that she might, upon vote of her citizens, authorize an issue of bonds in aid of the exposition in the sum of \$5,000,000. These two proposals taken together are planned to yield \$10,000,000, and this sum added to the \$7,500,000 already individually subscribed will make a grand total of \$17,500,000.

It is now up to the people of California and of San Francisco to give or withhold their assent to these proposals. And there is no need to say what the response should be. The dignity, the credit, the pride of California are involved in the issue. Large as are the amounts asked for, the individual demand is not serious enough to justify hesitation. The people ought and undoubtedly they will by practically unanimous voice provide the resource for this great project. Even under this special levy the State rate of taxation will be lower than that of many another State. California has no State debt; and, thanks to recent careful administration of her affairs, the rate even with this addition will be lower than it has been in past years. Furthermore, the levy is a comprehensive one, covering every species of property. There are no exemptions under any scheme of adjustment or apportionment, this point having been specially guarded through the scrutiny of Senator Curtin.

In politics and in ordinary geographical affairs California is not free from factions, but when it comes to a matter of State interest, State loyalty, and State pride, there are no divisions among us. In such crises California speaks with one voice.

The Progress of Hadji Kiram.

Economics have done for the Sultan of Sulu what the missionaries could not achieve and what the United States government could only essay by stealth—they have taught him that polygamy is a mistake. Solomon, the wisest of men, concluded after a larger experience with matrimony than even Hadji Kiram has suffered, that all is vanity; but the lord of the Sulu archipelago is not prepared to go quite so far as that, though entirely sound on the main point. Formerly, that is before the Americans came to reform him, the Sultan married as many women as he pleased, or whether he pleased them or not; and then, when it came to meeting expenses, he had only to direct the pearl fishers of his pelagic kingdom to hand over a few more bags of gems. Costumes were simple then and the brides lived on rice and fish. When Sulu became American, however, Hadji Kiram was led to forego his pearl privilege for a pension of \$125 per month. Soon after this, to make matters worse, the ladies of the family got their first glimpse of the foreign fashions. The latest things in hats and hose came in, and when one royal wife insisted on a promenade in a picture hat and clockwork stockings, there was no holding the rest back. The Sultan made the familiar complaint about the higher cost of living, but it did him no good. Womankind is the same at heart in Sulu as elsewhere; and the result is that the dusky prince has convinced himself that if marriage is not, *per se*, a failure, multi-marriage assuredly is. It showed a tie that binds men of all races when he said the other day, with real pathos in his voice: "I believe it is best now to have but one wife. An abundance of wives makes one a lot poorer and in other ways causes much trouble." And many there are who will echo the refrain: "It does!"

Having reached this philosophic Nirvana, Hadji Kiram shows his capacity to profit by all its lessons; for instead of having one wife to support, he wants to get rid of her and obtain another who will support him. Plainly the usages of society have not been lost on this provincial satrap, nor need he feel any deficiencies of standard in the presence, even, of European aristocracy. An American wife has long been his ambition, like theirs; he even asked Alice Roosevelt to enter his listless harem and give it a touch of the strenuous life, but a previous engagement prevented. Now he leaves the harem out of the calculation—at least he keeps it out of sight—while he goes about searching for the American woman with a million. Gossip says that he hopes to find her in California.

Perhaps he may. There have been precedents here, and while no California title-seeker has yet crossed the color line, there have been instances which suggest the praise of the poor negro auntie of the white preacher

who had sent her a side of bacon, that though his skin may be white his heart was just as black as hers.

Rout of the "Old Guard,"

The breakdown of the "Old Guard" in New York, while dramatically emphasized by proceedings in the Saratoga convention on Tuesday, is far from being an event of a day or of a few weeks. Nor is it the victory of any one man. The Old Guard broke itself down through the degeneracies of its political practice, which were brought to conspicuous public notice in the administration of Governor Odell. Since that time the Old Guard has steadily lost ground. The most marked decline in its practical powers came with the retirement of the Roosevelt administration, for during that administration the so-called Federal brigade, made up of Federal officeholders in New York State, stood in full working coöperation with the machine. Even now most of the conspicuous members of the Old Guard are or were holders of office through appointment at the hands of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Woodruff was made chairman of the State committee at the behest of Mr. Roosevelt, then President. Mr. Barnes is surveyor of the Port of Albany, appointed by Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Merritt was appointed postmaster at Washington and collector at Niagara Falls by Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. O'Brien was made collector at Plattsburgh by Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Hendricks was made superintendent of insurance by Mr. Roosevelt while he (Roosevelt) was governor of New York. Mr. Ward was made a member of the national committee with Mr. Roosevelt's approval and consent. Mr. Wadsworth was made speaker of the assembly upon the direct advice of Mr. Roosevelt. The incident tending most signally to weaken the hold of the Old Guard was its course last March in endeavoring to sustain State Senator Allds, a notorious bribe-taker, in opposition to universal moral sentiment headed by Governor Hughes. Then and there the Old Guard dug the pit into which just now it has fallen. Since the Allds incident, more than six months ago, the Old Guard has not had a ghost of a chance to retain its old-time domination of New York Republican politics.

It could be wished that the inevitable end might have come about through less sensational circumstances—circumstances in themselves less of a shock to old-time sensibilities, circumstances less calculated to weaken the party at the polls. The spectacle of an ex-President of the United States playing a leading part in a hot political "scrap" after the manner and by the precise methods of a ward boss, is not an edifying one. It is impossible to think of Washington, or Lincoln, or Grant, or Cleveland, going into such a fight, boasting that he would "beat 'em to a frazzle." And, too, it was wholly unnecessary. President Taft had already sealed the doom of the disreputable Old Guard in withholding from it the support of the national administration. Patronage is the food upon which that kind of politics exists and without which it can not possibly endure. Therefore, when President Taft, reversing the policy of his predecessor, declined to coöperate with the Old Guard he knocked from under it a prop essential to its support. Mr. Roosevelt came into the situation in time to jump on board the band-wagon and seize the reins. But nobody knows better than he that, left to his own devices, he would have been powerless; nobody knows better than he that the victory, in the limited sense that it is a personal one, belongs not to him but to Mr. Taft. Nor is the spectacle of an ex-President glorying in a petty political triumph and organizing a party campaign as if the party were his personal possession a pleasant one. If there must be bosses in politics, it would at least be seemly to exempt from service in this connection men who have carried the highest official honors of the republic.

But Mr. Roosevelt has elected to make himself the active and practical head of the Republican organization in New York State. He has presided over the State convention; he has named its committees; he has defined its platform of policies; he has dictated the candidates; he, and he alone, is the machine. This situation involves tremendous responsibilities. It has come about through a bitter quarrel which might easily have been avoided; likewise it has come about at a time when the New York Democrats appear to have come to a harmonious state of coöperation. The victory at Albany, if it may be so called, is far from being a triumph in November. The fight to come will be an up-hill fight; it will call for a campaign of extraordi-

nary energy and resource. Mr. Roosevelt even his severest critics will admit, has energy enough, but has he in command the other essentials? Has he the judgment, the self-control, the capacity, to calmly gather together and firmly hold the ten thousand threads of influence and authority essential to the conduct of a systematic and effective campaign? We very much doubt it. Then such a campaign as must be waged will require a considerable resource of money, for it costs money to do even legitimate things in politics. A Mr. Roosevelt surely knows. Where will the money come from? Mr. Harriman, once Mr. Roosevelt's "practical" friend and almoner, is no more. Where can Mr. Roosevelt look for contributions? As somebody has already remarked, the "interests" will not converge upon the *Outlook* office with satchels of currency or with fat checks. It is going to be, as the *New York Times* recently prophesied, a lean year for workers in politics, and without work, and a whole lot of it, there is danger that the victory of Saratoga may turn into a rout at the polls.

The Local Tyranny of Labor.

Two young men who know how to operate moving pictures bought a nickelodeon on upper Market Street this city, and went to work in it to earn a living. A capital they had was put into the enterprise. The took turns at running the picture machine and hire union labor for the rest; but being proprietors, they could not join the union themselves. All went well for awhile, and then the San Francisco Labor Council served them notice that they must resign from their own employ as operators and hire union men instead. True, they might still be proprietors and stand around and enjoy the honor and sign the checks, but if they had the temerity to do any work in their own place of business for which union men could be employed, they would be boycotted. It did not suit the young men to resign, so the boycott began. A ragged sandwich man with a placard declaring the place to be "unfair" because it employed non-union men appeared in front of the nickelodeon and walked up and down. Undoubtedly he kept a good many people out; though some folk who had enough independence of character left went in to see the show and help the proprietors.

The latter, still employing union men and being debarred by the rules of the union from joining that body themselves, had nothing to do but fight for their business existence, and accordingly they put out a poster reading as follows:

On April 14, 1910, Robert J. Cross and Jack High (sole owners) bought all rights, title, interest, etc., in this theatre and since that time one partner operates the picture machine in the daytime and the other partner operates them in the night.

Now comes the San Francisco Labor Council, who says that we can't operate our own machines, and because we refuse to take on their men they classify us as being unfair.

We do not employ any non-union men here—and this being a free country, and as we have our own money invested here we have a right to run our own business.

If we put on men to do the work we are now doing ourselves, we will be compelled to go out and work elsewhere to get enough money to pay their salaries.

Is this giving us a square deal?

Unions came into being to protect labor from the supposed encroachments of capital—its exactions and petty tyrannies, so-called; but we recall no instance of where capital, at its worst, more callously violates the common principles of fair play than labor does in this instance. Can one imagine a group of large dealers undertaking to expel a small competitor from business because he does not belong to their trust and can not get in, by putting a patrol in front of his store to denounce and misrepresent him and warn his customers away? The ethics are the same in both cases: the actual and the hypothetical; yet if capital attempts such a thing the persecuted concern would not appear in vain either to the public or the civil law. The people would make the matter their own; the case would be carried into the courts and, if necessary, into politics; and in the end the principle that this is a free country where any man may do as he pleases so long as he pleases to do right would have a much-needed vindication.

In New York there is a law under which the courts have construed the offense of patrolling or picketing a place of business, thus constituting a labor boycott, as "a combination in restraint of trade." Under it nobody can lawfully stand in front of a business place and denounce it as "unfair" either by speech or placard. It is a good law, representing a sound principle and

just and typical American policy; and it is one into which the Cartwright law of this State should be strengthened. Otherwise California, to the extent which the domination of organized labor spreads, will cease to be a free State and become a mere ground of exploitation for a labor oligarchy as tyrannical and oppressive as it is corrupt and ignorant.

The Democratic "Galaxy."

Events within the past few months and particularly within the past few weeks tend mightily to fortify Democratic hopes in connection with the next presidency. Manifestly, the country is at outs with the Republican party, distrustful alike of its leaders, of its intentions, of its will to carry out its pledges, even of its capacity to do so. But it is by no means certain that where the Republican party has lost favor the Democratic party has gained it. We see no indication of growing confidence in Democracy. Rather there appears a situation in which the country has lost faith in everything political. The muckrakers have robbed the American character of its distinctive and traditional faith in the essential worthiness, in the ultimate good outcome of things in the political sphere.

But however this may be, popular disfavor towards the Republican party comes at a time when Democracy has, to a degree at least, been purged of its more notable follies, and when it has rejected a leadership which now for some years has been dragging it through a slough of despond. It comes, too, at a time when the party has not only one but three men conspicuously competent through established character to carry the banner of party faith and promise with reasonable assurances of approval and respect. This is a rare situation, for in recent years it has seemed that among its striking needs Democracy has above all things needed a leader, a man upon whom the confidence of the country might be placed on the score of sanity, capacity, high individual responsibility.

The Hon. Judson Harmon of Ohio, who is conspicuously in the public mind as a possible nominee, is a striking and even commanding figure. He is the right age, a year or two past sixty, is a lawyer of distinction, and has behind him a fine record of political and administrative successes. He has shared with Mr. Taft the honors of professional leadership in Ohio this fifteen or twenty years past, and like Mr. Taft he has seen notable service in a presidential Cabinet. In the last Cleveland administration he was called to the attorney-generalship, so carrying himself in it as to win not only the commendation of lawyers, but the approval of the general public. He is that rare quality of man capable of turning from official to private life without loss of prestige; for, after his retirement from the Cleveland Cabinet, he fell back into professional practice naturally, gracefully, successfully. Two years ago he was called to the governorship of Ohio, beating the Republican candidate (Harris) by a plurality of 19,372, in the same election which gave the Republican candidate for the presidency (Taft) a plurality of 69,591. In the governorship Judge Harmon's public character has distinctly grown, for while an avowed candidate for the presidency he has dodged no responsibility, evaded no duty, however calculated to damage his presidential prospects. Only a few weeks ago in the matter of street-car riots in Cleveland he dealt with a vexed situation with a firm hand, quite regardless of possible political consequences. He is a man who is not afraid, and as always happens where there is an exhibition of real courage, he has gained favor by resolution and firmness. Now Governor Harmon is again a candidate for the Ohio governorship under conditions which promise reelection. And if he should be reelected, his prestige as a presidential candidate will be vastly enhanced. All the circumstances are in his favor and his personal character and his individual poise match the circumstances. In truth, Judge Harmon, viewed from the Democratic standpoint, is an ideal man for the presidency; viewed from the Republican standpoint, he is a safe and sane man. His nomination would rally the old-time, so-called constitutional Democrats, this probably without alienating that element which in recent years has accepted the Bryan leadership. His candidacy would not alarm the country, since he is more conservative than many among the more progressive leaders of Republicanism.

In Mayor Gaynor the Democratic party has another man whose name commands universal respect. Judge Gaynor has long been a champion of clean politics

and clean administrative procedures in the pivotal State of New York. He has been called a political judge, but his politics has never hurt his judicial character. His nomination for the mayoralty of New York last year combined all elements of the Democracy and even commanded the support of multitudes of Republicans, while his career in the mayor's office has made a new record for honesty and efficiency. While a Democrat, he has not been a rank partisan. He is fully in harmony with the spirit which puts individual integrity above party affiliation, and he has so carried out this principle in his reorganization of the New York municipal government as to win universal commendation. Practically there is one objection to Mayor Gaynor as a presidential candidate, and that is his open and bitter enmity with Mr. William Randolph Hearst, who in spite of all that may be said against him is the leading journalistic force in the world of Democratic politics. Mr. Hearst's strength lies chiefly in New York, and it would probably be exerted in opposition to Mayor Gaynor, although there is always the chance of reconciliation and compromise. Assuming that Gaynor and Hearst can "get together," the former would be a most effective candidate for the presidency in 1912.

The third figure in the Democratic galaxy is Professor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, president of Princeton University. Wilson is that much discussed figure, the scholar in politics. He has not, indeed, seen notable service in political life, although he has long been known as a political thinker and as a bold preacher of righteousness in the political sphere. He comes, too, from a State which it is exceedingly desirable to conciliate, a State so closely identified geographically and otherwise with New York as to make him practically a figure in New York as well as in home politics. Professor Wilson has recently been nominated for the governorship by the New Jersey Democrats, under circumstances which make his candidacy a hopeful one. If he should be elected it would go far to strengthen the claims of his supporters that he is not only a theoretically but a practically suitable man for the presidential nomination. The one objection against him is the general distrust of college men in the political world. This might not, probably would not, hurt him in the extreme East, but it would surely be a disadvantage in the West, where college professors are commonly regarded as men of theory rather than men of practical and working force.

Much of course will depend upon the result of the November elections. If the Democrats should succeed in capturing the House of Representatives, which now seems more than likely, it will amazingly stimulate Democratic prospects, and give vital interest to the leading party figures now so prominently before the public. Yet it is to be remembered that Democratic success in non-presidential years is not the certain promise of Democratic success in presidential years. Again and again it has happened that a Republican slump in off years has been the signal for party cohesion in the immediate period to follow. It is further to be remembered that the Democratic party has seemed in times past to have a sort of genius for blundering. Almost invariably when times and circumstances have appeared propitious it has exhibited an infirmity of judgment, an inherent incapacity for considered and effective policies. It is a party made up of heterogeneous elements, a party exceedingly difficult to bring to any line of consistent and coöperative practice. Its habits have so long been adjusted to negation and opposition, it has so gathered to itself the elements of political criticism and protest, that it finds it hard to turn about, even in great and hopeful crises, to meet the necessity for combined and sustained courses.

How Martin "Got His."

When former Chief Martin of the San Francisco police force is ten years older he will be five years wiser and will probably know that getting caught in carrying out the policy of shady bosses assures a martyrdom at their hands which is as useful to a bad cause as it could possibly be to a good one.

A grafting city administration, if it wants a long tenure, must know when to draw in and denounce as well as when to reach out and seize. In the day of the Blind Boss more than one police captain was reduced on occasion and more than one ostentatious raid made on the tenderloin for the moral effect on the easy-going citizen and voter. For a city official to be caught, then, and publicly exposed, except in the cases

of the grafters higher up, was to be put in the rogues' pillory. And so now. San Francisco has already seen McCarthy's former friend Flannery in that ignoble bondage. The mayor could afford to sacrifice him after the public's suspicions of the man had been confirmed; and he can afford to sacrifice the unfortunate Martin now. In the latter case it is cheaper to make an example of him, and confuse the moral perceptions of the well-meaning but not over-sagacious best citizen than to seriously attack the form of vice which the late chief was publicly found to have encouraged.

Chief Martin, though making the usual declaration of official virtue which he began his work under McCarthy and Flannery, proceeded at once to raise the lid. He had been given to understand that San Francisco, under the blessing of the city government which came as a spiritual afterbirth from Schmitz and Ruef, would become the "Paris of America." And he felt that no inconsiderable part of the preparatory work would fall upon him. So he went on blithely to his congenial task, and he is able to say now, half in exultation and half in grief: "P. H. got his Paris; now see what I get."

There is no room to doubt in either case. "P. H.," as the mayor is known to his confederates, has surely got his Paris. We wish him joy of it. Not for nothing did the siren of rank who once owned the Hope diamonds come here to sit at the gateways of a leprous vice and take toll of youth. Not for nothing does a jaded "society" go to the beach for revelries that the law condemns and at which common decency stands aghast. The Moulin Rouge is here. The Chorus Girls' Ball is coming. A pretty and innocent girl can hardly walk alone in certain streets without being ogled or accosted. Downtown apartment houses are full of solicitation to and by the worst classes; not all of them, but there are enough to put the good ones on their guard. The French restaurants are back to their old estate—up stairs. Over all this the sensibilities of decent citizens have become aroused, and there is peril of a moral awakening that may, if it gets a start, as the Parkhurst crusade did in New York, begin to cement good men in a common cause of reform and compel grand juries to do the work for which they are sworn. If McCarthy is to save his face, something must be done. Of course our "Paris of America" must not be abolished. What are we here for? But the man who has been caught in the act of letting boys and girls revel in saloons far into the night, beyond the legal hour even for music there, it will be easy enough to lay him on the altar of public morality in the hope that the people may accept that sacrifice in place of reform. So Martin "got his." And so long as the decent men and women of this city permit divided counsels to stay the reforming hand, so long as they tolerate the under-world which McCarthy has built and called by the name of Paris, so surely will they "get theirs."

Editorial Notes.

After five years of the direct primary, initiative, referendum, recall, and all the rest of it, Oregon has practically returned to the convention system. The case has been fairly tried out. As a means of getting political order out of political chaos there was called some weeks ago a Republican "assembly," in other words a convention, which recommended candidates for the several State offices. In last Monday's election the assembly ticket, with one or two exceptions in minor offices, was successful over a ticket of self-nominated candidates. Oregon will no doubt retain the direct primary system, since there seems no way short of revolution to get rid of it. But practically, the convention plan will be revived, embarrassed only by the necessity of making two political campaigns instead of one. This annoyance and expense will have to be endured through many years to come, and perhaps it is not an improper or an inadequate penalty for the folly of tampering with the essential machinery of representative government.

Senator Newlands's suggestion that the Panama-Pacific Exposition be housed along the San Francisco water-front, has in it at least food for serious consideration. The idea is entirely an original one; there has been nothing like it at any other exposition. It would give permanent value to the exposition structures, therefore make it both proper and desirable to put up buildings of substantial character. And the State owns the water-front, it would justify a large

participation than has yet been proposed on the part of the State government. Much may be said, too, for Senator Newlands's plans on the score of convenience. With the exposition at the city front it would be brought nearer to those centres of population which lie east of the bay, likewise to the vast interior which reaches San Francisco by the bay approach. It is possible that such a location would be objected to by the street-car people, who naturally like to get all the nickels they can, but this is no reason why it should not be regarded favorably. The exposition is to be carried through, not for the benefit of transportation agencies, but for the promotion of the State and city, a cause vastly to be served by any scheme tending to popular convenience.

It is all very well to establish an "Industrial Conciliation Board" in San Francisco, all very well to arrange schemes of arbitration, etc. None the less, we shall have no peace, no security, no prosperity, no real community respect in San Francisco until we deal radically with the evils which attach to our labor conditions. What San Francisco needs is the application to its labor situation of long established American principles of equity and liberty. We need the open shop—in other words, a readjustment of the labor scheme under which any workman may have full opportunity and privilege independent of association with any particular organization. Nothing short of this will answer the spirit of Americanism; nothing short of it will do anything more than merely salve the wound which in an industrial and business sense is draining San Francisco of its life blood.

A report from Washington to the effect that all the cities of the Pacific Coast except San Francisco are under suspicion on the score of having padded their census returns is interesting if not edifying. In a small way, nothing is more curious than the ambition of communities to write themselves large in the census reports. What possible aid can it be to the welfare or happiness of anybody in Los Angeles, or Portland, or Seattle, or Tacoma if the figures of population be high or low? Of all forms of common vanity, that which seeks to loom large in the census returns would seem least reasonable and least worthy. In Europe there is no such foolish ambition. London does, indeed, value itself upon its bulk, but nobody else cares anything about it. Paris, Vienna, Berlin—these various cities have other means of distinction, other sources of pride. Mere numbers of people count for little with the communities themselves, and nothing at all with the outside world. Perhaps when we grow a little older and apply the rules of common sense to our affairs, we shall be less anxious to "make a showing" in the rolls of the census taker.

Christopher Royce, son of Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard, formerly of California, died last week at a Massachusetts insane hospital, the victim of over-study. The young man was twenty-eight years of age and was already distinguished as possessor of "the most perfectly trained mind in America." The incident tends to justify the common-sense criticism that over-education is as bad as under-education; even worse, since under-education at least leaves the physical constitution undamaged. An intellect developed beyond coordinate physical elements is essentially a thing abnormal and unwholesome, useless alike to its possessor and to the world. The ideal outcome of education remains the old one of a sound mind in a sound body.

The famous "Café de l'Opera," established in New York last year and which subsequently failed because of a rule requiring evening dress, is to start up again under the management of Louis Martin, who jointly with his brother has long been associated with the management of the Café Martin, another famous New York dining place. If Monsieur Martin will take a suggestion from the Far West he will drop the name "Café de l'Opera" and take another a little less pretentious and less difficult to pronounce. Nobody likes to invite a friend over the telephone to dine at the "Café de l'Opera"; it is much easier to say Martin's, or Sherry's, or Delmonico's. These names are not only more easily spoken, but they seem less pretentious. In restaurants as in other things a simple name is better than an elaborate one. The most successful stores are not the "Emporiums of Fashion," the "Grand Bazaars," or the "Palace de Luxe"; they are the places which

bear individual and usually personal names, like Wanamaker's, Shreve's, Tiffany's, and the like. High-sounding names for commonplace or even for distinguished things are invariably a load to carry.

The enthusiastic claim of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League upon the national leadership of Mr. Roosevelt brings into rather sharp relief the points of difference between him and the State standard-bearer, Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson has promised to devote his administration to hunting the very octopus which Mr. Roosevelt has been in the habit of coddling. That is to say, Mr. Johnson will give his official life to the pursuit of Mr. Herrin, the very man whose late distinguished chief, Mr. Harriman, was induced to help out Mr. Roosevelt's presidential campaign fund to the tune of \$260,000. Mr. Roosevelt solicited Mr. Harriman's aid with the assurance that "we are both practical men." Mr. Johnson now scornfully rejects any possible help of the late Mr. Harriman's interests here, thus setting up a standard so much at variance with that of Mr. Roosevelt as to make one wonder how both can possibly unite in this campaign in a way to illustrate the basic virtues of the new nationalism.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

How grateful the British penny-a-liner should be that America was discovered! There is no country in the world which is such a treasure-trove of "copy" for that industrious journalist. Take the case of James Milne, for example, who spent two or three weeks in the United States recently and has been busy ever since turning his "impressions" into pounds, shillings, and pence. He must have earned more than enough to pay his passage both ways, and probably has sufficient material in reserve to furnish forth a score more articles yet.

Happily he is writing for home consumption, and so can afford to be daring in his generalizations. A few of them, however, will be revelations to the American reader, especially if he have any knowledge of English conditions. For example, Mr. Milne tells his readers that New York "is not, like London, also the absolute centre of a nation's authorship. When an English writer," he continues, "wants to do something he comes to London, and having done it he remains in London." Well, this is a matter easily put to the test. Take half a dozen of the foremost English male authors, and two or three of their female comrades, and see how it works out. Kipling lives down in Sussex, Hardy in Dorsetshire, Rider Haggard in Norfolk, Phillpotts in Devonshire, Wells in Kent, Hall Caine in the Isle of Man. Of the women novelists Lucas Malet lives in Hampshire, and Marie Corelli in Stratford-on-Avon. This does not look as though London, any more than New York, is "the absolute centre of a nation's authorship." Evidently Mr. Milne does not understand what authorship is, or, rather, confuses it with his own penny-a-lining occupation.

Having been so careless about matters of which he ought to know something, it is hardly surprising to find him equally misleading in his appreciation of New York publishers as compared with the publishers in London. "You find friendliness in the one," he writes, "and friendliness in the other, and in that respect it is hard to choose between the two." This is a slander on the American publisher. He, no matter how busy a man he may be, deserves the highest praise for his friendliness, his accessibility, but to put him on a par in that respect with the London publisher is a serious slander. In the main that individual, especially if he is a member of a firm long established, is more difficult of access than the King of England, and has a far more overweening conceit of his own importance.

What further "impressions" Mr. Milne will commit to print will be awaited with considerable interest. He has not said anything up to date about the rocker, or the soda fountain, or ice-water, or peanuts. But let it not be overlooked that he paid a worshiping visit to the "modest, plainly comfortable rooms" where the Great One labors as contributing editor, rooms which, appropriately enough, Mr. Milne found papered with "a soothing paper of art green." On the whole, Mr. Milne seems to have had a good as well as a profitable time, even if his "breakfast marmalade" did cost him almost as much as a taxi.

Berkeley is the place for discoveries, and O. M. Washburn, assistant in classical archaeology, is the greatest Columbus of all the professors. A secret darkly known "about ten years ago" is now proclaimed from the housetops for all to learn. *The Greeks were in the habit of coloring their sculpture!* That is the momentous truth which was wafted across the bay a few days since. "It is quite natural to assume," Mr. Washburn is quoted as saying, "that Greek sculpture should have been colored." Who will say henceforth that the department of classical archaeology has not justified its high mission before the world? All the exploits of the 'forty-niners were child's play compared with Mr. Washburn's achievement. Of course there will be rude and unclassical persons who will mildly protest that "The New American Cyclopædia," published so long ago as 1862, had something to say about the coloring of Greek sculpture, and there may even be busybodies who will point out that one named Plutarch wrote something about that coloring process, as did also another old-time penman named Pliny; but, secure

in the vital importance of his discovery, Mr. Washburn need give little heed to the Homeric laughter of such persons. Of course it is a truism that university professors are sadly to seek in their knowledge of the drama, but the foundations of truth demand that they be held in reverence as the sources of all classical knowledge.

In a week or so at the utmost Miss Marie Corelli ought to be able to report how many American visitors to Stratford-on-Avon have availed themselves of the hospitality of Harvard House. For it is close upon a year since Whitelaw Reid took over the custody of that quaint old building in the name of Harvard University, and many will be curious to learn what the first twelve months have achieved in attracting Americans to the girlhood home of John Harvard's mother.

What is beyond question is that than Harvard House there is no structure in the Stratford of today which is so entirely genuine a survival from the actual age of Shakespeare. The Birthplace is looked upon dubiously by the best antiquaries; some have doubts as to whether the poet's dust does repose under the tomb in the church; while as for New Place, the home of Shakespeare's last years, all can see that hardly a stone has been left. That house had an unfortunate history. In an unhappy day it was rented by a parson, who was so annoyed with requests for a twig from Shakespeare's mulberry tree that he ruthlessly cut down and destroyed the cause of offense. And then, when his duties compelled him to live elsewhere, he was so angered at having to pay poor rates for the house while he was absent, that he razed that to the ground also. But it is different with the Harvard House. That is an actual survival from the close of the sixteenth century, its date of 1596 being unquestionable. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and since it was acquired for Harvard University it has, thanks to Miss Corelli, been denuded of all modern accretions. As a veritable link with the past, it should become the chief lion of Shakespeare's town.

Eminently characteristic of the man was Goldwin Smith's action in leaving the bulk of his fortune—amounting to nearly seven hundred thousand dollars—to Cornell University, and the terms in which he made the bequest greatly enhance its value:

I do this to show my affection for the university at the foundation of which I had the honor of taking part; to pay respect to the memory of Ezra Kendall, and to show my attachment as an Englishman to the union of the two branches of our race on this continent with each other and with their common mother.

In that action Goldwin Smith puts himself in the noble succession of John Harvard and Elihu Yale, both Englishmen who have won enduring fame in the new home of their race by their benefactions to the cause of education. More than ever must Andrew D. White congratulate himself on his success in 1868 when he persuaded Goldwin Smith to join his staff at Cornell, where his "high character, his broad and deep scholarship, his devotion not only to his professorship, but to the general university work, his self-denial in behalf of the university and its students, rendered priceless service." Coincident with Goldwin Smith's bequest comes the publication of a new book from the pen of his old friend and colleague, Dr. White, with this glowing dedication:

To Goldwin Smith, scholar, historian, statesman, in remembrance of his self-sacrificing championship of the American Union in its time of peril, of his inspiring teachings at Oxford and at Cornell, and of his long life devoted to truth, justice, rational liberty, and right reason.

Americans are so often charged with unnecessary and vulgar verbal coinages that it is satisfactory to have a similar impeachment directed against the Englishman and the Frenchman. A linguistic student of the muddle of the present-day charges everything to the account of cosmopolitanism:

Take languages. Nearly every one of them is adopting hybrid terms, tarnishing its dignity with expressions taken from that picturesque but low and vulgar tongue known in England, for instance, as "slang" and in France as "l'argot" or "la langue verte"—the green tongue. The "scientific" terms necessitated by new discoveries and inventions are being constantly constructed with elements taken from two classic languages—a philological heresy. Thus, automobile comes from a Greek and Latin word. England has adopted most of the French words pertaining to aviation, and the so-called "élite" makes hopeless use of such expressions as *recherché, chic, distingué, par excellence, carte blanche, blasé, nom de plume, saute-qui-peut, à outrance, entre nous, hors de combat*—not infrequently pronounced "horse dee commhatt"—and numberless others.

France, needless to say, returns the compliment and mispronounces the thousands of words she borrows from her neighbor across the Channel with lavish extravagance and amusing ingenuity. Cosmopolitan French contains quite an army of Italian, Russian, German, and other terms. It has even adopted many Japanese and Arabic expressions, but it has mostly imported English words. "Ticket" has ousted "billet." Many Frenchmen live in "boarding houses" (I dare not reproduce the French accent). They attend "garden parties," have an English "tailor," and try to be "smart" or "snob." ("Snob" emigrated to France has been given a different meaning from its English one. "être snob" in Paris consists in being well dressed, clean shaven, and drinking veskee-soda.) The Frenchman owns a "cottage," has a "groom," eats "toast" at his "lunch," and does not dislike a "muffin" with his "five o'clock tea." In short, he belongs to the real "high-life."

Well, as Lowell would have reminded us, what is there to be worried about? Perhaps these interchanges of expressions are the beginnings of a universal language. Anything but Esperanto! Besides, they are proof of vitality, for as Lowell said, "there is death in the dictionary; and where language is too strictly limited by convention, the ground for expression to grow in is limited also, and we get a potted literature, Chinese dwarfs instead of healthy trees."

Chicago had larger postoffice receipts in August than New York City.

TWO NEW BROADWAY PLAYS.

Manhattan Continues to Accept Comedy Offerings.

It is said that George M. Cohan has made a distinctively American play of George Randolph Chester's farcical story of bunco life, "Get Rich Quick Wallingford." The play was produced Monday night at the Gaiety Theatre. Of course if a play is distinctively American there is nothing more to be done in the matter than to get tickets at once and applaud heartily at every appropriate and inappropriate opportunity, but how a play can be distinctively American which is based upon emotions, passions, and sentiments that are as old as the eternal hills is quite another question.

And if we do not see quite all the emotions and the passions in "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" at least we get a good many of them, including that of greed. The heroes are of the most pronounced and grasping type, and if it be contended that their ill-smelling deeds are eventually deodorized by something that is laudably intended to resemble penitence, it may be said that we can all be penitent after we have got away with the goods, even though the said goods come to us by other than the felonious road intended.

Wallingford himself is of the old familiar type. In other words he is a swindling promoter who invents something, or says he has—in this case it is a cloth-covered carpet tack—and wheedles the necessary capital from the pockets of the public with the same admired rapidity that the conjurer displays when he extracts the rabbit from the hat. He and his partner, Daw, descend in this way upon the little town of Battleburgh and the yokels trample each other under foot in their eagerness to invest. Even the hotel clerk, who ought to know better, throws his \$10,000 into the fund, and naively explains that he wants 75 per cent on his money, and is glad to seize the heaven-sent opportunity offered to him. The only note of suspicion is sounded by the little stenographer, and here Mr. Cohan hits upon a truth in the psychology of modern financial life. We are all of us aware that the babes and the sucklings know more of the kingdom of heaven than the rest of us, but it is equally true that they often know more of the kingdom of mammon. That is to say, they know a rogue when they see one, and that is a good deal more than the average man does.

Under the ministrations of this precious pair the town of Battleburgh begins to boom. Wallingford buys real estate of all kinds, corner sites, town lots, as well as trolley franchises and any other good things that seem to be unprotected. Then comes the sort of culmination that never occurs off the stage and not often on it. A real traction company comes along, and finding that Wallingford has already bought everything that is worth buying at nominal prices, proceeds to buy it all back from him at pretty much his own figures. And that is how Wallingford "gets rich quick," and a much mystified man he is when he finds his pocketbook bursting under the load, and by a transaction that seems to him honest, and that perhaps is really honest in comparison with his usual methods. But it would be interesting to know what sort of an entry the recording angel has made.

Of course there is lots of fun all the way through. Every one laughs heartily at the cloth-covered carpet tack which is the original bait for the suckers, but even this wonderful tack proves to have a value quite unsuspected by its inventors and so helps to swell the golden stream. The dialogue is undeniably funny, and the rough characters of the country village are drawn with strong accuracy. Sentiment is supplied by the love-making of Wallingford and his partner, and when these precious rascals settle down with their chosen ones and invite a detective to join them as an aid to the virtuous life we feel in some vague way that we have witnessed a reformation that is strictly in line with business principles. Evidently it is possible to serve both God and mammon, in spite of authoritative opinions to the contrary. Hale Hamilton plays the part of Wallingford and Edward Ellis that of his partner. Miss Frances Ring is good as the little stenographer, one of the best characters of the play, and Grant Mitchell as the hotel clerk.

A play of quite a different sort is "Decorating Clementine," that makes its bow at the Lyceum, but the title is awkward and unilluminating. It is from the French of De Caillavet and De Flers, who called it "Le Bois Sacre," and it may be said that it is no easy matter acceptably to render a play in English that is so full not only of the French *esprit* but of French ideas and ambitions. Clementine, the heroine, cares nothing for money, but she does covetously yearn for the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and all her feminine subtlety is directed to obtaining it. And if everything went by merit in this wicked world the clever little authoress would have her heart's desire by the ordinary routine of such things, for is not the Cross intended for just such as she? But unfortunately there is always a price to be paid, and when Clementine goes to the office of the man who attends to these little things, the Minister of Fine Arts, she finds what that price is, and being altogether *comme il faut* she declines to pay it.

But she is not beaten. Not by a long way. It occurs to her that her husband, who has always seemed to

have no manifest excuse for being alive, may at last be brought to the front with advantage. If he can be persuaded to make love to the minister's wife he can thereby bring a sort of indirect but effective influence to bear upon the minister himself, and so secure the coveted decoration for the far-seeing Clementine.

It is easy to foresee the complications when we remember that we are in Paris in the twentieth century. Clementine's husband succeeds, not wisely but too well, and the lady herself, the fair Clementine, has cause to wonder if she must lose her husband as the price of the Cross. For the minister's wife proves amenable to the soft and illicit blandishments of the heart, and the complacent husband of Clementine, setting forth to conquer, finds that he is both victor and prisoner, which does sometimes happen in these cases—so at least it is said by those who know. Of course it all comes right in the end. Clementine gets her decoration; and her husband, who seems at one time to have been permanently borrowed, is returned undamaged.

The play is a remarkable production in that all the parts are well carried. There is no combination of genius and mediocrity, or rather incapacity, as is too often the case upon our stage. Hattie Williams is Clementine and she never lapses from real humor and vivacity. Doris Keane is very good as the wife of the French minister, and she would be just as good even if she were less beautiful. Lewis Massen is the minister and Richard Ling is Clementine's husband. They are all in the first class of capable and conscientious players, as indeed were those who took the lesser parts. And in this case dramatic virtue was rewarded, for a better pleased audience it would be hard to find.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.
New York, September 20, 1910.

It is remembered at Chappaqua, in Westchester County, New York, that February 3 of next year will mark the one hundredth anniversary of Horace Greeley's birth, and the people there will have a celebration. Money has been raised for a memorial, to be either a building with a bronze bust relief for the entrance, or a statue. The house in which Mr. Greeley lived when he made his disastrous run for the presidency of the United States is occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Gabrielle Greeley Clendenin. There is the farm where the great editor of the New York *Tribune* learned more or less about agriculture to share his experiences with his readers. Mrs. Clendenin has the wooden type-case at which Mr. Greeley learned the printing trade.

According to New York reports, Sir Clifton Robinson, the eminent English engineer and traffic expert, who was commissioned by Sir Edgar Speyer on behalf of a syndicate of big international financiers to report on possible transport developments in the Philippines, has recommended railway construction in the islands which would mean the ultimate expenditure of nearly \$500,000,000. Sir Clifton Robinson advises gradual renewal of the existing thousand miles of railroads as well as radical changes in methods. He advises no further street railway extensions for the present and pays a high tribute to the general spirit and methods of American administration.

It was proposed at the recent meeting of the International Cremation Congress in Brussels to work for laws to establish a crematorium on all ocean passenger steamers. The cremation movement was started in Italy in 1876, and now there are 133 crematoriums in the world. In 1909 13,000 bodies were cremated. The congress desires to induce countries like Russia, Turkey, Austria-Hungary, Holland, and Belgium, where cremation is forbidden, to allow cremation congresses to be held.

At the reception and luncheon given to the newspaper men attending the Mexican centennial celebration General Curtis Guild, the special ambassador of the United States, toasted President Diaz as "the greatest living American." And this in spite of the fact that Ambassador Guild is said to be a warm admirer of Colonel Roosevelt.

A profit of about \$9,000,000 accrued to the Italian government last year because of the national lottery run under governmental control. The total lottery receipts were nearly \$16,500,000, half of which the state paid out in expenses and winnings. The lottery business increased more than \$500,000 over the preceding year.

Coöperative traders in Great Britain handled more than four hundred and fifty million dollars last year. G. J. Holyoake, considered the father of the movement, who died four years ago, credited its success to aloofness from the intrigues of politics and avoidance of appeals for state assistance.

Before the pension committee of the Grand Army of the Republic the proposal to ask for "a dollar a day for life" for survivors of the Civil War was voted down.

Emigration from Ireland is increasing again after the low record of last year. For seven months the movement has included nearly 3000 persons a month.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Black Coach.

AN OLD NORTHAMPTONSHIRE LEGEND.

The roofless house at Ringwood Hall
Stands mournful in the sun;
The porch is there, the door is gone,
The roses trail and run
Around the mossy window-shaft—
Once fashioned with such art and craft.

The Delameres have long died out;
The avenue grows wild;
The walks are dank with last year's leaves;
Only the keeper's child
Plays in the mournful hanquet-room,
Laughing amid the echoing gloom.

The old race dwindled age by age
Till avarice crept in,
Then drunkenness and leering lust,
And homicide and sin.
At last foul Murder came, and set
His red foot on their coronet.

The chapel, see how bare and lone!
Its rich west window gone—
The saints, the martyrs, and the kings,
That once the sun shone on;
And hut one lonely knight to pray
For all his old race passed away.

The stone urns on the pedestals
Are green with velvet moss;
The shield above the green park-gate
Was long since rent across;
The scutcheon's choked with gathered dust,
Upon the hazel there is rust.

On the damp drive the mushrooms hulk,
Where rabbits trot and anidle,
The blackbird flits his jetty wings,
And fawns love there to gambol.
Only the yew-tree seems to thrive;
The stunted thorns are scarce alive.

The lutes and garlands on the porch,
The orange lichens blur;
The dial, see, is half defaced
By many a mossy slur;
The motto ivy tendrils shroud—
"Man's life is but a morning cloud."

The windows are hut skeletons;
And through their stony bars
You see at night the glittering
Of the cold Autumn stars.
Upon the roof the long weeds grow,
And Death's decay and ruin show.

When Spring comes dancing o'er the lea,
And blossoms every sod;
When birds, in gratitude and joy,
Rise, singing hymns to God;
You would not think that Sin had been,
And poisoned all that house within.

When Summer ripples move the lake,
And swans are sailing ermine white,
In haughty proud and self-content,
And woods are filled with emerald light—
You would not think that spotted Sin
Had feasted there her kith and kin.

Nor when the heeches, orange-brown,
Glow by the water-side,
When kingly Autumn dons his crown
In all his royal pride—
You would not think, at such a time,
That there had once dwelt sin and crime.

But when the dead leaves' fluttering gold
Fill the October skies,
And when the wild ducks screaming shout,
And echoes give replies—
You then might feel some ghostly trace
Of the sad influence of the place.

And in the rainy Autumn nights,
When winds are sighing loud,
When dogs moan from the outer court,
And black grows every cloud—
Ghost-lights gleam up the avenue,
Lights answer from the windows, too.

Dark figures, each one with a torch,
Come slowly down the scaur,
Chanting a low, deep funeral hymn—
Answered by echoes far;
And all the while the turret-hell
Tolls with a long and doleful knell.

And last, about the midnight hour,
A jet black funeral coach
Comes rolling up the long black drive,
And up the grand approach;
Stops at the doorless porch, they say,
Then slowly vanishes away!

Some think it is the wicked lord,
Who, seventy summers gone,
On such a night brought home his bride—
Her bridal splendor on;
And, wrathful at her wild regret,
'E'en in the bridal bed;
At daybreak snatched his widow, and smote
The sleeping maiden dead!

Yes; as the sexton, one by one,
Puts out the funeral lamps,
Leaving the corpse alone and still,
Amid the charnel damps,
So, one by one, Time does erase
The glories of man's pomp and place.

—Walter Thornbury.

The Swedish name almanac differs from English almanacs in giving besides the usual information a Christian name for each sex for every day of the year. The names set forth have to receive the approval of the king. The object aimed at is to secure a greater choice of names for parents and to avoid the endless repetition of a dozen or so names. Of course, no one is obliged to select any name in the almanacs. A similar name almanac is issued under royal authority in one of the German states.

A WOMAN WHO WOULDN'T GROW OLD.

The Tragedy of an Impending Terror.

The man moved uneasily, and began to finger the thick bandage across his eyes.

"How much longer?" came his petulant question.

The woman started up from her seat at the window like one awakening from a dream.

"Only twenty minutes," she answered softly, as if she were speaking to a restless child.

The man put one hand up to his head and began to pull impatiently at the white bandage. Then the woman arose and crossed noiselessly to his side.

"Not yet, dear," was her gentle rebuke, as she took the offending hand into one of her own. "The doctor said six o'clock."

"What difference can twenty minutes make?" the man grumbled.

"You should be patient," the woman told him, ignoring his protest. "In a few minutes you will have your sight again," she continued, as she ran her fingers through his dark hair. "You should be thinking of all that there will be to see—the hills, the valleys, the sky, and the beautiful flowers: everything in the world to be looked at anew."

"And your face first of all," the man said joyously.

The woman straightened up, with a great fear clutching at her heart. Her hand dropped from the man's forehead, and there was tense silence for some moments as she stood staring blankly out through the open window at the tiny town below.

"In all these years of darkness," the man broke in abruptly, "your face has been always with me. It is the one thing that I have remembered perfectly. It is as familiar to me as if I had looked upon it but yesterday. Beauty is the only thing in all the world that makes life worth while. When I have my sight again the first thing that I will paint will be your wondrous face."

The woman's fingers closed convulsively over the back of a chair in an effort to retain her composure. Then she moved slowly across to the opposite wall and examined her face in the small mirror that hung there. It told the terrible truth.

She had been beautiful once. Twelve years before, when she was an heiress and the most beautiful woman in America, the world had been at her feet. Wherever she went, people worshiped humbly at her shrine, and her ambitious father planned a marriage with an English earl. Then the woman, contrary to all expectations, caused a sensation by eloping with a poor and unknown English artist.

This man had fallen at her feet, declaring that she was an angel of light who would bring him immortality. The woman's soul had responded to his passionate and poetic pleadings, and they were man and wife within a month of their first meeting. Her proud father, disapproving of such a sensational and hasty marriage, cut her off completely, and her relatives and friends passed coldly by on the other side.

For two wondrous years she had been happy, until fate came once again into her life, and the artist was suddenly stricken with total blindness. The man had not a relation in all the world to whom he could turn for help, and not a single friend. The woman, for her part, was of far too proud and independent a nature to seek aid or beg for forgiveness from her own people. And so, with the care of the blind man thrust upon her, she faced the world alone and suffered.

When she had sold the only finished picture in the studio, all that remained was a furnished cottage and a few acres of land, high above some cliffs, close to a small town on the South Coast. When the doctors told her that they considered the man's blindness to be incurable, she took him to this place of seclusion and began to fight the world. Since then she had slaved incessantly to provide the necessities of life for the man and herself. Early and late she had toiled attending to her cows and fowls, and working in the tiny garden, and once every week she had gone into the township to sell her butter and eggs. From this slender source, and what her unaided efforts in the garden brought her, she had contrived to keep herself and her husband. At first, to a woman unaccustomed to work of any kind, the outlook had seemed hopeless; but despair and despondency she had never allowed to dwell with her. It had been a grim, uphill fight for twelve years; but it had not been without an object.

Deep in her heart the woman had nursed a secret hope, and year by year she had striven to save every possible penny as a means towards its ultimate fulfillment. And so she had looked forward continually to the day when she would have saved sufficient to take the artist to a certain specialist in New York. Often she had denied herself the bare necessities of life that she might be able to save a few extra shillings towards accomplishing the object she had in view. However, she had invariably seen that the man's wants were attended to in every way. She had consecrated her life to him, and she had cared for him as a mother cares for a helpless child. Although he had grown strangely irritable and perverse as the years went by, she was ever ready to coax him out of the depths of the despair that often seized him.

The reason for the bandage across the man's eyes lay in the fact that the specialist of great renown had come unexpectedly from America on a visit to London, and the woman had taken the artist to him. The spe-

cialist had come entirely upon pleasure, but in this particular instance the persistence of the woman had prevailed, and the doctor had consented to operate upon her husband. He classed the operation as a trivial one and was positive that it would be successful. For eight days the artist had remained in London, the bandage across his eyes not being removed. Then the doctor was called away, and he advised the woman to take her husband back to the quiet of the seaside cottage. There, at six o'clock on the evening of the third day, the bandage was to be removed.

The woman was tired. Her youth had gone. The mould of her once exquisite beauty still showed dimly upon her features; but her face was lined and drawn by what she had endured. Her skin was tanned by exposure, and there was a great, shameless bunch of gray hair above her temples that she now took no pains to hide. Her form had lost its lithesome grace. Hard work had broken down its beautiful lines and made it coarse and commonplace; while about her shoulders, that had once been carried so proudly, there was a decided stoop.

The artist in his blindness was in entire ignorance of these facts. Every day since that on which he first became blind his sensitive fingers had gathered in an impression of her face; and, because it had been wrought gradually, he was unaware of the change.

The woman moved closer to the tiny mirror upon the wall and then instinctively drew back in terror. The face that she beheld seemed to her hideous and repulsive. Beside the mirror there hung an old-time portrait of herself, smiling in evening dress. For some seconds she gazed intently at it. Beyond all doubt she had been beautiful once. She glanced across to where her husband sat huddled in his chair, with the tips of his fingers pressed together. He did not know her as she now was. He could not know what the last twelve years of awful struggle with the world had meant to her.

The woman turned her eyes to the clock. The hands pointed to a quarter to six. In fifteen minutes the man's hopes would be at an end, for then he would see her face and know again the truth. For some time the woman stood like unto a person turned to stone; then suddenly she swayed for a moment, with her fingers clutching wildly at her breast. She sank back into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

The artist sat huddled in the huge basket chair, his bearded chin resting upon his breast. The only sound that broke the stillness was the noisy, monotonous ticking of the clock upon the wall. Abruptly the woman lifted her face from her hands and looked up. The suspense was terrible.

Then the man began to speak, half to himself.

"Soon I shall see her face again," he muttered. "And after twelve long years. . . . Is it twelve years?" he asked sharply, as he roused himself and sat up.

"Yes, dear," was all the woman could trust herself to answer.

"How beautiful it will be," the man rambled on, "to know beauty once again: to paint her face—to sketch its lovely profile."

The woman sat motionless, every word cutting keenly into her heart. At length she could bear it no longer. She stood up and looked around wildly. She felt that she must break the truth to the man. She would tell him simply and plainly. But when she attempted to speak, she found that her tongue refused to form the words she wished to say.

"How shall I paint it?" the artist mused, with his right hand groping out before him as if he held a brush. He made a quick movement, as if tracing a profile in the air. "That wouldn't do," he snapped. "The face must look out from the canvas. It must be painted in soft, warm tones, so that it will be full of life and beauty."

Again there was silence unbearable, broken only by the horrible monotony of the clock's even ticking. The hands crept remorselessly round toward the fatal hour, and the woman watched them fixedly as if fascinated by some horrible sight.

Then the clock warned, and the woman started up from her seat. The man thought the clock was about to strike, and he began to tear frantically at the bandage. The woman sprang across and seized his hands in terror.

"Not yet!" she cried pitifully, as she clung to his arms. "Not yet!"

Then she sank down weakly at his side and tried to think calmly.

"How much longer?" the man demanded irritably. "Only a few minutes now," she coaxed, trying hard to regain her composure.

The man's hands sought the bandage again, and he had it partly loosened before the woman could prevent him. She took his hands gently into hers, and spoke calmly and soothingly, urging him to be patient.

"What does a few minutes matter?" he broke out. "The doctor said six o'clock," she told him.

So they sat there together while the clock ticked on and the hands crept round.

At one minute to the hour the woman arose unsteadily from the chair. Suddenly she straightened up and looked at the man. As if moved by some overwhelming impulse, she bent and kissed him lingeringly on the forehead above the bandage. Then, with a wild, strange light showing in her eyes, she passed silently from the room.

Once outside, a panic seized her, and, turning from the door, she fled madly along a tiny path that led towards the cliffs. The weird murmur of the sea was in her ears as she reached the end of the path, within a few yards of the edge of a precipice.

The woman moved on slowly, until she could look down at the water, two hundred feet below. Then she brushed back the loose hair from her forehead.

"I would only be a burden to him now," she said, with a sob.

Then she threw herself headlong from the height.

* * * * *

In the cottage, the clock was striking the last stroke of six, and the man, with the bandage torn from before his eyes, was groping his way about the room and stumbling against the chairs and table. He was still blind. After a time he paused and called long and piteously for the woman.—*John Patrick, in London Sketch.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Herman Whitaker, the author, has seen service in the British army and was fencing instructor of his regiment in 1884. Coming to America in 1887, he was a pioneer in the Hudson Bay Company's territory for several years.

Greenleaf Whittier Pickard is one of the young inventors who are giving their time and talent to electrical research on the lines of wireless communication. He was born in Maine in 1877, and is a grand-nephew of the poet Whittier.

Archibald Cary Smith, the noted New York naval architect, studied painting in his youth, but found a greater attraction in shipbuilding. The yachts which he planned number half a hundred, and many of them have proved notable sailers.

Rowland Gibson Hazard, the well-known Rhode Island manufacturer, has his name at the head or in the list of directors of more than a score of national and international societies of art, science, economics, and health, is a college fellow and trustee, and also is active in politics. His home is at Peace Dale, Rhode Island.

Oswald Garrison Villard, president of the New York Evening Post Company, and a frequent contributor to the editorial columns of the paper, is a grandson of William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Villard began newspaper work as a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. He has lately published a comprehensive study of the life of John Brown, "fifty years after."

William B. Richardson of Boston, a naturalist and collector, who has spent many years in the American tropics gathering rare specimens of animal life for American scientific museums, is confident that the new Estrada régime in Nicaragua promises better things for the country. Mr. Richardson knows some of the leading revolutionists and speaks from his experiences with them.

George William Maynard, one of the most eminent of American mining engineers, is seventy-one years old. He has been a consulting officer of mining and reduction plants in Europe as well as in America, and was instrumental in causing the introduction and use of valuable methods in steel manufacture. He was born in Brooklyn and has been a resident of New York City for years.

Benn Pitman, the author of many phonographic works, is a brother of Sir Isaac Pitman, the inventor of the most widely practiced system of phonography, and after teaching in Great Britain for some time came to America in 1853. Mr. Pitman is the inventor of the electro-process of relief engraving, and has delivered many lectures on art. He is president of a popular phonographic institute in Cincinnati.

Woodrow Wilson, nominated for governor by the New Jersey Democrats, has been president of Princeton University since 1902. Professor Wilson is the author of many works on history and American politics. He was born in Staunton, Virginia, in 1856, and, although admitted to the bar, has been an educator during nearly his entire career. He will resign his position in the university, and whether elected or defeated his political digression means a loss to educational forces.

Zachary Taylor Sweeney is an American who can tell, at sixty years of age, of a remarkable series of experiences. He has been an active clergyman and a pastor emeritus, a popular lecturer for years, a consul-general at Constantinople, an Ottoman commissioner, a railroad director, State commissioner of fisheries and game, chancellor of Butler University, and author of many scientific essays. He was born in Kentucky, but during most of his life has been one of the eminent members of the Indiana literary cult.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, the pianist, who has played in recitals throughout America and Europe since 1883, was born in Silesia, but was brought to this country by her parents while a child. Sigmund Zeisler, whom Miss Bloomfield married in 1885, was also born in Silesia, but came to America and settled in Chicago in 1883. Mr. Zeisler is as famous as his wife, being learned in the law, and active as member of the American Anti-Imperialist League and National Liberty Congress. He has made many political addresses.

HOME LIFE IN IRELAND.

A Sympathetic Study of the Irishman at Close Range.

What constitutes an Irishman? He is said to be one of the world's puzzles. Whether Celticism, or Catholicism, or melancholy, or wit is the essential trait of his nature has never been decided. But Robert Lynd, in his "Home Life in Ireland," is a sympathetic student of the problem, and provides the reader with ample data on which to base an opinion of his own. He contends that the real Irishman is neither essentially a Celt nor essentially a Catholic, but merely a man who has been born in Ireland of Irish parents and is more interested in Ireland than in any country in the world.

The landlord of Norman or Saxon descent is quite as truly Irishman as the tenant-farmer of Gaelic descent, provided at Ireland is the home of his best thoughts, even if not ways of his body. The Orange laborer of the north, whose ancestors may have come from Scotland, has all the attributes of an Irishman no less than the Catholic laborer of the west, whose ancestors may have come from Greece, or from Germany, or from Spain, or from anywhere you care to speculate. Occasionally, owing to political bitterness, you will find a northerner denying his Irishness. "We're English in the north," a Derry merchant once said to me, and indeed one of these people have sung "God Save the King" so often since the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill that their blood now refuses to flow to any other music, and their ears are deaf to the songs of their own valleys and hills. Even people with Gaelic names are to be found now and then denying the charge of being Irish with a vigor worthy of Peter's denial of the accusation of being a Christian. A friend of mine, who is an enthusiast for Irish things, is wandering about Tyrone some time ago, when he fell into a hotel-bar with a laboring man who gave him the name of James M'Cab. "Well, you have a good Irish name, at any rate," my friend said to him in a tone of congratulation. "Good Irish name be damned," retorted the other, bursting to a temper. "It's a good Protestant name."

However, according to Mr. Lynd, this kind of talk is becoming rarer every day. It is true that even yet may be found in Ireland an occasional person who will tell you that nobody is any use except the Gaels, or the Catholics, or the Ulsterman, but such belong to "an old and dwindling school, and are of a crankish nature."

At the outset of his attempt to depict the Irish at home Mr. Lynd takes his readers to the farm-house, warning him, however, that it is impossible to make a true generalization that will cover all the farmers of Ireland:

Irish farm-houses vary, of course, from imposing stone-finished dwellings, fitted out with pianos and Victorian furniture, down to small two-roomed and even one-roomed cottages, whitewashed, and with thatched roofs held down by numerous stones hanging from cords over the eaves. I for one like the smaller houses better than the larger. There is room here for any decorations, save the decorations that are in themselves necessary things.

The turf fire burns on the floor against the wall furthest from the door, and over it from hooks and hangers swings a black pot with swollen sides and insect-like feet, or a heavy old-fashioned kettle. High upon another wall rises a dresser with its rows of pleasant and many-colored delf the most comfortable of all ornaments. Perhaps there is a wooden bed in the corner of the room—a large and lordly bed, high beyond all temptation to sit down on the edge of it. There is a wooden chair here and there, and, perhaps, a long bench against the wall in which the door is built. If there is a second room, the instinct for ornamentation will be as likely as not have been at work. Sometimes, in a room like this, you see crudely colored pictures of saints plastered all over the wall—pictures sold by peddlers or given away with religious papers. Or there may be political cartoons or portraits of heroes—equally horrible in color.

Perhaps the two most popular pictures in Irish houses are the Holy Family and Robert Emmet. After these come Daniel O'Connell and the things that grocers give away at Christmas, and occasionally portraits of royal people like Queen Victoria or King Edward VII. These royal pictures are sometimes to be seen in the same room with portraits of Wolfe Tone and Emmet, and are to be taken as proofs that people want cheap decorations, not that they are becoming loyal to the English connection. In Unionist homes, of course, they have another meaning. Here they add to the ugliness of walls already made dull by framed photographs—small photographs dismally framed—of those who have emigrated and those who have died. In the Orange homes of Ulster, too, the portrait of King William the Third, blue-eyed and on a white horse, takes the place of the portrait of Emmet, and the Rev. Henry Cooke, the genius of bigotry and debate, is the Presbyterian substitute for Daniel O'Connell. In the poorer houses the black mantelpiece has often its proudest ornament a colored delf statue of King William of Orange seated on a charger.

In those lowly farm-houses so much affected by Mr. Lynd, the food is of the poorest, and is badly prepared. The worst cooks in Europe" is the author's verdict. But there is a ray of hope even here:

There is a change coming over Ireland in regard to food and cooking as in most other matters. Cookery is now being taught as an art in the technical schools and elsewhere. And if the tables of some of the farm-houses are not sensibly more agreeable, it is because the conservatism of the people holds out against new-fangled things, even when they are sweet to the taste. I heard of one instance in which there was a more absurd cause for the new talent's being left to sit without use. A farmer's daughter in the south, having returned home with her training in cookery, was permitted to do some excitement to prove her gifts in getting ready the day dinner. She prepared a magnificent steak pudding, and her father glowed with enthusiasm at the end of the meal. "We must always let Mary do the cooking after this!" cried, and the happiness on the children's faces echoed his. All the greater was their surprise when the woman of the house, hearing this, suddenly lifted up her voice and said, "Oh! she lamented, wringing her hands. "After me doing and slaving for you for twenty years! And now to let my own daughter put against me!" And she finished in a flood of tears. Stunned by the new twist things had taken, the family made haste to comfort her. They weren't asking what they were saying, they explained; they were only meaning to tell Mary how they liked her cooking.

Inevitably in any book about the Green Isle, America and things American can not be avoided. Perhaps the

most significant reference is that in the chapter on marriages and matchmaking:

Many girls, knowing the demands of husbands, do not wait for their fathers to make matches for them. They go out to America or elsewhere and slave and scrape till they have a little treasure collected, and, a few years after their departure from home, they appear in their native parish again. It soon becomes known that they have a little money put by and are willing to settle down, should a suitable home be offered. Returned emigrants of this sort are not at all uncommon in parts of the west. Irish girls would rather marry Irish husbands than Americans any day, though, it is said, they are generally determined to take no husband who is not worthy of the fortune they have earned with so much labor and adventure. If a girl who has been to America finds after a month or two, or a year or two, of waiting at home that no suitable husband is to be had, she as likely as not packs up her trunk and again steams off for New York with an invincible heart. Her courage and determination will appear comical or tragical, according as you consider her an isolated and ambitious figure or a symbol of the eternal Odyssey of Ireland—the Odyssey that does not end in a return.

With regard to the girl who has come home from America, I may say that there are two opinions about her in rural Ireland. Progressive young farmers are rather attracted by her, because travel has sharpened her intelligence and taught her many desirable things about food and dress and house-keeping. She is awake and ambitious and is a wife of whom one may be proud before one's neighbors. Other people take a less favorable view of her. They say that America has spoiled her, and taught her only airs and extravagance, and that she is no longer fit to be the wife of a simple man. "Better one pound of Irish money than ten of American. That's what all the people about here will tell you," said a cross-looking old man who spoke to me on the subject one day. He meant, of course, that an Irish-American girl would run her husband into ten times as much expense as a home-staying girl.

He declared that American girls were only wasters of money, who would lead their husbands a terrible and ruinous dance. They had got used in America to all sorts of things and were not content to live in an ordinary way like other people.

More serious is the problem presented by the sharp religious cleavage of the population:

Mixed marriages—marriages between Catholics and Protestants—are, as I show elsewhere, as frequent as is wise, though usually, as far as I have seen, either the husband or the wife takes the "mixed" element out of the marriage by becoming converted to the religion of the other. The clergy of all the churches oppose these marriages tooth and nail. The Catholic clergy are often blamed for the intensity of their opposition, an opposition which, I imagine, has become more uncompromising since the present Pope was raised to the papal chair. Within the last few years, a Catholic, whose marriage with a Protestant girl an Irish bishop refused to sanction, had to cross over to England to get a priest of his own church to marry him, and no doubt the same kind of thing had frequently happened. Protestants whom this anomaly ought in fairness to consider the attitude of their own clergy in regard to the question of mixed marriages. Some years ago I remember hearing from a broad-minded Presbyterian minister how he himself had prevented a mixed marriage in the south of Ireland. A Presbyterian soldier in a Scottish regiment, which was quartered in a southern town, fell in love with a Catholic girl, and again besought her to marry him. The girl at last consented on condition that the soldier would become a Catholic, and the soldier, probably not caring two pence for any religion, promised to do so. The Presbyterian minister heard of this and rushed off to the colonel, urging the latter to save the man from so fatal a step. As a result, the colonel immediately bundled the man out of the town and had him transferred to another regiment beyond the circle of temptation. The minister boasted of all this to me as though he had performed a noble work. Perhaps he had.

While the younger folk are growing up with a strain of materialism in their nature, the old people, especially in the least Anglicized parts of the island, have still plenty of strange and incredible stories to tell. One heard by Mr. Lynd relates to the time when the poor scholars used to tour the country:

A learned man of them arrived one night in a farm-house, where, churning as they might, they had been getting hardly any butter from the milk. "Put a pot on the fire," he said to the farmer's wife, when he heard the story, "and boil some milk in it, and I'll find out who it is that's stealing your butter." He got a large black bottle from the farmer's wife, and when he had sealed and corked it, he put it into the pot where the milk was boiling, saying a number of words that you couldn't understand while he did so. After a while, the bottle cracked, and with that there was a sound like a cry far away from the house. "Listen to that," said the scholar. "I'll put in another bottle and you will hear something more."

He closed up a second bottle, and put it into the pot, saying more words over it. When in due course this gave a crack, there was a shriek as of a woman in great pain much nearer the house than the first cry. "Do you hear that?" said the scholar, becoming interested in his work. "It isn't long till she'll be here now and she yelling in her pain. So bolt the door and don't let her in till I tell you." With that he took a third bottle, and saw that the cork was in it, and was just going to put it in the pot, when there came a loud banging and shrieking at the door. "Let me in, let me in!" cried a voice from the outside, whining and supplicating. "Oh, you're killing me, you're killing me. If anything else cracks in me, I'll surely die." The man at the fire told them to wait, however, and to make her confess that she had stolen the butter, and promise never to do it again, while all the time the groaning and moaning went on as if she were in fearful torment. As he put the third bottle into the boiling milk, she let a shriek out of her and confessed, so he took the bottle out again, and told them to let her in. They let her in, and saw that it was an old woman from near the place. She confessed everything and promised to give up the butter, so they let her off. After that, they were never troubled with scarcity of butter again.

Notwithstanding the advance of modern knowledge, belief in the Banshee, the fairy-woman whose cry is a portent of coming death, is still widely spread. As is also faith in the Death Coach, another portent of death:

Beside the Banshee and the Soundless Coach, there are numerous other evil portents in Ireland. Here as elsewhere it is bad luck to have a hare running across your path. Here as elsewhere you will find the rhyme about magpies:

One for sorrow,
Two for joy,
Three for a marriage,
Four for a boy,

or one of its variants. It is unlucky to kill robins, for they got their red breasts at the cross of Christ. It is unlucky to meet a priest or a red-haired person when one is setting out on a journey. "God forgive you, father, you've spoilt my day on me," said a holiday-making girl the other day to a priest she met on the road. "God forgive you, Bridget, for your foolish superstition," replied the priest. All the same, as her friend told me, the girl did not meet the boy she went out in the hope of seeing that day. It is unlucky to meet funerals and not to turn with them, and I remember a medical student who was at college with me saying that funerals always brought him luck. Once, on one of the few occasions that I was ingenious enough to put money on a horse, he and I had just been sending a postal order from the country town where we were staying to a Belfast bookmaker when a funeral came up the road. My friend insisted—half laughing at his superstition—that we should go along with it, and we even accompanied it into the graveyard, where a Methodist minister delivered an address, holding up the conduct of the dead young man as an example for the bystanders to follow. I am curiously puzzled by myself when I look back on it, and wonder what the minister would have thought if he could have seen behind our serious eyes to the thoughts that were concerned, not with death and beauty of conduct, but with the fortunes of an English horse-race. The horse we backed did not win, I may add, and, having lost five shillings out of an already empty pocket, I no longer believed in the superstition about funerals.

After an entertaining chapter on schools and children, which questions whether on the whole the influence of the religious schools on Irish life is a healthy one, Mr. Lynd turns his attention to wakes and funerals:

The modern wake seems to be but a pale reflection, a bewildered memory, of the ceremonies which used to follow a death till about a hundred years ago. In the old days, according to an account preserved by Lady Wilde, the room or barn in which the dead body lay was hung with "branches of evergreen and festoons of laurel and holly." On a bed lay the corpse, surrounded by branches of green leaves. The mourning women came in and sat down on the ground in a circle. In the centre one of them, cloaked and hooded, began the funeral wail, the others joining in the chorus. The lament ceased at intervals only to be raised again, and, when it was over, the women went out, and their places were taken by a new crowd of people who performed a kind of mystery play. Before the play began, there was pipe-music, and whisky was served round. With respect to the plays acted on these occasions, some of them appear to have been serious and symbolic. Others contained farcical elements like the mystery plays in all Christian countries during the middle ages. We hear, for instance, of "one called 'Hold the light,' where the passion of the Lord Christ is travestied with grotesque imitation." Many of them were full of sarcastic references to Christianity—references which are to be found also in traditional Irish literature—and the priests fought hard to put an end to these irreverent relics of the pagan spirit. As regards the effectiveness of some of these old dramas, Lady Wilde repeats an interesting criticism of an "intelligent peasant" who had been to Dublin and had been taken to the theatre. "I have now," he said on his return, "seen the great English actors, and heard plays in the English tongue, but poor and dull they seemed to me after the acting of our own people at the wakes and fairs: for it is a truth, the English can not make us weep and laugh as I have seen the crowds with us when the players played and the poets recited their stories."

Religion plays so large a part in the life of the Irishman that Mr. Lynd naturally devotes a chapter to some aspects of Catholicism and Protestantism, in the course of which he writes:

In some of the lonely country parts, where the people have to come long distances to chapel, you will see a still more curious Sabbath sight than this business of commerce and gossip. These isolated chapels have sometimes a low white stable connected with them, just as some old-fashioned Presbyterian churches have, and, when mass is over, you will see the people slowly getting ready their cars and their horses to go home. It is odd enough to see men riding from church on horseback in their rustic respectability, but the spectacle becomes comic when you see their wives sitting behind them, in pillbox fashion, wearing the foolish bonnets and black jackets for which countrywomen discard their week-day clothes on great occasions like Sunday. I met a whole cavalcade of women riding from chapel like this behind their husbands one Sunday morning when I was driving in the south of County Mayo. The sight surprises a man from town like a piece of romance: there is something fascinating and gipsyish about it.

Irish religion, however, is not a mere affair of Sunday. It is an essential part of the life of the house every day of the week. The Catholic has his crucifix in some convenient place to remind him of the sacrifice of Christ at his prayers, and the Protestant has the Bible to turn to for help in times of ease and difficulty. On some evenings, if you are in a Catholic house in the most Irish parts of the country, you may hear a strange crying—almost a lamentation—such as you might expect in days of religious revival. This is at the hour of family prayer. The family worship of Protestants in country places is usually less demonstrative but no less impressive. In some Presbyterian houses a Psalm is first sung, and the members of the family then read a chapter of the Bible, verse about. The servant joins in the reading, and, as her education is usually of the most elementary nature, her treatment of some of the old Hebrew names, and even of the simpler English words, is at times curiously original. Occasionally, an old evangelist or lay-reader goes round the poorer houses and holds a small family service in them, and these lay-readers have often a way of being more violent than sweetly reasonable in their propagation of Christian truths.

"O Lord," one of them prayed in a house I know, "do thou shake these people over hell-fire, but shake them in mercy!" Sometimes you feel that there is almost an excess of the terrors of hell in the religion of the Protestants, and I believe some priests insist with equal vigor upon the penal side of religion.

Priests and parsons, the Ulsterman, the Irish gent, town life, and games and dances are among the other topics discussed by Mr. Lynd. He thinks the Irishman's reputation for politeness is well deserved, and cites as an illustration of his attitude of civility towards women the notice, "The lifeboat rule is, women and children first," which adorns the street trolleys of Belfast. The volume is fully illustrated from photographs which are admirably reproduced.

HOME LIFE IN IRELAND. By Robert Lynd. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Newly devised methods of municipal book-keeping will save New York City half a million annually.

MAETERLINCK'S PRIVATE THEATRE.

How "Pelléas et Mélisande" Was Played to Actual Scenery.

When Maurice Maeterlinck purchased the ancient and picturesque Benedictine Abbey of St. Wandrille in Normandy he little thought he was buying a theatre as well as a home. It was his wife, however, the gifted actress known to the French stage as Mme. Georgette Leblanc, by whom the discovery was made. Her training in visualizing not alone the characters of drama, but the environment amid which they work out their destiny enabled her to divine the possibilities of the monastic abode in which she and her poet husband had made their home.

Twelve months ago Mme. Maeterlinck made her first experiment of turning St. Wandrille into a theatre. For the play she elected Shakespeare's "Macbeth," for the nature scenes of which the grounds of the abbey provided fitting settings, while the various exteriors and interiors of the ancient building furnished meet backgrounds for those episodes of the tragedy which took place under the shelter of a roof. So successful was that daring experiment in realism that Mme. Maeterlinck decided to repeat her innovation this year, wisely choosing for her vehicle her husband's poetic masterpiece, "Pelléas et Mélisande," than which no drama of blended romance and tragedy is more suitable for visualizing against the exquisite natural and architectural backgrounds ready to hand at St. Wandrille.

Wholly unique, then, was the experience enjoyed by the little group of playgoers, some thirty in number, who willingly paid their forty dollars each for following as in actual life the love story and tragedy of Pelléas and Mélisande. They followed literally, for this was a drama which moved its audience in both senses. Moved it, indeed, through no fewer than fourteen scenes, from the hour when the widower Prince Goland meets the sobbing Mélisande by the stream in which she has dropped her golden charm, to that woe-filled moment when the sword of Goland drinks the life-blood of the ill-fated maiden.

Whoso would draw a mind's picture of the development of the tragedy must remember that its various stages were shown amid scenes which owed nothing to canvas or paint or scene-shifters. All the settings were actual. The rivulet by which Goland meets Mélisande was a veritable stream in the picturesque grounds of the abbey; the terrace where Arkel and his queen learn of the homecoming of Goland with the beautiful but strange girl whom he has wedded was the substantial stone face of the monastery; the fountain beside which Pelléas and Mélisande pledge their love was no stage property, but a permanent adornment of the grounds, hedged about by dark, majestic and living yew-trees; the cloister in which Mélisande sings her sweet old ballad was, not so many years since, actually haunted by monkish figures. It was so all through. No episode of the tragedy but had its background of actuality. It was as though time had been rolled back for centuries, as though Pelléas and Mélisande were once more in living, breathing flesh, and were fulfilling again their sweet-bitter destiny.

In various nooks and corners of the old abbey grounds small awnings had been erected, beneath which were the few chairs needed for the handful of on-lookers. A couple of guides, attired in mediæval garb, and bearing torches, led the little group almost stealthily from spot to spot, creating the feeling that guides and guided were all alike invisible eavesdroppers and, like the actors, beings of long-past generations. When the scene transpired within doors, they huddled together in a corner of the apartment, sleeping-chamber or cloister, as though anxious to efface themselves lest their presence should break the spell of the story. Of course the actors spoke actual words, but there was no need they should have done so, for there they actually moved and had their being and worked out the passion of love and the tragedy of revenge. Here Mélisande, attired negligé, is seen at a lamp-lit window, unloosening her wondrous locks as she leans out to bid Pelléas good-night and "swamps him to the heart" by their silken beauty; and a moment later the scowling visage of Goland is seen, now so convinced in suspicion that he drags Pelléas down into the "death-smelling" traps of the altars, which in olden time were the cells of the convict monks. From those noisome-depths the thrilled onlookers hear cries which are more eloquent than the actual sight of what is transpiring below.

And so the piteous story was unfolded stage by stage, until, in a beautifully half-lit garden scene, the suspected couple are observed exchanging their first self-conscious embrace, oblivious of the stealthy footsteps of the approaching Goland. Here and there a subdued light, managed with rare skill, had given to the chief figures just that relief needed to isolate them from their environment, and ever and anon wandering music, hidden away but surcharged with the wistfulness of the olden time, added to the hypnotic spell of the silent onlookers. Thus from forest glade to ancestral hall, from the old abbey terrace to the mouldering tower, the torch-bearers led the little group, past monkish statues and stained-glass windows, every moment deepening the sense that all this was of the years that have fled and of passions and hates so long ago chilled by the icy touch of death.

Here was illusion indeed, and yet secured by materialized and itinerant setting and acting. Of course

an open-air performance is nothing novel, but the uniqueness of this occasion was the absolute appropriateness of the building and grounds to the story which had to be told. Mme. Maeterlinck's conception, splendidly justified by two experiments, opens up new possibilities in the interpretation of romantic and tragic drama, the only drawback being that by the necessities of the case the audience must always be small. It is true also that the buildings suitable for such purposes must be difficult of access, but the privileged audience at St. Wandrille agreed that their journey across half Normandy had been richly rewarded.

PARIS, September 17, 1910. ST. MARTIN.

HOW A PLAY WAS MADE.

The Work in Collaboration of Two San Francisco Women.

Kate Douglas Wiggin has written an account of the process which turned her popular story, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," into a play, and the story is printed, with appropriate illustrations, in the current number of *Harper's Bazar*. Mrs. Riggs—then Miss Smith—whose pen name is much better known than her own, established in San Francisco the first free kindergartens organized on the Pacific Coast. Her later success as an author and editor is proof of her genius. In her initial effort as a playwright she was assisted by another San Franciscan, Charlotte Thompson, who has written several plays, two or three of which were brought out by Florence Roberts. The *Bazar* article throws light upon details of playmaking which are rarely discussed with knowledge and authority, and shows that there are severe trials even for experienced writers who attempt to furnish material for actors' use. Mrs. Riggs is reminiscent in the beginning of her confidences:

It was too many years ago to count that Dion Boucicault asked me to leave the work I was doing in the establishment of free kindergartens in San Francisco and join his company to play the leading roles in "The Colleen Bawn" and "Kerry." I do not remember of being harassed by any doubts of my talent; but children's hands held me on every side—poor, destitute, joyless, and desperately in need of what I believed could be secured for them. After twenty-four hours' reflection, Mr. Boucicault's flattering offer was declined. As I was very young and decidedly human, I hardly know why the harder, soherer, less attractive task was so quickly chosen, but my heart was in it and there was no looking backward.

In the following paragraph there is a suggestion that her work is not usually "dramatic," and it will perhaps lead some to wonder if there is room for differing opinions as to what "dramatic" means. There is room. All readers will not agree with Mrs. Riggs:

The reading of plays and the witnessing them has always been my chief recreation. Considering that intimacy with dramatic literature, together with my constant attendance at plays in America, in England, and on the continent, it is curious that this controlling interest has not had any effect upon my literary work, which is as simple, as undramatic, as guiltless of plot and curtain and climax and suspended interest as it was twenty years ago. Neither is it the fact that I attempt to master these very desirable qualities and fail—I simply never try to alter my natural bent, knowing quite well what is for me, and what, emphatically, is not.

Those who saw dramatic possibilities in many of the Kate Douglas Wiggin stories were widely scattered, but some of the discerning found access to the author, who was still skeptical:

Why, then, have I frequently been asked to write plays? The persons who prefer the requests must, of course, believe that I have a latent, unsuspected gift, which will develop if sufficiently urged. I disagree, and continue to adopt the line of least resistance, not because energy and industry are lacking, but because I think that usually one's real gift, if it is real, draws one like ropes of steel! A poor plan, in my opinion, to turn away from work one loves and does with indescribable joy and ardor, to attempt things a thousand people are doing better.

But when the twenty-seventh person (they were none of them names to conjure with) had asked if he or she might send me the "little play" he or she had made of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" I began to consider the matter of trying it myself. It is true that the dramatization of a book presents greater risks than most other forms of playwriting, but it seems (and it is chiefly seeming) to present fewer difficulties to the novice. My unspoken thought was, in answer to the many requests to which I finally yielded, that I could protect the spirit of my own book, and preserve its simplicity, better than anybody else. The result could only be an unpretentious play, very different from the accepted forms, but it might possibly be an amusing, touching, human sort of thing, natural and pleasing in spite of its slightness.

Here speaks the writer to whom her creations are not merely real, but loved and respected:

It seemed better to begin with Rebecca. Rebecca had made her own following, more or less; at any rate, she "did herself," as the children say, and I had always appeared to my own view as a joyous and somewhat accidental parent. Perhaps (I thought) she will hold some of her friends on the stage as she did in the book. Of course, if she fails I shall have been a very cruel literary mother, dragging my child from the spot where she was appreciated and beloved, and transplanting her to one where people might shake their heads at her and say: "We don't like you at all. Why didn't you stay at Sunnybrook Farm where you belonged?"

A fortunate circumstance—it must be so set down, whether the first play of the collaborators is a great success or not—brought two sympathetic workers together:

These thoughts and many others possessed my mind and conscience in the weeks before my friend Charlotte Thompson came to my summer home in Maine to help in the undertaking. She came a comparative stranger and left a warm friend, contrary to all histories of collaborations, which ordinarily end in precisely the opposite way. She was born for this particular task. Of course she may have been horn for several other minor reasons, but I will not argue that point. I only know that she cared more for Rebecca than I myself, that she agreed heartily that the only way to deal with her

was to let her alone; that she could not be strengthened or lengthened or broadened or stiffened without losing her individuality, which was our principal asset in the play. Accordingly we took the two books and, after many days of discussion, constructed skeletons of four acts which might or might not be the eventual play.

I retired into my study to write the acts aforesaid, she into the Quillcote barn to work out the thousand and one details, and to plan new wonders for me to perform should I show any ability in that direction. From study to barn we fitted back and forth, I to find her deep in the progression of scenes, stage business, considerations of scenery, exits and entrances of characters. I had great facility for getting people on to the stage, but seldom an inspiration for getting them off; and could write pages of fairly effective, actable dialogue more easily than I could devise a reason for removing an actor from one scene in time for him to dress for the next.

And here is the really novel experience of the novice in actual stage mechanics:

The whole experience of the work with the stage director, which preceded rehearsals, and the rehearsals themselves—all this was delightful, illuminating, and chastening, and I issued from the experience wiser as well as humbler. I could write pages concerning my verbal conflicts with the stage director, and most amusing they would be; only I am certain he would publish his own reminiscences of the same period. "Authors seem to be absolutely opaque to all dramatic situations!" he would exclaim; and I would retort, "And stage managers seem to be blind and deaf to anything that is simple and human and natural!"

"That will never go over the footlights," he would assert. "Then let it go through them for a change!" I would reply. He was wonderful with the children as well as most ingenious in inventing stage business, and in all our differences we each preserved respect and admiration for the other's work. I "wrote in" bits of dialogue at rehearsal, for delightful persons who had not nearly enough to say for the salaries they received. I took home certain pathetic scenes very dear to me, and brought them back next day wreathed in smiles; as everybody concerned, from the Olympian head himself to the fourth stage assistant, detested tears and approved of laughter, both on moral and financial grounds. Why they deplored my gentle April showers of pathos when the rivers of tears that flow in such plays as "Ma-lame X" wash thousands of dollars into the box-office, I shall never understand, but so it was.

There is even a good word for the actors in this record of novel incidents:

Rehearsals brought a new set of friendships. Where can you find a more gallant "working together" than a playwright, even a beginner, finds awaiting him, from the moment the parts fall into the actors' hands?

"Thanks not to reason why." Theirs but to speak or die the lines given them to speak, and how grateful they are for every word with which it is possible for them to secure a smile, a chuckle, a quiver of the lip, a responsive look, or, above all, the applauding "hand."

The stage hands are meantime doing their best that the author's work shall not be judged a failure. They are interested spectators and, I doubt not, pretty good judges of the outcome of affairs.

The play, with its many motives and interests drawn from the views and emotions of childhood, gives play for the most delightful fancies of the author, who has been happiest in such scenes, and the concluding paragraphs of her description contain her speculations and criticisms of the public interest in child-life dramas.

It is proposed, as a memorial in Scotland to the late king, to restore Linlithgow Palace. Holyrood is in a fair state of preservation, whereas Linlithgow Palace, on the shore of the beautiful sheet of water of that name, is in ruins, and this being the case, perhaps the better plan would be the restoration of Linlithgow. The palace, which is somewhat square and heavy looking, was the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots; in Linlithgow Church James IV of Scotland was forewarned by an apparition of the coming disaster at Flodden Field; in its streets the regent Murray was shot; close by the town Edward I had two ribs broken by his horse the night before Falkirk, and on its loch a chancellor of the exchequer, bent on economy, issued instructions that the royal swans should be kept down to a dozen!

A writer in the *Hospital* is authority for the statement that the consumption of wines and spirits is steadily decreasing. The idea which prevailed in the medical profession some years ago that almost all sick people must be placed upon stimulants has died a natural death, he says, and now in comparatively few cases is alcohol ordered. Expensive wines and high-priced spirits are not necessary for hospital use. The special flavor for which connoisseurs are prepared to pay a long price is not needed. The wine or spirit is ordered because the patient needs stimulating, and so long as they are good and sound, medium-priced articles will convey to the system of the patient the alcohol for which alone the wine or spirit is ordered.

Decisions by the tribunal at The Hague diminish the zone open to American fishermen in the waters surrounding Newfoundland. All the bays are closed to American fishermen, and a three-mile limit around Newfoundland, measuring across from headland to headland, may not be entered. The regulation of time and methods of fishing is left to Newfoundland.

A tiny electric light generating plant has been devised suitable for mounting on an automobile to supply current for the lights. By the use of improved lamps a very superior illumination is secured.

Treed by a cow moose, a Massachusetts man started to play a phonograph, and the moose thing was just six seconds jumping over two barns and four haystacks and losing itself in the woods.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Mad Shepherds.

Inspired would have been a better adjective than "mad," for Snarley Bob, the most important of Mr. Jacks's shepherds, was a man of poetic vision, and several of the other characters in these remarkable studies of English peasants are revealed as possessing an almost uncanny appreciation of spiritual things. Some insight into Snarley Bob's mind is gained by listening to his talk about the stars. "What's the good of tellin' a man that it's ninety-three millions o' miles between the earth and the sun? There's lots o' folks as knows that; but there's not one in ten thousand as knows what it means. You gets no forrader wi' lookin' at the figures in a book. You must thin yourself out, and make your body lighter than air, and stretch, and stretch at yourself until you gets the sun and planets, floatin' like, in the middle o' your mind. Then you begins to get hold on it." Many a reader will agree with Bob that it isn't easy to "get them big things the right way up," but these singularly moving pages teach not a little of the secret. Snarley Bob is the most individual village philosopher that has been added to literature for many a day, and the other rural characters depicted by Mr. Jacks are worthy of the gallery in which he hangs. The book is as remarkable for its humor as for its poetic insight.

MAD SHEPHERDS AND OTHER HUMAN STUDIES. By L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.20 net.

Atonement.

Stephen Harborage believed "absolutely in the law of atonement. Every sin committed has to be expiated by the sinner; in expiation alone lies forgiveness." When the reader meets Stephen in the opening chapters of this story he would hardly anticipate the fate that is in store for him. Sylvia, too, was hopeless of making an impression on such an apparently well-poised man. She found talking to him a "mental strain"; he reminded her of the poem "Excelsior"—attributed by Mr. Young to Tennyson—for, as she said, "I try to detain him in the valley, but he's forever attempting to mount to the peak of snows." Unfortunately Sylvia became too piqued over her failure to move Stephen, and when a woman of so many attractions as she possessed sets herself to win a victory there is usually but one result. So by and by Stephen has to put into practice his doctrine of expiation, and he passes through many a dark hour in consequence. But there are others involved in his fall, and for them the atonement is of the most tragic kind. Mr. Young has written a story of undeniable interest, which absorbs the reader almost in spite of himself, and without being false to his art conveys a weighty moral. His episodes are managed with great skill and his dialogue is always attractive.

ATONEMENT. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The Lonely Lovers.

There are three of these "lonely lovers"—that is, if the wayward Marjorie is to be included. She was not much in love with her husband, John Pallion, it is true, but presumably she had some sort of affection for that "married man in India" whose reappearance on the scene led to her precipitate flight. Naturally, that left John Pallion lonely, and his efforts to find an affinity to share his bachelor quarters now and then were not particularly successful. Then, however, the elusive Jill came into his life, a maiden "incurably romantic" and wholly ignorant of many things. Of course Pallion falls deeply in love, but he is honest enough to own that he is married, which naturally accounts for his loneliness. And then, just as he seems on the eve of losing Jill, he learns that his wife has been drowned. With that obstacle removed, his wedding with Jill is hurried on post-haste, and the ceremony takes place before he learns that the report of his wife's drowning is false. Hence he becomes a lonely lover again, and Jill comes into the same class. Later there is one tremendous scene when Pallion is almost tempted to defy the conventions, but is saved by—a mantelpiece! Never has such an article been so hard-worked as by Mr. Newte. Confronted by Jill's alluring looks, the hero "clutched the mantelpiece," and later he is found still "clutching the mantelpiece," and finally for a third time he "gripped the mantelpiece as if to save his reason," etc. It is strange that Mr. Newte should so weaken his appeal and rouse his reader's sense of the humorous, for, apart from a too tragic note, he writes for the most part in an interesting manner.

THE LONELY LOVERS. By Horace W. C. Newte. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50.

The Riders of the Plains.

As the song has it, "a policeman's life is not a happy one," but it depends what kind of a policeman he is. There is one service eminently suited to a healthy, vigorous young man, "a life of continuous employment and considerable variety, now in the township, now on the open prairie," etc. The force

offering this variety of life is the Northwest mounted police of Canada, responsible for the preservation of law and order in a vast area reaching from the forty-ninth parallel to the Arctic Ocean. This band, formed in 1873, now numbers some six hundred men, and has a history well worth the glowing pages in which it is told by Mr. Haydon—told, it should be added, from personal experience and a study of all official records. It is an entertaining volume, and the impression it leaves is that the testimony to the force given by an old-timer, a real "sour-dough," has been worthily won: "Those police fellers got a cinch on the country from the word go, an' they never let up. They just ran the place, sir, like an all-fired day and night school. An' it wasn't no picnic, neither." Mr. Haydon gives a vivid picture of the Northwest of the past, describes the organization of the police, and then follows the story of the force down to recent times. It is a stirring record, full of incident and heroic episodes.

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS. By A. L. Haydon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Grand Canyon of Arizona.

After a somewhat ecstatic first chapter, which asks at the close a question hardly of interest to the tourist, Mr. James gets to business and provides the reader with a wealth of valuable information about the cañon and how to get there and the best methods of seeing its unique glories. He caters for the needs of those who can spend but a day in sight-seeing, and also for those with unlimited time at their disposal. Although he at times retraces his tracks, the information is on the whole presented in a straightforward manner and is enforced by numerous photographic illustrations and several diagrams and a map. As Mr. James is thoroughly familiar with the cañon, having explored it many times, he is a trustworthy guide and has produced a volume of great value to the tourist. Nor is it of less interest to those who can visit the cañon only in imagination.

THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA AND HOW TO SEE IT. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

My Mark Twain.

While an impression rather than a biography, Mr. Howells's tribute to his friend Mark Twain pictures the man as no biography can hope to do. Every page is redolent of affection, is as tender as though written by a deathbed, and those who love the memory of the humorist can hardly hope to have their feelings expressed with deeper sympathy than by Mr. Howells.

Incidentally, but not in any chronological order, the reader learns many things of interest, such as Clemens's attitude to the Christian faith, his relations with the *Atlantic Monthly*, his literary preferences, etc. He did not care much for fiction; there were "certain authors whose names he seemed not so much to pronounce as to spew out of his mouth," including Goldsmith and Jane Austen; consequently, as Mr. Howells notes, he was "most unliterary in his make and manner." As to his fame in America and England there is this summing up: "In America his popularity was as instant as it was vast.

But it must be acknowledged that for a much longer time here than in England polite learning hesitated his praise. In England rank, fashion, and culture rejoiced in him. Lord mayors, chief justices, and magnates of many kinds were his hosts; he was desired in country houses, and his bold genius captivated the favor of periodicals which spurned the rest of our nation. But in his own country it was different." One of the most interesting of Mr. Howells's chapters is that in which he tells, and tells with rare skill, the story of Clemens's miss-fire joke at the expense of Longfellow, Emerson, and Holmes. The final verdict of Mr. Howells is: "Out of a nature rich and fertile beyond any I have known, the material given him by the Mystery that makes a man and then leaves him to make himself over, he wrought a character of high nobility upon a foundation of clear and solid truth. At the last day he will not have to confess anything, for all his life was the free knowledge of any one who would ask him of it." The volume also contains eleven reviews of Mark Twain's books written by Mr. Howells during the period between 1869 and 1901.

MY MARK TWAIN. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.40 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Sir Oliver Lodge's "Parent and Child" (Funk & Wagnalls; 50 cents net) is a brief treatise on "the moral and religious education of children," which warns parents that children are separate individuals and not mere duplicates of their fathers and mothers. The author has been "astounded, occasionally even appalled, at the innate goodness of some children."

Winthrop Packard's new volume, "Wood Wanderings" (Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.20 net) comprises ten essays on aspects of nature, each distinguished by poetry of expression and sympathetic interpretation. Mr. Packard is in the Thoreau line of descent, knows the woods and fields as few writers do, and has a rare gift in imparting to others the enjoyment of his lonely wanderings. The little volume is tastefully produced and has some charming illustrations.

In "What Is Essential?" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1 net) George Arthur Andrews makes an effort to reach the hedrock of religion, and in pointing out the distinctive function of the church asserts that it must do more than furnish a form of worship that shall be pleasing to its own members. "It must furnish a worship that shall be vital and strengthening. . . . It must apply truths to the present needs, not only of the listening congregation, but of society at large."

Upwards of thirty photographs taken by Clifton Johnson at different seasons of the year are the distinguishing feature of this new edition of Thoreau's "Walden" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2 net). These photographs make an admirable pictorial record of the present-day aspect of the environments amid which Thoreau tried his experiment of living in the woods, and enable the reader to visualize the outward conditions of his hermit life. It is a desirable edition of a book which on its own account is too much of a classic to need praise.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Bernard Shaw as Artist-Philosopher.

Mr. Deacon is an enthusiastic Shavian, whose ardent discipleship and glowing eulogy must be a comfort to the heart of the hero of the Adelphi. We are assured that Mr. Shaw has given us several important clues to dramatic theory, and notably that he "enunciates the law of conflict." But did not Voltaire, long before Mr. Shaw took the kindness to be born, say the same thing? However, it is encouraging to learn that "a modern author can not hope to surpass the art of Shakespeare." Another service Mr. Shaw is supposed to be rendering is the sweeping away "of Romance as the great heresy" of art and life. But according to Mr. Deacon, what Mr. Shaw means by Romance is "the degeneration of the Romantic idea," and if that be the case it would seem as though Mr. Shaw is intent upon sweeping himself away! How reliable a guide Mr. Deacon is may be inferred from his remark that "the conception of the child as a separate individual with a destiny to achieve without coercion from parents or friends is of quite modern growth." And this in connection with a reference to Romeo and Juliet! But Mr. Deacon's enthusiasm for his hero is unbounded; his prefaces, he affirms, are "absolutely invaluable as storehouses of fact and thought. Scattered throughout, with the prodigality of genius, are ideas which will be expanded into tomes by the writers of the future."

BERNARD SHAW AS ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER. By Renée M. Deacon. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

An unusually representative and distinguished committee has been formed for the furtherance of the scheme to commemorate the centenary of Dickens's birth by the issuing of stamps which are to be sold for the benefit of his impoverished descendants. The members include Lord Rosebery, Andrew Lang, G. K. Chesterton, Edmund Gosse, and many other men of note. The stamps will be on sale next month at a cost of two cents each, and Dickens's admirers will be appealed to to purchase sufficient to place one in each volume of the novelist's works they may possess. Arthur Waugh complains that since the novels went out of copyright they have "been reproduced by houses of business some of whom have never paid a farthing to the source of their inspiration." This is a strange comment to come from the firm of which Mr. Waugh is manager, that is, Chapman & Hall, the original publishers of Dickens, who have probably not paid a farthing royalty themselves since the lapse of copyright.

"Whirligigs" was the title chosen by O. Henry but a few days before his death for the collection of stories about to be published, the last collection which he personally selected.

Discussing the question, How long ought novels to be? the New York Evening Post declares that "a three-volume novel is frankly recognized as 'impossible,' no matter what its intrinsic interest." This, as is usual when the old three-decker is under review, ignores the fact that the average three-volume novel of a generation ago differed but little from the one-volume type of today save in being printed in larger letter-press and being more liberally "spaced." Many novels published today in single volumes are at least as long as the old-fashioned three-volume story. "Nathan Burke," for example, or either of William De Morgan's novels, or, in fact, any novel which extends to six hundred pages in present-day style of printing, would easily furnish sufficient material to eke out the three volumes of the old kind.

Professor Liberman has written "The Story of Chantecler" for immediate publication, the distinguishing feature of which is that it gives a remarkably complete history of the play and a critical description and explanation.

Albert S. Cook's chapter on the Authorized Version of the Bible and its influence on literature, which is one of the few contributions by American scholars to the "Cambridge History of English Literature," is to be republished in book form with passages which, owing to lack of space, had to be eliminated by the editors of the history.

Judging from the experience which Tolstoy is now constantly undergoing, the life of a reformer is not a happy one. The most distressing feature of his environment is stated to be the large number of unemployed and beggars who wait for him outside his house for hours at a stretch. These unfortunates surround him and besiege him with their importunate requests just at the time when he is most in need of the fresh air and mental rest and solitude.

"Once he asked me," says H. J. Moors in his recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa, "how I liked 'Treasure Island,' and I told him I considered it a splendid story, though I did not think the conclusion

was of the same high standard as the rest of the book. 'Moors,' said he, 'if you knew how hard-up I was at the time and how I had to hurry to finish the story, you would excuse those last chapters. I agree with you, and many of my friends take the same view.'"

Two pupils of William Morris, who have turned their attention to rare bookbinding, have in hand at the present time the tooling and decoration of a copy of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the cost of which will exceed £400. The covers are inlaid with seven hundred amethysts and other stones. These binders declare that the greatest demand for their work comes from the United States, and that they have in hand an order for four books a year for five years at £200 each volume.

New Books Received.

NOVELS.

AN AFFAIR OF DISHONOR. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.75.

In this latest story Mr. De Morgan lays his scene in seventeenth-century England and allows his plot to move at a more lively pace than usual.

THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

A romance of action, in which the characters are swayed by strong, primitive motives.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM. By S. R. Crockett. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Opens with an exciting adventure in a haunted house, and culminates in the successful love of a Scottish lad for a maiden of noble birth.

MAX. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

A bright and swiftly moving story with a startling plot, the scenes of which are mostly laid in well-known European capitals.

REST HARROW. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Setting forth the climax in the relations of Senhouse and Mary Middleham, with many poetic descriptions of nature.

MASTER OF THE VINEYARD. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

A story in that placid vein for which Miss Reed is so well known.

KINGSFORD QUARTER. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

Mainly a football story, with plenty of fun and light-hearted talk.

MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

Molly is a whimsical character who writes lively letters and acts altogether in an unconventional manner.

THE LEAGUE OF THE SIGNET RING. By Mary Constance Dubois. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

For young readers. Full of fun and adventure, much of which passes in the Adirondacks.

THE LAKERIM CRUISE. By Rupert Hughes. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

Tells of the vacation cruise of the Lakerim athletic club, which was an exceedingly enjoyable time.

BETTY'S HAPPY YEAR. By Carolyn Wells. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

Happiness radiates from every page of this story, which traces the course of the year in Betty's singularly happy life.

THE YOUNG RAILROADERS. By F. Lovell Coombs. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

Adventures of two boy chums who are given responsible positions in the office of a Western railroad and defeat the plans of train-wreckers.

THE GREATEST WISH IN THE WORLD. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50.

In Peggy the author has drawn the portrait of a particularly winning child, the central figure of an attractive story.

THE BOB'S HILL BRAVES. By Charles Pierce Burton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.

A story of great interest to Boy Scouts, introducing a band of lads who have high times in playing at Indians.

DOWN HOME WITH JENNIE ALLEN. By Grace Donworth. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50.

A sequel to "The Letters of Jennie Allen" and worthy of that inimitable book.

THE OPEN DOOR. By Earle Ashley Walcott. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A baffling detective story, the scene of which is laid in San Francisco.

THE HUSBAND'S STORY. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

An indictment of the financier and a picture of a social climber who began as an undertaker's daughter and ended in European chateau life.

THE OTHER SIDE. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

Described as a story of this life and the next, with a musician for hero.

THE ROSE IN THE RING. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

A romance of American life in which there are "intrigues and rascals; hard blows given and taken; dangers escaped; misunderstandings lived through."

THE RED BLOODED. By Edgar Beecher Bronson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

Stirring tales of the plains of forty years ago, based upon the author's personal adventures.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Ernest A. Batchelder. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net.

Aims to be helpful not only to students and teachers, but "to the many others who feel the

lack of a criterion or standard to assist them in forming a judgment in questions of design." The volume is copiously illustrated.

GREEK ATHLETIC SPORTS AND FESTIVALS. By E. Norman Gardiner. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Of great interest not alone to the student of the past, but to all who are interested in the place of physical training and games in education. There are numerous and well-chosen illustrations.

DEMOCRACY AND THE PARTY SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES. By M. Ostrogorski. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net.

This study in extra-constitutional government is an abridged and revised edition of the author's "Democracy and Organization of Political Parties." Much new matter has been introduced.

IN THE CATSKILLS. Selections from the writings of John Burroughs. With photographs by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

Eight characteristic essays relating to the region where Mr. Burroughs was born and spent his early years.

THE CHAUNCEY GILES YEAR-BOOK. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A devotional manual with Scripture texts and comment from Mr. Giles's writings for each day in the year.

THE NIGGER. By Edward Sheldon. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

An "American play" in four acts as performed at the New Theatre in New York. The scene descriptions and the explanations of the poses and vocal inflections of the characters are unusually full.

STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Thomas Carter. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A volume which is excused on the ground that notwithstanding the immense popularity of the Tales by Charles and Mary Lamb, "there is room for a new rendering."

MY MARK TWAIN. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.40 net.

Comprises Mr. Howells's sympathetic study of his friend and the criticisms he has written of Mark Twain's books since he reviewed "The Innocents Abroad," in 1869.

ELBA AND ELSEWHERE. By Don C. Seitz. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

Humorous sketches of the lighter side of travel in Europe, with numerous thumb-nail caricatures.

ROUND THE YEAR WITH THE STARS. By Garrett P. Serviss. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

An attempt to "cultivate the love of the stars, and to offer a guiding hand to all who are willing to believe that some of the most exquisite joys of life" are to be found in observing the heavens.

PHOTOGRAPHING IN OLD ENGLAND. By W. I. Lincoln Adams. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$2.50.

An album of photographs with practical hints for camera users. The letterpress is brief and somewhat of the guide-book order.

LANDSCAPE AND FIGURE COMPOSITION. By Sadakichi Hartmann. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

Intended specially for the amateur photographer who is anxious to "compose" his pictures.

REMINISCENCES OF A RANCHMAN. By Edgar Beecher Bronson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

A revised, enlarged edition of the popular volume in which Mr. Bronson describes how he worked his way from a tenderfoot cowboy to the ownership of a ranch.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH SOUSA. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1 net.

Snatches of music, bits of verse, anecdotes and excerpts from interviews with the famous bandmaster collected under the days of the year.

ARTS AND CRAFTS OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75 net.

An addition to "The World of Art Series," specially designed for those anxious to acquire an understanding of Egyptian art. Many admirable illustrations.

WITH STEVENSON IN SAMOA. By H. J. Moors. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Mr. Moors enjoyed the friendship of Stevenson from the first day of his arrival in Apia to the end of his life and has much of interest to add to our knowledge of the writer.

SOCIALISTIC FALLACIES. By Yves Guyot. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

An attempt to "reduce to their true value the socialistic fallacies with which a number of able, but frequently unscrupulous, men amuse the idle and attract the multitude."

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Discusses, among other topics, the homelessness of man, feminism, education, and peasant proprietorship.

UNTO THIS LAST. By John Ruskin. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Company.

An addition to the "Remarque" series of literary masterpieces tastefully bound and with a portrait frontispiece.

JUNGLE BY-WAYS IN INDIA. By E. P. Stebbing. New York: John Lane Company; \$4 net.

Leaves from the note-book of an enthusiastic sportsman and naturalist, the outcome of sixteen years' experience. Many illustrations from photographs and sketches.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LIFE AND CHARACTER. By Mary E. Mitford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75 net.

A classic volume in an unusually attractive form, with sixteen reproductions in color from the paintings of Stanhope A. Forbes.

ENGLISH COSTUME. By George Clinch. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Describes the dress of various classes of the

community as worn in England from prehistoric times to the end of the eighteenth century. Copiously illustrated.

TALES OF IRISH LIFE AND CHARACTER. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75 net.

A new edition of what is perhaps the best of Mrs. Hall's books, with sixteen reproductions in color from paintings by Ersline Nicol.

WOOD WANDERINGS. By Winthrop Packard. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.20 net.

Attractive essays on fairy fruit, the land of the spruce, the squirrel harvest, and other nature aspects.

SELECTIONS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. Edited by Fred. Newton Scott. New York: The Macmillan Company; 25 cent. net.

A new volume in the pocket classics, with an instructive introduction and useful notes.

COLLEGE DAYS ESSAYS. By Reuben Alonzo Gibson. St. Louis: Nixon-Jones Printing Company; \$1.

Among the subjects discussed are international law, free trade, woman suffrage, the veto power, and the tariff.

UNCLE REMUS AND THE LITTLE BOY. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

An attractive volume for young people, with many illustrations in color and monotone.

THE JOURNEY BOOK. By De Witt Clinton Falls. New York: The Century Company; \$1.

Describes a journey through the United States, Canada, Mexico, and England to the accompaniment of many whimsical pictures.

THE SPHINX. By Oscar Wilde. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

Although not published until 1894, this poem was written prior to 1881. Mr. Ross thinks it may have been written in 1874.

THE HILL O' DREAMS. By Helen Lanyon. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

Graceful verse distinguished for the Celtic temperament in its most wistful form.

THE BOYS' NAPOLEON. By Harold F. B. Wheeler. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50.

All the salient episodes of Napoleon's sensational career are here retold in a manner suitable for boys' reading.

THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH. By Montrose J. Moses. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Emphasis is laid upon the "of" in the title of this study, to distinguish from literary activity in the South. The author's object is to show the close connection existing between the Southern life and its literature.

THE LOVE OF BOOKS AND READING. By Oscar Kuhns. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Essays on the art of reading, the power of a book, the great prose writers, the great poets, and the rewards of the higher reading.

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DANIEL MEYER.

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"THE MELTING-POT."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Although Israel Zangwill is not, in the truest sense of the word, a dramatist, his play, "The Melting-Pot," which is the current attraction at the Savoy Theatre, has many points of interest. For one, he gives a truthful picture of a Russian Jewish interior transplanted to America, presided over by an ancient matron whose father was a rabbi, and who therefore is solidly entrenched in the strictest tenets of the orthodox Jewish faith.

There is also an interesting musical atmosphere about the play as the hero is a musical prodigy and a composer, whose first inspiring composition a celebrated virtuoso, in sight of the audience, is called in to examine and pass judgment upon.

The theme of the play round which the tensest emotions are grouped bears upon the persecution of Jews in Russia and their subsequent contented settlement in America, and since the public is fully informed upon these points through the medium of magazine articles, and knows therefore that Zangwill does not exaggerate, and since, furthermore, it, in the mass, a humane public, and loves not the idea of wholesale extermination or massacre, its sympathies, whether of Gentile or Jew, are warmly extended toward the sufferer in Zangwill's play who has escaped to America after seeing all those dearest to him mutilated and cut down. Naturally, there are many Jewish people in the audiences at the Savoy, who make particularly warm demonstrations of favor toward the salient points in the play.

But, as a still further although inartistic element in the piece, Zangwill has popularized his play by making a lively appeal to the ebullient patriotism of Americans who think that this, and this only, is God's country, as is testified by frequent enthusiastic applause in response to those especial appeals.

An idea that is dwelt upon continually by Zangwill, as voiced by his leading character, David Quixano, the young composer before mentioned, is the fusion of all the races of the world in America, the great crucible of the nations. There, dreams Zangwill, the few is to be melted and made over again. In his new world, he is an American, no longer hated, despised, and persecuted, as in Russia, but among his peers.

To prove his point, Zangwill causes the young Jew composer to win the love of a Russian girl, brought up to be a conservative loather of Jews, who, although transplanted to America, and living humbly at a settlement house in a New York slum, is a daughter of a proud Russian family. Zangwill carries his dream still further by causing the Jewish youth—when he recognizes, in the father of his fair patron, the butcher who had commanded the soldiers that massacred his loved ones—to turn against the "butcher's laughter," until she humbly and tearfully sues it for reinstatement in his love. David Quixano, in fact, is the visible incarnation of the racial pride of Zangwill and others like him. Young, spiritual, delicate-minded, refined, a lover of humanity, a poet, and a musical genius, David stands for the artist, the humanitarian, and the saint, that is occasionally evolved from the serried ranks of materialism and greed.

Zangwill has passed over to David this fixed idea of America being the crucible of the races which, it is evident, is to him a thought of joy. David dreams of it, utters monologues on this theme, and composes a symphony with his dominating thought as the subject. He becomes eloquent, wonderfully eloquent, as he pours forth in a resistless flood of speech the ideas concerning it which haunt him and inspire him.

That is to say, from Walker Whiteside's lips the flood is resistless. By a wonderful piece of luck the sponsors of the play found in Walker Whiteside exactly the man for the part, just as he found in the play exactly the art for the man. Mr. Whiteside is slight, delicately featured, and lends to the character of David a boyish sweetness and ingenuousness of countenance. He has a fine voice, and, in all points save one, a pliant and delicate art. Mr. Whiteside can not make love. But, as Zangwill similarly can not shine in love scenes, the one deficiency does not obtrude.

What Mr. Whiteside does succeed wonder-

fully well in conveying is the delicate freshness of David's spirit, the depth of his family affections, the wide-reaching glow of his love for his kind, and the winning gift of a sweet, wholesome humor. Some actors in Mr. Whiteside's place might have become tedious.

David has a number of monologues in the play, for Zangwill is not a strictly modern technician in the art of dramatic composition, which, in these twentieth-century days, demands brevity and conciseness of dialogue. Zangwill has not sought to let events and conditions tell themselves in action, as, for instance, in Kämpfe's striking drama of Russian revolutionists, "Le Grand Soir." So it requires an actor of as winning a personality and as varied a power of expression as Walker Whiteside's to cause an audience to follow with undiminished pleasure and sympathy each one of David's rather prolonged bursts of enthusiasm, or of retrospect.

Zangwill is evidently too fervid to be a realist, so the story becomes a little high-flown in the later acts, and at all times a keen appreciator of ideal dramatic construction will recognize that an abstract idea frequently displaces the actual drama.

But the sympathy of the audience is steadily held until the gun-play of the third act comes in. This is an over-colored effect which is unnecessary, and which subtracts from the tragic aspects of the theme.

In the last act, Mr. Zangwill was rather afield. It is too long, too talky, and deviates too widely from sincere simplicity. A false note was somehow struck in the love scene, although the author was making every effort to keep the scene pitched in a key of strong yet controlled emotion. For some reason he failed, and our last view of Mr. Whiteside's David is the least interesting.

"The Melting-Pot" is not by any means a one-part play, nor is the company interpreting it cast into insignificance by the merits of the main actor.

Hubert Wilke, who, if I remember right, we have seen in a picturesque rôle in comic opera, with Maude Berri on her first visit here as a prima donna, gives a delightfully European and esoteric flavor to the character of Herr Pappelmeister, the virtuoso who passes judgment upon David's symphony. In an extremely clever bit of acting, which, by the way, could only have been done by a player with a strong feeling for music, Mr. Wilke depicts the musician as reading the score, bursting out occasionally into scraps of vocalism, beating time enthusiastically during passages that excited his admiration, and wrapped in the appreciation that the artist feels for the work of another in his own domain, remaining deaf and blind to the outside world, and to the excited demands of his auditors. I would not be at all surprised if this interesting bit of histrionism had been copied from life, since Mr. Wilke, as a musician and a European, has no doubt come in contact with noted musicians in the old world.

Dore Davidson and Louise Muldener gave companion portraits of the uncle and old Jewish grandmother, both of them of a high order of merit. Little was said by Louise Muldener, and that little was not spoken in English, yet the actress added immensely to the reality of the scene by the picture she gave of the silent old woman, exiled from her own country, bereft of her immediate family, and shut up within herself in a world of sad memories. The fact that the play, in spite of its faults, has become noted enough to excite much attention lies not only in the dignified nature of the theme, but in the sense of reality that has been conveyed by many little pictures of the kind in the first two acts—the old woman, for instance, as she moves heavily around the room, arranging details in the orthodox manner.

I especially admired Mr. Whiteside's demeanor when the old grandmother extended her hands in yearning love and benediction above David's head. The young composer, in whom the sentiment of family affection was deep and strong, divided between his contentment at feeling himself encompassed by a prayerful love, and the ecstasy of his musical absorption, raised his eyes in half-acknowledgment of the benediction. But the dream held him again, and they were fixed in reverie, as the grandmother moved away. Not a shadow of over-emphasis, of theatrical stress; just a little touch of nature's simplicity, a brief glimpse of one of her casual moments, that stamped itself on the consciousness as a tiny picture of life. Such moments in the play gave profound satisfaction. They principally occurred in the plain setting of the Quixano home. Another scene, less artistic but pleasing of its kind, was that in which David, with the tender cunning of love, worked on Kathleen's Irish warm-heartedness, so that she went back on her decision to desert her post, and remained to promote Frau Quixano from being the interfering "ould woman" to her post as "the mistress."

Miss Florence Fisher, although refined, attractive, and earnest, is a little out of the atmosphere. She is rather too loud-voiced in the emotional scenes, although her excuse is that they are somewhat immoderate in tone, but as yet she lacks the finish to com-

plement Mr. Whiteside's work in the more characteristic scenes of the play.

Leonora Von Ottinger and Messrs. Corbett and Whitworth, all showed careful study in their rôles, so that the whole performance was stamped with a finish that lent it ease and distinction.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

A pretty young wife, who persuades herself that an unkind fate has doomed her to an early grave; a "dear friend," whom the wife has selected as her successor; a husband, who, ignorant of his wife's plans for his future, is a cheerful, care-free yachting enthusiast; and an amused onlooker, a visitor from California, who is dragged into the marital complexities, are the most deeply involved personages in the comedy success, "Her Husband's Wife," in which Henry Miller will appear at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, October 3, beginning a two weeks' engagement in San Francisco. Mr. Miller will be seen as the man from the Pacific Coast who is paying a visit to his relatives in Saratoga at the height of the summer season.

Mr. Miller will be supported by the same original cast which appeared with him during the long runs in New York and Chicago. He is bringing his latest hit to San Francisco before presenting it in the big cities of the East, where, with the exception of New York and Chicago, it is still to be seen for the first time.

On Sunday evening, at the Savoy Theatre, "The Prince of Pilsen," the familiar musical comedy by Frank Pixley and Gustav Luders, will begin an engagement limited to eight nights and two matinées. Manager Henry W. Savage, in sending this tuneful and popular entertainment on its eighth season's travels, has limited its presentation to one company, which in its personnel represents a judicious distribution of the various characters among those who have shown their superiority in previous casts of the play. Jess Dandy retains his humorous impersonation of Hans Wagner, the Cincinnati alderman, who, on a holiday trip to Nice, is mistaken for the Prince of Pilsen and has an embarrassing flood of bonors showered upon him. Frances Cameron is playing Mrs. Madison Crocker, the coquettish widow, and it is noted that she had this character in the London production several months ago. Edward Mora has the part of the real Prince and Ivor Anderson plays the part of the American naval officer. Vera Stanley brings to it a voice of pleasing quality and a personality that fits admirably into the picture. Lillian Lawson and Robert O'Connor add largely to the lively character of the performance. The airs of "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Message of the Violet," "The Tale of the Sea Shell," "The Stein Song," "Pictures in the Smoke," and all their jingly companion songs have a popularity that has seldom been given to the numbers of a musical comedy, and will be a factor in stimulating general interest in the engagement. The usual popular-priced matinee will take place on Thursday.

The Orpheum bill next week is remarkable for its variety and novelty. William Rock and Maude Fulton, considered by Eastern critics to be the best and most inventive dancers on the American stage, will appear in their original dance creations. Their performance is a terpsichorean revelation. Maurice Freeman, supported by Nadine Winston and a clever little company, will present the one-act play, "Tony and the Stork." Mr. Freeman impersonates an Italian who journeys to New York to see his wife, whom he has sent to a sanitarium. He visits her on the glorious Fourth, when everything is noise and racket, and is informed by an attendant that she and her newly born child are dead. His Italian nature swings him into the depth of woe, and but for the nurse he would strangle the superintendent. The scene that follows is pathetic in the extreme. In his desolation he wheels the little baby carriage to the corridor, when it is discovered that it is another woman of the same name that is dead and that his wife is almost convalescent. Back swings the pendulum of the southern temperament and the big Italian is all joy and happiness as his wife and two hearty boys are brought to him. The sketch is one of the most original in vaudeville, and gives Mr. Freeman a wide scope to display his art. Work and Ower, eccentric gymnasts who proved such a popular feature of the Orpheum Road Show three years ago, have been brought to America again by Martin Beck and will be included in next week's programme. Their offering is most unique and original. The Neapolitans, a trio of grand opera soloists, consisting of Estelle Ward, Marion Littlefield, and Signor Francesca Manetta, will be heard in popular classics and a potpourri of Neapolitan folk-songs. Miss Ward is a coloratura soprano of splendid range and quality. Miss Littlefield a contralto highly esteemed in the East, and Signor Manetta a tenor of remarkable ability. Next week will be the last of the comedy "Baseballitis," Fred Singer, the violin maker of Cremona, and

Tom Smith and the Three Peaches. It will also conclude the engagement of the Howard Brothers, who can now go on record as one of the greatest hits in vaudeville.

Walker Whiteside and company will give their concluding performances of Zangwill's strong play, "The Melting-Pot," at the Savoy Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening.

Frances Starr's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will come to a close with this Saturday evening's performance of "The Easiest Way." A special Friday matinee at popular prices was announced in order to meet the demand.

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Nights and Sat. mat., \$1.50 to 50c; Thurs. mat., 10c to 25c. Seats at Emporium and theatre.
Monday Evening, Oct. 10—JOHN MASON, in "THE WITCHING HOUR."

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ELLIS STREET at Fillmore

BEVANI GRAND OPERA COMPANY
Matinee today (Saturday), "La Bohème," with Francini, Newcomen, Battain, Giuliani, Campana, Secci Corsi, and Bevani; tonight (Saturday), "Martha," with Vicarino, De Dreux, Sacchetti, Alberti, and Florian; tomorrow (Sunday) matinee, "Il Trovatore;" tomorrow (Sunday) night, "Lucia."
Next Week—Monday and Friday nights, "La Bohème;" Tuesday night and Saturday matinee, "Lucia;" Wednesday night, "Cavalleria Rusticana;" and "I Pagliacci" (last time); Thursday night, "La Traviata."
Reserved seats, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kearny and Sutter Street Box office tomorrow (Sunday) at Garrick Theatre.

VANITY FAIR.

As the Ideal Man has been discovered—in theory—the poet imagines him in quest of the Ideal Girl:

I've sought her in New York town,
And at many a smart resort,
Her hair may be golden or brown,
And she may be tall or short;
Plump if she likes, or slim,
Well or ill dressed may he,
She may even be old—if she's plenty of gold,
And makes an ideal of me!

And now furs are to be dearer! Twice as dear, in fact. To be specific, a silver fox skin which last season might be had for two hundred and fifty dollars is to cost five hundred this season. But, ladies, beware of Mink furs and Tartar sables, for they are not the real thing. Here's our consul-general at Moscow warning us that both those skins are sold as Russian sables, especially the latter. The Tartar sable, he says, is a member of the squirrel family, and while the coat is brilliantly yellow in its native state, it is dyed to resemble the color of the genuine sable, and can hardly be distinguished in many instances even by the most experienced judges. Even hare, rabbit, muskrat, fitch, and marmot skins are treated by the gentle Russian as sables, while the fur of the white Arctic hare is often substituted for the Russian fox.

Boston's "woman's board of trade" should take note of these things. Its members are in a righteous mood just now, for business has been somewhat punk of late. So the astute ladies of trade have adopted a stringent resolution to the effect that for the future they will harbor no member who has been convicted of smuggling, inasmuch as "this class of persons are a menace to women engaged in legitimate business, women who pay their honest bills and living wages to their employees; women who are in good commercial standing can not compete with this unscrupulous class." What dark doings have prompted such a resolution? Why, it seems that the Hub is infested with smuggling dressmakers, and that they and their wares are actually popular with the leaders of fashion, who argue that the people to go to for the best bargains are those who will and do cheat the government. Which seems to show that the cynic who charged woman with being a born smuggler was not so far from the truth so far as the descendants of the Puritans are concerned. But it's all of apiece with that sweet simplicity which makes Boston the paradise of the palmist, thought-reader, and other fakers. Hosea Biglow preached in vain:

Chaps that make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make white slaves o' you.

For the patrons of smuggling dressmakers do not seem to realize that the dressmaker who will defraud Uncle Sam will have even less compunction in defrauding them.

Pearly teeth are not the fashion everywhere. One firm of artificial teeth manufacturers have to keep in stock molars of every shade of color from white to black. There is a steady demand for black teeth for Siam, Java, Batavia, and Burma, where the natives chew the betel nut, which blackens the teeth. For Persia the teeth must be absolutely milk white. Recently an order was received from Bhavnagar, in India, for some bright red and blue artificial teeth. Smokers' teeth are regularly supplied to dentists in shades to match those which have been discolored by nicotine.

At last the veil has been lifted, the veil which hides "that dainty, delightful, perfumed, and gay kingdom within a kingdom, the cabinet de toilette of the Parisienne's home." It is, as a rule, large, light, airy, and gay, with a dominant color of white, though delicate pastel shades, such as Nattier blue, vieux rose, pale Nile green, or tender mauve, are often in evidence. It contains a number of wardrobes of considerable dimensions, so that all the dresses may be hung in them without being in the least ruffled or crumpled. These wardrobes are lined usually with a plain or artistically yet simply decorated cretonne; and the same material covers the top of the wardrobes where the hats are kept. All the clothes hang carefully wrapped in large protecting sacks made from the same cretonne, which is also used to cover the hat-boxes. Each sack contains a sachet scented with the owner's favorite perfume, and there is another sachet for each hat-box. And now, on tiptoe, and with bated breath, let the interloper approach yonder dainty closet. The opening of the door discloses rows of shelves, each edged with small lace flouncings. As they ought to be, for on those shelves repose all kinds of filmy lingerie, the same that peeps beneath the skirt and makes g aceful frills around dainty ankles or shapely calves. This seems the proper place to drop the veil again.

But not even the Parisienne knows anything about that face paste which Consul George A. Chamberlain of Lourenço Marquez discovered on a journey of exploration re-

cently. He writes that among the women of Angoche it is customary to paint the face with a paste made by grinding a certain kind of wood on a wetted stone. This paste is most refreshing, stays cold on the face for hours, and when dry turns a dazzling white. Its merits are that it greatly improves the complexion, removes wrinkles, and keeps the skin free from pimples. Mr. Chamberlain is a discoverer beside whom the glories of Columbus grow dim. Think of its application to the color-belt alone, where a mammoth fortune awaits the man who can insure a skin surface of "dazzling white." But as a wrinkle-remover this wonderful paste has still greater possibilities.

Not much has been heard of late of the A. F., otherwise the autograph fiend, but there is no doubt popular authors and other famous personages find his requests in their mail with as much frequency as ever. Probably no American author was ever more pestered than Longfellow, who held the record for writing seventy autographs in a single day. The devices of the A. F. are a tribute to the ingenuity of human nature. One of the most amazing cases was that of the Frenchman who acquired a really valuable collection by writing to men such as Béranger, Heine, Lacordaire, and others, a piteous letter in which he posed as one of the "odious race of the unappreciated, who meditated suicide, and begged for counsel and advice." Lacordaire sent ten closely written pages of earnest appeal. Ruskin used to refuse all applications for his autograph, but on being appealed to for a subscription to a church replied in a letter of such fine scorn that the epistle sold readily for fifty dollars.

Naturally the forger has been at work in this profitable field. Washington and Franklin being often among the celebrities chosen for his honorable attentions. But the most extraordinary case in the annals of forgery occurred in France, the victim being Michel Chasles. In the course of a few years an adventurer induced M. Chasles to purchase from him at the aggregate price of thirty thousand dollars no fewer than twenty-seven thousand autographs, nearly the whole being forgeries of the most audacious kind. Before he had finished M. Chasles became the possessor of letters in French, and written on paper made in France, of Julius Caesar, Cleopatra, Mary Magdalene, and even of Lazarus after his resurrection! At the trial of the swindler there were produced in court letters purporting to be the private correspondence of Herod, Pompey, Judas Iscariot, Sappho, and many other illustrious characters.

Our October moving-day, unhonored and unsung, prompts the New York Evening Post to a little homily on the inalienable right of the free American to leave a domicile before it has become too familiar. But some Americans are beginning to envy that golden mean of English society which for generations has combined progress with stability. To be born and grow up, not simply in a family, but in a house rich with memories of ancestral exploits, to be surrounded from infancy to manhood, if not to old age, with walls whose echoes are mellow with time, to be unable to turn without seeing or to walk without touching objects whose intrinsic value, however great, or whose beauty, however rare, is trifling when compared with the priceless train of associations that has ennobled them with sacred emblazonry, is to receive, decently and in order, and long before college age, an education, a personality, and a character beside which our careful and exact entrance requirements are the meagre and hurried babblings of a child. We may as well recognize at once that no professional programme of education can do more than make a noise and keep up appearances, while the real programme, unwritten and incapable of formulation, is slowly coming into being. When that perhaps far-off, certainly divine, event occurs, professional programmes will begin to find their use and to be successful. Meanwhile, one discovers now and then a group of Americans who have determined, grimly enough, to be so un-American as, like Napoleon, to be ancestors in lieu of having them; to give up the annual jaunt from one eating and sleeping place to another; to curb the instinct for adventure and new things; and, choosing finally for all the long future, to be content to give up novelty for growth, to substitute for the habitual mover's airy nothing a local habitation and a name.

Wherever else the American woman looks in vain for a defender, she can always be sure of an unfailing champion in that French member of her sex who writes her novels under the pseudonym of "Pierre de Coulvain." She affirms that in hotel circles she always comes back to the American woman with pleasure and interest, even though as she observes them she is not surprised at the increasing number of divorces in their ranks. But she thinks the American woman has found the secret of not growing old, and depicts a little incident by way of illustration: "I delight in bringing French and American women into contact with each other. In the

most simple conversation their difference of character is evident. The other day I introduced a woman belonging to 'Old America' to a provincial woman of Paris.

"Have you any children?" asked the French woman.

"The face of the American woman lighted up prettily.

"'Four,' she replied, 'and twelve grandchildren.'

"'Four children and twelve grandchildren and you in Europe?'

"'Oh, they don't need me.'

"'No, perhaps not; but if I were in your place I should need them.'

"'What for?'

"This 'what for' caused Mme. de B— a visible shock.

"'I write to my children every night,' continued Mrs. Wilson. 'I tell them what I have done and what I have seen. My letter leaves every Wednesday. Each mail brings me news from one or the other of them. We are, therefore, in constant communication. God has given me excellent health and I ought to take advantage of it. There are so many things still to see!'

"'What things?'

"'Sweden, Norway—I am going there this summer. I went to Japan at the time of the chrysanthemums, and I must go there again when the cherry-trees are in bloom.'

"Oh, the expression of Mme. de B—, of the left bank of the River Seine, on hearing this woman of fifty-five years of age, a woman with twelve grandchildren, talk of going to Japan to see the cherry-trees in bloom. It amuses me whenever I think of it. Much she cared for Sweden, Norway, and Japan. The French woman, like the Latin woman generally, is still entirely absorbed by man and maternity. When love is over she sees nothing else here on earth. When her children marry she clings to them, endeavors to get back her son or daughter, and is always in the way in the new home. Most of these women find consolation in the exercise of puerile religious devotions, or in some regular charitable work. All of them grow old very quickly."

London's non-tip hotel has engaged a press agent. It needs it. But you would hardly think so from his glowing reports. Open less than a year, it has entertained nearly a quarter of a million guests, etc. It would be more to the purpose to learn how many guests it has reëntertained. It's "come-backs" must be mighty few in number. For the staff of that hotel, in dining-room, bedroom, or entrance hall, give about the most grudging service possible short of downright incivility. Hope springs so eternal in the human breast

that the mere legend of "non-tip" will live for a long time, and there are more than a quarter of a million people using hotels, when they are exhausted!

Are we losing our manners? asks a fine pessimist. And, if so, why? Various causes are indicated. The motor craze, one thing, which leaves us no time to polite. And "phones" for another, so destructive of that "voice, soft, gentle, low" once the admired possession of women. Is aeroplaning also accountable for the decline in good manners, the creator of a sort of buoyancy and careless breeziness of behavior that is fatal to courtesy? And women's clothes have they anything to do with the change? Perhaps the subtle influence of the smoking room, with its *laissez-faire* atmosphere, its abrogation of once revered etiquette, its tendency to minimize those little courtesies which were once the hall-mark of high breeding, but are now respected like old coins valued for their antiquarian interest, but not current. And finally how about the suffragette? Perhaps the women have made their sweet voices shrill by over much shouting.

No cheap, or dear, foreign wine for King Victor of Italy. At the launching of the Italian Dreadnought, the *Dante Alighieri*, asked with what wine the naming was to be accomplished. "With champagne, your majesty," was the answer, to which the king promptly rejoined, "The Queen of Italy consumes only Italian wine for an Italian man-of-war." Then there was a scurrying among the officials to replace the bottle of champagne with a flask of an Italian vintage. This all in line with the young king's action abolishing foreign wines at court dinners, a discountenancing the writing of the menu in French.

When Maud Armit Hall left her English home to take charge of the kennels of Mr. Sturges at Fairfield, Connecticut, some of her friends might have concluded that she was literally "going to the dogs." Instead, she was on the high road to the altar. For while attending to her duties among the Pomeranian prize-winners at Fairfield, Miss Hall attracted the amorous glances of Frederick Sturges, Jr., and the little romance has culminated in the usual climax in a quaint village church in England. No one is sorry, it is said, save Miss Sturges, who gains a sister-in-law, but loses an accomplished mistress. Pomeranians. Those canines ought to have belonged to Frederick, for then Maud could have fulfilled the injunction, "love me, love my dog."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Much of the informality which has marked the society events of the past few weeks is being eliminated, and for the past six days the nature of the affairs in town has approached a dignity which indicates that the season has really begun.

A number of large teas, notably those of Miss Jane Hotelling and the Misses Slack, have brought the members of the younger set together at delightful preliminary functions which will lead up gradually to the formal affairs at which the debutantes will be presented to society.

The visit of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham of Honolulu was the inspiration for several dinners and luncheons, given by the W. G. Irwins and the Baldwin Woods.

The departure of the young people of the sub-debutante set and the group of visiting midshipmen from Annapolis was the incentive for several large dances and an equal number of dinners and teas.

The dates of the Friday Night Dances have been set for November 18, December 16, January 15, and February 10. The affairs will be given at Century Hall and have as patronesses Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, and Mrs. George Ashton.

The engagement was announced Tuesday of Miss Lena Cadwalader and Mr. Lorenzo Avanal. The wedding will be a brilliant society event and will take place in April.

The wedding of Miss Aileen Doe and Mr. Paul Johnson took place Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Doe on Laguna Street. The maid of honor was Miss Laura Doe. The marriage ceremony was followed by a reception which was attended by a large number of the friends of the bride and groom.

A wedding of much interest to local society was that of Miss Margaret Buchanan and Major James Wadsworth Furlow, U. S. A., which took place Wednesday at Americus, Georgia. The ceremony was performed at the First Presbyterian Church, and was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Henry Buchanan. After a honeymoon trip in the East, Major Furlow and his bride will visit briefly in San Francisco before sailing for the Philippines, where they will remain probably for two years.

Miss Della Evangel Jones, the daughter of Chaplain and Mrs. Jones of the Presidio, will become the bride of Lieutenant Halstead P. Councilman on the evening of October 12. The wedding will take place at the Presidio chapel, and there will be a group of wedding attendants. Miss Ruth Brooks will be maid of honor and Lieutenant Guthrie U. S. A., will act as best man. The ceremony will be performed by Chaplain Jones, and a reception will follow at the home of the bride's parents. The home of the young couple for the immediate future will be Fort Baker, where Lieutenant Councilman is stationed.

The wedding of Miss Florence Ives and Mr. Otto Scribner will take place on October 19 at the home of her mother on Washington Street and will be an unostentatious ceremony at which only the intimate friends of the bride and groom will be present.

The wedding of Dr. Harry Wiel and Miss Sadie Lilienthal will take place next Sunday. After a short trip they will occupy their new home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Russell Wilson was hostess at a luncheon which she gave in honor of Miss Lillian Goss on Tuesday. The guests included Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, and Miss Marian Newhall.

Mrs. Frank Preston was hostess at a luncheon

on Thursday at her home on Devisadero Street prior to her departure for Portola Hall, at Woodside, where she will spend most of the winter. Her luncheon guests included Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Arthur Brander, Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Miss Enid Gregg, and Mrs. Worthington Ames.

Mrs. James Otis will present her daughters, Miss Frederika and Miss Cora Otis, to society at a reception at her home on Broadway on the afternoon of October 29.

Mrs. George Ames has sent out cards for a bridge party, which she will give at her home on the afternoon of October 8.

Mrs. Charles Groos, Jr., will entertain at a bridge party at the Hotel St. Francis on October 7 in honor of her sister, Mrs. George Haney of New York, who is visiting her here.

Mrs. John Baker entertained at a bridge party at the Palace Hotel on Saturday, at which one hundred guests assembled as a farewell compliment to Mrs. Baker's mother, Mrs. Margaret May, who left for the East on Sunday.

Mrs. George Boardman will present her attractive granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn, to society at a ball which she will give at the Boardman home on California Street on October 22. A group of the young friends of the debutante will assist her and Mrs. Boardman in receiving the guests.

Princess Kawanakoa was hostess at an informal tea on Friday, which she gave in honor of Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. F. Burrell Hoffman of New York, who is making a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Charles Cushing Hoag entertained the members of Chapter Five of the Colonial Dames of America at her home at Piedmont Saturday, which was the occasion of accepting and inspecting the bronze medallion of Paul Revere which the chapter will present to the high school sending the best essay on colonial history.

Mrs. Clinton Worden entertained at a luncheon on Saturday in commemoration of the birthday and wedding anniversary of her mother, Mrs. A. N. Towne. Autumn leaves, fruits, and flowers were used in the decoration of the table. Included among the guests were Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Walter Gale, Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Thomas Breese, Mrs. Drury Malone, Mrs. J. Parker Currier, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. J. T. Hoyt, Mrs. James Otis, and Mrs. E. J. Bowen.

The garden fête at Hillshoro on Saturday, which was given by Miss Emily Pope, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Casserly, Miss Caro Coleman, and Miss Elena Eyre in the grounds of the Pope home, was an unqualified success, and attracted a large contingent from San Francisco as well as from San Mateo.

Miss Hilda Van Sicken was hostess at a tea on Wednesday in the pleasure of which about 200 guests participated, and which included largely the girls of the younger contingent.

Miss Ruth Slack and Miss Edith Slack will entertain at a tea Saturday at their home on Sacramento Street, which will be one of the brilliant affairs of the winter season planned for the younger set.

Miss Jane Hotelling was hostess at a tea on Thursday afternoon complimentary to Miss Edith Lowe, whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. Hans Wollman.

Mrs. Walter Mead entertained at a merry children's party at her home on Vallejo Street on Saturday. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. A. G. Durhrow, Mrs. George Mullin, Mrs. J. F. Johnson, Mrs. F. A. Thompson, and Miss Pendleton.

Miss Helen Johnson was hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Johnson on Jackson Street. The girls present were Miss Marie Louise Tyson, Miss Linda Bryan, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Marie Louise Black.

Miss Grace Gibson was hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening at which she entertained in honor of a number of visiting naval midshipmen. Among the guests were Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Alice Rucker, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Linda Bryan, Midshipmen Callahan, Bryan, Walton, and Barden, Mr. Gerald Sullivan, and Mr. Wilbur Elliott.

Mrs. Prentiss Cogh Hale was hostess at a tea at her home on Vallejo Street on Saturday, which was a farewell function planned for her son, Mr. Hamilton Bryan, who returned Sunday to Annapolis. Among those present were Miss Helen Johnson, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Ruth and Miss Edith Slack, Miss Elysse Schultz, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Mr. Charles St. Goar, Mr. Frederick St. Goar, Mr. Edward Polhemus, Mr. Gerald Hammond Clark, and Mr. William Van Fleet.

Mrs. Alfred B. Ford entertained at the Town and Country Club on Wednesday in honor of Miss Mary Ethel Crocker.

Mrs. Grover C. Elau entertained at a tea at her home on Lake Street on Thursday, which is the first formal affair she has given since her marriage.

It was once the custom in Korea that a man was not allowed to attain to the dignity of trousers until he married. The hachelor was forced to wear skirts as one who possessed no definite position in society. Moreover, the law prohibited marriage unless the man was able to support a wife in the station to which she was used, so that the skirt also served as an index of income.

The Hill Collection of Paintings.

This week has brought many lovers of Thomas Hill to inspect the remaining canvases and sketches of this great artist, now being exhibited and sold at 153 Kearny Street, from three to five o'clock daily. A visit to this gallery will repay you. Only sixteen large canvases remain for intending purchasers, yet these are some of Hill's greatest works. His sketches are marvels of color, light and shade, and technique.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Patient to the Doctors.

Name me no names for my disease,
With uninforming breath;
I tell you I am none of these,
But homesick unto death,—

Homesick for hills that I had known,
For brooks that I had crossed,
Before I met this flesh and bone
And followed and was lost.

Perhaps it broke my heart at last,
But name no name of ills:
Say only, "Here is where he passed
Seeking again those hills."
—Witter Bynner, in Century Magazine.

October.

On the altar of the world
All the hopes of Spring are furl'd,
All of Autumn's gifts are spread
Where the Summer rests her head.
Earth warm passions, fresh-lipped Youth,
Wraiths of Love and ghosts of Truth,
Broken dreams and visions lost—
All of these are heaped and tossed
On the sacrificial pile
When in majesty the while
Summer sleeps in solemn state,
Sleeps upon a bed ornate
Strewn with houghs of pine and larch. . . .
Nature then applies the torch. . . .

First a spark—then leaps among
Oak and beech a tiny tongue,
Darts of gold and tips of yellow
Touch the branches of the willow,
And the glowing color spreads
Into fierce and flaming reds,
Kindling hush and brake and brier
With the surging sacred fire.
Maple clusters all aglow,
Slim white birches in a row,
Trembling in the woodland ways,
Burst into a golden blaze.
Even slender grass and fern
Droop and wither as they burn,
While the green earth is lost
In this holy holocaust.
Now the wakened winds and free
Swing the brands from tree to tree,
And the fire spreads until
Every mountain side and hill,
Every vale and garden close
In the wildest radiance glows—
Till the flames that leap unfurled
Sweep and inundate the world
And the martyred Summer lies
Burning with her sacrifice.

Why this immolation—why
Wrapped in flame does Summer lie
Till the world is barren, and
Only ashes strew the land?
Is this saintly death the birth
Of another, richer earth,
That will quicken from the sere
Leaves and ruins scattered here?
Does the soul of Summer know
That it perishes to show
Man and Nature die in vain
Being raised and born again—
That from Summer's sacrifice
Spring eternally will rise?
—Louis Untermeyer, in Smart Set.

Forgotten.

All day the branches are so softly stirred,
And ever comes a song the wind has made;
The sunlight mingles with the drowsy shade,
Deep in the wood a lonely thrush is heard.

Quiet and peace across the sleeping vale
That was forgot so many years ago;
Now through the pathways tall rank grasses
Grow;

Tossing unhindered in the gentle gale,
For they who used to walk these lovely ways
Long since departed nor will come again;
Never a footstep in the scented lane
That once had known such happy yesterdays.

And where the path was then so red with bloom
Only the creeping briar its tangle shows;
Save in the last still watches one lone rose
Sends through the ghostly dusk a faint perfume.
And they who rest and long have found surcease
Upon the little hill girt round with trees
Are silent 'mid the season's mysteries,
Deep in the slumber of their simple peace.

Dear, lonely place, you mean so much to me,
For I have known as you the joy of spring,
And somehow in your sweet remembering
You touch the very soul of memory.
—Thomas S. Jones, Jr., in New York Sun.

Myron W. Whitney, one of the most popular singers in the country twenty years ago, died September 19 at his home in Sandwich, Massachusetts, aged seventy-four. Mr. Whitney had a wonderfully deep, rich, and powerful bass voice. He began singing in oratorios in 1858. Afterward he was heard as a soloist all over the world for more than thirty years. Mr. Whitney became a member of the all-star cast that produced "Pinafore" in Boston in 1879. It was from this company that the original company of Bostonians was formed, the members of which included Henry C. Barnabee, Tom Karl, and George Frothingham.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, who have been visiting at Banff, will return here next week.

Mr. Rufus Kimball has returned from a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Eaton at Montecito.

Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Dampierre will accompany Mrs. Louis Parrott on her return next month. They will be the guests of Mrs. Abby Parrott at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood arrived in New York on Thursday and will make a short stay there before returning to their home in San Francisco.

Miss Jane Flood, who has been in town this week at the Hotel St. Francis, has returned to her home at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship, who have been occupying their Ross Valley home since their return from Santa Barbara, will leave for Georgia next week. They are spending a few days with Mrs. Maurice Casey at her home on Broadway prior to their departure.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and her daughters, Miss Elizabeth Newhall and Miss Marian Newhall, will spend part of the winter at Santa Barbara, where they passed the summer.

Miss Amy Broome is visiting friends in New York before returning to San Francisco. She will remain here a month before returning to Santa Barbara for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and Miss Marian Crocker have deferred their trip to Europe until after the wedding of Miss Florence Ives and Mr. Otto Scribner.

Miss Edwina and Miss Daisy Hammond, who have spent the summer abroad, are now in Paris, where they will visit briefly before leaving for home.

Mrs. Frederick Stone is in London en route to her home in San Francisco, after a tour of the world.

Mrs. Morris Albee and Mrs. Benjamin Johnson, who have been the guests of Mrs. John P. Young for the past few weeks, will leave shortly for their home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. John Boggs will spend the winter at the Hotel Bellevue, where she will be joined by her son, Mr. Frederick Boggs, who is at present enjoying the centennial celebration at Mexico City.

Dr. Arnold Genthe is in New York, where he has been recently entertained at the home of Mr. Percy MacKaye.

Miss Ernestine McNear, who has spent the summer abroad, will return from Paris with Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois and will be one of the season's debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois and their daughter, Jeanne, will sail from Paris October 5 and come directly to San Francisco, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Peter F. Dunne and her children will leave in a week for New York, where they will join Mr. Dunne and take a trip to the Mediterranean.

Miss Lillian Goss has been spending part of the week in town as the guest of Mrs. Russell Wilson. She will remain for the winter here with her aunt, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, instead of returning immediately to London, as she at first planned.

Miss Florence Foster and Miss Irene Cuneo have returned from a tour of Europe.

Mrs. James Otis Lincoln, accompanied by Miss Clark, left on Monday for the East, where they will spend the next few months.

Mrs. Mathilde Wismer arrived Tuesday evening from a visit of four months at her old home in Denmark.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant were at Dublin for the horse show recently, occupying a handsome country-place which had been loaned to them. They returned to their own country-place in Sussex by motor across Ireland, Wales, and England. At last accounts they were in Belgium for the Exposition, going thence to Paris.

Miss Cora de Marville has returned from the seashore and is now at her home, 35 rue de Chailot, in Paris. Miss Marie Perkins will sail from France for Baltimore October 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pitcairn, Jr., of Pasadena, with Mrs. Charles Perkins, are at Del Monte for a visit of some length.

Mrs. Francis McComas has engaged apartments at Del Monte for the winter, while Mr. McComas is away sketching in Arizona. Her sister, Mrs. Parker Whitney, is also at Del Monte with her children.

Mr. F. Somers Peterson of Belvedere has returned to the University of California (Junior Class), after a three months' trip abroad. With Mrs. Harriet P. Miller, his aunt, and Mr. Earle Miller, he motored through France, Denmark, Germany, and Austria. Mrs. Miller and son will remain East during the winter months, but expect to return to their home in Montecito next spring.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, during the past week were Mr. R. L. Rettig, Mr. H. M. Myers, Mr. C. H. Hacker, Mr. and Mrs. Swanson, Mr. Roy Caruthers, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Brown, Dr. C. M. Richter, Mr. M. C. Richter, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Aikens, Mr. F. L. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Keleher, Mr. and Mrs. A. Swanson, Miss Lurline Swanson, Miss Alice Swanson, Mr. and Mrs. Van E. Britton, Mr. Ralph L. Phillips, Mr. A. Goldstein, Mr. J. C. Feige.

Frank Daniels has begun his second season in "The Belle of Brittany." In his company are two former members of the Princess Theatre Comic Opera Company, Christina Nielsen and Melvin Stokes.

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Concerts by Scotti and De Pasquali.

The opening of Manager Greenbaum's concert season will take place Sunday afternoon, October 16, at the Columbia Theatre, when he will present Signor Antonio Scotti, the leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, in conjunction with Mme. Bernice de Pasquali, the young American artiste who has succeeded in the Sembrich rôles at the Metropolitan.

Scotti is well known as an operatic artist who in the Mozartean rôles, in "I Pagliacci," "Otello," "La Tosca," and other works requiring not only beautiful singing, but intelligent acting, has no peer. This will be Scotti's first appearance in concert here, although in the East he has sung with the New York Philharmonic, Boston Symphony, and other famous orchestras as well as in recital.

Mme. de Pasquali has met with special success in the rôles of Lucia, Lakme, Susanna in "Marriage of Figaro," Norina in "Don Pasquale," and Violetta in "La Traviata," besides which she is an experienced "lieder" singer and particularly happy in old Scotch and Irish folk songs.

In addition to their solo numbers, these artists will sing some of the rarely heard duets from standard operas at each concert. Mr. Frederick Maurer will be the accompanist.

Concerts will be given on two Sunday afternoons, October 16 and 23, at the Columbia Theatre, and on Thursday night, October 20, at the Novelty Theatre.

Mail orders may now be sent to Mr. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats will soon open. Prices will be \$2, \$1.50, and the entire second balcony \$1.

On Friday afternoon, October 21, these artists will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

The St. Francis Musical Art Society will hear Scotti and De Pasquali on Tuesday night, October 18, when they will inaugurate the fourth and what promises to be the most successful season the society has yet undertaken. A few more memberships are yet to be had and applications should be made to the secretary, care of the Hotel St. Francis.

The Bevani Opera Company.

Music-loving San Francisco is flocking to the Garrick Theatre to hear the Bevani Grand Opera Company, which is undoubtedly the best grand operatic organization that has appeared here since the Conried New York Metropolitan Opera House Company came.

At today's (Saturday) matinée "La Bohème," which scored such a tremendous success on Thursday night, will be given with the same cast.

Tonight "Martha" will be sung for the last time. On this occasion Vicarino will appear as Lady Harriet, and a feature of her performance will be her singing of "The Last Rose of Summer" in English. The others in the cast will be De Dreux, Sacchetti, Alberti, and Florian.

At tomorrow's (Sunday) matinée "Trovatore" will be presented, with Frery, Jarman, Giuliani, Campana, Secci Corsi, and Florian.

Tomorrow (Sunday) night "Lucia" will be the performance, with Vicarino in the title rôle. Associated with her in the cast will be Sacchetti, Alberti, Bevani, Giuliani, and Newcombe.

The repertoire for next week is as follows: Monday and Friday nights, "La Bohème," with Francini, Newcombe, Battain, Secci Corsi, and Bevani.

Tuesday night and Saturday matinée, "Lucia," with Vicarino, Sacchetti, Alberti, and Bevani.

Wednesday night, last time of "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Frery, Giuliani, and Secci Corsi, and Campana.

Thursday night, in response to a numerously expressed wish, "La Traviata" will be sung, with Vicarino as Violetta, the part in which she created as great a furor as in "Lucia." Sacchetti and Alberti will have the other important characters in this opera.

Seats for all performances are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Violet Romer's Professional Debut.

Under the auspices of the Papyrus Club, at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, October 9, Miss Violet Romer will begin her career as a dancer. Miss Romer is a San Francisco girl, daughter of Mrs. Ada Romer-Shawhan, who has studied dancing for years, and always to classical music. Her effort is to interpret (if the term may be used) some of the works of noted composers. Her programme will include dancing to the music of Bohm, Chopin, Tchaikowsky, Mendelssohn, Neruda, Grieg, Liszt, and McCoy. She will be accompanied by a symphony orchestra of sixty pieces led by Bernat Jaulus.

Miss Romer is only eighteen, but has chosen her career seriously. Those who have seen her dance anticipate for her as great a success and reputation as have been achieved by Isadora Duncan and others of the "inspirational" dancers.

Lillian Russell will be here shortly with her newest play called "In Search of a Sinner."

Lawrence Strauss-Edith Kelley Concert.

At Kohler & Chase Hall, Sunday afternoon, October 9, an interesting programme of piano works and songs will be given by Mr. Lawrence Strauss, the young tenor who made such a deep impression at his debut concert last year as an interpreter of "lieder," and Miss Edith Gere Kelley, a gifted young pianiste who has just returned from several years' study abroad under Harold Bauer and Josef Lhevinne.

The seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and Benj. Curtaz & Sons', and the price is \$1.

Songs by French, German, and English composers (four from each country) and piano works by Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, and Chopin, will make up the programme. Miss Therese Ehrmann will be the accompanist.

New York caterers are forced to import venison in large quantities. One firm received 60,000 pounds in one day last month. The venison comes from London, and is collected all over Europe.

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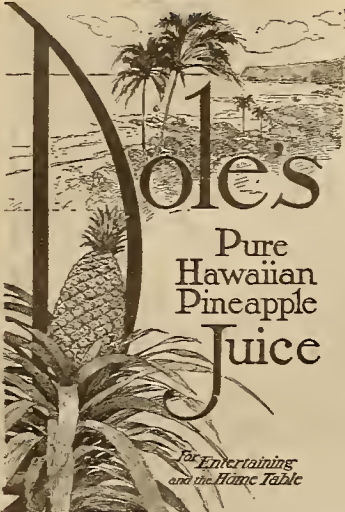
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How is your wife this fall?" "Just able to hobble around."—Life.

"Will you love me when I'm old?" "Why, precious darling, we'll be divorced long before that."—Brooklyn Life.

"Wrong ideas of life, has he?" "Yes. He thinks a five-dollar bill was made to be changed."—Harper's Bazar.

First Angel—What is that spirit fussing about? Second Angel—She says her hatpins stick out beyond her halo.—Harper's Bazar.

Askitt—Does your wife talk in her sleep? Chatterian—I guess so—at least, I presume she sleeps occasionally.—Chicago Daily News.

"The Bible says that no man can serve two masters." "Yes; that's probably the first law against bigamy ever put down."—Cleveland Leader.

"They have named the baby after Uncle Belshazzar." "Has Uncle Belshazzar money?" "Do you suppose they liked the name?"—Pittsburg Post.

"Were you quarreling with your wife when I came in? I heard you talking loud." "No. When we're quarreling she's the one that talks."—Cleveland Leader.

"It isn't what a man earns that makes him rich," said the moralizer. "No," rejoined the demoralizer. "It's usually what his father saved."—Chicago Daily News.

Woggs—So young Saphead and his father are carrying on the business? Boggs—Yes. The old man does the business while young Saphead does the carrying on.—Puck.

She—My little brother shot off his gun this morning and the bullet went through my hair. He—How careless of you to leave it lying around.—Chicago Daily News.

"I suppose they serve wine at banquets to make the speakers witty." "No. They serve it to make the other people think the speakers are witty."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. X—I despise that woman; she tries to make a cloak of religion. Mrs. Y—Yes; and she hasn't enough of it to make her a decent bathing suit.—Boston Transcript.

"I don't see any difference between you and a trained nurse except the uniform," said her sick husband. "And the salary," she added, thoughtfully.—Harper's Bazar.

"He and I used to court the same girl." "It doesn't seem to have interfered with your friendship." "No. One of us would have married her if the other hadn't always been in the way."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Customer—By the way, is Dr. Pills as good a physician as Dr. Cubebs? Druggist—Can't say, but Dr. Cubebs evidently doesn't think so. Customer—But when he went on his vacation he turned his patients over to Dr. Pills. Druggist—Well, what further proof do you want?—Chicago News.

"So you don't guide hunting parties any more?" "Nope," was the slow rejoinder from the man whittling in front of the village store, "got tired of bein' mistook fer a deer." "How do you earn your living now?" "Guide fishin' parties. So fer, nobody aint mistook me for a fish."—North Beach Cynosure.

"This is awkward. I flirted with a young man at the seashore, and we both pretended to be rich. Now I find he lives in our city." "But you needn't see him if you don't want to."—

to." "I can't well get out of it. It seems he collects the payments on our piano."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Frost—Are the descriptions of scenery in Bestseller's novel good? Snow—Great! The best I ever skipped.—Harper's Bazar.

"Have you noticed, my friend how many fools there are on earth?" "Yes; and there's always one more than you think."—Saurire.

N. Read—How you snutter! Did you ever go to a stammering school? J. Terry—N-n-no, sir. I d-d-do this n-naturally.—Brooklyn Life.

"That looks like a good machine of yours, old man, but it's beginning to show signs of wear." "But you must remember I've had it for some time. It's a 1911 model."—Denver Post.

Pillows—I never realized till three years ago why Dobson was always preaching patience. Boulders—What made you realize it then? Pillows—I lent him \$10.—New York Globe.

"Her cooking-school habits are a good deal of bother to me." "How now?" "She always wants to taste the gasoline when the automobile isn't working right."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Blobbs—Some fellow swiped my umbrella last night. Slobbs—Well, that isn't such a serious matter. Blobbs—It isn't, eh? I want you to understand that this was one I bought.—Philadelphia Record.

Freshman—Where are the bathrooms to be in the new dormitory? Sophomore—It's a Freshman house; there won't be any bathrooms; they're going to put in vacuum cleaners.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Lance—I think Ferdie ranks with Edison as an inventor and benefactor of man. Luella—What did he invent? Lance—He invented a device to prevent cigarette papers from blowing away in a strong breeze.—Scraps.

The First Horse—Well, there's one indignity they'll never put upon us. The Second Horse—What's that? The First Horse—They'll never call on us to drag a stalled airship out of a soggy cloud.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wife (reading)—After their separation he sent her a legal document giving her control of their child. Husband (with a sigh)—I wish I knew where we could get a document that would give us control of our child.—Chicago News.

"Who is that man at the next table with that downcast, sad, resigned expression?" asked the guest at the club. "I don't recall his name," replied the host, "but he is either a Republican or married to a suffragette; one can hardly tell them apart nowadays."—Life.

Reverend Gentleman—Do you know, my friend, that half the cases of cancer are caused by people smoking those foul, dirty, short, black clay pipes? Son of Toil—And do you know, guv'norr, that 'alf of the black eyes are caused by folks not mindin' their own business?—Ladies' Home Journal.

"Why didn't you protest when they charged you with violating the speed regulations?" "I was too thankful to kick," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I've been trying to sell that automobile, and it takes a good deal of strain off my conscience to have somebody else testify that she can go faster than a mile in ten minutes."—Washington Star.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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President Taft.

President Taft has his own way of dealing with the public, and at times it is exceedingly effective. His recitation, both timely and in good taste, of achievements in national legislation in the past year and a half, before the National Republican League at New York last week, is the best as well as the softest possible answer that could be made to the covert sneer that "he means fair" and he has "made a good beginning." The President might have gone even further to point out that in addition to the legislative advances made during the period of his administration, he has had to clean up a widespread and gross extravagance in governmental expenditures due to the lack of system, the neglect and the recklessness of his predecessor.

It is true enough that Mr. Taft lacks art in the game of politics. He does not like the game and he has an essential honesty of mind which would keep him from playing it even if he knew how. But he has a capability for straightforward statement which enforces

conviction because it carries the atmosphere of simplicity and truth. In this respect he has a power not unlike that which enabled Lincoln to convince every man with whom he came in contact, or who read any statement from his pen, that his inspirations were those of plain integrity and good intent.

The record of the past year and a half, as all carefully informed men know, is immensely to Mr. Taft's credit. He has done more, five times over, towards embodying progressive principles in definite legislation than his predecessor did in seven and a half years of furious and demoralizing agitation. He has, furthermore, brought the operations of the government back to the line of respect for and obedience to the Constitution and the laws. He has done quietly a work necessary to be done by way of checking courses and correcting tendencies which would inevitably have led to a practical if not an avowed dictatorship.

Mr. Taft has approved himself not indeed an adroit politician, but a discreet and capable statesman. More than this, he has approved himself a man of the highest personal qualities. The more the country comes to know him, the more it notes the working of his mind, the more it observes the steadfastness of his character and his course, the more it sees that no mistake was made in his election to the presidency.

The Los Angeles Horror.

For twenty years the *Times* newspaper of Los Angeles has waged a resolute fight for freedom in the industries. It has met the demands of organized labor for monopoly of industry at Los Angeles and elsewhere with bold denial and aggressive counter assault. At all times it has maintained the right of every man to pursue undisturbed and unhampered any lawful work of his choice. Whenever or wherever this principle has been assailed, the *Times* has come promptly to its support, supplying initiative, argument, inspiration, and—in the continuing prosperity of Los Angeles under the rule of the open shop—the force of a working example. For twenty years the *Times* has been a thorn in the side of aggressive unionism because it has stood, all but alone in the daily journalism of the country, a newspaper which could never at any time be cajoled, or bribed, or frightened into acquiescence or silence.

Of all the forces in opposition to the advancing claims of unionism during these twenty years the *Times* has been the most dauntless and perhaps the most effective. Naturally it has roused within the sphere of unionism the extreme bitterness of resentment and hatred. No purpose in recent years has been more persistently cherished on the part of union leaders, not only of the United States but of the world, than to "down the *Times*." This purpose has been pursued relentlessly and by every method which could be devised through the tireless ingenuity of malice. After many forms of local effort had failed, the cause was taken up nationally and even internationally. One great fund after another has been raised by the labor unions and devoted to successive campaigns against the *Times*. First and last, upwards of two millions of dollars have been spent by unionism in the effort to break down a force which has stood as a bulwark against the advance of its pretensions. In more recent times active hostilities on the part of unionism had measurably ceased, since every fresh assault seemed to augment the prestige and increase the effectiveness of the *Times*. Nevertheless, the malice of unionism has found expression in a constant fire of denunciation with threats both open and secret against the publishing corporation, even against the lives of the editor of the *Times* and his associates and of the non-union men employed in its mechanical labors.

There is no doubt in any intelligent mind that the dreadful event of last Saturday, by which twenty-five or more employees of the *Times* were murdered and

by which the building and plant of the paper were destroyed, is connected directly with the fight of unionism against the *Times*. Many circumstances enforce this conclusion. A few will suffice: The dastardly work was accomplished through the agency of some high explosive introduced into or placed adjacent to the *Times* building with criminal intent. This is certain, since no explosives were used in the operation of the plant. Coincident with the blowing-up of the *Times* building there was an attempt by means of an infernal machine to destroy the home of General Harrison Gray Otis, the chief proprietor and editor of the *Times*. Likewise coincident with it, there was an attempt with dynamite to blow up the house of Mr. F. J. Zeelandelaar, secretary of the Los Angeles Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association and prominent as an opposing force to aggressive unionism. On the same night that the *Times* building at First and Broadway was destroyed, watchmen discovered prowlers in the rear of an auxiliary plant maintained by the *Times* in another part of the city, and in view of what followed the conclusion is inevitable that they were there for no good purpose. If these prowlers had not been frightened away the auxiliary plant would no doubt have gone the same course as the main building. These several incidents occurring together are damning. They enforce the conviction, however horrid, that this dreadful business was done not only with destructive and murderous intent, but that it was done in warfare against the critics and enemies of labor unionism.

Is there any reason on the part of anybody who has observed the operations of unionism in the United States during the past dozen years to question this conclusion on the score of its logic or its inhumanity? When or where has there been a labor quarrel of any magnitude in which the forces of unionism have not employed the cruelest means to destroy whoever or whatever has stood in opposition? Is it not, indeed, the common and accepted thing for union strikers to destroy property, maim or murder whoever obstructs unionistic purposes? Look at the history of the recent mine strikes in Colorado, Idaho, and elsewhere. Are not dynamite, nitroglycerine, the dirk knife, and the pistol the common and usual weapons employed in this unionistic warfare? Nor need we go away from home to see the spirit of unionism in its black moods. Some ten years ago in the course of a teamsters' strike here in San Francisco—a strike led by no less a man than Michael Casey, chairman of our board of public works through appointment by Mayor Taylor—scores of non-union men were beaten, maimed, murdered in back streets and dark alleys. Take the more recent instance of the car strike in San Francisco in 1907. Who does not recall the open warfare in our streets in which non-union street-car workers were beaten and shot down at their posts of labor, when even women and children were assaulted with bricks and timbers flung by unionists or unionistic sympathizers from the tops of buildings? Again, who does not day by day witness the effort of restrained unionism, through picketing and other conscienceless devices, to destroy the business of whoever dares stand out against aggressive and arrogant demands? The blowing up of the *Times* office, the attempt to assassinate General Otis, the attempt to destroy the house of Secretary Zeelandelaar—these incidents are in precise line with the practice by which the claims of unionism are sustained in every crisis.

Organized labor is prompt to disavow responsibility for the terrible crime at Los Angeles, just as it has disavowed responsibility for similar crimes in the mining camps and for other outrageous acts the country over. But the fact remains that these outrages everywhere accompany the operations of unionism, that unionism thrives by the terror which they create and that when the pinch comes unionism secretly or openly

gives such protection and support as it may to the guilty parties. The leaders of unionism, even those who pretend to be respectable members of society, know full well that the inevitable tendency of their principles and agitations is to stimulate the spirit of criminality in weak and debased minds and to incite just such crimes as that which has shocked the world at Los Angeles. Under these conditions to deny responsibility, to claim clean hands, is ridiculous. It is worse, it is a pretense and a lie. As well may the reckless scatterer of firebrands plead innocence and immunity from blame for a course which inevitably spreads conflagration and disaster. No doubt those who are so emphatic in denial have not individually participated in criminal acts. Nobody believes that assassination is discussed in the open councils of unionism or that it is or ever has been ordered by formal resolution. Evil things within the sphere of unionism or elsewhere are not accomplished after this fashion. Nevertheless, unionism is responsible for the crimes done in its name because they proceed from the motives and influences which unionism establishes and promotes. Let it be granted that the vast majority of those who make up the rank and file of unionism are men of decent character who would shrink from the commission of or from justification of any crime. But there remains a minority, a small one let us hope, ready for any infamy which may be thought to promote the cause of organized labor, however cruel or terrible. And for the crimes of this minority organized labor will not be held immune in the court of an intelligent and righteous public opinion.

The persistently waged and widely supported fight on the part of unionism against the *Los Angeles Times* ought not to be without its instruction to the people of the United States. It is one of the first motives of unionism either to terrorize or destroy any newspaper which stands opposed to its aggressions or a critic of its methods. For the most part this plan is worked out through the boycott either against the newspaper itself or against those who advertise in it. Commonly this policy succeeds completely, as anybody surely knows who has observed the attitude of our San Francisco daily papers. Who does not, with feelings of contempt, observe their squirmings and crawlings, their cringing apologies, even in printing the news reports of the outrage at Los Angeles? They know the spirit of the unions—they are afraid of loss of patronage, afraid of resentments which may destroy them. It is so throughout the country. It is only here and there that there is found a newspaper which has the resolution and the hardihood to speak the truth boldly where the interests of labor unionism are at issue even in great crises. The lesson is plain. It is this, namely, that unionism has practically possessed itself, either through patronage or terrorism, of the newspaper press of the country. With this powerful aid it proposes to advance from one degree of aggression to another until, the country over, it shall hold in its hand the same powers, political and social, which it has used to debase and devalue and discredit San Francisco. The terrible incident at Los Angeles illustrates the length to which unionism, operating through its criminal minority, is prepared to go in its effort to terrorize the agencies of public influence, to stifle and silence criticism, to make itself the master of the political and economic life of the country.

The American people, we think, should be alive to the fact that if they would preserve the institutions of their country, if they would maintain the principle of equality of right and privilege among men, they must boldly deny and combat the pretensions of organized labor in its more advanced aspects. The fight is already on and it is destined to be as great a fight as was that waged for so many years for the cause of human slavery. In the spirit of Abraham Lincoln we say that this country can not endure in the character given it by our forefathers without denial of the demands of organized labor. Reduced to simplicity, these demands are for special privilege in many forms. First, there is demanded monopoly of labor; second, exemption from certain laws governing citizens in general; third, submission to a class authority which claims the right to make its own rules even in defiance of the laws of the land. In brief, organized labor demands the nullification of every essential principle embodied in the Constitution of the United States.

Yield these claims, bow to this usurpation, and there will be no such thing in this land as liberty, equality, fair and equal justice among men.

Church and State in Spain.

There seems to be a momentary pause in the struggle between church and state in Spain, although there is a good deal of ostentatious girding up of loins for a renewal of the fray. And a renewal there must certainly be so long as Señor Canalejas maintains his unbending attitude—and he certainly will maintain it—and so long as the Vatican confuses the parchment precedents of government with human rights.

The situation is not unlike that in France. Spain, like her northern neighbor, has difficulties with the religious orders and has been seeking through the usual diplomatic channels to modify the Concordat which is the basis of the agreement by which these orders are maintained and protected by the state. The Vatican has always recognized the possibility of such modifications, and indeed they are specially provided for by Article XLV, which says that any future difficulties shall be solved by "the Holy Father and his Catholic Majesty upon a friendly basis." There need have been no rupture had the question been merely one of changing the Concordat to suit the needs of the day.

But Señor Canalejas imported a new element into the discussion when he determined that Spain should enjoy the fact as well as the theory of religious freedom. The Spanish constitution expressly guarantees such freedom, but the value of the guaranty is sufficiently shown by Article XI, which says that "The Apostolic Roman Catholic religion is the religion of the state. The nation binds itself to maintain this religion and its ministers." The same article then goes on to say that "ceremonies and public manifestations other than those of the state religion shall not be permitted."

Now the Spanish constitution is interpreted not by a bench of judges, as with us, but by the king, who issues a royal order which has all the force of a law. The exact meaning of "ceremonies and public manifestations" was called in question many years ago, and to make this matter clear the following royal order was issued in 1876:

From this date every public manifestation of worship of sects differing from the Catholic religion is prohibited outside of the house of worship or cemetery belonging to them.

The foregoing regulation comprises, under the meaning of public manifestation, every act performed in the public street, or on the exterior walls of the house of worship or cemetery, which advertises or announces the ceremonies, rites, usages, and customs of the dissenting sect, whether by means of processions, placards, banners, emblems, advertisements, or posters.

There was certainly nothing vague about this. It meant that non-Catholic bodies who wished to worship at all must do so in holes and corners and without the least of the usual expedients for calling attention to themselves. How such an edict could be squared with the constitutional professions of religious liberty may be clear enough to Spanish minds, but it must remain a mystery to all others.

The present acute quarrel with the Vatican has broken out over a new royal order which places a more tolerant construction upon the constitutional clause regulating religious worship. This new order does no more than give to the non-Catholic bodies the right to display their emblems and notices upon the outside walls of their buildings, and it is this new order that has called down upon Premier Canalejas the thunders of the Vatican. The episcopal complaint is not so much that such an order has been issued, intolerable as it is to the church, as that it should have appeared during a critical period and while the terms of the Concordat were under revision. But this plea seems to be weak and querulous, seeing that there is no connection whatever between the Concordat and the constitutional clause involved, and seeing, moreover, that the king has an unquestioned right to interpret the constitution in any way he pleases and without consultation with any one, least of all with a religious organization in Italy.

It seems strangely like a page from mediæval history, but the fact remains that until a few months ago it was illegal for a Protestant body in Spain to display its name or the hours of its services upon the outside walls of its church. It is also the fact that the clerical authorities in Spain and in Italy profess themselves as pained and outraged by a royal order which makes these things legal and which they claim to be an impudent infringement upon the rights and prerogatives of the church. It is hard to understand a contention so

amazing, but there it is in full sight of a world which has languidly supposed all such things were confined to the shelves of the historical museums. Here at least there can be no such cry of spoliation as was raised in France, no confusion of the issues such as we have seen there. It is simply a question of whether the church in Spain shall or shall not be allowed to invoke policemen and soldiers in order that every competitor shall be chased from the religious field.

The Acquittal of Halsey.

For the verdict in the Halsey case we must look for explanation—we do not say justification—to a deep-rooted propensity of human nature. Here, as it appeared on its face, was a plain case of legal and moral guilt. There were no mitigations, unless mercy could find them in the physical and mental dejection of a ruined and broken-hearted man, in the agonizing ordeal of long-sustained suspense and terror through which he had lived for four years, and in the pathetic devotion of a loving and suffering wife. The deed had been done under circumstances of gross calculation and for sordid ends. In the face of all this—acquittal, leave to go, not, indeed, unpunished, but free! Now the lesson of it all: An American jury, sharing and reflecting the spirit of an American community, San Francisco or any other where red blood nourishes normal minds, will not consent that where there is partnership in wrongdoing the vengeance of society shall be concentrated upon the least guilty while the more guilty are permitted to go unwhipped, even rewarded. Again, an American jury will not be party, even remotely, to a game in which individual jealousy and malice, possessing itself through intrigue of the machinery of justice, seeks to employ the scourge of the law to private and resentful purposes. The acquittal of Halsey, unaccountable by ordinary reasonings based upon ordinary conditions, is the natural reaction of an outraged public mind against infamies which for four years have tried to mask themselves under the names of a false justice and a buncombe morality.

Let it be remembered that more than three years ago the *Argonaut* gave earnest and emphatic warning to the group by which the "regeneration of San Francisco" was undertaken. Let it not be forgotten that this journal pointed out that a moral movement, if it would bear honorable fruit, if it would even be successful in the commonest sense, must be carried forward in the spirit of its pretensions. Let it not be forgotten that it was said to Rudolph Spreckels, James Phelan, and Frank Heney at a time when it called for some courage to raise a voice in question of their plans that straight courses, and straight courses only, could win; that assumptions of personal authority in public affairs would discredit and wreck their "movement"; that trafficking in "evidence," in immunity, and in open or secret engagements of favor would be their destruction. All this, clearly foreseen, was urged with amplitude of illustration drawn from observation and experience, with amplitude of argument drawn from fixed and immutable principles. The acquittal of Halsey, if it be in contempt of the ordinary rules and standards of justice, is chargeable to that unworthy trio who by a course of selfishness, assumption, and double-dealing betrayed justice even in her own temples and left her bound and bleeding beside her own altars. The blame and shame is theirs, because in their vanity and in the stubbornness of their conceit and malice they would not harken to reason nor hold their purposes subject to the restraints of law or even of simple honesty and good faith.

Colleges in Cities.

The immense student attendance—nearly eight thousand—at Columbia University is a plea for future college building with a city environment. In old days the fashion was to put colleges in small towns so as to protect the moral health of the student body, and the habit has even survived respect for the argument that gave it birth. Columbia, which departed from the village rule, has demonstrated that the character of its students is quite as high as that of students at Ann Arbor, or Ithaca, or Amherst, or Stanford; and it is recognized that the attendance is the larger because the university is close to a metropolitan body of young men who can live at home while taking its course. Probably if all universities were in big cities more young people would receive their training at them. Nor would injustice be visited on rural applicants, taking them as a class. In fitting himself for life's

competitions, the country boy would do better for himself at a city college than the city boy would at a rural institution. One might educate poets in the country, but the modern American, if he is going to help make the wheels go round, should get his training where they are under his eye.

The Colonel Side-Steps.

Mr. Roosevelt's desire to keep out of further controversy with the Storsers, and particularly with "Dear Maria," is easily accounted for. The new evidence, given out by Mrs. Storer, left him with much to explain, and explanation is not his cue in politics. Indeed, under the New Nationalism, it may soon become *lèse majesté* to ask Mr. Roosevelt to explain anything. Another point is that if the issue were again raised, as to whether Storer had been sent to the Vatican to ask favors for Archbishop Ireland, Mr. Roosevelt could not justify the position he took against the Storsers without impeaching the veracity of Ireland and risking a greater volume of Catholic disfavor than he now has.

Under everyday circumstances the ex-President would be quick to question anybody's word when it serves his purpose, even that of the dead friend who had filled his campaign chest. The list of his self-chartered Ananias Club is as long as it is respectable; and if there had been a Sapphira Club, Mrs. Storer would have had the presidency with the compliments of the White House. But it is another thing to introduce to that excommunicated society, however worthy of better things its members might be, a personage of the cloth, an archbishop of a church which can throw, perhaps, two million votes. Were things to require a showdown the Rough Rider would either have to do that or take out a membership card himself; and in view of his quarrel with the Pope and the recent refusal of bishops and priests to sit with him at a banquet, he had to restrain himself from taking the short cut. Mr. Roosevelt is not always impetuous. Caution is not unknown to him; and he realizes that, before he is through with his attack on the old nationalism, with its unwritten guaranties against a third term, he may find it advisable to soothe, rather than to flout, the strength of Rome at the American polls.

As for Mrs. Storer, who seems to have alone made the motion for a new hearing, she is in a much better controversial position than she was before she got Archbishop Ireland's letter of corroboration. The original row, as the public will remember, was brought about by a telegram from Rome saying that Mr. Storer, the American ex-ambassador to Austria-Hungary, had once asked the Pope, on behalf of the President, for a cardinal's hat for Ireland. The political effect being bad at home, Mr. Roosevelt hotly denied the tale. The Storsers, who meanwhile had been alienated from Roosevelt, said it was true, and Roosevelt rejoined bitterly, passing the lie. And there the matter rested until the other day, when Mrs. Storer, recurring to her former trouble, produced this old letter from the archbishop:

ST. PAUL, October 23, 1903.

MY DEAR MRS. STORER: I was in Washington last week and, of course, saw the President. . . . The President also told me that he had commissioned Mr. Storer to speak for him *viva voce* at the Vatican. He seemed rather proud of having done so.

JOHN IRELAND.

This is, as the public has observed, more conclusive than Mr. Roosevelt's rejoinder that the letters between the Storsers and himself four years ago "formed a record against which no recollection of verbal conversations could stand and that, therefore, the question of personal veracity could not be raised." But this "record" in its vital points is merely a matter of memory, for Mr. Roosevelt, in recounting his talk with Bellamy Storer at Oyster Bay, where he commissioned him to see the Pope on behalf of the archbishop, had no notes or other memoranda to refer to. His statement was a recollection; the opposite one of the Storsers was the same, and now comes the recollection of Archbishop Ireland, set down in a letter written one week after his visit to the President and before any question of veracity had arisen, bearing the Storer version out. So on the score of memory there are three witnesses against Roosevelt, one of whom wrote as a friend of all the parties and while there was no occasion for any concealment or perversion of the facts. And in the background stands Cardinal Merry del Val, who, if Mr. Roosevelt had taken up the challenge of Mrs. Storer, might have been glad to indulge in some recollections of his own. As Papal Secretary of State he

must have been at the Pontiff's right hand in the Storer negotiation. Can it be that Mrs. Storer had his testimony in reserve and that the Rough Rider feared it?

So the honors belong to "Dear Maria," though experience has taught her that while anybody can lead a witness to the stand nobody can make him talk if it would tend to implicate him in the commission of the offense.

The Ladies and the Tramp.

The gentle ladies of the California Club are taking an interest in tramps, possibly more of an interest than the tramps will take in them when they learn what the ladies have in mind. The latter, it seems, want to promote a farm where all the virtue in the gentry of the road may be conserved; where any ambitious tramp may find work, and, what is better, learn the nobility of labor and become one with the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. Indeed, the more enthusiastic workers for this cause believe that the tramp, properly cultivated, may one day set an example that will make every community feel itself deficient in *morale* if it does not achieve the wholesome proximity and the soothing influence of a tramp farm.

If we are in touch with the ideas of the club women, a tramp is a tramp because he finds nothing doing. He is a glutton for work, but brighter and more fortunate men get all the jobs. His wits are not quick enough, perhaps for the early lack of a mother's care, to grasp the tail of opportunity. Naturally he grows discouraged, wanders aimlessly, even takes to drink now and again, is utterly forgetful of either the ethical or the therapeutic value of toil and suffers in moral *esprit*. The club women believe that a tramp farm, properly managed, would cure these defects in the individual. Let him know that he is welcome to the place, let him understand that he is a fellow-man, howbeit fallen, let him feel that the spark of goodness in him may yet be kindled into a flame, have him once earn his bread, and may he not be lured from his unhappy pilgrimage and brought back to character, or given character if he never had any? Surely there could be no more appealing cause than this!

As yet America has no tramp farms. They are made in Germany. Perhaps they are not so successful in drawing workers as they might be, but that is partly because of the brute masculine plan on which they are run. They are "strictly business" and even penal in their ways; and utterly wanting in the soft influences of woman. This is where the ladies of the California Club find their encouragement. They see the faults of the German system. There is no telling how a tramp, coming to a farm with his heart overflowing with unappreciated goodness, intent upon the nobler life, may be chilled and heartbroken by the appearance of a brawny, well-fed "boss" who hands him an axe and tells him to "get busy." Suppose, instead, the weary wayfarer is greeted with a bright, womanly smile and asked to sit and rest, and even smoke if he wants to? In a little while he may be given a cup of tea and a dainty sandwich. Of course he should be treated with the same courtesy that any gentleman would expect from a hostess and be asked, when he is handed his tea, if he prefers one lump or two? After that there may be a little talk on the Meaning of Life, which will gradually be brought around to the Philosophy of Self Support, and then, almost without knowing it, the grateful tramp will find himself working joyfully and zestfully on the farm, proud that his bread, instead of being begged, has been earned by the sweat of his brow.

It is always pleasant to see inspired women consecrated to any service to humanity; and while one may feel a corroding doubt that the tramp may be broken to harness by kind words, any experiment that the gentler sex may make with him will surely be fraught with human interest. And who knows but if woman succeeds with the tramp the same method might enable her to succeed with the husband? Consider how effective the bright, welcoming smile and the cup of tea might be when he wanders in from the road where his aimless career has also made him deficient in moral impulses? Perhaps all he needs is kindness. Perhaps his soul is turning towards the sun only to find it veiled in clouds. It may be that he, too, needs more appreciation than he has of the dignity and grandeur of honest toil. What a noble, what a blessed thing it will be if, in redeeming the tramp, the gentle touch of woman may also redeem the married man and bring on the millennial spectacle of the husband making the home

happy and the tramp making the farm productive, and life becoming one grand, sweet song for both.

Truly a Hard Choice.

The conservative citizen of California, whose judgments and convictions are adjusted to tried and proved principles and to old standards of political thought and action, finds himself in a hard situation with respect to the coming State election. In the platform of policies put forth by those who profess to represent the Republican party he is shocked to find an inferential repudiation of the Republican President and the national head of his party. He finds also a conglomeration of things against which old-fashioned Republican sensibilities rise in instinctive resentment. For example, the platform definitely approves the quackeries and anomalies of "direct legislation"—that system which through the initiative, the referendum, and the recall would substitute democratic for the representative principle in government. There is, too, in the platform a gratuitous affront to every Republican who in times past has worked with the party organization. The candidate for governor who stands upon this platform is a man of questionable party record, one who in the campaign which preceded the primary election practically repudiated party responsibility, and by so doing waived his right to support on the score of party loyalty. Of this candidate the *Argonaut* said before the primary election: "By temperament he is an extremist, by habit he is a denunciator, a breaker-down, a destroyer. His methods are the methods which weaken faith and destroy patriotic spirit. His propensity with respect to situations or to men is to seek out whatever may be turned to evil account. He has no instinct for the good in men; he has no ambition, no spirit to build up, to create. It goes without saying that a man of this sort would be unthinkable in the governorship. Personalism, sensationalism, the spirit of the muck-raker, the passion of the evil eye—California wants none of these in her governor's chair." And this was said not in heat, but in the spirit of sober analysis. It is true today as it was true when it was originally spoken.

If the conservative citizen turns to the Democratic side of the situation he finds little comfort. The so-called Democratic platform is as far from traditional Democracy as the so-called Republican platform is removed from traditional Republicanism. It, too, proposes political revolution in its recommendation of the initiative, the referendum, and the recall in State and local governments. It, too, is for Pinchotism, Populism, and all the rest of the isms. Like the so-called Republican platform it is a bundle of falsehoods, direct and inferential, of clap-trap pretensions, of buncombe proposals of reform. And the candidate is not much better than the platform. Mr. Bell is a clean but commonplace man with a persistent itch for promotion in the political sphere. He is a man spoiled in his youth by an accidental and premature political success. Instead of turning this incident to educational account he permitted it to overwhelm the natural and legitimate purposes of normal life. He has permitted himself to become that unpleasing figure, a professional politician. He is, we repeat, a personally clean man, but his career has illustrated striking weaknesses of character.

There you have the choice—and it is not much. The conservative citizen has three alternatives, no one of them satisfactory or worthy. He must either not vote at all, or he must on the one hand vote for a howling demagogue of no real and fixed party status, or on the other for a man whose politics has become professionalized through inordinate personal ambition. And in voting for either of the two candidates he must give his assent to a scheme of policies which profoundly threatens the integrity of the representative system bequeathed to us by our fathers, a system which we are bound not only on the score of patriotic integrity but of expediency and good faith to sustain.

Really, the situation is perplexing. We do not wonder that men of sober mind, men who take their political responsibilities seriously, are both confused and vexed.

"Child Literature."

The failure of the Palo Alto Library to rise to its responsibilities and head a campaign against the current flood of inane and devitalizing child literature is depressing. Trash pours into the juvenile bookshelves, and no one is big enough or bold enough to close the floodgates. For one brief, illuminating flash reason pierced the twilight minds of the trustees and in that lucid interval they sent forth a manifesto.

barring the "Pansy" books. With joy we welcomed the dawn of wholesome realities into the child mind, and in anticipation saw "Emmy Lou," "Abby Ann," and the rapid, ubiquitous "Little Colonel" going the way of "Pansy" to the literary scrap heap.

But these hopes were short-lived, for the timorous trustees, after a protest from the aggrieved children, rushed into print with a fervid recantation and the assurance that no harm was intended to these perennial literary favorites. Professor Jefferson Elmore himself declared that he fully appreciated their value!

If this is the verdict from the classic groves of culture, what hope is there of "lesser breeds without the law"? San Francisco libraries, it is true, claim to have outgrown the "Pansy" class of literature, but as they have replaced it with "Little Colonels" in an endless array of banality there is small cause for boasting. Not even the "Elsie Dinmore" drivel in its palmiest days equaled the popularity of these mushy, emaciated, emasculated representations of life.

The rabid child-culturists have much to answer for. Their sentimentality infects all juvenile books and their meddling misshapes the beauteous forms of things that once enchanted the happy, neglected childhood of his forebears. In a fussy solicitude for his mind and morals they prepare this diluted and denatured "literature"—this mental pap, peptonized to an easy digestibility and sterilized to harmless insipidity. Harmless it may be, but that is its only virtue; for, in eliminating the germs of worldly knowledge, they have also eliminated all power, truth, vitality. Nothing is left to stimulate the mind or the imagination. As well expect to develop athletic muscle on shredded wheat biscuit and malted milk tablets. And in truth, if librarian's reports may be trusted, we learn that young minds fed exclusively on a diet of "Little Colonel" and "Lord Fauntleroy" pabulum never acquire a healthy taste for Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott, or assimilate any stronger fare than the cheap flummery of Chambers and McGrath. And when these cloy the appetites they feed, a filip is sought in the spiced concoctions of Elinor Glyn or Bettina von Hutten!

Nor is this the only harmful result. The tampering with realities and the undue prominence given to the young heroes and heroines have contributed much to the present deplorable importance and impertinence of the modern child. In the "Elsie" and "Pansy" books morbidly virtuous children assume a corrective attitude toward their parents and set about to convert them from the wickedness of their ways. In the famous masterpiece of Frances Hodgson Burnett, a prodigy of young knighthood, haloed in abnormal chivalry and sartorial splendor, moves supreme through a world of grown-ups, righting their wrongs and performing marvelous feats of reconciliation and beneficence. And in later books where, through a change in taste, self-righteous and spectacular goody-goodyness is replaced by self-conscious and spectacular naughtiness, there is still the same complacent assumption of a picturesque rôle as self-appointed arbiter of the destinies of parents. Everywhere the same smug little saints, princely prigs, and precocious urchins in utterly false and unwholesome relationships to the adult world.

Editorial Notes.

John A. Dix, whom the Democrats have unexpectedly named for Governor of New York, is one of the State's best citizens. Those who knew him in college, one of whom gives the *Argonaut* its information, are the least surprised at his career though not anticipating it would be political. Mr. Dix was a member of the class of '83 at Cornell University, and was known there for a quiet, scholarly life and a sound conservatism, rather than for prominence in student affairs. After leaving Cornell he went into business in his home town and soon became a manufacturer, banker, and a director of financial concerns there and elsewhere. Against John A. Dix—whose name indicates the stock whence he sprang—nothing can be said as a man, a citizen, and an administrator. He will be a distinct addition to the worthy figures that are appearing in the gubernatorial contests of this year—pretty much everywhere, it appears, but in California.

McCarthy's bids for moral support do not blind the public to the character of his administration, its personnel, and its stated objects. The mayor wants to be reelected and has not only organized his following of grafters and sure-thing politicians for that purpose,

believing that the early bird catches the worm, but he is making a laborious bid for the confidence of the civic elements naturally opposed to him. Part of his scheme is to move the tenderloin. There is not the slightest attempt to wipe that iniquity out, to abate its nuisances, or to lessen its opportunities for crime; simply to hide it away where it will not affront reputable voters and where the police may the more easily handle it for such purposes as their political masters may elect. Incidental to this scheme Captain Seymour has been made chief of police; but the policy he will carry out will be decided by or through the board of police commissioners, the members of which, O'Connell, Spiro, Henderson, Sullivan, and Skelly, are one in their committal to the mayor's Parisian theories. The question is still applicable whether grapes can be gathered of thorns or figs of thistles.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Whatever Dr. Stanley Hall may or may not have said upon the momentous subject of flirting, there can be no misunderstanding his attitude towards that nebulous nonsense of spiritism which has so many dupes hypnotized in these credulous days. That charlatans occupy so much space in the Sunday papers with their specious advertisements, always with the dollar in view, is largely owing to the semi-respectability which has been conferred upon psychic phenomena by the deadly serious researches of the English Psychic Research Society and the support of two or three men of science who lack mental balance. Ignorant people have been led to believe that there "must be something in it," and the precious clairvoyants have been quick to make a market out of that state of mind.

Hence the supreme value of such a breezy deliverance as that of Dr. Hall, who speaks whereof he knows, for from his earliest boyhood he has been familiar with all the phenomena of seances. For years he has had a standard series of tests often tried on believers in telepathy and clairvoyance, but never with a glimmer of success. But apart from all that he takes up the only position of sanity when he writes:

I do not worry about another life, and am not suffering from any parousomania to explore it here and now. This life is rich and good enough for me, and if another comes in its own good time, as I hope at least to deserve, its fruitions and its reunions will be welcome surpluses, and if not, that, too, is best. One world at a time is the motto that is best to live and die by. Doing the present duty with all our might is the best propaedeutic for whatever lies beyond, and it is bad policy for even science to waste time and energy in trying to force man's way to knowledge that lies beyond and above his estate. Here faith is better than sense. This domain may well ever be reserved from reason and science. Let us work on the solvable problems, for there are hosts of them that fairly cry out for exploration; and religion surely has some rights that even science might well respect.

Rarely does a week pass without several volumes of poetry finding their way to the reviewer's desk of the *Argonaut*. They are touching tributes to their authors' faith and the altruism of publishers. For these are lean and fallow years for the poets. Yet it was not so many years ago, as Ford Madox Hueffer reminds us in *Harper's Magazine*, when the publication of a volume of poems was really an event—an event making great names and fortunes not merely mediocre. Alas for these changed and degenerate times! Mr. Hueffer cites the case—probably his own—in which the appearance of a new volume of poems was celebrated by lengthy and laudatory reviews, but of which exactly seventeen copies were demanded by book-buyers. Then there was the instance of Swinburne's last volume of verse, of which only six hundred copies were sold, more than two-thirds of that number going to Germany.

What is the cause for this slump in poetry? Mr. Hueffer thinks he knows. He asserts:

The art of writing in English received the numbing blow of a sandbag when Rossetti wrote at the age of eighteen "The Blessed Damozel." From that time forward until today—and for many years to come!—the idea has been inherent in the mind of the English writer that writing was a matter of digging for obsolete words with which to express ideas forever dead and gone.

But such an implication does less than justice to Rossetti. It looks like an attempt to sacrifice truth for a vivid phrase—"the numbing blow of a sandbag." For what are the facts? Save for "damozel" and "cicoles" the poem relies entirely upon the common speech of the day and is thus singularly free from obsolete words. The case of D'Annunzio, who is acclaimed by a fellow-countryman as the greatest stylist of the day because he uses in his last work more than two thousand words which can not be understood by a modern Italian without the aid of a mediæval glossary, is beside the mark. It is poetry in English that is under debate, and clearly Mr. Hueffer has not explained why it is a drug in the book market. However, there is little cause for anxiety. The volume of verse in English already written is so ample that no dweller in the spirit need lack for sustenance for many generations to come.

Although during recent years several self-respecting Sunday newspapers have discarded the "comic" supplement, the number still publishing that pernicious monstrosity is yet so large that Claude G. Leland's protest against the vitiating influence of that weekly offense deserves the widest publicity. Friendly foreign observers have been known to marvel that the American man grows up into so likable a person when it is remembered how handicapped he has been in his childhood by the horrible "comic." As the only kind of art that reaches the

children of the masses it is impossible to estimate its degrading influence. It is not alone that the draughtsmanship is of the most wretched quality, but that its influence is bent to the glorification of "freshness" in its most objectionable form. As Mr. Leland puts it:

All the work that schools and museums and educators do toward raising the standard of public taste and public manners is continually being offset by the cheap and sensational press. The wise parent will avoid this type of child's book as carefully as she does the source from which it comes, keeping a watchful eye upon less thoughtful friends, especially bachelor uncles, who come bringing gifts. Think of the opportunities a newspaper has to develop and raise the public taste, instead of sinking it continually below the level. I would seem that any paper in the country, no matter how careless it may be of the truth, or how conscienceless it may be in matters of business or politics, might at least be interested in doing something worth while for the children.

Americans on tour in the "old home" are so easily—naturally—taken captive by the magic name of Washington that they are liable to overlook associations with the early history of their land of at least equal interest. Nowhere is this danger greater than in the ancient little church of Wickhamford, which lies in the vale of Evesham not far from that quaint village of Broadway where Mary Anderson is living her retired but happy and beneficent life. According to the guide-book, the chief glory of Wickhamford church for Americans consists in the fact that it contains a slah engraving with the name of Penelope Washington and a replica of the coat-of-arms from which the Stars and Stripes is supposed to have been derived. This Penelope Washington was a daughter of Colonel Henry Washington, who in turn came from the famous Northamptonshire branch of the family, but does not appear to have been closely connected with those two Virginia emigrants of whom one was the ancestor of the Father of the country. Yet because that slah hears the revered name of Washington it absorbs the attention of American visitors to the church to the exclusion of all else.

Yet under that same sacred roof are imposing monuments to members of the Sandys family, several of whom had a close connection with the early days of Virginia. There, for example, may be seen the resplendent effigy of Sir Edwyn Sandys, the president and treasurer of the Virginia Company who drafted and presented to the colony its first charter of free government. But Sir Edwyn did more than that. He was who sent out that memorable consignment of ninety-nine buxom maidens to Jamestown, who were disposed of to the wifeless colonists at the price of a hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco per maiden. So satisfactory to all parties was the transaction, that the tobacco-purchased wives induced sixty other of their attractive friends to cross the Atlantic and become the ancestresses of goodness knows how many Americans. Sir Edwyn did not make the journey to Virginia; but one of his brothers, George Sandys, the poet, did, and gave American literature a start by translating Ovid on the bank of the James. He it was, too, who put up the first windmill on American soil. In addition to the Sandys memorial, Wickhamford church has a tomb representing that Culpeppe family whose name is perpetuated in one of the counties of Virginia.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Concerning Greek Sculpture.

University of California, Department of Latin,
BERKELEY, October 1, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Mr. Oliver M. Washburn, assistant professor of classical archaeology, and Mr. K. E. Neubaus, instructor in drawing in the University of California, have for several months past been experimenting in the painting of Greek sculpture. They selected a plaster cast of a Dian and have tried various color effects on the statue, working according to the hints given in ancient literature and the traces of antique statuary. At present Diana looks like a twentieth-century new woman with her auburn hair, bronze skin, and bright colored dress. The effect is startling, and one realizes as never before the anthropomorphic nature of the Greek gods and the familiarity of the divine intercourses with men. Diana appears like a young woman whom one might easily chaff, and is no more majestic than a golfing female Ph. D. of our own day.

This restoration is the holdest ever attempted, so hold it dear that Professor Washburn hesitates to publish his result until they have been carefully tested by the researches of other archaeologists and by comparison with the extant monuments. An incomplete, inexact, and unofficial account of this painting of Diana has been published in the daily press, and Mr. Henry C. Shelley in the last number of the *Argonaut* has impaled Professor Washburn as either dishonest or incompetent, and this on the basis of a newspaper story! So the *Argonaut* will go all over the world with the news that a prominent scholar of the University of California is an incompetent! Can the *Argonaut* afford to make such a statement? What is the character of the intelligence of the *Argonaut* readers?
W. A. MERRILL.

[Passing the implied compliment—that the *Argonaut* is more widely read and more seriously regarded than the daily paper—Professor Merrill's letter seems quite as amusing as the story referred to in "The Cosmopolitan" of a week ago. Mr. Washburn was quoted as saying "It is quite natural to assume that Greek sculpture should have been colored. There was no correction of the account in the daily paper. Really, the declaration is no more remarkable than the assertion that this painting of Diana is 'the holdest restoration ever attempted.' The results to be 'tested by the researches of other archaeologists' should be awaited impatiently. It is at least reassuring to know that Diana may be made to appear 'like a twentieth-century new woman' 'whom one might easily chaff.' And this even without the inverted washbasin hat and hobble skirt.]

Professional chauffeurs of New York who fail to qualify under the Callan law have tried to retain their jobs by means of a trick. By paying a dollar or two to an owner and securing what they call part ownership in a car they continue "driving" for a living.

THE WOMEN PAY THE BILL.

The Manhattan Cloakmakers' Strike Means No New Dresses and High Prices for the Old Ones.

Every one has heard of the cloakmakers' strike in New York. There are very few cities nowadays that have not troubles of their own in this way, but when the great ladies of the land step down from the seats of the mighty and titillate their jaded nerves by heading processions and simpering their so-called sympathy for the "downtrodden and the oppressed" there is likely to be something doing, and free advertising for everybody concerned. The aforesaid ladies who tub thumped and displayed their splendors on the east side are now smiling in a different key, those of them at least who were not born with a golden spoon in their mouths, or had no chance to marry golden spoons afterwards. They are learning the salutary lesson that when the workers go on strike the work remains undone, a point of view that never presented itself to them before. And in this case the work is the making of their own costumes and suits, and so there is tribulation in high places, and high prices and tribulation everywhere. Perhaps the price of a suit does not matter so very much to Mrs. Belmont, who was foremost among the demagogic and philanthropic ladies and who buys most of her suits in Paris, but there are plenty of others to whom it does matter. And these others are scattered all over the country, and they are hardly likely to rise up and call Mrs. Belmont blessed when they come to understand the true inwardness of this particular item in the increased cost of living.

The thing stands to reason if we only had the necessary reason to bring to bear upon it, which we haven't. The cloakmakers were on strike for over two months, and at the busiest time of the year. The fall orders were flooding the market and feminine vanity everywhere was working overtime upon its own special designs and upon the fashion plates of the goods that were to be stocked. Heaven forbid that there should be any oppression of the submerged tenth, and as a matter of fact there was no oppression, and the cloakmakers were never submerged except by profitable orders. They were well paid as pay goes nowadays. To represent them as sweated past the endurance point is a mere misuse of words. As one of the manufacturers points out they were earning more than a good many college men who would have been glad to change places with them. Such wages as \$25 and even \$35 a week were by no means uncommon, but a perfected organization and the assiduities of the walking delegates showed them a chance to get \$45 a week as a maximum and they took it. Now the ladies who were so eager to play the unaccustomed rôle of benevolence and to furnish bail for the gentle pickets are asked to consider the fact that the extra \$10 must be paid by the "ultimate consumers" of whom we have heard so much. Senator Lodge says that the ultimate consumers do not exist, but they do, and in the persons of the fair agitators themselves, and of their unagitating but agitated sisters throughout the country, who will have to pay fancy prices for their dresses. *Experientia docet*, as we used to be taught at school.

The strike began among the repairers, but it spread like the cholera and just as mischievously. The repairers were quick to say that the special order workers were doing repairs, and so the special order people had a strike of their own to prove their innocence of the foul charge. Then the repairers charged other kindred trades with doing the work they themselves refused to do, and we all know that to take a job in the open market that no one else wants to do is now a crime punishable by a fractured skull. In one case a curtain maker was held up in this way and he had to open out all his kit to convince the delegates that he was attending to his own business and no other. But he escaped mutilation, for which he no doubt gave thanks to whatever gods there be.

Of course the story of the strike is an old one, as the workers went back to work a week ago, but the results are new. Once more the chickens have come home to roost, and the housewives are looking at them askance while the bejeveled agitators are enjoying a strange interlude of silence. For two months no work was done, and they were just the two months when all the work ought to have been done. Consequently there are no cloaks, coats, or skirts to be bought. The uninitiated male eye fails to see a difference in the shop fronts, but the instructed feminine eye sees no novelties and no bargains, and the feminine tongue announces the fact. In other words, there is no new stock. It takes two weeks to get a cloak, for example, from the cutter's table to the shop counter, and this period is prolonged by the calculations of increased cost that must be made all along the line upon every special order. And when the new stock once more assumes its usual volume the cost will be from ten to twelve per cent higher than before, and this increase will apply more or less to the whole country. The cost of repairs will be from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent higher than before.

Even that will not, or may not, be the end of the trouble. Other strikes are in sight, as indeed they must be with such a success for a stimulus. It is the general opinion that the special order men are preparing to assert themselves and to claim all that the traffic will bear. One of the large manufacturers says that "the situation is such that all must expect any-

thing that the delegates feel it possible to bring about." And the delegates are flushed with victory and eager for fresh fields in which to justify their existence.

Whether the ladies will now make their own cloaks remains to be seen. All things work together for good if we can only keep alive long enough for the good to transpire, and perhaps a lesson in domestic economy may work well into the eternal fitness of things. For it is more than doubtful if the existing staff of workers can fill the orders awaiting them. Not only have they secured higher rates of pay, but they have stipulated that there shall be no more than two hours' overtime, and no home work at all. And it was only by overtime and home work that they were able to cope with the orders during the rush months of the year.

Of course the women are complaining loudly, but they should address their complaints to the aristocratic dames who became agitators just for the fun of the thing and who have already forgotten the craze of a moment, and not to the manufacturers and the shopkeepers. It is true that these unlucky wights have been compelled to advance prices and to postpone deliveries, but they have done so only at the point of the bayonet. The additional money passes straight from their hands into those of the workers, and it is certainly not their fault that their customers all over the country must either wear out-of-date costumes, which is almost worse than no costumes at all, or ply needle and thread in self-defense.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.
NEW YORK, October 1, 1910.

OLD FAVORITES.

Sarrazine's Song of Pharamond's Grave.

Hath any loved you well, down there,
Summer or winter through?
Down there, have you found any fair
Laid in the grave with you?
Is death's long kiss a richer kiss
Than mine was wont to be—
Or have you gone to some far hliss
And quite forgotten me?

What soft enamouring of sleep
Hath you in some soft way?
What charmed death holdeth you with deep
Strange lure by night and day?—
A little space below the grass,
Out of the sun and shade;
But worlds away from me, alas,
Down there where you are laid?

My bright hair's waved and wasted gold,
What is it now to thee—
Whether the rose-red life I hold
Or white death holdeth me?
Down there you love the grave's own green,
And evermore you rave
Of some sweet seraph you have seen
Or dreamt of in the grave.

There you shall lie as you have lain,
Though in the world above
Another live your life again,
Loving again your love:
Is it not sweet beneath the palm?
Is not the warm day rife
With some long mystic golden calm
Better than love and life?

The broad quaint odorous leaves like hands
Weaving the fair day through,
Weave sleep no burnished bird withstands,
While death weaves sleep for you;
And many a strange rich breathing sound
Ravishes morn and noon:
And in that place you must have found
Death a delicious swoon.

Hold me no longer for a word
I used to say or sing:
Ah, long ago you must have heard
"So many a sweeter thing:
For rich earth must have reached your heart
And turned the faith to flowers;
And warm wind stolen, part by part,
Your soul through faithless hours.

And many a soft seed must have won
Soil of some yielding thought,
To bring a bloom up to the sun
That else had ne'er been brought;
And, doubtless, many a passionate hue
Hath made that place more fair,
Making some passionate part of you
Faithless to me down there.

—Arthur W. E. O'Shaughnessy.

The Nightingale.

Sing to me, sing, and sing again,
My glad, great-throated nightingale:
Sing, as the good sun through the rain—
Sing, as the home-wind in the sail!

Sing to me life, and toil, and time,
O bugle of dawn, O flute of rest!
Sing, and once more, as in the prime
There shall be nought but seems the best.

And sing me at the last of love:
Sing that old magic of the May,
That makes the great world laugh and move
As lightly as our dream today!

—William Ernest Henley.

A Friendship.

Small fellowship of daily commonplace
We hold together, dear, constrained to go
Diverging ways. Yet day by day I know
My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace;
And if we meet but for a moment's space,
Thy touch, thy word, sets all the world aglow.
Faith soars serene, haunting doubts shrink low,
Abashed before the sunshine of thy face.

Nor press of crowd, nor waste of distance serves
To part us. Every hush of evening brings
Some hint of thee, true-hearted friend of mine;
And as the farther planet thrills and swerves
When toward it through the darkness Saturn swings,
Even so my spirit feels the spell of thine.

—Sophie Jewett.

SIX DAYS ON AFRICAN GAME TRAILS.

Scientific Notes of a Faunal Naturalist.

June 1—No more despicable creature lives than the man who wantonly destroys animal life for what he terms "sport." This is a scientific expedition. Nothing will be killed except for specimens and food. I'll attend to all the killing myself. The expedition consists of myself, my son, who is a pretty good shot himself, three hundred porters, and a few white men, who need not be named, as they are employed only to classify and preserve the specimens, to let me know if I kill anything new and to take pictures of me.

June 2—Today killed a male and female and young *wooro-wooro*. The *wooro-wooro* looks like a cow, but one of the white men says it is an antelope. Killed eighty more *wooro-wooro* for food for the niggers.

June 3—Saw a large herd of *godzooks* this morning. Did not shoot very well. With over a hundred and fifty quartering shots, I only got twenty-five. This, however, is enough for scientific purposes and for food, and the man who would shoot for any other purpose is a Storer. The *godzooks* weighs about four or five hundred pounds. Runs around in a circle three or four times before it dies. Interesting and amusing. One of the white men measuring the *godzooks's* horns called attention to the fact that while we had horns thirty-seven, thirty-eight, forty, and forty-one inches in length, we had none of thirty-nine inches. Started out in afternoon with tape-line and rifle to repair the omission. The sixty-seventh animal killed proved to be the one desired. It is proper that the world should know that the others gave up their life for science. Few have done so much for it.

June 4—The camp is again out of food. "Them pions eats awful." So do my niggers. Shot better today. Ninety-seven kills with a hundred cartridges, mostly *tum-tums*. The *tum-tum* is about as large as a big dog, but looks and smells more like a goat. Unlike the *godzooks*, it stands on its head when fatally shot and about to die. Quite comical. When an accurate observer like myself adds important facts like these to comparative zoölogy the benefit to the world can not be overestimated.

June 5—Half the niggers have gone with my son, who, not being a faunal naturalist, is just going to shoot something. He has chafed somewhat under the severe restrictions I have imposed upon his use of the gun. But I have insisted that nothing shall be killed on this trip except for scientific purposes and for food. Niggers still hungry. Killed twenty elephants: ten for scientific purposes and ten for food. Thought of killing one more for a personal trophy, but banished the thought as unscientific. The white men pretty busy fixing the animals up.

June 6—Scientific pursuits are arduous and exhausting. Remained in camp resting. Noticed that the men had caught a lot of rats and mice. Shakespeare says "and such small deer." Here is an example of nature-faking in its worst form. Rats and mice do *not* belong to the deer family, and any man that says they do is a liar. The latter all have hooves, the former *never* have them. They have caught besides a lot of little dicky birds of various kinds, chippy birds, Thomas tits and titmouses. (N. B.—Nature fakers confound the titmouse with the little familiar four-legged fur-bearing animal, and so make the plural *titmice*. The titmouse has only two legs and is feathered. It is not related to the mouse, but to the bird family. The plural should be *titmouses*.)

They also have several *dingbats*. A curious characteristic of the *dingbat* is that it opens its mouth when taking food. Repeated observations and measurements have verified this extraordinary fact. Notwithstanding the similarity of names, the *dingbat* is only distantly, if at all, related to the American brickbat. The former crepusculates, reticulates, and irradians, and may be easily traced by its slots and fumets, the latter does not and can not.

A great dance in my honor was given by my colored friends tonight. (N. B.—To Proofreader: Delete the word "nigger" wherever it occurs and substitute "my colored friends.") The songs were too eulogistic in character to be translated by a modest faunal naturalist. One interesting refrain, however, ran through them all, constituting the *lief-motif*, chief-motif, and all sub-motifs. In their melodious tongue this refrain was "Hyas tyee bostonilla hie winapie," which by interpretation means "President of the United States in 1913."

SAN FRANCISCO, October 4, 1910.

Among the papers read at the fortieth anniversary meeting of the American Fisheries Society in New York last week was one entitled "Announcement of Dr. Nishikawa's Success in Causing the Pearl Oyster to Secrete Perfect and Spherical Pearls." This might be assumed to indicate the speedy coming of a time when everybody will raise his own pearls in a garden or window aquarium.

The small island of Java contributes largely to the coffee commerce of the world, while its neighbor island, Sumatra, raises what is claimed to be the best grade of coffee grown. The Mocha of Arabia is still well represented in the trade, while the Porto Rico product is not yet widely sold in this country.

WITH STEVENSON IN SAMOA.

New Reminiscences of the Novelist's Life at Vailima.

When Robert Louis Stevenson first set foot in Apia he had in his possession a letter of introduction to H. J. Moors, an American merchant and planter who had resided on the island for some years. From the day of the presentation of that letter to the death of the novelist Mr. Moors enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, the record of which he has now given to the world in "With Stevenson in Samoa." The volume is an admirable supplement to the "Vailima Letters" and the many books which have been written about Stevenson, for it gives intimate glimpses of the man at close quarters and throws not a little light on his somewhat mysterious character.

As there was but one indifferent hotel in Apia, Mr. Moors invited Stevenson and his party to stay at his house, especially as the writer was in poor health. Before long, however, it was evident that he had discovered a beneficial climate.

With every passing day his health improved. "Ah," he would exclaim to me, "island life has charms not to be found elsewhere! Half the ills of mankind might be shaken off without doctor or medicine by mere residence in this lovely portion of the world. How little our friends in Europe know of the ease they might find here in Samoa."

Though he never gained in weight, renewed strength came to him, and he soon took to horseback riding, visiting distant places of interest. It was a pleasant change from lying on his back, which he informed me was what he usually had to do in a cold climate. Then the least change seemed to affect him, and woe betide the person who inadvertently opened the door of his room and let in a destructive draught! Now he began to feel young again.

Often during the fine evenings we nearly always enjoy in Apia, he would sit on my balcony facing the moonlit sea; and he would relate in his most engaging way some of his experiences and adventures to eastward in the Marquesas and Tahiti groups, and then would carry me with him in a dissertation on the wildly savage Gilberts. I was familiar with all the different islands, and having visited them much earlier than he had, I was able to point out how conditions had been modified by the arrival of white settlers. Unquestionably Stevenson had been handsomely treated wherever he had penetrated, and he and his wife constantly referred to their many friends, both native and white.

At last one day Stevenson told me he would like to make his home in Samoa permanently. "I like this place better than any I have seen in the Pacific," he said. He had been in Honolulu, and liked it; Tahiti and the Marquesas had pleased him; but of all places he liked Samoa the best. "Honolulu's good—very good," he added; "but this seems more savage!"

I laughed, but understood. "Then," said I, "as you can't live in Scotland, in France, or in the States, and as there's more of the savage in you than Honolulu can satisfy, why not pitch your camp near the capital of Samoa?"

Beyond a little desultory conversation on the subject, he said they had not seriously discussed it. He promised, however, that the matter should be decided without much delay. As soon as the decision was reached, he hastened to inform me, and we shook hands on it. "Barkis is willin'," he said—and "Barkis" stood for "Fanny."

He now asked me to look out for a nice piece of property that would suit him. Money matters seemed to trouble him, however—not so much the first cost of land, but the cost of the improvements that would necessarily have to follow. Finally, after several fine properties had been submitted to him for inspection, he decided that the Vailima land was the most attractive. At his request, I negotiated the purchase. There were four hundred acres, and I paid \$4000. And on this land Vailima was afterwards built.

Vailima!—it means "five waters"; but with the lapse of time the configuration of the country has altered, and you will only find two streams running there now.

At first the Stevensons resided in a little cottage, but that was succeeded in due time by the famous Villa Vailima. Its chief feature was a large room that occupied the whole of the ground floor, lined and ceiled with varnished redwood from California:

"Dear me—the fuss there was in getting that house built! 'If I have nothing else,' said Stevenson, as we sat in my drawing-room one day, 'I must have a fine large room like this!' It was a room thirty feet by twenty and about twelve feet high. He must also have just such another wide balcony as mine. As a preliminary step, he employed a local carpenter to plan a house for him, indicating the main essentials. The carpenter made a plan; it was unsatisfactory. Then a number of other carpenters were called in; I was appealed to; Stevenson himself set to work; Mrs. Stevenson took a hand. We all submitted at least one design each; I believe I submitted three. But out of the whole lot not one was without blemish in his eyes. When he went on his visit to Sydney, he was still wrestling with the problem, and when he came back he informed me that he had consulted an architect in that city. He produced a plan. 'If I haven't anything else to thank Sydney for,' he said, 'I've got this plan! It suits me exactly—it's simply wonderful!—you'll be delighted with it!' And he insisted on my going over it with him, line by line, a few hours after his return. I saw at once that the drawing was done on an exceedingly generous scale. 'How about the expense?' I asked; for I knew his means were limited.

"Oh," he said, "I never thought of that. It will have to be gone into now, won't it? I wish you'd try to figure it out for me."

I started on it one day, and found it a big job. Various matters delayed me, and Stevenson came to see me several times about it before I had concluded my calculations. Ultimately I told him that to build a house on the lines laid down in this plan would cost him something over twenty thousand dollars. For the dining-room was of enormous size, and the other rooms were proportionately large; and this meant that the whole thing was out of proportion to his pocket, which did not extend beyond seven thousand five hundred dollars.

So it came about that that famous plan was laid aside, and the local carpenters were called in once more. All of us, in fact, set to work again, and at length a plan was produced which satisfied Stevenson. I believe he drew it himself, with the aid of his wife. I thought it the most ungainly design ever devised. Among other things, provision was made for a brick chimney to run up through the house and open on the roof. Now bricks were very scarce and consequently very dear in Samoa at that time—I think they were worth at eight cents each—and as they would have to be transported from Apia up the rough road to Vailima, three miles

away, the cartage on them would be hardly less than the actual cost of the bricks. There was a long and steep hill to be negotiated on the way. In addition to the bricks, the sand and the cement would also have to be hauled up from the beach. I concluded that the chimney itself would cost above one thousand dollars, and I ventured to remark that such a luxury was totally unnecessary in a tropical climate.

"Well," said he, "I don't know that we will ever light a fire, but it's good to know that if you want to light one you have a chimney to carry the smoke away. Moors," he added, "a fireplace makes a house look home-like."

This was his justification for the chimney—and up it went. It was rarely used, except at the beginning—and then it didn't draw! I visited the house often, and not once did I see a fire in that chimney.

While still residing with Mr. Moors, Stevenson set to work writing a series of letters for publication in the United States:

Subsequently these letters were revised and republished under the title "In the South Seas." I remember Stevenson's telling me what a "wonderful fellow" the publisher of these letters, Mr. McClure, was—"one of the most generous and enterprising men I ever met. Just think! He came all the way to California to see me—which in itself was a great honor; and, without resort to subterfuge, he announced the fact boldly, saying, 'I have traveled across the continent to have a talk with you about your proposed trip to the South Seas. I represent a syndicate of newspapers and magazines in which short stories are published simultaneously, coming out the same morning in almost every city in the Union. We are on the lookout for the very best we can get, and we are always ready to pay the highest price. Now, if you will write me weekly letters, describing your experiences in the Pacific, I could have them published all over the land, and a great audience would enjoy them. Can you do this work, and if so what will you ask for it?' 'How many letters do you want?' I asked. 'As many as you like—say fifty; that will keep us going for a year. Just interesting jottings. Write about whatever interests you most and send it along. Will you do it?' 'Well, I don't know what to ask for a class of work I have never done before. I am not sure I can please you, but I am willing to try. What do you think would be a fair price, Mr. McClure?' 'Name your own terms—I am prepared to pay anything that is reasonable.' I set to thinking about it; and ultimately, remembering that there were so many papers in the syndicate, I considered they ought to be able to pay a pretty good price between them. So I said: 'I will do it for \$100 a letter, or \$5000 for the fifty letters, which is making no reduction for a quantity.' McClure jumped up from his chair and exclaimed, 'Shake hands, Stevenson! I'll give you twice as much: I'll give you \$200 for each letter of from a column to a column and a half in length—\$10,000 for the fifty letters! And if you want any of the money now you can have it!' Where," said Stevenson, "would you meet such a charming man as that—except in fiction?"

But the labor of writing those letters proved irksome, and the letters showed the strain under which they were penned. By Mr. Moors's good offices the contract was rescinded long before the fifty had been produced. How varied were Stevenson's moods is illustrated in more than one of Mr. Moors's pages:

Many a day and many a night did Stevenson spend with me. Time and again, when he felt played out and written out, when inertia or despondency seized him, he would come down to be cheered up. Sometimes he was pretty hopeless—"all done for." But, as a rule, it was nothing more than brain weariness, and he only required a rest to put him right again, a change of atmosphere and surroundings. After a short trip away he always came back benighted. I fancy the women folk were given to coddling him too much at home, and too much of this is good for neither man nor beast.

Though he would come to me full of all sorts of troubles, he rarely uttered a word of complaint about his bodily ailments; indeed, for a man who suffered so much he was one of the most resigned and uncomplaining men I ever met. His fortitude in this respect was one of the distinguishing characteristics of the man. But in other matters he was easily upset, and I have seen him get into a rage over the most trivial thing. I have likewise seen him engrossed in trifling subjects; and I have known him to use his best energies to assist a friend in some small matter in which he had little or no real concern.

When in a rage he was a study. Once excite him, and you had another Stevenson. I have seen him in all moods. I have seen him sitting at my table, dangling his bony legs in the air, chatting away in the calmest manner possible; and I have seen him, becoming suddenly agitated, jump from that table and stalk to and fro across the floor like some wild forest animal, to which he has, indeed, been already compared. His face would glow and his eyes would flash, darkening, lighting, scintillating, hypnotizing you with their brilliancy and the burning fires within. In calm they were eyes of strange beauty, with an expression that is almost beyond the power of pen to describe. "Eyes half alert, half sorrowful," said our common friend, Mr. Carruthers, once, and I have neither read nor heard anything which seems to approach so near the mark. They carried in them a strange mixture of what seemed to be at once the sorrow and joy of life, and there appeared to be a haunting sadness in their very brightness.

Sometimes you would catch him in what was almost a spiritualistic trance, and I really believe there was a good deal of the spiritualistic in his nature. I remember that he used to tell me some remarkably good ghost stories—short tales that would make one's flesh creep—and he declared they were true, or at least he gave them the credit of being authentic. Certainly he believed them himself, and no jesting remark of mine could shake him in his faith. But I never heard him say that he had seen a ghost. Once he informed me that in certain parts of France the people believed there were spirits, or "spirit animals," which accompanied them in their walks. For instance, some who dwell in those parts believed that just behind them, or at their side, there trotted along "spirit wolves"; others were attended by "spirit dogs," and so convinced were they of it that they fancied they actually heard the supernatural footfalls, and they would cautiously and fearfully glance behind them, as if expecting to see something tangible and animated.

While he can not remember having discussed the Bible seriously with the novelist, Mr. Moors is convinced that although Stevenson was always reverent where matters of religion were concerned he was not a religious man. He believes that the interest he took in his famous Sunday-school was more psychological than spiritual:

Up to the time of his mother's arrival in Samoa I think Stevenson's attendance at church was very casual; but after she came he was a most regular attendant. He frankly told me that he went principally to please her. His mother was,

indeed, a great church-goer, which could not be said of his wife, nor Mrs. Strong, his wife's daughter. The family as a whole was not a "religious" family. There was not that odor of sanctity about the Vailima home that many have sought to invest it with; far from it. I believe that during his mother's first period of residence with him, Stevenson used to have prayers at eight o'clock every morning, the whole household being present; and to suit the character of the gathering there was a judicious mixture of the English and the Samoan languages. Gradually, however, the practice was abandoned being reserved for Sunday evenings only. After this change had taken place, Stevenson wrote in a letter to George Meredith: "We have prayers on Sunday night—I am a perfect pariah in the island not to have them often, but the spirit is unwilling and the flesh proud, and I can't go it more." This word "pariah" he also applied to himself on another occasion. He had taken part in a paper chase on the Vailima plantation on a Sunday. "I am now a pariah among the English," he wrote; "I must not go again; it gives so much unnecessary tribulation to poor people."

One night we talked about the mysteries of life and death, of heaven and hell. I said I did not believe in hell at all. "Neither do I," said Stevenson: "not in a lake of fire, anyway, nor in a remorseless, unappeasable God." He certainly had not that blind faith of a little child which some preachers say must precede an entrance into the realms of bliss. It made him angry to think that there could be some men in these days of enlightenment ready to preach such a doctrine as a hell of fire and brimstone. "How is it," he asked, "that men only believe in God when they are in trouble?"

Among the many passages devoted to the personal traits of the novelist the following are of unusual interest:

Stevenson rose as a rule at six o'clock, though he was up, often enough, as early as four, writing by lamplight. He wrote at all hours, and at all times. Oftentimes he would come downtown on "Jack" and tell me he had got "stuck" in some passage of a story and was out in search of an inspiration. "The orange is squeezed out," he would say. He used generally to wear a little white yachting cap worth about twenty-five cents. As he was very thin and boyish in appearance, the cap suited him. I never saw him in a stiff shirt, or a stand-up collar in my life. Up at Vailima they all went about in their bare feet, except when expecting guests, and generally looked about half dressed. When Stevenson came into Apia he still looked only half dressed. He always came down with a soft shirt on and generally white flannel trousers, sometimes with a red sash tied round the waist. He was very careless about his personal adornment, just "a man of shirt sleeves"; and his clothes invariably had the appearance of being a misfit, because of his extremely light frame.

A fine judge of cookery, Stevenson was especially careful about his soups. A native boy named Ta'alolo, who was an especial favorite with Mrs. Strong, was installed as cook to the household. He gave every satisfaction once he had been broken in, and I believe he showed a particular aptitude in the soup line. Ta'alolo was instrumental in securing appointments there for some of his friends, most of them Catholics, and included in the number was Sosimo, to whom some interesting references may be found in the "Vailima Letters." Stevenson's library was a long room, containing, I should say, not more than five hundred volumes. I think there were a couple of book cases, but for the most part the books were arranged on plain shelves. I remember that there were many bound volumes of *Longman's Blackwood's*, and other magazines there, many of them no doubt containing contributions from his pen. It must not be forgotten, however, that he never brought his entire library to Samoa. A good many of his books dealt with Scottish history and folklore and these he had studied from cover to cover.

He was a great cigarette smoker, as all the world knows. The whole family—I except Stevenson's mother—worshiped at the shrine of "My Lady Nicotine." They used to consume an enormous amount of cigarettes. "Three Castles" and "Capstan" were the favorite brands.

Sensitive as he was to criticism, Stevenson could not allow a certain pride in his authorship from showing itself now and then. He was particularly delighted when a critic who had been adverse for many years came over to his side. But one attempt he made to trade upon his fame met with a disastrous result. A new consul had come to Apia, one Colonel de Coetlogon:

One Sunday morning, while Stevenson and myself, barefoot and in pajamas, were discussing the various local celebrities, my friend suddenly jumped up and announced that he had neglected a bounden duty. Here he had been in Apia for some considerable time and had not yet called on Her Britannic Majesty's representative! Every Britisher of mark should attend to such a duty at the earliest possible moment! I must introduce him without one moment's further delay! "Come along, Moors," said he, "let's get it off our mind!"

I informed him that Colonel de Coetlogon was himself a new man in the place—he had been in Apia but a little while—and I had not yet met him. People who had met him had mostly declared him to be an exclusive, crusty old fellow, full of pomposity. I was therefore very loth to go until the new arrival had simmered down somewhat. It was rumored that he had been for years governor of some great jail in Britain, and people remarked that he treated many of his callers as ticket-of-leave men who had come in to report themselves.

But Stevenson, feeling very sure of his powers to charm this Gorgon, would take no warning, but shouted gayly, "Come on, Moors! I'll attend to this case—be'll welcome us all right." I pointed out his attire and his lack of shoes; and, with a sigh, he compromised so far as to put on a clean shirt and a pair of trousers and shoes, but my best efforts would not induce him to wear a coat. In the rig he wore, and under his little yachting cap, he positively looked no more than twenty or twenty-five years of age. He bubbled with enthusiasm over everything new and strange that came within his view as we passed along the road to Matautu, where De Coetlogon lived. From the beginning I doubted if we would receive anything like an effusive welcome, and I took care to impart my fears to my friend; but he only laughed. Particularly did I point out that this was Sunday, and that we should choose another day for our visit. He still laughed.

With pride and joy he threw open the consular gate and strode manfully across the lawn. I following close behind. A tall, soldierly person, with white mustachios and close-cropped hair, was sitting peacefully on the veranda. He made no attempt to rise and welcome us; a whisky and soda had just then his rapt attention. We ascended the steps: the statue in the chair merely regarded us; we might as well have been a couple of distressed prisoners coming to pray for some amelioration.

Stevenson would have embraced this cold representative of his country's greatness, but the chill restrained him. "Good-morning, sir."

A grunt. "Well, what do you want?"

"My name is Stevenson. I am well known in Britain by my works—in fact, I am a novelist. This is Mr. Moors."

"Well, what do you want?"

No friendly hand was stretched out to greet us; we noted a face as hard as stone, as uncompromising and as unsympathetic as a brick wall. Stevenson stood there as one petrified; I was quite appalled. My friend had not counted on such a start; there was no seam or crevice in which he might momentarily locate to reconnoitre before he should attack again. The consul's brow was sad to look upon; he had not even risen civilly to hear us.

"We have come, sir, to pay our respects."

"If you have any business and desire to see me, I will listen to you on week days and in my office at the proper time. Good-morning."

Stevenson quite lost the power of speech, and looked appealingly at me. I can not remember exactly what I said, but I know that I endeavored to depict to the consul the worth and honesty of my companion.

In return came this: "I don't care who you are—either of you! If you have any business at this consulate, come and state it at the proper time."

Without more than a profound how, Stevenson turned and made his way out into the road again, I having preceded him. "By heavens, Moors, you were right! What a beast! What a damned—well, I suppose he has a right to choose his own Sunday morning company. I had thought that I was one of the foremost men of letters of the day, but this fellow differs. What a situation for a man of my supposed eminence to find himself in! People will differ in their opinions, won't they?" And he burst out into a merry laugh.

Mr. Moors closes his attractive little volume with an appeal. Stevenson's grave on Vaea is neglected. It is true the German governor has had a pathway cleared to the mountain top, but a good road is needed, and Mr. Moors thinks the time has come when that and a suitable monument ought to be provided by the admirers of the novelist.

WITH STEVENSON IN SAMOA. By H. J. Moors. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.20 net.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Rajah Kishen Kumar of Bilari, one of the native rulers of India, recently forwarded his subscription to the fresh-air fund in aid of the children of London's slums.

Lord Rayleigh is noted among British peers for having introduced a coöperative and profit-sharing plan among the laborers on his farms at Terling. Last year he divided more than \$3000 as dividends among his men.

Post Wheeler, the novelist and secretary of the American embassy at St. Petersburg, came all the way from Russia to Minnesota to be operated upon for appendicitis. He was accompanied by his wife, formerly Hallie Erminie Rives. The operation was successful.

Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme Court made the suggestion to President Harrison that led to the appointment of William H. Taft to the bench of the United States circuit court in 1892. Should Justice Harlan be given the chief justiceship, it would be in the nature of crowning his long period of conspicuous service in the court with an honor that could be only temporary. He is seventy-seven years old.

Queen Dowager Margherita of Italy had allowed her priceless collection of laces to be exhibited at the Brussels exposition, and it was feared that they had been destroyed in the fire, but they were saved and have been returned. The queen dowager has endowed a lace factory at Venice, conducted for the purpose of perpetuating the art of Venetian lace-making, and her loan collection included some patterns of exceeding rarity.

Vivian M. Lewis, who has been nominated for governor by the Republicans of New Jersey, was born in Paterson in 1869, and is thirteen years younger than Dr. Wilson, the head of Princeton University and his Democratic opponent, and the youngest state commissioner of banking that has ever held that office. He was educated in the schools of his native city and then entered newspaper work. Later he studied law and achieved success early in his practice.

Miss Olive Milns is a young English woman, the daughter of a British army officer who was killed at the battle of Spion Kop in the late Boer War. She came to New York ten years ago without any business training or experience, her capital consisting of letters of introduction from the Duke of Argyll and Lady Victoria Campbell—relatives of hers by marriage—and a determination to succeed. The letters she buried in the bottom of her trunk, because she wanted to win through merit rather than birth. The determination she placed in active operation at once. She is now one of the best-known advertising managers in Greater New York.

Prince Radolin, who is retiring, much against his will, from the German embassy in Paris, has a good memory for faces (remarks the *London Chronicle*). When M. Vessitch, the present Serbian minister in Paris, made his first appearance at a Foreign Office reception after his appointment, Prince Radolin hastened to welcome him. "Do you know the new minister?" one of his colleagues asked the prince later in the evening. "Very well," was the reply, "although I have not seen him for over twenty years. He used to sweep the street outside my door every morning when I was attached to our legation at Belgrade." In those days, M. Vessitch wrote for a paper strongly opposed to the government of the day, and was given time for one of his articles. During his sentence he was employed on road-sweeping, and thus made the acquaintance of his future colleague.

DOGS AND A DUCHESS.

Country-House Pleasures for London's Week-Enders.

Theoretically, London is "empty." Country life has for several weeks claimed the leaders of society and the makers of legislation. But, unlike Major Pendenis, there are many in the case of Glowry, the Scottish surgeon, who hated the major for having so many invitations to little dinners here and there and to house-parties everywhere else. Yet the Glowries are not without their resources. If they know the ropes, this "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" turns their thoughts in the direction of Oatlands Park, an ideal retreat within an hour's run of town, where the charms of country-house life may be enjoyed by all who can afford the luxury of assuming the rôle of paying-guests.

Oatlands Park is in Surrey. It comprises an old and stately mansion now utilized as a semi-private society hotel, and richly wooded grounds extending to some fifty acres. Few spots in England can boast so many associations. There some of the most illustrious persons of the royal house of England have had a home; there the most notable of the ladies who have borne the title of the Duchess of York nursed the sombre thought of a blighted life; there the Princess Charlotte spent that honeymoon which was by so short a span removed from the tomb; there may yet be seen the most wonderful grotto in England; there is still preserved the most picturesque dogs' cemetery known to the history of canine sepulture; and there men whose names are written high on the scroll of literary fame have committed to paper some of their most deathless work.

First among the royal owners of Oatlands was Henry VIII. To him succeeded his daughter Elizabeth, who kept court here many a time and shot the crossbow among its bosky glades. The queen of Charles I followed, and then came Anne of Denmark, the Duke of Newcastle, and, lastly, the Duke of York, the second son of George III. Both the dukes are still linked with the visible history of the place. Time was when a royal palace of goodly area was embowered amid these lusty trees. It has vanished, even to the last stone, and even of the building first inhabited by the Duke of York nothing remains, a fire having swept it away a few years after the property came into his possession. But a part of the mansion he built in its place still survives at the rear of the present structure, and there may be seen and dwelt in the rooms occupied by the Princess Charlotte.

For all the changes which have taken place, it is yet true that most of the figures who loom large in the court history of George IV have slept under this roof and disported themselves on these lawns. Of course the king's brother, Thackeray's "big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous" Duke of York, was often here. But, though owner of Oatlands, he seems, when his affection for the duchess cooled, to have used the place merely and mainly as Londoners use it today, as a week-end resort. All that even Sir Walter Scott could say, despite that purblind loyalty which made him so valiant a champion of the worthless regent, was that the Duke of York lived with his duchess "on terms of decency, but not of affection." He is not a very clearly defined figure on the page of history, that same Duke of York, yet there is one story told of him which leaves a pleasant memory. Mounting his horse one morning at the door of Oatlands, he saw a poorly clad woman slowly vending her way down the avenue. "Who is that?" he demanded of a servant near by. "Nobody, your royal highness, but a soldier's wife a-begging." "And pray, sir," rejoined the duke, "what is your mistress?"

Other Georgian notables who were guests at Oatlands included Beau Brummel, Charles Greville, and, now and then, the foppish brother of the Duke of York. The "first gentleman of Europe" had no special liking for his sister-in-law, nor had she for him. But though the regent was not fond of the mistress of Oatlands, the grotto in her grounds, which was erected by the Duke of Newcastle at a cost of forty thousand pounds, appealed to his pinchbeck taste with irresistible force. One of the chambers in that grotto was once put by the regent to a notable use. Here, in the apartment now known as the duchess's boudoir, he gave a lavish supper to the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and other princely warriors, after the battle of Waterloo, and in celebration of that memorable victory. In its present carpetless and rather earthy condition, this unique chamber hardly rises to the reputation which its primary cost creates in the mind; but it is easy to imagine what a transformation it might undergo were it placed for a few hours in the hands of an upholsterer with artistic tastes.

Few who visit the grotto today will be able to credit the assertion that the Duke of Newcastle squandered forty thousand pounds on the structure, even though it did give occupation to three builders for twenty years. There are, however, more apartments in this amorphous building than a casual inspection would lead one to imagine. Beneath the apartment in which the regent gave his Waterloo supper is a chamber known as the Duchess of York's bathroom, where the duchess was wont to superintend the ablutions of those dogs who lie so quietly now in the graveyard outside. A winding passage leads from one corner of the bathroom to the gaming saloon, where the visitor stumbles across the one association of the Duke of York with the grotto. It is not an association to his honor. In this hidden

chamber, where the light of the outer world struggles vainly with the inner darkness, and where the perfumes of flowers and the songs of birds do not penetrate, the Duke of York squandered his inheritance on the gambler's table. A few yards away there is a cave-like chamber such as might be the abode of genii able to restore the lost gold for the recompense of a human soul. As the visitor reaches this limit of his quest, he realizes that no artist in weird sensations could have devised a more fitting climax.

Yet it is the presence of the Duchess of York and her dumb companions which most dominates this peaceful grotto now. She, poor soul, has been dead these eighty years, and her dogs, too, sleep on beneath the tiny tombstones which stud the grass around the grotto. A native of another land—the duchess was born Princess Royal of Prussia—mated to a husband whose intrigue with a mistress was the talk of the town and the burden of debate in the House of Commons; condemned to pass countless solitary hours in her Surrey home; it is hardly surprising that she should turn for consolation elsewhere. And, in that event, what wiser choice could she have made for companionship than that of

The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, and breathes for him alone?

Such was her choice, and Beau Brummel and her other friends knew that the present of a dog was the surest way to that lonely woman's heart. And as those faithful companions of the solitary woman passed away one by one they were honored with burial and headstone in that sheltered little dell which dips down behind the Oatlands grotto.

Years nearer our own time have added yet other associations to the attractions of Oatlands. Here Motley lived for a time and labored on his "Dutch Republic," and here Zola found a sure hiding-place when France was in hue and cry after the writer of "J'accuse." Motley has not recorded his opinion of the Oatlands grotto and dogs' cemetery, but Zola has. The grotto had no appeal for him, but he often found his way to the little cemetery at its side. It reminded him of the green islet in the Seine at Médan, where he buried his own dumb companions, and of the faithful dog who had pined and died because he heard his master's footsteps no more.

PICCADILLY. .
LONDON, September 24, 1910.

Automobile owners everywhere (observes the *New York Evening Post*) will read with interest the news that a certain company which manufactures automobile parts and accessories has made net profits of 300 per cent a year for the last three years. They have known that the rubber tires they are compelled to buy show an enormous profit, and they feel sure that cars which now sell for \$4500 or \$5000 and cost the makers only \$1800 when they leave the factory, could be retailed for \$3000 to the advantage of purchaser and seller, if the big agents' profits were cut down and less money spent on costly buildings. Gradually there will be a readjustment in the automobile world, which has had a tremendous inflation similar to that which went on among bicycle-makers when the bicycle craze was at its height. Low-priced cars are certain of a steady market, for the automobile has come to stay; but the higher-priced cars have not quite so plain sailing before them, if one may judge by certain signs of the times.

One member of the retinue of the Sultan of Sulu is Salip Maydano, a youth of twenty. He comes from one of the wildest of the Sulu Islands, where he was a bandit—an "out-and-out outlaw," as the Sultan's interpreter picturesquely phrased it. He was caught only three months ago, up to which time he had never seen a civilized community nor worn a civilized garment. But the other day, clothed in the ordinary hand-me-downs of the West, he stood beside his master on the top of a tall tower in the midst of New York and was inspired. The clothes and the view together affected him, and he was moved to declare that after what he had seen in New York he never wanted to do wrong again. His one thought now is to go back home and civilize his people.

Entering battle practice within three months after they went into commission, the American "dreadnoughts," *Delaware* and *North Dakota*, probably have made the best records of any of the sixteen battleships which took part in the annual manoeuvres just completed on the southern drill grounds. The *Delaware* is likely to be awarded the trophy, with the *North Dakota* ranking not lower than third. The *Idaho* is regarded as a strong candidate for second honors. The *South Carolina* and the *Minnesota* are expected to win fourth and fifth places respectively.

New York City does not like its elevated car tracks, and representative citizens say that if they were not now in existence few would favor their construction. But traffic conditions are deplorable and there seems no way to turn except to further enlargement of the overhead service. It is now agreed by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company to expend thirty millions in new lines and improvements. This would not be undertaken were there any probability that the work would be undone in the near future.

AN INVASION.

A Tale of the San Francisco Fire.

There were some who hinted that the Schultz family had lived long enough on Telegraph Hill to speak English with a brogue, but to the world at large their only concession to environment was a goat, and a German family with an Irish accent seemed quite as probable as a goat named Elsa. But even barring the accent and the goat, their sojourn on the hill had tempered Teutonic thrift with a measure of Celtic inconsequence, and circumstance, prodding for weak spots, finally uncovered this acquired tendency.

It all came about in this wise, beginning with a certain memorable April morning when the Nicolos had been violently reminded of daybreak and their unconfessed sins by the sudden exuberance of nature. They had prayed first, talked volubly on the street-corner as the city glowed red, and finally fortified their courage with dribbles of thin wine from the family demijohn. This on the first day.

The second night found their wine gone, their courage going, their small stock of prayers exhausted, and the fire everywhere; and not until Borlini deserted his wineshop did Tony Nicolo rouse sufficiently to take an interest in anything but his fear. Then, as the militiamen emptied the casks down hill, Tony stood, lost in the shadows, scooping up the crimson fluid by the hatful.

Thus it was that the Schultz family on the following morning came upon Mrs. Nicolo, struggling into safety down the north side of the hill with an inanimate husband, a scratching cat, two mocking-birds, a parrot, a string of pictures of the saints, kitchen utensils, and the indispensable demijohn.

In the shadow of the Schultz doorway, the insecurity of her pack threatened disaster to either the expressionless saints or her dangling husband, so with admirable discretion she sent her better half rolling down hill. This was the pivotal point in the undermining of the Schultz family. They carried Nicolo into the house, bound up a gash in his forehead, and, leaving him alone with his wife, went out to view the smoking shell of a town, gather provisions, and incidentally relieve the tension of three days of threatened calamity.

Returning, they found Nicolo stretched in stupefied content on their best enameled bed. Mrs. Nicolo tacking up the saints, the cat dragging the remnants of the last hasty meal over the hall carpet, the parrot and mocking-birds vieing as to sound values, and the demijohn occupying a prominent place in the reorganized scheme. Either the havoc of the past days had reduced resentment to a low ebb, or heightened a humanitarian instinct. At all events the Schultzes ignored the Nicolos' strenuous occupation, but it is doubtful whether opposition would have succeeded.

Having disposed of her religious pictures, the signora began to broaden her activities. She built up an admirable stove of coal-oil tins and scraps of junk in the backyard, milked the goat, wrung the necks of two chickens, and, putting her lean arm through a neighbor's fence, gathered enough lettuce for a salad. And when the sun set upon the smoldering ashes of the third and last day of the city's undoing, she served the Schultz family with a creditable meal. To be sure, it was their chickens she killed, and their goat that she milked, but the salad gave a hint of resource which might serve an occasion, and being themselves somewhat spent, they were ready to look only for encouraging signs.

The first week was busy enough to round out any angles. When Mrs. Nicolo was not dragging charred firewood from the adjacent ruins, she was keeping an obstinate place in the bread-line, making her wants known in voluble if uncertain English. And, even if the cat, the parrot, and two mocking-birds were not an unmitigated joy, Frau Schultz bore up. As for Tony—he was a negative quantity. Every morning he dragged down the hill, and, seating himself under a solitary palm that had strayed into uncongenial quarters, he alternately sniffed the charred atmosphere and dozed till nightfall.

The second week brought Tony's awakening, the signora's confirmed content, and the beginning of a misgiving on the part of the Schultz family. Mrs. Nicolo still continued to serve up the Schultz chickens and the neighbor's lettuce, gather lumber, milk the goat, and otherwise press her hostess hard for first place. But, as if all this did not breed a sufficient sense of proprietorship, she entertained hordes of her less fortunate friends on the front doorstep, filled the yard with brilliant remnants of their neglected washing, and even changed the goat's name from Elsa to Rosalia.

The only relief Frau Schultz had from her aggressively capable presence was when she joined the bread-line, but even then Tony whittled absently in a corner and sang Italian opera to fill the pauses.

On the third week Mrs. Nicolo's drawing-room extended from the front porch into the house, and the good frau found herself forced to share the back yard with Rosalia and what few chickens had escaped the signora's stewardship. She sat in the corner of the sloping, sun-baked garden, dodging a line of fluttering refugee garments, knitting violently, and mumbling between breads. Indoors a babble of strident voices shouted experiences, wept over losses, and gathered the com-

fort of universal calamity, while an occasional cluster of brown offsprings spilled over into the peace of Frau Schultz's commune with nature and her Italianized goat.

The knitting and air gave Frau Schultz a fresh viewpoint, and on the following Sunday, while the Nicolos were attending mass in a public square, she gathered together the pictures of the saints, the two mocking-birds, the parrot, the demijohn, and the family cat, and dumped them on the dirt floor of the basement.

To which the signora replied, being apprised of the event on her return home, "Et ees no matter." And making good her adaptability, set to work occupying the new quarters, beginning at the picture-hanging.

The ashes of the quarter being by this time sufficiently cooled, the deserters began to drift back. The Schultz house was near a prospective park, and as the signora spread a word of encouragement to her friends, the slopes were soon thick with dust-gray shacks. The signora was hospitable and the supply of water adequate, so that the Schultz yard lacked neither sociability nor fluttering garments, and all day long a line of hatless women slopped suds and laughter over the one-time garden.

Frau Schultz, shut out from the tranquillity of nature and her goat, moped and scolded by turns, but lacking means of sustained conversation with her guests, arrived nowhere.

At last came another Sunday mass. This time the pictures, mocking-birds, parrot, cat, and demijohn found a berth in the street. Unfortunately it rained, and Frau Schultz not having strangled her dash of acquired philanthropy, took pity on the bedraggled parrot and mocking-birds and gave them the shelter of the chicken-house.

The Nicolos came home wet, but as cheerful as ever. The last inmate of the chicken-house having gone to pot, and the shelter of any roof being better than no roof at all, it was not long before Frau Schultz caught the sound of hammering, which announced that the picture-hanging had begun. The chicken-house was small but sufficient, and once settled, even the sunshine could not tempt the signora to desert Frau Schultz. Besides she had the yard, and it could not rain forever. However, Frau Schultz barred the gate to the decorators of her wash-line, and, in her rocking-chair on the front porch, stood guard against intruders and escaped the irritating presence of the chicken-house.

The Nicolos were leisurely, but not idle. What they lacked in system they made up in resource. That they did not follow the Teutonic practice of scrubbing the house inside and out every Saturday was not chargeable to lack of energy. So when Frau Schultz was holding the gate closed, they were helping old Martini gather wood, tin, and brush enough to shape into a rambling lean-to on the hillside. This structure had its deficiencies, but it soon housed fifty sons of Italy.

But fifty workers on the brick-pile, cleaning brick in the face of a stinging, dust-laden wind, need more than a roof. They want thick soup, plenty of heavy bread, and a taste of thin red wine. So the signora attacked with a motherly instinct and commendable thrift, offered to supply the need. The Schultz yard was long enough, there was plenty of sunshine, and, besides, with every chimney in town shaken down, one had to cook outdoors anyway. All that was needed was a rough table and some smoother seats, which Tony's awakened vigor supplied. The fifty boarders followed on the heels of these improvements. They began at five in the morning, on thick soup and heavy bread, and ended late in the evening with the same menu.

In utter abandon, Frau Schultz gave up her vigilance at the gate, so that between meals the suds foamed as blithely as ever, and the breeze romped with an endless wash. Even the Italianized goat was crowded out on the roadway. Herr Schultz, slow and phlegmatic, found his indignation aroused too late to stem the invasion. Confronted with fifty lusty boarders, plus a string of mild-eyed, soft-voiced women intent on washing, he felt justified in figuring discretion to be the greater part of valor. Having barred their doors in the face of the enemy, the Schultzes set up a stove in the street, feeling some measure of privacy. However, this failed to shut out the parrot's screech, the irritating call of the mocking-birds, or the inevitable guitar that encouraged all manner of nocturnal gayety.

As stated before, the boarders began at five, clattering over the back fence with disturbing good humor. Then at six came the women, carrying soiled linen and food for conversation, and, in the intervals, the irrepressible children. At six in the evening the boarders again, a little quieted by the day's toil, but rousing sufficiently for a jest or two. The meal ended, there came a few moments of torpid tranquillity. Then the guitar tuned and songs, until midnight if the mood suited, and the fog did not settle down too whitely.

So things drifted on. Frau Schultz began to lose her grip. The Saturday scrubbing was abandoned, as she no longer had the yard for the weekly clean-up of furniture. She tried to resort to a damp rag indoors, but this was only a makeshift and she could feel the dirt smothering her. In normal times this would have been bad enough, but now with every west wind carrying several square miles of ashes in its breath, she had a hard fight. Then, again, there were flies, gathering blackly about the greasy boards in the yard and swarming in upon her every time she opened a door.

At this point she began to discover herself misplaced. A German on Telegraph Hill! It was inconceivable! There had been Irish always, a family of Mexicans somewhere to the south, and Italians constantly threatening to spill over the northern boundary but *Germans!* The nearest the hill had got to a German was the Nelson family, a block away, and ever they were succumbing to its influence, beginning with a goat and ending by allowing the front door to remain invitingly open for flies.

Frau Schultz reasoned methodically, therefore with unerring conviction. She had begun with the goat had gone a step further in encouraging the Nicolos and was beginning to feel a sneaking satisfaction in the damp rag which she now used on the furniture. Last week she had forgotten to swathe her head in a towel when she swept cobwebs from the wall. Perhaps in time she would encourage flies herself, and take to a loose wrapper and unlaced shoes, like the signora.

That settled it. For twenty years the insidious influence of the Hill had been undermining the Schultz family's convictions, and they had been unconscious of the process until circumstances disclosed it. This was the substance if not the expression of the frau's conclusions. She was glad of the Nicolos and their persistent occupation; glad of the parrot, the two mocking-birds, the cat, the demijohn, and the household gods. But especially she was glad for the fifty boarders who spilled wine and song upon the signora's open-air dining-room. And the flies! It was the flies that earned her eternal gratitude.

So she took down the pictures, scrubbed the tables and chairs, beat the carpets, and "did up" the curtains and, moving out, away out where there was plenty of fresh air, clean sand-dunes, and wind enough to blow all the flies to Jericho, she rented the scene of her defeat to seven families, three goats, a score of chickens, and a rabbit or two to fill the extra space.

And all this without disturbing the Nicolos or their fifty boarders, not to mention the parrot, two mocking-birds, and the family cat.

CHARLES C. DOBIE.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1910.

Beavers Rather Than Lions.

One must agree with the view taken by the writer of the following letter of protest in the *New York Evening Post*:

Lions are being placed at the entrance to the new library building. Now, why lions? What in the literary field do lions stand for? Doesn't the lion, after all, stand for very little? Isn't he a miserable carion-feeder, not over courageous, who would be thought rather "small potatoes" were it not that the mighty hunters are fond of magnifying their own courage. Above all, the lion has no connection with this Western Hemisphere, the so-called "mountain lion" receiving his erroneous title for the same reason that the other fellow is advertised as being such a terror. Why not the heaver? If him we have one of the most intelligent animals, a fit emblem for the student in any field—an animal that laid the foundations of the Astor who inaugurated this fine library—an animal more intimately connected with the development of the United States than any other the world round. Why not then, the thrifty, sensible, patient, industrious, peaceable, wise engineer, the heaver, to ornament the entrance to our library—an animal which can double discount the wretched lions on every point, and which is appropriate? Besides, crouching lions have been rather overdone before museums, dry goods shops, and so on. Let us leave the lions off anyhow.

A striking incident connected with Mexico's centennial celebration recalled in a vivid way the short and tragic career of Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico who was sustained on his tottering throne by the arms of France. After fifty years the keys of the City of Mexico, which were delivered to the French upon the occasion of their occupation of the seat of government were returned to the city government with much ceremony in the Hall of Ambassadors at the National Palace, by the special French ambassador to the centennial, Paul Lefavre. The keys were presented to President Diaz, who turned them over to the governor of the federal district, who in turn gave them into the keeping of the president of the city council. The performance of this gracious act on the part of France was attended by the highest military honors.

In order to prevent corporations, firms, and individuals from borrowing to the extent of their credit in their own cities, then going elsewhere and doing the same, the comptroller of the currency, L. O. Murray has decided upon the establishment of a central credit bureau in Washington, where will be credited all such borrowings from national banks. Comptroller Murray is expanding the present system into a national one, by which private information of the resources and borrowings of every firm, partnership, or corporation will be recorded in Washington and confidentially interchanged between the examiners.

Pennsylvania's memorial, which was erected at a cost of \$140,000, is the most imposing on the battlefield of Gettysburg. Standing immediately southeast of the bloody angle, and between the memorials of Vermont and Minnesota, it commands a beautiful view of the entire battlefield. It is a double triumphal arch of pure white marble, the arch being surmounted by a dome which is in turn capped by a colossal figure of "Victory." Twelve monolith columns with Corinthian capitals support the dome and the balcony around it from which a view of the country for miles around can be had.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Rest Harrow.

At last! Those readers who, despite all Mr. Hewlett's graces and poetry of style, have grown somewhat weary of the wanderings of John Senhouse and the philanderings of Sanchia Percival will feel relieved that an end has been put to both in "Rest Harrow." Perhaps it was the inevitable end, for obviously Sanchia had nothing in common with Neville Ingram any more than Senhouse had with his experiment, but it is surely a mordant satire on Senhouse's high-flown letters that he comes round to the conventions after all. However, it is all done with at last, and Mr. Hewlett's admirers will hope that he may not embark on another such enterprise. Let him return to the manner of "The Forest Lovers," and thereby win back that allegiance and appreciation of his rare gifts that have been sadly strained by "Open Country" and the rest.

REST HARROW. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

The Other Side.

"If the record was true, David, as a disembodied spirit, had returned to earth for the sole purpose of cleansing his daughter's soul." Such, in brief, is the theme of this mystical story, David being a musician of high ideals and poetic visions. The novel touches earth in places, especially in the prologue and earlier chapters. The prologue, indeed, gives promise of a story of much attraction, telling, as it does, of a delightful bachelor organist in an English abbey town who was moved to adopt David because he thought the lad had gifts which, rightly developed, would compensate for his own failure to achieve renown. But when Mr. Vachell gets thoroughly under weigh and is preparing for his psychological research thesis, the interest of his narrative perceptibly flags and remains at nearly zero for the remainder of his chapters. The climax is almost melodramatic.

THE OTHER SIDE. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

Seven Great Statesmen.

Five of the famous publicists discussed by Dr. White in these suggestive studies in applied statesmanship will be little more than names to the average reader. Yet, thanks to the biographical method employed, the essays on Sarpi, Grotius, Thomasius, Turgot, and Stein bring those fighters in "the warfare of humanity with unreason" vividly before the reader as fine examples of men who did not seek office for its own sake, but as a means of serving their fellow-countrymen. Yet it is impossible not to observe a more personal note in the chapters devoted to Cavour and Bismarck, the latter being of course personally known to the writer.

Were it alone for the admirable sketch of Bismarck's career, this volume should appeal to a wide circle of readers, and especially among those who desire to serve their country. Dr. White finds various strata appearing in Bismarck: "Medieval ideas of feudal rule and duty, Frederician conceptions of the absolute monarch as a state servant, devotion to Prussian supremacy and German unity, German liberal ideas implying reliance on the entire people, American republican ideas necessitating local government and a confederation—laissez faire, protectionism, absolutism, socialism, conservatism, radicalism. Veinings also appear—permeating all strata alike: distrust of Rousseau sentimentalism and Manchester liberalism, contempt for marplots, hatred for demagogues—degenerating frequently into dislike of constitutionalism, and even into scorn for rational freedom."

Throughout the sketch Bismarck's tremendous energy is much in evidence. At his confirmation he was given as his text those words now inscribed on his tomb, "Whatever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord and not unto men." He took even his pleasures that way. "As the hero of various reckless adventures he became widely known as 'crazy' Bismarck—*Der tolle Bismarck*. There were wild night rides, with falls and rib-breaking which cost him weeks in the hospital—carousals worthy of the Thirty Years' War—visits to boon companions whom he awakened by pistol shots through their windows, and to ladies whom he once sought to amuse by letting loose a fox in a ballroom." Naturally so robust a man had little liking for Gladstone. His favorite English portrait was that of Disraeli; pointing to it he was wont to say: "The old Jew; he is a man." Which was, as Dr. White notes, probably the most severe criticism ever passed upon Gladstone.

So masterful was Bismarck that he would have no imperial cabinet. "He called about him strong men, but they were known, not as ministers, but as secretaries; he would have 'subordinates' but no colleagues." This largely explains why the present Kaiser at last demanded his resignation, a course which Dr. White believes was on the whole wise. And for all his admiration of the man, Dr. White is compelled to admit that "nothing during his long public life became him so ill as his leaving it." Incidentally a generous tribute is paid to the unfortunate Emperor

Frederick as "the noblest occupant of an imperial throne since Marcus Aurelius."

SEVEN GREAT STATESMEN. By Andrew Dickson White. New York: The Century Company; \$2.50 net.

In the Catskills.

Eight essays by John Burroughs have been gathered together in this volume. They have a common point of interest in that they depict the forests and fields of the Catskill Mountains, amid which he was born and passed the early years of his life, and enable the reader to make the acquaintance or renew his intimacy with such characteristic papers as "The Snow-Walkers," "In the Hemlocks," "Birds-Nests," and "Speckled Trout." In the main, then, these essays represent Mr. Burroughs in his earlier and best manner. panned, as they were, before he joined the nature-faking fray and thereby lost the sympathy of many of his readers. As an additional reason for the republication of the papers Mr. Johnson has undertaken to illustrate by his camera some of the typical scenery and occupations of the Catskills. His photographs have a certain measure of technical merit, but on the whole they are hardly above the average achieved in these photographic days by the ordinary amateur.

IN THE CATSKILLS. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

The Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt.

Although extending to but a hundred and fifty pages, this is an ideal handbook for those wishing to understand the main principles and tendencies of Egyptian art. The opening chapter on the character of that art is specially suggestive. It shows how absurd it is to pit the art of one country against that of another, and then reminds the reader that there are three conditions peculiar to Egypt; An overwhelming sunbine, strong contrasts between the sterility of the desert and the prolific verdure of the narrow plain, and the prevalence of level lines in the face of nature. These conditions explain why Egyptian art is what it is. The brilliancy of the sunshine led to the adoption of an architecture of blank walls without windows, the contrast between desert and cultivation accounts for the minuteness of detail in conjunction with vastness in architecture, while the strongly marked horizontal and vertical lines in the nature aspect of the country have conditioned the style of building that can be placed before such a background. Mr. Petrie puts the case thus: "As the temples were approached, the dominant line was the absolute level of the green plain of the Nile Valley, without rise or a slope upon it. Behind the building the sky line was the level top of the desert plateau, only broken by an occasional valley, but with never a peak rising above it. And the face of the cliffs that form the stern setting is ruled across with level lines of strata, which rise in a step-like background or a wall lined across as with courses of masonry. The weathering of the cliffs breaks up the walls of rock into vertical pillars with deep shadows between them. In the face of such an overwhelming rectangular framing any architecture less massive and square than that of Egypt would be hopelessly defeated. The pediments of Greece, the circular arches of Rome, the pointed arches of England, would all seem

crushed by so stern a setting." Mr. Petrie has a chapter on the periods and schools of Egyptian art, and then discusses statuary, reliefs, painting, and drawing, and other arts and crafts. The volume is most liberally illustrated and the reproductions of photographs are of unusual excellence.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Through the Year with Sousa" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1 net) is a delightful compilation of snatches of music, verse, anecdotes, and quotations from interviews with the famous bandmaster. The dates of the births of great composers are also given.

"Sally Ann's Experiences," by Eliza Calvert Hall (Little, Brown & Co.; 50 cents net), will be delightfully remembered by thousands as the first chapter of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky." It was an excellent idea to issue it in this separate form, daintily bound and with an attractive frontispiece in color.

Some of the lessons of Christian Science have been cast into verse form by Anne Archhold Miller in "The Little Old Outlaws" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents net), the text of which is hand lettered and otherwise brightened by attractive photographic studies of children, for whom the verses are specially intended.

Young married people will find much to interest them in "The Wheels of Time" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 50 cents net), a charming little story by Florence L. Barclay, who has won such deserved fame as the author of "The Rosary." It tells in an appealing manner the experiences of a young couple who were in danger of drifting apart.

Times are changing so quickly that Mary E. Mitford's "Sketches of English Life and Character" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75 net) already belong to the past, for much that she described with so sympathetic a pen has gone never to return. Here, however, is an ideal edition of that fascinating volume, the old-time spirit of which is faithfully reflected in the exquisite pictures in color after paintings by Stanhope A. Forbes.

In answer to a question as to what his faith really means to him, Josiah Strong expounds in "My Religion in Everyday Life" (the Baker & Taylor Company; 50 cents net) how his religion has in the past half-century enabled him to make a readjustment of faith and life in harmony with the great revolutions of thought. The fundamental postulate of his faith is that God is love, which compels him to believe that God is doing all that can possibly be done to save the world from sin.

"Beyond the Borderline of Life" (the Ball Publishing Company; \$1), by Gustavus Myers, sums up the results of scientific investigation of psychic phenomena. "One thing is clear," Mr. Myers affirms, and that is that "the mass of learned scientists are united in asserting that our souls do survive. Furthermore, there is now the very closest connection between religion in its real sense, that is stripped of its formulas and dogmas, and these truths disclosed of scientific investigation."

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Louise Chandler Moulton.

Those who enjoyed the privilege of Mrs. Moulton's personal friendship, and are consequently able to visualize from Miss Whiting's hints, will probably find this sympathetic record satisfactory, but looked at from a detached point of view, it seems hardly adequate. Either there was a lack of suitable material, or it has been unskillfully used. The former is perhaps the more likely, for Mrs. Moulton once declined to pen her reminiscences on the plea that she had not kept the necessary records. This being the case, it is hardly surprising that Miss Whiting makes such liberal use of old newspaper articles and the published recollections of Mrs. Moulton's friends. It is to be regretted, also, that the praise of the poetess's work is carried to excess, thus perpetuating that ill-service of extreme adulation from which Mrs. Moulton suffered at the outset of her literary career. The chapter headings, a mere series of dates, bespeak hasty compilation, and the volume has not even an index. There are several attractive portraits and interesting photographs and facsimiles.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON: POET AND FRIEND. By Lillian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Many guesses are doubtless being made as to which American publishing house is to handle the forthcoming new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It will be remembered that the authorized version of the previous edition bore the imprint of the Scribners, and the same house may have been successful in securing the agency of the new edition. On the other hand, as it will be issued in England by the Syndics of Cambridge University, it is not unlikely that the Putnams, who represent that university in the United States, will be the American publishers. If a valid copyright is to be secured, the entire work will have to be set up in this country.

Alfred Tennyson Dickens, the Australian son of the great novelist, is on a visit to England for the purpose of giving public readings from his father's books. He has had much success with his entertainment in Australia, which has been his home for the last twenty years.

Thomas Collier Platt's "Autobiography" is announced for early publication by B. W. Dodge & Co. The promise is made that the book will tell of the author's quarrels with Presidents Garfield, Hayes, and Harrison, and frankly and boldly disclose many national and state secrets.

Professor Felix E. Schelling has prepared for Henry Holt & Co. a volume entitled "English Literature During the Lifetime of Shakespeare," which will take a large view of the period and he equipped with an exhaustive bibliography.

Departing from their usual custom, the Scribners call special attention to the new edition they are publishing of "The Old Virginia Gentleman and Other Sketches," by Dr. George W. Bagby. There will be an introduction by Thomas Nelson Page, who writes: "Next to Poe, the most original of all Virginia writers was he whose reputation in his lifetime rested mainly on humorous sketches of a mildly satirical and exceedingly original type, but who was master of a pathos rarely excelled by any author and rarely equaled by any American author."

Volumes five and six of the "Cambridge History of English Literature," which have been unavoidably delayed, are to be issued this month. They will be devoted to the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama.

An effort is being made to raise £3500 for the purpose of purchasing and preserving the house in Gough Square, London, in which Dr. Johnson lived from 1748 to 1753.

Richard Watson Gilder's "Grover Cleveland: A Record of Friendship," the last work he completed, will be issued this month.

No addition to biographical literature this fall is likely to arouse so much interest as the "Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman," which will appear in two volumes under the editorship of Laura Stedman.

So many Richmonds have appeared in the field in recent years that James Bryce has realized the necessity of tightening his hold on the position so finely gained in his "American Commonwealth." Hence the revision and enlargement of that classical work upon which he has been engaged for some time, the fruit of which will be manifest in the new edition announced by the Macmillans.

Elihu Vedder's "Digressions of V," the autobiography of the artist which is among the fall announcements of the Houghton Mifflin Company, promises lively reading. After dwelling upon the tribulations of landscape painting, he turns for relief to the pleasure of portrait work. "Instead of pay-

ing your models, they pay you. I admit the portrait-painter has his little troubles. He can never satisfy the family or friends, and no lady unless he flatters her. On this I stand pat; the ladies may, to use a vulgar expression, 'grin and bear it' if the painter is a fashionable one—but they don't like it."

Lovat Fraser's "India Under Curzon and After," apart from the interest which attaches to any study relating to the present unrest of that country, will appeal specially to American readers owing to the share taken in Lord Curzon's work by his American wife.

"Have you a nice copy of Browning?" is the question attributed to a lady hunting in a London book shop for a suitable wedding present. "No, madam," replied the bookseller, "I never keep any book I can't understand, and I can't understand Browning." "Oh," continued the lady, surprised and amused, "then have you Præd?" "Yes, madam," was the answer, "I have prayed, too, but still I don't understand."

Dr. Holder's "The Channel Islands of California" is among the books which A. C. McClurg & Co. announce as in a second edition.

"Sotheran's," the classic London haunt of book-lovers, has had to move further west along Piccadilly, and a member of the firm, interviewed on the occasion, stated that the passion for costly books is as much in evidence as ever and that "America is adding a host of ardent buyers of anything that has a history. As a matter of fact, nearly all our literary treasures—our first editions and manuscript and autograph copies—find their way now across the Atlantic." The same authority is responsible for the statement that a present fashion is to have actual miniatures let into the covers of books.

New Books Received.

NOVELS.

AT THE VILLA ROSE. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

A skillfully constructed story of crime and detection with many dramatic episodes and vivid descriptions.

THE BARRIER. By Rene Bazin. Translated by Mary D. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

A novel of present-day English and French life, with a French girl of a deeply religious character for heroine.

A CADET OF THE BLACK STAR LINE. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

An apprentice to the sea is the hero of this stirring tale of adventure on board ship and ashore.

BY REEF AND TRAIL. By Fisher Ames, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Boh Leach's adventures in Florida are described from actual experiences in this exciting story.

JOHN WINTERBOURNE'S FAMILY. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

Devoted to the social ambitions, intellectual development, and marital complications of an interesting family.

SALOMY JANE. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A singularly attractive edition of Bret Harte's classical story, with dainty pictures in color and tint by Harrison Fisher and Arthur I. Keller.

THE HOME-COMERS. By Winifred Kirkland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net.

Tells in a winsome manner the experiences of four Western orphan children in the home of their apparently wealthy grandmother in the East.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

Bohemian artistic life in Chicago figures largely in this story, the heroine of which elects to live as an outcast until won back to human society by a little child.

THE STEERING WHEEL. By Robert Alexander Wason. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

By the author of "Happy Hawkins"; a somewhat symbolical story of the controlling influences of life.

PEOPLE OF POSITION. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. New York: Wessels & Bissell Company; \$1.20 net.

An arraignment of modern civilization condemning the narrow views of people of position.

THE LOST AMBASSADOR. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

A characteristic tale of mystery concerned with the sale of two battleships by an emissary of the Brazilian government.

THE MAN AND THE DRAGON. By Alexander Otis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

An American novel devoted to the struggle of a young editor with a political boss.

THE WIDE-AWAKE GIRLS AT COLLEGE. By Katharine Ruth Ellis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

Another volume in the "Wide-Awake" series, depicting the four friends at Dexter in happy college life.

LIGHT HORSE HARRY'S LEGION. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

An exciting boy's story of the revolutionary war period with the scenes laid in New Jersey, Virginia, and the Carolinas.

JACK COLLETON'S ENGINE. By Hollis Godfrey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

Jack is an energetic American youth who goes abroad to enter his father's airship engine in an

aviation contest and meets with stirring adventures.

FROLICS AT FAIRMOUNT. By Etta Anthony Baker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

A welcome sequel to Mrs. Baker's "Girls of Fairmount," concerned principally with hours spent outside the classroom.

CUMMER'S SON. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20 net.

Nineteen short stories, the scenes of which are mostly laid in the islands of the South Sea.

OTHER MAIN TRAVELED ROADS. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

A companion volume to "Main Traveled Roads," mostly written at the same period as the stories of that popular book.

CAPTAIN OF THE ELEVEN. By Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25.

A story of school and football with an attractive hero and many well-described episodes of boy sports.

THE LADY OF THE SPUR. By David Potter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

A romance of life in New Jersey in the early part of the last century.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE. By George L. Knapp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

A story of mystery based upon the practice of the third degree.

MOLLY AND THE UNWISEMAN ABROAD. By John Kendrick Bangs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

For young readers; a story in Mr. Bangs's most whimsical vein.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORRESPONDENCE ON CHURCH AND RELIGION OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. Selected and arranged by D. C. Lathbury. New York: The Macmillan Company; 2 vols.; \$5 net.

These letters cover a period of more than sixty years and are supplementary to Morley's life, which left to some other writer the detailed history of Mr. Gladstone as theologian and churchman.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE. By H. N. McCracken, F. E. Pierce, and W. H. Durham. New York: The Macmillan Company; 90 cents net.

A manual which aims to inform the students of the advances in Shakespearean scholarship made within the last six years.

HERO TALES OF THE FAR NORTH. By Jacob A. Riis. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

Tells the story of the great men of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark for "the lad of Northern blood." Mr. Riis confines himself to historic figures.

THE CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES IN THE UNITED STATES. By Charles Richard Van Hise. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Gives the substance of twenty lectures on mineral resources, water, forests, and the land.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON: POET AND FRIEND. By Lillian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A sympathetic memoir of the poetess, including unpublished letters from famous authors.

THREE NORMANDY INNS. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50 net.

A new edition of a standard book enriched by twenty-four charming views of Normandy.

SWITZERLAND. By Oscar Kuhns. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2 net.

An attractive account of the scenery, history, and literary associations of the playground of Europe. Fully illustrated from admirable photographs.

HERO-MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE BRITISH RACE. By M. I. Ebbutt. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2 net.

A copious collection of stories ranging from Grendel to Hereward the Wake.

THE VANISHED RUIN ERA. By Louis J. Stellmann. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Pictures in impressionistic photographs and in verse San Francisco's "classic artistry of ruins."

SUGAR AND SPICE AND ALL THAT'S NICE. Selected by Mary Wilder Tieleman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

A new and enlarged edition of a favorite anthology of nursery rhymes and verses.

DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON. By Yukon Bill. New York: George H. Doran & Co.; \$1 net.

Stirring songs of the northland notable for their humor and deep feeling as well as for their brave qualities.

QUERCUS ALBA. By Will Lillibridge. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

A sympathetic study of a tree. "Quercus Alba, the veteran," a philosopher awaiting its end in "the warm Arkansas sunshine that gave him being."

BUILDING YOUR BOY. By Kenneth H. Wayne. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

Tells how to do it and how not to do it, with the proviso that a boy is "an animated bundle of infinite possibilities."

STORIES OF THE MENEHUNES. Collected and translated by Thomas G. Thrum. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

Hawaiian legends of special interest to students of folklore.

LINCOLN IN THE BLACK HAWK WAR. By Theophilus Midding. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Company.

Described as "an epos of the Northwest."

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MIGUEL HIDALGO Y COSTILLA. By Arthur Howard Noll. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

A pioneer attempt to do justice to the character and needs of the Father of Mexican Independence.

THE UNEXPLORED SELF. By George R. Montgomery. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

An introduction to Christian doctrine for teach-

ers and students, many of whom, the author has found in his teaching experience, have "perplexingly wrong ideas as to the contents of Christianity."

THE CARE AND TRAINING OF CHILDREN. By Le Grand Kerr. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 75 cents net.

Subordinates literary style, etc., to "practical helpfulness" in teaching parents lessons in the moral and mental training of children.

THE STORY OF OLD FRANCE. By H. A. Guerber. New York: American Book Company; 65 cents.

Relates the history of France from the earliest times to the death of Louis XIV., and designed for the upper grammar grades.

THE BASIS OF MUSICAL PLEASURE. By Albert Gehring. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50. Attempts the "enumeration and description of the actual sources of musical pleasure."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. By Edward Scribner Ames. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net.

Undertakes "an investigation of the religious aspect of normal human experience" from the standpoint of functional psychology.

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Retells for young readers the story of Beowulf and that of Sir Gawain of King Arthur's court.

THE EARLY RELIGION OF ISRAEL. By Lewis Bayles Paton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net.

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HENRY MILLER'S RETURN.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Ever since that period before the fire when, for a number of successive summers, Henry Miller brought out annually a company of first-class players equipped with first-class plays, there has been something distinctly personal in the welcome tendered him by San Franciscans on the occasions of his professional visits. We are still gratefully appreciative of his enterprise, because his financial success here turned the eyes of other managers back again to San Francisco, which they had for a time ruthlessly cut out from their circuit.

Henry Miller has "arrived," and no doubt can get along without us. He is a big man now in the Eastern theatrical world. He has greatly developed, both intellectually and artistically, and, as well, in his grasp on the financial helm. Never a great or an inspired actor, even in "The Only Way," he has often been a most satisfying one, and has by now acquired considerable versatility.

In "Her Husband's Wife," a so-called comedy by A. E. Thomas, Mr. Miller has shown his usual thoroughness in the selection of his players. He himself plays the rôle of a man of middle age, who, having retired from the arena of active emotions, loves to divert himself by observing, with subterranean chucklings, the self-deceptions and follies of the younger generation. It sounds like comedy, but it does not take long for us to learn that "Her Husband's Wife" is, in reality, farce, pure and simple.

In Uncle John (the character played by Henry Miller) lies the only claim to comedy that the piece possesses. All the others become farceurs as soon as the coil, cunningly set by Uncle John in motion, begins to uncoil. The farce, however, is not of the old, frolic kind, and the humor is humor, and is conveyed by clever acting, instead of by the physical extravagances of action with which we were, in that arid era of the drama when we remember seeing Henry Miller in "All the Comforts of a Home," at one time so resignedly familiar.

There is a lot of clever playing in "Her Husband's Wife," but the honors are principally for Laura Hope Crews, who plays a bewitching fool most bewitchingly.

Of course out of farces hypochondriacs are rarely recruited from the ranks of young and pretty women with large purses, devoted husbands, and a talent for dressing like the pictured girls in fashion magazines. Still such cases can be recalled. And then Mr. Thomas cleverly meets the situation by putting in Uncle John's mouth a remark to the effect that when a woman hasn't any troubles she'll manufacture them.

The author has given a number of light, shallow, but sparkling sayings to Uncle John, who is in evidence the greater part of the time, and who is exactly in the amused attitude of the audience toward Irene, the pretty hypochondriac. Irene, while playing with the idea of an early and romantic death, has thoughtfully picked out her successor, from a cense of wifely solicitude apparently, lest her surviving mate should choose some one pretty and attractive enough to eclipse her memory in his bereaved heart. While Irene prattles of her wifely project to Uncle John, who listens with enormous but concealed enjoyment, she imbibes, with child-like enjoyment of her pose, numerous doses of vari-colored medicines, which Uncle John resolves shall be made to disappear, together with her delusion about her health. So he approves of her plan of selecting a successor, in the person of her dearest friend, Emily Ladew, who appears as a dun-colored woman of abrupt manners, with a dull dress, a dull complexion, and a shocking hat. Youth and Miss Ladew seemed to have bade each other adieu; he is, in every way, a lady who would commend herself to the favor of a loving wife who is choosing a not too attractive successor. There is a critical moment in the play at this point; the fun seems to waver, and become faint, in spite of the delicious, blue-eyed seriousness of the little wife.

Emily Ladew, the unpromising, however, suddenly comes to the rescue. After the travely manœuvring wife has left the scene she explodes in a mighty burst of feminine rique, to the immense diversion of Uncle John, and goes off resolved to cause uneasiness in the breast of the woman who has

insulted her and wounded her vanity by choosing her as her too safe successor.

It is always entertaining to see a pretty woman on the stage try to make herself unattractive in looks, as Margaret Anglin did in "The Marriage of Kitty." And similarly it is interesting to see what a different dress and make-up can work in the matter of physical attractions.

Josephine Lovett, who, with Laura Hope Crews, will be remembered by theatre-goers as a California girl, is an actress who is destitute of romantic charm, as she showed later in the evening, in "Sydney Carton." She was not particularly well-placed when she appeared as Robert Edeson's leading lady last winter. But she had a rôle fitted to her both physically and mentally in "Her Husband's Wife," and she gave impetus to the fun of the piece by the thoroughness with which she threw herself into its grave absurdities.

Emily Ladew, of course, returns in her war-paint to throw confusion into the little wife's plans. She is radiant in new clothes, a swagger hat, and a borrowed complexion. She makes a dead set at the to-be widower, and although he is supposed to be wrapped up in his dainty little wife, since he is in the realms of farce, his polite interest in his wife's friend (whom Uncle John calls his "fiancée") bears a resemblance to feverish devotion.

Irene, observing the unflattering success of her plan, becomes *distracted*, to the extent of losing all interest in her periodical doses of medicine, the which adds great satisfaction to Uncle John's already hugely diverted spirit.

Henry Miller has considerable of a task, as he is always on the stage, and is perpetually going off in Uncle John's explosions of suppressed amusement. I must say, though, I don't envy him his job. I would rather figure as a mute at a funeral, than to be obliged to do a laughing act on the stage, with all the physical convulsion and mental energy that it entails. To me it always seems inartistic in a play, to call upon the character to express repeated and continued laughter, as Henry Miller has to do as Uncle John. I have always noticed that in spite of the risible accompaniment of a due proportion of mirth-echoers, the representation of extreme laughter on the stage has a deterrent effect on mirth in the audience.

It goes without saying that Henry Miller, besides contributing his celebrated smile, laughed with neatness and dispatch. And he was ably reinforced by Charles Gotthold, in the particular laughing scene which, if I remember aright, constituted the finale of the second act.

Henry Miller was also a source of pleasure on account of the sly humor with which he delivered the numerous good-humored digs with which Uncle John roots up Irene's carefully tended illusions.

But after all, in spite of his greater name, Laura Hope Crews twinkled more brightly than the biggest star in the little constellation which was shining for us during an evening of pleasant entertainment. There is in "Her Husband's Wife" a lot of clever acting of the lighter kind. Somehow one is freer to observe it because of the mentally relaxed state with which one surrenders one's self to the entertainment offered by farcical comedy. Walter Hitchcock, for example, always seems acting, although he is thoroughly expert in all the outward manifestations. So one studied them with some interest, since he did not quite catch the fancy captive.

And Laura Hope Crews is a past-mistress in giving the looks and tones of a charming little fool. Her face is a perpetual study, and a delightful one. And the two actresses have pretty figures, and are smartly gowned, each gradually rising to a gorgeous climax in the last act, when the "broken-hearted sparrow" enters transformed to a "bird of paradise," and the plump little wife is a dream in butter-colored silk.

The action all transpires in the pretty, paneled living-room of a country house. It looked delightfully homey, for they have at last mastered the art of making stage interiors look homey. Flowers, print curtains, a reading table, easy chairs, inviting windows, can do wonders.

And then the curtain, after going down on all this pleasantness, rose on a bleak interior in a traveler's hotel at Paris, and "Sydney Carton" was on. And we shortly discovered that in presenting a piece of such opposite type there was a jangling of ideas. We could not step into the tense, tragic atmosphere of "Sydney Carton" after laughing at the fun and folly in "Her Husband's Wife." With the echoes of their tones still ringing in our ears from the previous play, we could not quite divest from the players the individualities they had expressed in the earlier play. In fact "Sydney Carton," in its abbreviated form, can not express the terror, the tragedy, the sense of rushing doom which has, to a considerable extent, been conveyed from Dickens's pages to "The Only Way." Nobody seemed quite right but Henry Miller. Charles Darnay was like a pawn on a chess-board, Lucie Manette was all out of drawing. Dr. Manette was Walter Hitchcock in an old man's costume, and Walter Hitchcock only, and, in fact, the playlet seemed dull, old-

fashioned, and ineffective. It closes with the familiar tableau of Sydney Carton on the guillotine, but we had not been gradually led through waves of dread, storms of feeling, and long waits of terrifying suspense, up to the climax of emotion which should lend spiritual grandeur to that dark figure silhouetted against the lurid glow of the great revolution, and so, after all, it was nothing but a striking though hasty tableau.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

That distinguished actor, John Mason, will begin next Monday night at the Savoy Theatre an engagement limited to one week in Augustus Thomas's famous telepathic drama, "The Witching Hour," that theatric prize of the century. The play and its principal player come surrounded by the same conditions in the matter of supporting cast and scenic detail that figured in Mr. Mason's remarkable engagement in New York, that of two years at the Hackett Theatre. Psychological students have found in Mr. Thomas's drama unlimited material to sustain their scientific claims concerning telepathy, and the admirer of good acting and modern stagecraft has been satisfied, too, for "The Witching Hour," besides teaching a great lesson, preaching a great moral, and divulging the secrets of a great philosophy, has all the features of a great play. Mr. Mason will, of course, be seen in his original part of Brookfield, the hypnotic gambler, a character study that has not only proved hypnotic on the stage, but truly hypnotic with the public as well. The Messrs Shubert promise the identically original Hackett Theatre company, and the production will be on the same elaborate style as when it was last seen here. The last performance will be given Sunday evening, October 16, and the usual popular-priced matinee will take place on Thursday.

The Henry Miller engagement at the Columbia Theatre has met with the same high success always noted when the well-known actor-manager appeared here. His play, "Her Husband's Wife," and the company are reviewed at length elsewhere. Next week Mr. Miller will offer, in place of "Sydney Carton," the dramatic playlet "Frederic Le Maitre," though the latter will precede the comedy instead of following it.

The Orpheum programme for next week attains a high standard. Hal Stephens, a clever and versatile character actor, assisted by Isabel Allen and William Scanlan, will give a novelty, called "Famous Scenes from Famous Plays," which introduces a miniature stage and curtain for the purpose of presenting elaborate scenic tableau. Mr. Stephens explains and makes up as Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice." While doing so he briefly relates the history of the play, going back to the days of Burbage, who acted the part as a comedy one, and follows by an excellent rendition of the scene in which Shylock displays his hatred for the Christians. The stage setting is a beautiful view of Venice with its bay in the background and twinkling stars above. Next comes a scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Here the make-up is complete and the background exhibits cotton fields and sunflowers of the Southern plantation. Passing from this, three scenes from "Rip Van Winkle" are presented, and each is well staged and acted. Mr. Stephens reminds one of Joseph Jefferson. Rip is shown in the Catskills and his awakening and return to his home are also depicted. The versatility of the actor is emphasized by his concluding scene, which is the famous Broken one from "Faust." Louise Meyers, Mildred Warren, and Bert Lyon, a trio of musical-comedy players, will appear in a one-act comedy sketch, called "A Little of Everything," introducing singing and dancing. The Six Abdallahs are a troupe of American acrobats, although the name which they have selected is Arabian. They have been a feature at the New York Hippodrome. The Joseph Adelmann Family will contribute a musical act in two parts, the first being musical scenes in Old Nuremberg on children's instruments with pictures of the crinoline time. The second is a revelation of xylophone playing. Next week will be the last of Maurice Freeman and Company in "Tony and the Stork," "Work and Over," and the Neapolitans. It will also terminate the engagement of William Rock and Maude Fulton, whose singing and terpsichorean act is a great hit.

The last performance of that delightful musical comedy, "The Prince of Pilsen," will take place at the Savoy Theatre this Sunday evening. Jess Dandy and his colleagues have proved that the piece, illuminated by the charm of their presence and ability, is a perennial joy.

Lillian Russell produced her new play, entitled "In Search of a Sinner" at Chicago two weeks ago. Ashton Stevens said of the performance: "Charlotte Thompson has given her one of the best parts of her life, if not the best. In it Miss Russell will strike sparks in New York. Old critics may

no longer say that Miss Russell is a promising young actress. They will have to cut out that 'promising'."

Viola Allen, with a supporting company which includes James O'Neill, Minna Gale, and Henry Stanford, will follow "The Witching Hour" at the Savoy Theatre in F. Marion Crawford's last and strongest play, "The White Sister."

Music lovers desiring to have complete programmes and announcements of all the musical attractions under the Greenbaum direction this season should send their name and address to Mr. Greenbaum, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

The concert promised by Lawrence Strauss, the tenor, and Miss Edith Gere Kelly, pianiste, will take place this Sunday afternoon at Kohler & Chase Hall. The hour is half-past two, and tickets may be obtained at the door.

If you are giving a dinner party, be sure and serve the Italian-Swiss Colony's Asti Special, Sec. It is California's choicest sparkling white wine, being naturally fermented in the bottle and not carbonated.

AMUSEMENTS.

SIGNOR ANTONIO Scotti
(Baritone) and
Mme. BERNICE De Pasquali
(Soprano)
Both from Metropolitan Opera House

Sunday aft., Oct. 16—Columbia Theatre
Thursday eve, Oct. 20—Novelty Theatre
Sunday aft., Oct. 23—Columbia Theatre

Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Ready Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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Safest and most magnificent theatre in America

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C 1570.

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Mon., Oct. 10—SECOND AND LAST WEEK
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Klaw & Erlanger present

HENRY MILLER

And his company in the comedy hit
"HER-HUSBAND'S WIFE"
To be preceded by the one-act play
"FREDERIC LE MAITRE"

Monday, Oct. 17—The musical triumph,
"THREE TWINS."

Savoy THEATRE McALLISTER, nr. Market
Phones: Market 130 Home J2822

This Sun. eve.—Last time of "The Prince of Pilsen." Prices, \$1.50 to 50c
Starting Mon. eve., Oct. 10—One Week Only
Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.) present

JOHN MASON

In Augustus Thomas's greatest drama
"THE WITCHING HOUR"

Night and Sat. mat. prices, 50c to \$2. "Pop" mat. Thurs., 25c to \$1. Seats at the Theatre and Emporium.

Commencing Monday eve., Oct. 17—VIOLA ALLEN, in "The White Sister."

GARRICK THEATRE ELLIS STREET at Fillmore

LAST WEEK BUT ONE

BEVANI GRAND OPERA COMPANY

Matinee today (Saturday), "Lucia," with Vicarino, Sacchetti, Alberti and Bevan; to-night (Saturday), "La Boheme"; tomorrow (Sunday) matinee, "Faust"; tomorrow (Sunday) night, "Rigoletto."

Next Week—Monday night, "Martha" (last time); Tuesday night, "Love Tales of Hoffman"; Wednesday night, "Aida"; Thursday night, acts from "Trovatore"; "Traviata"; "Aida"; "Rigoletto" (the entire Bevani Opera Company in the casts); Friday night, last time, "La Boheme," with Vicarino as Mimì.

Reserved seats, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. At S's man, Clay & Co.'s, Kearny and Sutter Streets.

VANITY FAIR.

Distressing revelations have been made of late as to the real ingredients from which champagne is made, one analyst tabulating the materials as varying between concentrated grape-juice, goosecherries, cider, and rhubarb:

Fill high the bowl with sparkling wine
That proves our chemical advance;
No longer do I yearn to quaff
The foaming grape of Eastern France.
Whisky and Polly tempt no more,
Nor brandied forms of Zoedone;
The modern scientific brand
Has got a flavor all its own.

The rhubarb's medicated stalks,
The giant gooseberry, shall lend
Their own peculiar vinous note
In due proportion to the blend.
Then let us fill the flowing bowl,
And, careless, quaff and quaff again,
For though champagne is not our drink
Tomorrow will not bring sham pain.

At last a hero has appeared with courage enough to face the family cook! He is no less a person than the lately retired Herr Dernburg, Germany's businesslike colonial secretary. For a time he harbored under his roof a Fraulein Dietrich, who presided over the minister's kitchen and kept her own accounts with a thoroughness that must have commended her to her thrifty master. But an examination of those accounts has disclosed that in adding up the totals she worked out a balance in her own favor of some seventy dollars, besides collecting from her mistress sundry sums for tradesmen's bills which are still unpaid. Hence the action for corrupt practices which Herr Dernburg has laid against his whilom kitchen deity. And he is going about the matter in a thorough manner, for in addition to reclaiming to the last penny all the missing money, he demands that the cook shall pay 4 per cent interest from the time she left his service. Here, then, is a precedent which may inspire other heads of households with a little manly fortitude.

New fashions threaten to invade the realm of funeral rites. The printers of society stationery will not object if the example set by the late M. Louis Bousseard, the famous writer of boys' stories, should become general. In addition to making all the arrangements for his funeral, he prepared the following notice, and left instructions that a copy be sent to all his friends:

"Louis Bousseard, author, has the honor of inviting you to his funeral, which will take place at Escrennes (Loiret), on Monday, September 12, 1910, at a quarter past one o'clock.

"Inconsolable for the death of his wife, he succumbs, in his sixty-third year, to a grief which nothing has been able to assuage.

"To his numerous friends and to his faithful readers he sends this supreme farewell."

Woman has emancipated herself from the hobble skirt, but a terrible ordeal is in store for her mate this fall. Not only are his sleeves to be made smaller and tighter, and his pants shorter, but "across the seat they will be barely loose enough for comfort." Evidently the gods of fashion are determined to save material somewhere; if not from the female skirt, then from the male "seat." This looks like Nemesis: to compensate for male hilarity at women who could not walk, there is to be feminine laughter at males who can not sit down.

There's one consolation, and that is that John Bull is to be as restricted in his "seat" as Uncle Sam. For the invasion of England by a big American firm dealing in ready-mades has been planned. This enterprising concern has advised English clothiers that they make "a popular-priced, snappy American line of goods" with which they are preparing to make a descent on Albion. If the "seat" is to conform to the latest dictum of fashion it looks as though "snappy" is the right word to use.

Women's clubs are defended by Mrs. Sarah S. P. Decker by a parable. It is to the following effect:

One evening Farmer Johns came back from his weekly trip to town, half a dozen miles away, and after unhitching his mare, walked over to the pump for his customary scrub, and then joined his son and daughter in the kitchen.

"Sort o' 'pears to me's though I'd 'a' forgot something or other," he remarked toward the end of the meal, as he searched for his tobacco.

"Why, pa, did you get the reel of thread and the pink gingham for my dress?"

"Yep."

"And the crock for butter, and the bag of flour, and the vaniller flav'ring?"

"Yep."

"Did ye git the harrer mended and shoe old linny?"

"Yep, Sam."

"Well, pa, I don't rec'lect that ye had anything else ye ought to have brought back."

But still pa did not seem quite satisfied.

He chewed awhile reflectively, his gaze fixed ruminatingly on space. Suddenly he smote his thigh with a prolonged exclamation: "By Gosh! It's ma I've forgot!"

See the moral? Mrs. Decker wants us to note that this is the trouble all along: Ma's been left behind. But, dear lady, is it not probable that pa had forgot ma because she had gone to a woman's club?

So far Mrs. Decker. But let us hear David Graham Phillips. In his latest novel he has a lively disquisition on ma, the learner of his dialogue being the husband of a climber:

"The American man, too busy to be hotheaded, turns the American woman loose—gives her absolute freedom. And what is she? A child in education, a child in experience, a child in taste. He turns her loose, bids her do as she likes—and, up to the limit of his ability, gives her all the money she wants. He prefers her a child. Her childishness rests his tired brain. And he doesn't mind if she's a little mischievous—that makes her more amusing."

"You are married—have children," said I, too serious to bother about tact. "How is it with you?"

He laughed cynically. "Don't speak of my family," said he. "I tried the other way. But I've given up—several years ago. What can one do in a crazy crowd?"

"Not much," confessed I, deeply depressed.

"The women stampede each other," he went on. "Besides, no American woman—none that I know—has been brought up with education enough to enable her to make a life for herself, even when the man tries to help her. To like an occupation, to do anything at it, you've got to understand it. Being a husband and father is an occupation, the most important one in the world for a man. Being a wife and mother is an occupation—the most important one in the world for a woman. Are American men and women brought up to those occupations—trained in them—prepared for them? The most they know is a smatter at the pastime of lover and mistress—and they're none too adept at that."

"I believe," said I, "that in my whole life I've never learned so much in so short a time."

"It'll do you no good to have learned," rejoined Armitage. "It will only make you sad or bitter, according to your mood. Or, perhaps some day you may reach my plane of indifference—and be amused."

"Nothing is hopeless," said I.

"The American woman is hopeless," said he. "Her vanity is triple-plated, copper-riveted. She's hopeless so long as the American man will give her the money to buy flattery at home and abroad; for, so long as you can buy flattery, you never find out the truth about yourself. And the American man will give her the money as long as he can, because it buys him peace and freedom. He doesn't want to be bothered with the American woman—except when he's in a certain mood that doesn't last long."

No doubt it will be observed that Mr. Phillips's iconoclast does not revert to the dress question, but had he done so a champion of the ladies is at hand in the *Spectator*, which declares that the real defense for women in their growing love of dress is that dress is a recreation, one of those natural recreations which grow out of necessity and out of everlasting emotions. It is nothing against a recreation that the frivolous rich suffer from over-indulgence in it, or the frivolous poor from that craving for it which has its roots in privation. The love of dress among women—especially, we think, in its modern manifestation, which emphasizes variety—makes, we believe, for social balance. The disappearance of all remnant of class costume is a great reform. The open worship of tradition is a deadening thing. At the same time, by cultivating their instinct for the pretty and the useless, women build unconsciously a great rampart of admiration against the devastating spirits of envy and utilitarianism. Dress is a recreation shared by a whole sex—a strong bond of sympathy, and at the same time one of the forces which render the little ebullition of unnatural feeling which we have dignified by the name of sex-hatred wholly ridiculous. For if we go to the root of the matter, the reason women love to wear a variety of fine clothes is because men love to see them wearing them, and the reason men tend more and more to a uniform is because women in their heart of hearts care less than men for appearances, are less influenced by them, and have a quicker appreciation of those charms over which fashion and finery have no effect.

Saloons have been maligned. Up to the present no abuse has been thought too strong for them. The dictionary has been rifled for opprobrious epithets in their dishonor. The parson in the pulpit has vented his angriest oratory on their iniquities. The prohibitionist on the stump has consigned them to the nethermost regions as the cause of all human depravity and suffering. But it appears the saloons are really a factor in the religious

well-being of the community. For see what has happened in New York. A saloon-keeper there, envious of the good work being accomplished by a rival, has determined to drive him out of business, and to that end has borne the expense of erecting a church in the vicinity of his competitor's saloon, that he may not succeed when he applies for a renewal of his license. Now mark the result: the persecuted saloonist is to turn the tables upon his enemy by building another church near his saloon! Which goes to show that saloons are an instrument of righteousness. For no one will deny that a church is a good thing, and if more saloons mean more churches it is as clear as daylight that saloons have been maligned.

Alack and alas for that devoted couple, the Williamsons, if Agnes Repplier's prophecy in *Life* should come true. The literature of the motor-car is doomed, she asserts. Its newest rival, the literature of the airship, routs it from the field. For years the automobile has so dominated fiction that readers have wondered how many novelists were permanently engaged by manufacturers to exploit their wares. Tender love stories have been interwoven with rapid motor flights through Europe. In motors the villains have sped from the scenes of their villainies. In motors the amateur detectives have tracked them down. Thrilling murders have been committed in motors. The criminal classes—as known to romance—have depended exclusively upon them. In English fiction, motor accidents have almost entirely supplanted accidents in the hunting field as a recognized method of removing superfluous characters ("while there is death there is hope"), and any man who, whether virtuous or with evil designs needed to disguise himself, became of necessity a chauffeur. Well, all this is to go, and many dry eyes will gaze upon its departure.

Girl caddies are being tried on the links of Aigle in Switzerland, but golfers do not seem enthusiastic over the experiment. It is argued that the player whose only excuse for being on the links consists in his desire to air his faultless golfing suit may prefer girl to boy caddies because they are less likely to grow hilarious over his efforts, but the serious golfer doubts whether the girl caddies are equal to their task in physical strength and sporting instinct. Perhaps that may be so in Switzerland, but the American girl who can handle her grip with the most muscular male would make a better showing. After all, however, the greatest drawback of girl caddies has been overlooked. Granting them a fair share of good looks, driving and putting would probably become less absorbing than dalliance with Phyllis in the shade.

Who would not envy the homeward bound American? According to the reporter of an English newspaper, he passes from hotels ashore to hotels afloat, and money smooths the way everywhere. His seat in the train, his berth in the ship, his place in the dining-saloon, his chair on deck—all is arranged for him. While the stormy winds do blow the orchestra discourses sweet music for his pleasure at intervals from ten in the morning till ten at night. At every turn he is obliged. On Sunday he may attend divine service at 10:30 a. m. The purser will give him \$4.80 for his English sovereign. If he goes abroad ill the surgeon will minister to him at shore rates, but if he contracts an illness aboard he receives attendance and medicine for nothing. He can dictate business letters to the typist carried by the steamer. The purser will lock his valuables up in a safe, and as

he approaches his haven he can order a taxicab by wireless, free of charge. Could any hen tend her chickens more carefully than Mother Cunard her passengers? And yet, and yet, even the pampered American can find no surcease from the tribute of the waves.

There is something to be said in favor of the plan of charging a nominal admission to outdoor concerts. Even the smallest charge conduces to order in the assembly and in consequence adds to the comfort and enjoyment of those who really love music. During the past summer it is estimated that fully 20,000 people assembled in Hyde Park, London, on a fine, bright day to hear a Sunday afternoon concert. This year the concerts began in April, a month earlier than usual, and continued five months. Every provision is made for the comfort of those who desire to hear the music. Inside the bandstand inclosure some 4000 or 5000 seats are available, the charge for admission, which also carries the right to a programme, being twopence. Outside the railings, on the walks leading to the bandstand, more than 10,000 chairs are provided for those who prefer to sit beyond the circle. Chair tickets for the season can be had for 5s., while for double that sum a seat and programme can be obtained for all the performances in both Green and Hyde Parks. These concerts are attended by music lovers from all parts of London.

Biarritz boasts of a unique institution. Over the porters' lodge at the Darlot Hotel is a big sign reading "Aeroplane Excursion—Inquire Inside." The hotel proprietors believe that the sign is the first of its kind in the world and that it marks the first formation of the aeroplane pleasure excursion business. Maurice Tahuteau is the aerial pilot who offers to provide trips for all comers. Although as time goes, he is a recent convert to aviation, M. Tahuteau has already distinguished himself as the principal prize-winner at the recent Biarritz aviation meeting. He flies a Farman biplane. Passengers have not been lacking for the excursions, among those who made trips recently being the Duke de Tamales, Comte Pisani Comte and Comtesse Rignon, Comte Romanones, president of the Spanish chamber, Señor Caro Romana, the Marques de Bolanos M. Fursy, and Comte Brunesta d'Usseaux. All declared they were pleased with their novel experience and had nothing but words of praise for M. Tahuteau and his handling of the aeroplane.

By next spring Miss Helen Miller Gouk will have one of the largest of private swimming pools at her country home in Irvington-on-the-Hudson. The pool will measure 35x70 feet. It will be inclosed in a one-story brick and limestone building, covering an area 55x105 feet. The exterior will conform with the architecture of other buildings on the estate. The interior will be fashioned after a Roman bath, in Pompeian style. There will be fountains, with statuary, resting rooms, and shower baths. The structure will cost about \$50,000.

In a recent Chicago paper Lillian Russell discourses with penetration and felicity on the theme that beauty is a "great handicap" to a woman, because the beautiful woman brains are supposed to be superfluous. "Non sense," declares Miss Russell. Neither Cæsar nor Antony would have "eaten out of Cleopatra's hands" if her fascination had not been "mixed with brains."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A letter came from the clothing firm saying that the cloth that had been sent them was full of moths. Was the wholesale house taken aback? Not it. By return post went a missive to this effect: "On looking over your order we find that you did not order any moths. It was our error, and you will please return them at once, at our expense."

Oikari, the champion Japanese wrestler, was yesterday (says a news item) "presented with a handsome apron in recognition of his brilliant jiu-jitsu work." Now the long evenings are coming on (comments the English paper), it is pleasant to think of Oikari, quietly sitting by the fire wearing his handsome apron, with his jiu-jitsu work in his lap.

At a meeting of a State medical society, the secretary read a letter from the consul of one of our far-away possessions urging the need of a resident physician in his district. In the moment of silence that followed the reading, a young man arose and said modestly: "I wish you would put me down for that place, sir. It sounds good to me. My practice here died last night."

James K. Hackett recently said at a luncheon in Pittsburgh: "An actor should be modest, and most actors are. But I know a young actor who, at the beginning of his career, carried modesty almost too far. This young man inserted in all the dramatic papers a want advertisement that read: 'Engagement wanted—Small part, such as dead body or outside shouts, preferred.'"

A woman clerk in a government office, who enjoys a well-earned reputation for wit, the other day very much disconcerted a young attorney. She announced that she was shortly going on her vacation, and the youthful cross-examiner inquired the lady's destination. "At Fishhook," was the reply. "Where is that?" pursued the attorney. "At the end of the line," was the smiling rejoinder.

Little Walter was always carefully guarded against germs (declares *Success Magazine*). The telephone was sprayed, the drinking utensils sterilized, and public conveyances and places were forbidden him. "Father," he said one night, in a tone of desperation, "do you know what I am going to do when I grow up?" "What?" asked his father, preparing himself for the worst. "I'm going to eat a germ."

Senator William Alden Smith says the evident desire of Colonel Roosevelt to listen to the complaints of both insurgents and regulars places him in a different category from an Irish justice of the peace out in Michigan. In a trial the evidence was all in and the plaintiff's attorney had made a long and very eloquent argument, when the lawyer acting for the defense arose. "What you doing?" asked the justice as the lawyer began. "Going to present our side of the case." "I don't want to hear both sides argued. It has a tendency to confuse the court."

He was a New Yorker visiting in a South Carolina village and he sauntered up to a native sitting in front of the general store, and began a conversation. "Have you heard about the new manner in which the planters are going to pick their cotton this season?" he inquired. "Don't believe I have," answered the other. "Well, they have decided to import a lot of monkeys to do the picking," rejoined the New Yorker. "Monkeys learn readily. They are thorough workers, and obviously they will save their employers a small fortune otherwise expended in wages." "Yes," ejaculated the native, "and about the time this monkey brigade is beginning to work smoothly, a lot of you fool Northerners will come tearing down here and set 'em free."

In the bright sunlight on a railroad station in Georgia slept a colored brother. He snored gently with his mouth ajar, and his long, moist tongue resting on his chest like a pink plush necktie. A Northerner climbed off a train to stretch his legs, unscrewed the top of a capsule and, advancing on tiptoe, dusted ten grains of quinine on the surface of the darkey's tongue. Presently the negro sucked his tongue back inside his mouth and instantly arose with a start and looked about him wildly. "Mistah," he said to the joker, "is you a doctah?" "Nope." "Well, then, kin yo' tell me whar I kin fin' me a doctah right away?" "What do you want with a doctor?" "I'm sick." "How sick?" "Powerful sick." "Do you know what's the matter with you?" "Suttin'ly I knows whut's de matteh with me—mah gall's husted!"

The beggar wore a placard, saying: "I have only six months to live." He was a robust hegger, but the placard touched all hearts, and through its agency he must have made six or seven dollars a day. A Phila-

delphian who had helped the hegger liberally in Philadelphia in 1905, came across the fellow wearing the same placard in Los Angeles in 1909. "Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," the Philadelphia cried. "Only six months to live, forsooth! You were saying that five years ago." "Well," growled the hegger, "it aint my fault, is it, if the doctors make mistakes?"

Australia is trying to stop hetting on horse-racing. For even women are involved. A girl consulted a hookmaker. "If I put on a sovereign at eight to one," she asked, "what should I get if I won?" "Nine pounds hack," said the hookmaker. "And ten to one?" The hookmaker explained that this might mean £11. "Yes, now I understand," she said; "but what would happen if I put a sovereign on exactly at one o'clock?"

There was a Manayunk man who wanted a piehald horse. He visited a dealer and the dealer the next day produced a beautiful piehald—half cream and half black—that the man bought at a stiff price. But the first time he drove his new purchase in the park a rain came and the spots washed off. The horse wasn't piehald, after all. The man drove straight up to the dealer's again. "Look at that horse," he said. "The rain has taken all the spots off." "Good gracious!" said the dealer, "so it has. There was a ruhher blanket went with the animal, sir. Did I forget to give you a ruhher blanket?"

One day a big city bank received the following message from one of its country correspondents: "Pay \$25 to John Smith, who will call today." The cashier's curiosity became suspicion when a calman assisted into the bank a drunken "fare," who shouted that he was John Smith and wanted some money. Two clerks pushed, pulled, and piloted the hoisterous individual into a private room away from the sight and hearing of regular depositors. The cashier wired the country bank: "Man claiming to be John Smith is here. Highly intoxicated. Shall we await identification?" The answer read: "Identification complete. Pay the money."

It was an ambitious young fellow who left home and was not heard of for three years; at the end of that period he returned, and said that he had become an actor; in fact, he had procured a splendid engagement with a gentleman named Henry Irving. The father was so overjoyed that he mustered a large party of friends, and they attended in a body at the Lyceum, which is a theatre somewhere in London. The first act ended, but that man's son had not put in an appearance. The second act ended. Same result. The father was in an agony of perspiration. Toward the end of the third act on walked the son, carrying a gun, but with nothing to say for himself. He was merely a super. He strutted up and down the stage a couple of times. But the father could stand it no longer. Becoming excited, he leaned over the balcony and shouted: "For heaven's sake, Jim, do something! If they won't let you speak, shoot the gun off!"

Kegan Paul in his "Reminiscences" speaks, in one case, of his hishop as "an astute and insincere man," giving this instance of his insincerity: At a meeting of the clergy at Clapham his chaplain told him that old Dr. —, who had been many years in the diocese, was vexed at having been forgotten. "Yes," said the hishop, "I have not the smallest recollection of him, but I will make it all right, and will go and speak to him. Which is he?" He was pointed out, and the hishop made his way to him. "My dear Dr. —, I have not had a moment for a real conversation with you. I need not ask you how you are after all these years. Do you still ride your gray mare?" "Yes, my lord. How good of you to remember her!" etc. The chaplain, who was within earshot, said when he again came near the hishop, "Then you did remember Dr. — after all?" "Not a bit of it," said the hishop, "I saw the gray hairs on his coat, and I chanced the sex."

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THE MERRY MUSE.

Too True.

Of scanty talents we are led
Somehow to be the proudest.
The man who sings the worst, 'tis said,
Will often sing the loudest.
—Rochester Post-Express.

The Song of the Tramp.

I gather here and there a pie,
And here and there a biscuit;
I snatch a spoon when no one's by,
It always pays to risk it.
I sleep at noon where waters flow
To soothe the weary comer,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on all summer.
I ride beneath the rushing freight
From Boston to Chicago;
I watch each chance to desecrate
The box of Wells & Fargo.
I sing and whistle as I go—
November'll find me lonely,
For in November falls the snow—
I walk in summer only.—Exchange.

She Was the Boss.

A suffragette 'way down in Gloucester
Married a fellow named Foucester;
Two years later she died
And he said as he sied;
"Well, anyway, I never boucester."
—Chicago Daily News.

What Autumn Leaves.

The melancholy days have come
For persons naturally glum.
But for the man whose liver's right
These Autumn days are pure delight.
—Chicago Tribune.

Poor Family.

Two Microbes sat on the pantry shelf,
And watched, with expressions pained,
The milkman's stunts;
And both said at once:
"Our relations are getting strained!"
—Puck.

Hope.

A man who hoped and did no more,
With long and tangled hair,
Sat in his little cabin door
And lightly laughed at care.
Day after day he clung to hope,
The winds blew fair and ill;
He used no water and no soap,
His hair grew longer still.
His cabin sagged around one end,
His shoes fell from his feet,
He sat alone, without a friend,
But still found hoping sweet.
At last the wall fell in, one day
And crushed him where he sat;
Another, passing, heard him say:
"I'd not expected that."
MORAL.
The man who hopes may be serene,
With ne'er a fear or flutter;
Hope is a staff on which to lean,
But 'tis not bread and butter.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Over It Now.

Time heals all our wounds, as it dims all our joys,
I've loved, and I've worked in the sweat of my brow;
I used to go out for a time with the boys—
Oh, I was a sport—but I'm over it now!
I sit in the evening of life and look back
On the furrows of life I was anxious to plow,
And only one thing I can feel that I lack—
Ah, once I was young—but I'm over it now!
That's all in my life I would care to call back—
The youth that is fled—but I'm over it now!
—Berton Braley, in Puck.

Song of the Germ Hunters.

We have harried the germs, in spite of their
squirms, and have slain the same in their lair;
We are after the fly with the baleful eye, and the
'skeeter must say its prayer;
We have purified wells and have killed off smells
that have risen unto the skies,
But in spite of our toil, and the water we boil,
the public ups and dies.
We have swept the streets, screened fruits and
meats, we have had milk pasteurized;
No bacillus thrives upon human lives which we've
properly sterilized;
The insidious bug in the barber's mug we have
given a rude surprise,
But what's the use?—some screw is loose—the
public ups and dies.
In the days gone by no "swat the fly" was the
usual summer sign;
But it somehow fell men lived as well—their lives
were as yours or mine;
So something's wrong with the germ fiend's song—
what it is we can't surmise;
But the cinch remains that, spite of our pains, the
public ups and dies. —Denver Republican.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Several large receptions and teas this week have served to bring society together to a greater degree than was anticipated so early in the season.

The interest is centering closely about the season's debutantes and a number of small luncheons dotting the week's calendar have been given for them preliminary to the elaborate coming-out affairs which have been planned for later in the month.

The two popular brides-elect, Miss Florence Ives and Miss Linda Cadwalader, have been responsible for a number of pretty functions during the past ten days—those for Miss Ives being pre-nuptial affairs, as the wedding will take place on October 19, and the ones for Miss Cadwalader being arranged to congratulate her upon her engagement, which has recently been announced.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Linda Cadwalader and Mr. Lorenzo Avenali was an interesting bit of news given to society this week. Miss Cadwalader is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader. Her fiancé is a graduate of the University of Rome and comes of an old and distinguished Italian family. The wedding will take place in the early spring.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Alice Rooney and Mr. Louis Titus. The wedding will take place in November. Miss Rooney is a cousin of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and her fiancé is a prominent member of the Bohemian and University Clubs.

The wedding of Miss Katherine McCord and Major Frank Winn will take place October 15 at the bride's home in Milwaukee. Major Winn is very well known here, where his daughter, Miss Dora Winn, is a favorite in the younger set.

The wedding of Miss Sarah Lilienthal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lilienthal, and Dr. Harry Weil took place at noon on Sunday at the home of the bride on Franklin Street. The bride's only attendant was her sister, Mrs. Milton Esberg, and Mr. Eli Weil acted as best man. After a honeymoon trip in the south Dr. and Mrs. Weil will make their home in this city.

Mrs. Grover C. Elam was hostess at a reception which she gave at her home on Lake Street on Thursday afternoon. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. California Newton, Mrs. Charles Warren, Mrs. W. O. Toye, Mrs. J. W. Leavitt, Mrs. James M. Peel, Mrs. J. W. Forderer, and Mrs. Thomas Morfrew.

Mrs. Alfred B. Ford was a luncheon hostess at the Town and Country Club on Saturday, which she gave in honor of Miss Ethel Crocker. Among those invited to meet her were Miss Hilda Stedman, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Frances Martin, Miss Nora Brewer, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Elva De Pue, Miss Amy Brewer, Miss Agnes Tillman, and Miss Mary Dimmick.

Miss Marie Louise Foster entertained at luncheon in honor of Miss Dora Wign on Wednesday, which was attended by a group of the winter's debutantes which included Miss Florence Williams, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Gertrude Perry, Miss Edith von Schroeder, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Muriel Williams, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Miriam McNear, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, and Miss Mary Houghton.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at her home on Franklin Street in honor of Miss Florence Ives and her fiancé, Mr. Othello Scribner. The table decorations were in yellow, brilliant dahlias of golden tones being used. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. J. Leroy

Nickel, Miss Florence Ives, Mrs. Samuel Buck-
hee, Mrs. Gustave Sutro, and Mr. W. S. Black.

The service set enjoyed a hop at the Presidio Friday evening. The officers in charge of the affair were Captain Louis Chapplear, Captain Murphy, and Lieutenant W. H. Stevenson. Preceding the hop Captain and Mrs. Chapplear gave a dinner at their quarters, at which they entertained Lieutenant and Mrs. Wertenbacker, Lieutenant and Mrs. Ahner Payne, Miss Margery Rucker, Miss Mahel Wheeler, Lieutenant Tilton, and Lieutenant Haraway.

Mrs. George Herman entertained fourteen girls of the younger set at a luncheon on Saturday in honor of Miss Rucker, who makes her formal entrance into society this winter. Among the guests were Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Jane Hotaling, Miss Helen Leavitt, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Marian Matthews, Miss Louise Wallach, and Miss Gladys Pennell.

Miss Ethel McAllister will be hostess at a tea on Saturday in honor of her cousins, Miss Frederika and Miss Cora Otis. About one hundred and fifty guests will be in attendance and the hostess will be assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Dora Winn, Miss Edith von Schroeder, and Miss Lee Girvin.

Miss Marian Crocker entertained a group of young girls at luncheon on Wednesday complimentary to Miss Dorothy Page, who left next day for the East. Among her guests were Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Peggy Nichols, Miss Harriett Pomeroy, and the Misses Cunningham.

Mrs. Fanny McCreary entertained at a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Miss Florence Ives, the much fêted bride-elect, whose wedding with Mr. Othello Scribner will take place on October 19.

Mrs. James T. Rucker will present her daughter formally to society at a tea on Wednesday, October 26, at her home on Gough Street.

Major and Mrs. John Brooke entertained fifty guests at a bridge party at their quarters at Angel Island on Wednesday evening. Among those present were Major and Mrs. Edward McLaughlin, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Stone, Captain and Mrs. John Helms, Captain and Mrs. L. L. Roche, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Draper, Dr. Howard Johnson, Captain T. J. Powers, Lieutenant George Gillis, Lieutenant Hamilton Bowie, and Lieutenant Austin Parker.

Mrs. Frederick Funston, who left this week to join General Funston at Fort Leavenworth, was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin prior to her departure.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Samuel Graham were hosts at a dance at Mare Island on Saturday evening which was one of the enjoyable affairs of the season. There were one hundred and twenty-five guests present, among whom were Admiral and Mrs. John Milton, Admiral and Mrs. Hugo Osterhaus, Admiral and Mrs. Miller, Commander and Mrs. Edmund Underwood, Major and Mrs. John F. Meyer, Captain and Mrs. Edwin A. Anderson, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Thomas F. Wilson, Captain and Mrs. Charles Knidelberger, Paymaster and Mrs. John Irwin, Pay Director and Mrs. Charles McRae, Mrs. Emily Cuts, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Cornelia Kempf, Miss Edith Metcalf, and Miss Erna Herman.

Miss Lalla Wenzelherger was the guest of honor at a reception given by Mrs. George Chase and Mrs. Traylor Bell on Saturday. Several hundred guests assembled to greet Miss Wenzelherger, whose wedding with Mr. William Shea of the revenue cutter service will take place in November.

Miss Erna St. Goar was hostess at a bridge party and tea which she gave in honor of Miss Edith Lowe, the fiancée of Mr. Hans Wollman, on Monday.

Miss Jane Hotaling was hostess at a pretty tea on Friday complimentary to Miss Ruth Winslow, one of the season's debutantes.

Miss Marie Rose Dean was hostess at a luncheon at the Claremont Country Club on Friday in honor of Miss Ethel Shorh, who has recently returned from a European tour. The table decorations were red carnations. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Shorh, Miss Fredda Smith, Miss Ethel Shorh, Mr. Northbert Shorh, Mr. James Cameron, and Lieutenant Church, U. S. A.

Mrs. Henry Doyle entertained at a dinner at her home on Monday evening, at which the guest of honor was Mrs. Marshall M. English of British Columbia, who is her house guest. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sexton Thompson, Mrs. William Montrose Parker, Miss Lisa Bohrmann, Miss Eileen Doyle, Miss Emily Doyle, Mr. Alfred Harwood, Mr. William Bohrmann, Mr. Clay English, and Mr. Monroe English.

Miss Edith Slack and Miss Ruth Slack were hostesses at a tea on Saturday which served to assemble about one hundred of the younger set. They were assisted in receiving their guests by their mother, Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. Ralston White, Miss Dorothy Boerick, Mrs. Esther Merrill, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Harriett Stringham, Miss Baldwin, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Helen Eames, Miss Correnha de Pue, and Miss Bernice Bronson.

Miss Elsa Vogel was hostess at an informal tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday, at which she entertained in honor of Mrs. W. Weyl of Baltimore.

Mrs. William Ashe was hostess at a bridge party at the Palace Hotel on Saturday, which was followed by an informal tea in the Palm Garden. Among her guests were Mrs. Kirkwood Perry, Mrs. Edward Loman, Mrs. P. A. George, Mrs. A. J. Delmar, Mrs. James Maynard, Mrs. Homer Smith, and Mrs. J. C. Verrin.

Margaret Anglin has accepted a new play by George C. Tyler, entitled "The Backsliders," and will bring it out this season, probably late in the month of December.

Starboarder—I am a firm believer in the theory that might is right. Hallroom—How about strong butter?—Philadelphia Record.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Fiddler's Farewell.

With my fiddle to my shoulder,
And my hair turning gray,
And my heart growing older
I must shuffle on my way!
Tho' there's not a hearth to greet me
I must reap as I sowed,
And—the sunset shall meet me
At the turn of the road.

O, the whin's a dusky yellow
And the road a rosy white,
And the blackbird's call is mellow
At the falling of night;
And there's honey in the heather
Where we'll make our last abode,
My tunes and me together
At the turn of the road.

I have fiddled for your city
Thro' market place and inn!
I have poured forth my pity
On your sorrow and your sin!
But your riches are your burden,
And your pleasure is your goad!
I've the whin-gold for guerdon
At the turn of the road.

Your village lights'll call me
As the lights of home the dead;
But a black night hefall me
Ere your pillows rest my head!
God he praised, tho' like a jewel
Every cottage casement showed,
There's a star that's not so cruel
At the turn of the road.

Nay, beautiful and kindly
Are the faces drawing nigh,
But I gaze on them blindly
And hasten, hasten by:
For O, no face of wonder
On earth has ever glowed
Like the One that waits me yonder
At the turn of the road.

Her face is lit with splendor,
She dwells beyond the skies;
But deep, deep and tender
Are the stars in her eyes;
The angels see them glistening
In pity for my load,
And—she's waiting there, she's listening,
At the turn of the road.

—Alfred Noyes, in Blackwood's Magazine.

The Dead Hunter.

All through the Summer days I tranquil lay,
Filled to the lips with utter peace and rest—
The warm, sweet, slumberous breezes did not stir
The stark hands folded weedy on my breast;
All through the Summer nights I loved to dream
While moonbeams wove a ghost-lore on my
grass,
Nor longed for dawn nor any restless change,
Nor that this trance of Summer death should pass.

But now the Autumn stands with lifted horn
To call the hunter and the wild things all,
My satin ceiling cramps me—I would forth,
Were there a door set in my narrow wall.
O Nature, free this prisoned child of thine!
Rest irksome grows and heaven is too far!
Bid me come back to wander in the rain,
Or shine at nightfall in the first faint star!

Call me to mingle with the valley mists
That cling about the hills when harvest wanes,
Or lie in sunshine 'neath old cottage eaves,
Or shine in cresting corn-fields on the plains!
Let me sing seaward in the rising streams,
Fumble my wonted latch in wistful wind—
Let me arise in color's leaping flame,
Or hrief renewal in the gentian find!

Help me elude this guarding monument
That prates my peace in eulogistic strain;—
When Autumn sounds her scarlet reveille,
The hunter's heart harks back to earth again!
—Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi, in Outlook.

Nowadays.

It's oh! to be young in a world grown old,
A soher world and gray;
With chivalry banished, and love grown cold,
And the fairies fled away;
For the Little People are over the sea, over the
sea to the West.
A thousand leagues through the Sunset Gates they
dwell in the Isles of the Blest.

It's oh! to be young in a world grown old,
A world that once was fair;
She has painted her face like an old-time queen,
And tired her faded hair;
And Love, and Laughter, and Hope, and Faith,
are withered and worn as she;
For all sweet things are fled away with the Little
Folk over the sea.
—Isobel A. H. Fisher, in Westminster Gazette.

Following Henry Miller at the Columbia Theatre will be seen the musical comedy success, "The Three Twins," with Victor Morley in the same rôle in which he achieved a big hit here last season.

People desirous of speaking French and Spanish in shortest time should see Prof. De Philippe; located at 1212 Geary Street.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Freeman and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bogue are spending the fall months in New York. The Freemans will sail later for Europe, and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bogue will spend the winter in the East.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith has joined her sisters, Mrs. Alexander Garceau and Mrs. Camillo Martin in London, where they will spend the next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne are in Paris, where they have joined the colony of Californians who will spend the winter abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve are still in New York, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone have returned from motor trip in Mendocino County. Miss Marian Stone has returned to her school in the East.

Mrs. Phillip Wynne and her son, Mr. Cyril Wynne, have taken an apartment on Hyde Street or the winter.

Mrs. Hampton Lynch of New York is visiting mother, Mrs. Moffitt, at Piedmont. She has been entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt this week at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Montague arrived in New York from Europe last week. Mr. Montague will return at once to California, but Mrs. Montague will remain for several months in the East.

Mrs. William Bourn will close her country home at St. Helena the last of October and return to her residence on Broadway for the winter. Miss Minnie Rodgers spent last week as the guest of Miss Ida Bourn.

Mrs. Isobel Strong will spend the winter in New York as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Strong.

Mrs. E. W. Bradley will probably remain in Paris for the winter. Her daughter, Mrs. Ryland Wallace, has taken a house on Clay Street for the winter.

Mr. Ferdinand Theriot returned a few days ago from the Orient and will return to Sacramento after a visit for a short time with friends here.

Mrs. Frank Lusk of Montana, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Findley, atausalito, left Saturday for Los Angeles to join Mr. Lusk.

Miss Helen Woolworth, who has lived in Italy for several years, is now in Paris, where she will spend the winter.

Miss Martha Calhoun, who went East last week, will be the guest of Miss Katherine Hoyt in Cleveland, where she will be a bridesmaid at a brilliant wedding there next week. Later she will join Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun in New York, where she will make a brief visit before returning to California.

Mr. Vanderlynn Stow has returned from the East and Europe, where he has spent several months in travel. Mrs. Stow and Mrs. Ellis remained in New York and will later go to Boston to spend the holiday season with Mr. Ashleigh Stow, who is a student at Harvard.

Mrs. Henry Williams is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harry Alston Williams, at her new home in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Johnson (formerly Miss Aileen Doe) will spend a few days in San Francisco on their return from their honeymoon trip before repairing to their new home at Klamath Falls.

Miss Helen Hinkley of Oakland has been spending the past week here as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. William Ralston.

Miss Frances Stewart has returned from a visit with Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bates will sail the first of next month for home, after having traveled extensively abroad.

Mrs. Minnie Porter and Mrs. Hippolyte Durand are expected in San Francisco shortly. They have already sailed from Europe, where they have spent a number of months in traveling.

Miss Helen Sidney-Smith and her cousin, Miss Lyle Foster, left Monday for the East and Europe, where they will spend the winter. They will visit Captain and Mrs. Pillsbury (formerly Miss Bertha Sidney-Smith) at West Point before sailing.

Mr. Raymond Ashton left Friday for Mexico, where he will spend the next six months.

Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Linnie Price, and Miss Fernald motored to Del Norte over the last week end.

Miss Dorothy Boerick will leave in a few weeks for the East to spend part of the winter in New York and later will visit relatives in Canada.

Miss Rhoda Pickering is planning to go East in December and will visit relatives in Chicago and Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., have returned from Mexico, and are the guests of Mrs. Kruttschnitt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering, at their home on Broadway.

Princess Kawananakoa has closed her house at residio Terrace and taken apartments at the alace Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. Philip King Brown and her children are spending several weeks at Santa Barbara.

Miss Elizabeth Newhall and Miss Mary Keeney spent last week with Miss Florence Hopkins at her home at Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick King have returned from Burlingame, where they spent the week with friends.

Among the San Franciscans who are enjoying the week at Paso Robles are Miss Etta Warren, Mrs. James Donohoe, Miss Katherine Donohoe, Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mrs. Frederick Pickering, and Miss Rhoda Pickering.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dempsey (formerly Miss Laura Smith) have come over from Mill Valley and will spend the winter in town.

Mr. Reginald Fernald is leaving this week for southern California, where he will spend the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Pischel have returned from their summer home in Ross and have opened their house on California Street for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weihe (formerly Miss Ann Tyson) went East a few weeks ago to attend

the Vanderhilt Cup race, and they will spend several weeks in New York before returning.

Miss Persis Coleman sailed from Europe on Saturday and is coming directly to San Francisco, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander and her nephew, Mr. Mountford Wilson, Jr., left on Saturday for New York. Mrs. Alexander will place her nephew in school in the East and then sail for Europe, where she will join her daughter, Miss Harriett Alexander, who has been abroad all summer.

Mrs. William Gwin and Mr. and Mrs. James Follis will come to the city from San Rafael in a few weeks, and will occupy the McAllister home for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick and their daughter, Miss Louise McCormick, reached here from Chicago on Friday, and are domiciled in their new home on Washington Street.

Miss Cora de Marville has returned from the seashore and is at her home, 35 rue de Chaillot, in Paris. She will spend the month of October at the Chateau de Saint Series in the south of France.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne returned Monday from Santa Barbara, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Robert Cameron Rogers for the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonny will leave this month for a visit to New York.

Mrs. Arthur Brander was the guest of Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., during her visit here from Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill arrived here from New York this week, and are being cordially greeted by their friends.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and her mother, Mrs. A. N. Towne, have taken apartments at Del Monte for a stay of some length before settling down for the winter at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will make their home this season.

Among the guests at Del Monte who came up from the south last week were Mr. L. J. Holton, Mr. E. E. Holton, and Mr. J. W. Goodwin.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. George E. Conde, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Bendheim, Mr. Fred A. Carrick, Mr. W. A. Beatty, Mr. C. A. Haight, Mr. A. W. du Brauf, Mr. Jay W. Adams, Mr. A. Goldstein, Miss McKenna.

The Scotti-De Pasquali Concerts.

The sale of seats for the Scotti-De Pasquali concerts with which Manager Greenbaum will open his season commences next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and all mail orders should be sent to Mr. Greenbaum in their care to insure prompt attention.

The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, October 16, at the Columbia Theatre, and Signor Scotti's numbers on this occasion will include the "Prologue" from "I Pagliacci," "Cavatina" (Dio Possente) from "Faust," and two numbers from "Don Giovanni."

The solos by Mme. De Pasquali will be the "Polonaise" from "Mignon," a group of songs — "Infidelite," Tosti; "Vergehliches Ständchen," Brahms; and "Villanelle," Del Acqua—besides old Irish folk songs, of which Mme. de Pasquali has made a special study. The last-mentioned will consist of "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "The Mother's Lament," and "The Low-Back Car."

Of special interest, however, will be the duets from "Don Giovanni" and "Barber of Seville" that the two artists will render.

At the second concert, which will be given Thursday night, October 20, at the Novelty Theatre, Scotti will sing the arias from "Ballo en Maschera" and "Le Roi de Lahore," by Massenet, and a group of charming Italian ballads. Mme. de Pasquali's numbers will include the aria from "La Traviata," a group of songs by Delibes, D'Hardelet, and Richardson, some of the beautiful old Scotch songs, and with Signor Scotti the duets from "Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Pasquale."

A special request programme with several novelties will be given for the farewell concert on Sunday afternoon, October 23.

In Oakland, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, on Friday afternoon, October 21, at 3:30, these artists will offer a programme made up of the gems of the two above given.

Mr. Frederic Maurer, Jr., will be the accompanist.

Both Scotti and De Pasquali are artists of the highest rank and both are to be among the leading principals at the great seasons planned by the Metropolitan Opera in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago this season. Manager Greenbaum is very proud of being able to offer two such singers in a joint programme.

Mme. Johanna Gadsdi, the great Wagnerian and dramatic soprano, and one of the most delightful and satisfactory artists on the concert stage, will appear here Sunday afternoon, November 6. Mme. Gadsdi has been secured for the second event of the St. Francis Musical Art Society's season.

"The Fortune Hunter" will be one of the early attractions at the Columbia Theatre.

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Last Weeks of the Bevani Opera Company.

Happily for the music-loving public, as well as for the singers, the Bevani Italian Grand Opera Company has won general favor during its season at the Garrick Theatre. The audiences have increased steadily, and with this practical recognition the artists have been inspired to do their best work. They came with little advance heralding of their ability, but they have won by merit, and merit of the highest order. Every night is a special occasion now, as it should be.

Mention has been made from time to time in these columns of the casts in the several operas given, and always with an appreciation free from extravagance. It may be considered no especial commendation to say that this, in most particulars, is the most satisfying presentation of grand opera ever made in San Francisco at popular prices, yet there have been many good companies here before. Never one, however, so modest in its announcements and pretensions, which contained such artists as Vicarino, Battain, Campana, Sacchetti, Alherti, Frery, De Dreux, and Francini.

In "La Bohème," as given by the Bevani cast, the public have heard and seen some of its most artistic efforts. Battain is an ideal Rudolf, and yet little more than he is ideal in all his rôles. He is a great tenor and a fine actor, with a handsome, winning presence. The finale in "La Bohème," with its sudden break into spoken words, preceding Rudolf's heart-breaking cry of sorrow over the dead Mimì, is an intensely dramatic hit. Guiditta Francini is an excellent Mimì, and Campana a remarkably effective Marcel. The comedy of Puccini's opera is given in its true spirit. Seldom have the details of any operatic work received more careful or more intelligent attention.

"Lucia" will be sung at today's (Saturday) matinee, with Vicarino, Sacchetti, Alherti, and Bevani.

The opera tonight (Saturday) will be "La Bohème," with Francini, Scherzer, Battain, Campana, Secci-Corsi, Giuliani, and Bevani. "Faust" will be given at tomorrow's matinee, with Frery, Jarman, Sacchetti, Alherti, and Bevani.

Tomorrow (Sunday) night "Rigoletto" will be repeated for the last time, with a splendid cast, which will include Vicarino, De Dreux, Battain, Campana, and Bevani.

On Monday evening the last two weeks of the season will begin, and the repertory for next week is as follows:

Monday night, "Martha," last time, with Francini, De Dreux, Sacchetti, Campana, and Florian.

Tuesday night, last time of "The Love Tales of Hoffman," with Vicarino, De Dreux, Battain, Alherti, and Florian.

Wednesday night, last time of "Aida," with Frery, Jarman, Sacchetti, Campana, and Bevani.

Thursday night the ninety-seventh anniversary of Italy's greatest composer, Giuseppe Verdi, will be celebrated by a special programme, consisting of acts from the great maestro's most celebrated works, with the entire Bevani company in the casts. Signor Ettore Patrizi will make an address, the subject being "Verdi, the Immortal," after which the second scene of the first act of "Il Trovatore" will be given, with Frery, Newcombe, Secci Corsi, and Giuliani. The first act of "La Traviata" will be presented with Vicarino and Sacchetti. The third act of "Aida" will come next on this splendid programme, with Frery, Jarman, Battain, and Campana. The fourth act of "Rigoletto," with Francini, De Dreux, Sacchetti, Alherti, and Bevani, will conclude the programme. The affair will be under the patronage of the Italian colony and is sure to be a notable event.

Friday will positively be the last night of "La Bohème." Regina Vicarino will be heard on this occasion only as Mimì. Seats are now on sale for all performances at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

There is a secret code hidden in the hotel labels with which travelers' trunks on the Continent are so profusely decorated. Globe-trotters are aware that in Switzerland and in other tourist countries porters or waiters stick hills or labels with the name of the hotel on the luggage when one leaves. The trunks look very ugly at the end of a trip and require a sound washing. The place where these labels are stuck and the way of putting them—upright or upside down or crosswise—form an unwritten and suspected "character." These labels speak and tell in the next hotel if the traveler is generous or not, if good "tips" are to be expected—in short, what the prey is worth.

"Do artists' models get well paid?" "No, they just make a bare living."—Town Topics.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I wish I were dead!" "Heavens! Can't you marry her, or did you?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

Laugh and the world laughs with you, unless you happen to be laughing at your own jokes.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"So you are going to take him for better or worse?" "No—I'm going to take him for more or less."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Why do you look so subdued and humbled?" "I've just been to call on my wife's folks."—*Washington Herald*.

"I wonder why that automobile ran so close to the curb?" "I don't know. Did you see any people on the curb?"—*Buffalo Express*.

Maud—How did you feel when Jack was proposing? Ethel—I felt sure I'd say "yes" if he ever got through.—*Boston Transcript*.

"What's the matter with that child now?" "They're playing house and George won't let her go through his pockets."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Teacher—Willie, if you had five eggs in the basket and laid three on the table, how many would you then have? Willie—Eight.—*Life*.

"We live in an age of marvels." "It is, indeed, wonderful how so many persons escape being struck by automobiles."—*Buffalo Express*.

The Bachelor—Are you bappily married? The Benedict—You bet I am. My wife believes everything I tell her.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Maudie spends her whole life in a motor." "Like a lily of the field, isn't she?" "Hm, not exactly! True, she toils not, but she spins."—*Life*.

"You broke your engagement with Miss Jaullier?" "Yes, but I broke it gently." "How?" "Told her what my salary was."—*Cleveland Leader*.

May—What do you mean by saying that Maude is "more or less pretty"? Tom—Well, she's more pretty than most girls, but less pretty than you.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Drummer—Will you be mine? All my life I will worship you from February until April, and from August until December. The rest of the time I am on the road.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"How many lumps of sugar?" inquired the hostess as they were having tea on the lawn. "Two lumps," answered the young man, "and only one caterpillar, if you please."—*Pittsburg Post*.

Nell—My aunt has not only become totally blind, but she is losing her bearing as well. Belle—Do you think she would consent to go away with us this summer as a chaperon?—*Philadelphia Record*.

"My wife is suing me for divorce," sighed the man. "I wish I were dead." "Cheer up, old boy. It's a whole lot better to have your wife spending alimony than life insurance."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is an Indian reservation? Pa—An Indian reservation, my son, is a lot of land on which the Indians are allowed to live until the white men want it.—*Aberdeen Herald*.

"He lived next door to a man for ten years without even learning his neighbor's name." "Can you imagine anybody being so unsociable?" "Oh, yes. You see, the warden wouldn't let them talk."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"I'm not quite sure whether yours is a constitutional case or not," admitted the physician. "That being the case," sighed the invalid, "I'll have to get a decision from the United States Supreme Court."—*Chicago Daily News*.

Lady (to her gardener)—John, I wonder you don't get married. You've got a fine house and a good wage. All you need is a wife. You know the first gardener that ever lived had a wife? John—Yes'm; but he didn't keep his job long after he got her.—*Tit-Bits*.

"What did your husband think of your crullers?" asked the cooking-school teacher. "He was very much interested," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "He says that if I can only make them large enough they may do a lot toward cutting down his automobile tire bills."—*Washington Star*.

Bix—They've elected you an active member. Hicks—Of what? Bix—Of the Society for the Merging of Moral Influences. Hicks—Eh! What's its object? Bix—Its principal object is to induce the Leaning Tower of Pisa to straighten up. Initiation fee 10 cents!—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"What was the trouble between Swinton and his wife? Was it his fault or hers that they were unable to get along together?" "It's rather hard to decide. It appears that

whenever one of them had an irresistible impulse the other had an unalterable objection."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

His Sister—And did she say she loved you in so many words? Her Brother—That's what. Her words filled twenty-seven pages.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Mr. Dollop—Brown's an ingenious fellow. Miss Wollop—What's he doing now? Mr. Dollop—Teaching silkworms to sing cocoon songs.—*The Merryman*.

"Well, have you learned anything from your experiment at making garden?" "Yes; I have learned not to promise any one any vegetables."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Caller—So your sister and her fiancé are very close-mouthed over their engagement? Little Ethel—Close-mouthed! You ought to see them together!—*Auckland News*.

Binks—Is Jones a good photographer? Winks—Yes, indeed. He took a picture of father so natural that mother wouldn't have it in the house.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Young Lady (in shoe shop)—Oh, uncle! How awful! Uncle—What on earth's the matter? Young Lady—One of my stockings has a hole in it, and I can't remember which!—*Punch*.

"If you refuse me I will do something that will cause the world to shudder when it reads about it." "Huh! I know what you mean; you're going to marry Susie Jones."—*Houston Post*.

"Do you chew your food fifty times?" "Well, that's a good crusade and I'm in for it, but I haven't time just now. I have joined a movement which obligates me to kill fifty flies every day."—*Pittsburg Post*.

"Are you fond of travel?" "Yes, indeed," replied Miss Frizzles. "It is so much more pleasant to select your own post cards than to stay at home and let your friends send you what they like."—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Robinson—I could have married Brown or Jones if I'd wanted to, and both of these men I refused got rich, while you are still as poor as a church mouse. Robinson—Of course. I've been supporting you all these years—they haven't.—*Boston Transcript*.

"That nephew of yours is a little wild, I'll admit," said Uncle Jerry's neighbor, trying to comfort him, "but he'll reform as he grows older. Leave him to time and nature." "Time and nature!" snapped Uncle Jerry. "It's time and nature that made Limburger cheese what it is."—*Success Magazine*.

Bill Nye as an Amateur Carpenter.

In my opinion every professional man should keep a chest of carpenters' tools in his barn or shop, and busy himself at odd hours with them in constructing the varied articles that are always needed about the house. There is a great deal of pleasure in feeling your own independence of other trades, and most especially of the carpenter. Every now and then your wife will want a bracket put up in some corner or other, and with your new, bright saw and glittering hammer you can put up one upon which she can hang a cast-iron horse-blanket lambrequin, with inflexible water-lilies sewed in it.

A man will, if he tries, readily learn to do a great many such little things, and his wife will brag on him to the other ladies, and they will make invidious comparisons between their husbands, who can't do anything of that kind whatever and you are "so handy."

Firstly, you buy a set of amateur carpenter tools. You do not need to say that you are an amateur. The dealer will find that out when you ask him for an easy-running broad-axe or a green-gage plumb line. He will sell you a set of amateur's tools that will be made of old sheet-iron with basswood handles, and the saw will double up like a piece of stove-pipe.

After you have nailed a board on the fence successfully, you will very naturally desire to do something much better, more difficult. You will probably try to erect a parlor table or a rustic settee.

I made a very handsome bracket last week, and I was naturally proud of it. In fastening it together, if I hadn't inadvertently nailed it to the barn floor, I guess I could have used it very well, but in tearing it loose from the barn, so that the two could be used separately, I ruined a bracket that was intended to serve as the base, as it were, of a lambrequin which cost nine dollars, aside from the time expended on it.

During the month of March I built an ice-chest for this summer. It was not handsome, but it was roomy, and would be very nice for the season of 1884, I thought. It worked pretty well through March and April, but as the weather begins to warm up that ice-chest is about the warmest place around the house. There is actually a glow of heat around that ice-chest that I don't notice elsewhere. I've shown it to several personal friends. They seem to think it is not built tightly enough for an ice-chest. My brother looked at it yesterday, and said that his idea of an ice-chest was that it ought to be tight enough at least to hold the larger chunks of ice, so they would not escape through the pores of the ice-box. He said he never built one, but that it stood to reason that a refrigerator like that ought to be constructed so that it would keep the cows out. You don't want a refrigerator that the cattle can get through the cracks of and eat up your strawberries on ice, he says.

A neighbor of mine who once built a hen resort of laths, and now wears a thick thumb-nail that looks like a Brazil nut as a memento of that pullet corral, says my ice-chest is all right enough, only that it is not suited to this climate. He thinks that along Behring's Strait, during the holidays, my ice-chest would work like a charm. And even here, he thought, if I could keep the fever out of my chest, there would be less pain.

I have made several other little articles of virtu this spring, to the construction of which I have contributed a good deal of time and two finger-nails. I have also sawed into my leg several times. The leg, of course, will get well, but the pantaloons will not. Parties wishing to see me in my studio during the morning hour will turn into the alley between Eighth and Ninth Streets, enter the third stable-door on the left, pass around my Gothic horse, and give the countersign and three kicks on the door in an ordinary tone of voice.

"Did you succeed in selling old Nye a lot in the new cemetery?" one of the summer residents asked a native of Harborville. "No, I didn't," said the man, with an expression reminiscent of both amusement and scorn. "He said he was afraid he'd never get the full value of such an investment." "I can't see how he could help getting it," said the summer resident. "We all have to die some time." "I know," said the native, "and I reminded him of that fact, but he told me he never could lay his plans from month to month, and now two of his nephews own yachts, he thought more'n likely he should be lost at sea."—*Youth's Companion*.

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Notice of Stockholders' Meeting

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to a warrant dated September 20th, 1910, duly issued by Hon. W. H. Smith, Jr., Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under and pursuant to the provision of Section 311 of the Civil Code of said State the undersigned has called, and does hereby call a meeting of the INVESTMENT OIL COMPANY, a corporation, and of the stockholders thereof, to be held on Monday, the 10th day of October, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. at the office of the undersigned, No. 216 Pine Street, in said City and County of San Francisco for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors of said corporation, and the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the said meeting.

Dated, September 20th, 1910.
DANIEL MEYER.

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S. S. Tenyo Maru.....Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1910
S. S. Nippon Maru....Tuesday, Nov. 22, 1910

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1:45p	9:15a	1:40p	11:45a	1:40p	11:15a
* 4:45p	9:45a	2:40p	12:50p	4:14p	12:40p
.....	10:45a	4:20p	2:40p	9:50p	2:45p
.....	11:45a	3:50p	3:45p
.....	1:45p	5:20p	5:10p
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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Seymour and McCarthy.

The new chief of police, Mr. Seymour, is highly accredited as a capable and an honest man. Nevertheless the circumstances under which he enters office yield small hope for the efficiency or integrity of his administration of the police department. Nothing rises higher than its source, and the source of authority with respect to our police organization is no other than that fine gentleman, Mayor McCarthy. Mr. McCarthy is presumed to have come into office as the result of arrangements satisfactory to the quasi-criminal element which thrives by and through the tenderloin. There are those who believe that he stands bound to this element and there have been incidents connected with his administration which give credence to this theory—the Flannery case among other things. Now it is not reasonable to expect so spotted a leopard as Mr. McCarthy to change his spots. He has, indeed, been frightened by the failure of his administration into a policy of better appearances. Out

of this mood came the dropping of Flannery. Out of it, too, the appointment of Seymour has come. Mr. Seymour will wish to do right, but there is not one chance in ten thousand that he will be given a free hand. Undoubtedly he has been promised everything. But there will be no delivery. When it comes to action, Mr. McCarthy will have the power and he will use it. In any serious emergency Mr. Seymour will have to yield or get out. Possibly he will yield, for the spirit of officialism is human and weak; but probably he will get out. In the meantime this virtuous pose on the part of Mr. McCarthy will deceive nobody. The man will not change, because it is not in him to change. He is not built that way. His conceptions, his habits, his associations, his backings—all prohibit anything in the nature of radical and wholesome change. The only way for San Francisco to get rid of what is offensive in McCarthy—and everything about him is offensive—is to put another man in his place. That is a matter of time, and there is nothing to do but wait.

The State Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court of this State is composed of seven members—a chief justice and six associate justices. This year two associate justices are to be elected. They will serve for twelve years. Other State officers serve but four. This long tenure and the great powers and responsibilities pertaining to the office demand of the people at large, and particularly of the lawyers to whom the laymen look for guidance in these matters, calm consideration and wise judgment in making a decision fraught with such grave consequences. To assist in reaching this judgment the *Argonaut* presents the following facts. They are all facts which can be verified and will be verified if questioned. They are presented dispassionately, as befits the dignity of the subject.

The incumbents of the two judicial offices to be filled are Justices M. C. Sloss and H. A. Melvin. Their judicial careers have run in parallel courses. They are in the prime of life and are between forty and fifty years of age. Both are Republicans. Both served with distinction in civil departments in the superior court before their advancement to the Supreme Bench—Justice Sloss in the city and county of San Francisco, Justice Melvin in the transbay county of Alameda. Both were appointed to the Supreme Bench to fill vacancies caused by death—Justice Sloss in 1905 by Governor Pardee to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Van Dyke, and Justice Melvin in 1908 by Governor Gillett to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice McFarland. Justice Sloss was nominated and elected by the Republican party in 1906, and now a second time has been nominated under the present primary law. Justice Melvin in like manner was nominated and elected by the Republican party in 1908 and with Justice Sloss received his second nomination at the recent primary election. The votes of each exceeded that of their nearest competitor by many thousands. Each was bred to the law and known therein before going on the superior bench. Each was selected for the signal honor of elevation to the Supreme Bench because of the marked learning, ability, integrity, and judicial temperament he had displayed upon the trial bench. The judicial career of each in the court of last resort has vindicated the wisdom of the executive choice. They are proved men, men of wisdom, dignity, and honor. They have been tried in their present positions and have not been found wanting.

The Democratic nominations fell without a contest, as there were but two candidates, to Judge B. F. Bledsoe of the superior court of San Bernardino County, and Judge W. P. Lawlor of the superior court of the city and county of San Francisco. Judge Bledsoe is on the sunny side of forty. He was ad-

mitted to the bar in 1896. In 1900 he was elected to the superior bench of his county. The confidence and esteem in which he is held is shown by his reelection and continuance in office ever since. He is studious and able. He is well versed in the lore of his profession. In his judicial experience he has been called upon to meet and decide intricate questions, both of equity and of law. He has resolved them with fairness and ability. He is a credit to the superior bench, but is without experience in the work of the higher tribunal.

Judge Lawlor came to San Francisco in 1886. He was not "admitted to the bar in 1888 after reading law for two years," as the biography issued from his political headquarters intimates. The records of the Supreme Court disclose that he was admitted after private examination by the then court commissioners in 1898. The misstatement in his biography avoids an explanation of why, if he read law from 1886 to 1888 he was not admitted until ten years after, in 1898. In fact, from 1886 to 1898 he was not a lawyer and emerged from obscurity on but two occasions; the first when he was manager or assistant manager of the Corbett-Choyinski prize-fight. This began in a barn in Marin County, was broken up by the sheriff, and was prosecuted to a finish on a barge in the Sacramento River. The fighting fraternity still express their admiration for Judge Lawlor's executive ability in securing the barge and successfully "pulling off the scrap." His second emergence was on the occasion of the Fitzsimmons-Corbett prize-fight at Reno, where he appeared as a special representative of the *Examiner*.

Following these public or quasi-public appearances he took an active interest in Governor Budd's campaign. Near the expiration of Governor Budd's term, in anticipation of preferment at the latter's hand, he was admitted to the bar, as has been said, in 1898. His reward came in November of that year, when upon the death of Judge Rhodes Borden of the superior bench of San Francisco, Governor Budd appointed Mr. Lawlor to the vacancy. Judge Borden had just been elected to a full term. Judge Lawlor's appointment could only hold for the remainder of the unfinished term, that is until the following January. Mr. Pardee, governor-elect, would succeed Governor Budd in January. To continue Judge Lawlor in office required prompt political action. The situation was met by Governor Budd reappointing Judge Lawlor for Judge Borden's new term before the legislature finished its formal canvass and declared Mr. Pardee governor. Thus Judge Lawlor reached the woosack through two appointments. In his brief life as attorney-at-law it is of record that he assisted in the trial of but one case. That was before Judge Bahrs. The action was civil. A principal had sued his agent for money which the agent admittedly had received. The agent's defense was that he had paid over the money. Mr. G. W. McEnerney was attorney for the defendant. Mr. Lawlor assisted Mr. McEnerney.

Judge Lawlor has since continuously been on the superior bench of this city and county—always in a criminal department. So far as known he has never in his life tried a civil action at law or in equity on the bench or at the bar. Judges of learning and lawyers of ability never seek criminal practice. They regard criminal law as a necessary but extremely narrow and unpleasant alleyway to be avoided if possible, but if not, only to be hurried through to enter the broad fields and wide domain of civil jurisprudence. That Judge Lawlor has limited his activities during all these years to a criminal department should not be charged to a longing for the spotlight which some horrid, degenerate tragedy may bring to a criminal judge, but rather to a consciousness of his inability to grapple judicially with any other of the law's multitudinous phases.

In 1904, by constitutional amendment, the Court

Appeals was created to relieve the Supreme Court of the pressure of its work. Jurisdiction over all criminal cases, except cases punishable by death, was vested in the Court of Appeals. So that since 1904 the Supreme Court considers no criminal matters except capital cases and offenses which it may entertain on rehearing from the Court of Appeals to correct that court's errors.

There are three criminal departments of the superior court in the city and county of San Francisco, over one of which Judge Lawlor presides. Since its existence, eighteen criminal cases arising in the city and county of San Francisco have been reversed by the Court of Appeals. Of these eighteen reversals, eleven have been of Judge Lawlor's cases, the other seven being divided between the other two departments. Thus Judge Lawlor's reversals exceed by more than half the combined reversals of the other two criminal departments.

One instance of Judge Lawlor's methods will serve to illustrate them all: The case of Minnie Adams was one which excited much public comment. Minnie Adams was tried by Judge Lawlor and convicted. For four years Judge Lawlor kept her in jail while her lawyer endeavored in vain to have him settle her bill of exceptions on appeal. The scandal became so noisome that Max Popper, a Democratic politician of prominence, publicly threatened to bring the conduct of Judge Lawlor to the attention of the grand jury. The reason for the delay is explained by the fact that when her appeal was finally perfected the Supreme Court promptly reversed Judge Lawlor, and upon her second trial the poor woman was acquitted.

During this period Mr. Older in his *Bulletin* frequently designated Judge Lawlor as "the *Examiner's* doormat," and "the mat on which the *Examiner* wipes its feet." Mr. Older and his *Bulletin* are now zealously advocating the election of Judge Lawlor to the Supreme Bench. Those who know Mr. Older do not regard it as an overstatement to say that he would welcome and use even a second-hand *Examiner* doormat. Mr. Older and his *Bulletin* are likewise trying to defeat Justice Melvin. Justice Melvin wrote the opinion concurred in by all his associates refusing to permit Mr. Older to pick his forum and remanding him for trial for criminal libel on Mr. Tevis to the county of Kern. That trial is still pending. Mr. Older's desire to substitute Judge Lawlor for Justice Melvin on the Supreme Bench will not therefore be regarded as unnatural.

The questions which the Supreme Court of this State is called upon to decide are multitudinous in variety and complexity. They are complex because if they were not debatable intelligent lawyers would not waste time in taking them up for review. They are various not alone because they range over the great fields of actions on contracts and for torts, actions for all forms of equitable relief, actions for construction of wills and disposition of estates, actions seeking interpretation of new and complicated statutes, and of constitutional provisions, but also because the Supreme Court of this State is called upon to pioneer the way through the unmapped territory of water rights, mining rights, oil rights, and kindred rights involving problems undreamed of at common law. To be equipped to occupy a seat on that bench, a judge must possess more than a knowledge of the written law, essential as is that knowledge. He must have wisdom and foresight to perceive the far-reaching effects which may follow any given construction of the law. As to the criminal law, the State has wisely relieved the court of its consideration, except in capital cases, saving the time of its members for more intricate and important labors. What shall be said of a candidate for that bench who knows no law but criminal law, and whose knowledge of that is what the record shows? In charity, nothing.

We find, then, in Justices Sloss and Melvin men seeking reelection to the bench of which they are tried and proved ornaments. We find in Judge Bledsoe an upright and capable superior judge, whose advancement to a higher and different work must necessarily involve something of an experiment.

We can find no commendation for Judge Lawlor's candidacy except from Mr. Older and the *Bulletin*.

Gaynor's Renunciation.

Political experts are not agreed as to the effect of Mayor Gaynor's declination of the gubernatorial candidacy upon his chances for the presidential nomination. A brilliant campaign culminating in election—and this almost certainly would have been the course of events—would have put Mr. Gaynor high up in the

list of available. But in accepting the governorship he would have been compelled to give over the mayoralty. In effect, he would have had to abandon a responsibility already accepted and there would have been no explanation save that of personal ambition. In this view there attaches to Mr. Gaynor's declination a certain moral quality which would have been lost even in a brilliant political success. It is no assurance that the mayoralty of New York City is a position of less consequence even in a political sense than the governorship of New York State. On the whole, we think Mr. Gaynor has made upon the soberer elements of the country a finer impression than if he had jumped out of the mayoralty and into the governorship.

The Revolution in Portugal.

It is not the unexpected but the expected that has happened in Portugal. Our own affairs during the last few months have been too exacting to allow us to give much attention to the troubles of a country thousands of miles away and about half the size of California; but Europe, whose interests are more immediate, seems to have been well aware that Portugal was about to turn a new chapter in her history. Ever since the assassination of King Carlos on February 1, 1908, a revolution was a certainty. It might have come at once. It has been delayed for over two years.

The events in Lisbon are the logical sequel of the grim tragedy that destroyed King Carlos and his eldest son within the space of a minute. The crime itself was of course, in its turn, the result of centuries of misgovernment, but the direct revolutionary movement, with its definite hopes and plans, may be said to have begun about that time. Carlos himself was by no means the typical tyrant. He was amiable, and in some respects his intelligence was above the average. But he was extravagant and gluttonous, and while these are vices that a Latin populace is usually ready to forgive and even to admire, there was no pardon for other mistakes that touched both the pocket and the pride of the people. The king was so ill-advised or so contemptuous of public opinion as to criticize the character of the Portuguese—or rather their lack of character—in an article contributed to a French newspaper, and then the Franco incident came as a culmination of wrongs that were felt to be unbearable.

It will probably be some time before his countrymen agree among themselves as to Franco's true character. He incurred the hatred that always falls to the lot of strong men who see only the end in view and are indifferent to the way of its attainment. Franco saw that his country was on the brink of ruin from two causes. On one hand was the corruption of the official and aristocratic classes, and on the other hand the rage of a people whose ignorance made them the ready tools of an anarchist and socialist. First of all he made himself a dictator, securing the languid assent of the king by increasing the civil list by one million francs. Naturally the people bitterly resented such a sop to prodigality. Already they hated Carlos for his extravagance and now their fury was turned against a minister who seemed to feed and stimulate that extravagance. It was equally easy to earn the detestation of the official classes who were dropsical with their stolen wealth, and who found that their illicit revenues were being stopped at the source. For example, there were the Palpadores, high-born ladies who enlisted themselves at large salaries as custom-house searchers, and who of course never went near the custom-house. The Palpadores disappeared at a stroke of Franco's pen, and the same stroke created for himself a host of enemies of the most dangerous and relentless kind. As an instance of a still more brazen form of theft the case of the Portuguese minister to China may be quoted. This dignitary drew an annual salary of \$12,000 for two years, and Franco found that he had never even left his home in Portugal. These and a hundred other such exposures arrayed the privileged classes in a solid phalanx against Franco, and as there could be no reform through Parliament or by constitutional means, Franco dissolved the Parliament until further orders and drove a coach and four through the constitution. And the king indolently sustained him in all this, and so added to the intense dislike with which he himself was regarded. Indeed, he could hardly get a civil word from the passer-by in the streets with whom he democratically mingled. Carlos, by the way, always had democratic instincts, but they remained as instincts and nothing more. It was too much trouble to be exclusive. It is evident enough that theories of violence must

make rapid strides in a country that has been suddenly deprived of its constitution and robbed of the relative freedom of its press. Neither the constitution nor the freedom were much to boast of, but they were at least something, and they were taken away, which is worse than if they had never been. Whether the murder of the king and the crown prince was the work of a few isolated and frenzied miscreants or the flowering of a deliberate plot is still an open question. The deed was certainly received if not with rejoicing at least with an ostentatious indifference. One of the chief Portuguese newspapers announced the murder in a paragraph of a few lines and under the general heading of "News Gleanings," and from that day until now the assassins, although well known, have never been punished. Indeed some of them have been rewarded with official positions.

It seems certain that Portugal was honeycombed with revolutionary organizations at the time of the assassination and that they have been increasing their membership and confirming their purposes ever since. Why, indeed, should they do otherwise? It was true that the king was dead and Franco banished, the constitution restored and Parliament convened. But there was no real reform, nothing save the removal of a few mushroom grievances. The old established order of misgovernment remained, corruption was rampant as ever, the national finances were in a perilous condition, the natural resources of the country as undeveloped as ever. The new king was a boy still in his teens who began at once to show many of his father's sensual failings. An Amurath an Amurath succeeds, and so it was easy for the agitators to continue the sowing of dragons' teeth and to work once more upon the unguided idealism of the college students at Coimbra and elsewhere who read Voltaire and Rousseau and dreamed dreams of a political heaven that was to be ushered in by the blessed word republicanism.

Clericalism of course played the ugly part habitual to it. The young king's mother, Queen Amelie, has a weakness for the church, as good women often have, and her influence over her son was supposed to be strong. Portugal has been passing through a religious organization crisis like those in France and Spain. But the church, not always dignified in France, is less so in Spain, and still less so in Portugal, and that is a point to be remembered in America, where the church is little more than a doer of good deeds and a teacher of wholesome moralities. The Portuguese priests live at a decidedly low level and their standards are often of the earth earthy. Morganatic marriages are common among them. The "*chère amie*" is often a feature of their domestic lives, and large families are nothing to be ashamed of. That the young king should smile upon clericalism seemed to open up a vista of possible evils that was used to the utmost by those already determined to end the power of the monarchy and of the church by one decisive blow. Curiously enough, the king's grandmother, the mother of King Carlos, is as popular as Amelie is unpopular. Maria Pia is the daughter of Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and upon one occasion she threatened a dangerous revolutionary mob with the advent of an Italian army. So far from being incensed the rioters applauded her to the echo and shouted that she was a true queen. The extravagance of Carlos was evidently inherited from Maria Pia, who thought nothing of buying a whole shop because she admired some one article in it. During one of her visits to Paris she bought an enormous number of costly hats and ruined them all by allowing them to fall into the water, but once again the people seemed delighted by the same kind of profligate waste that they condemned so severely in her husband. Amelie, on the contrary, is economical and has many of the virtues so conspicuously lacking in Maria Pia. Moreover, Amelie is democratic, but it would seem that nothing could compensate for the taint of clericalism, and especially if it be a taint that can be so easily handed on to the reigning king.

It is therefore easy to understand that the revolutionary movement was in no way checked by the assassinations of two years ago, but rather has spread with an even greater speed. This view is confirmed by the fact that while the young king, his mother, and his grandmother, have been allowed to retain some of the semblance of royalty since the death of Carlos, they themselves have known that it was only a semblance. The king and his mother have been practically prisoners in the palace for two years. Their appearance on the streets was the signal for insolence, and they have been

compelled to offer the most valuable state appointments only to those whom they knew to be traitors or worse. King Manuel's dejected appearance excited the commiseration of the crowds at the funeral of Edward VII, and certainly no one knew better than he that the revolutionary explosion might come at any moment and could not be long delayed. He may think himself fortunate to escape with his life, and he is still young enough to find solace in amusements less dangerous than that of kingship.

The larger question of whether Portugal can establish and maintain a republic must be left on the knees of the gods. We have only to turn to some parts of South America and even to Mexico to see what a travesty can be made of a great governmental system that, because it is ideally perfect, can be more easily ruined by human imperfections than any other. The *Argonaut* is not among those who believe that because a system works well here or in France it is equally suited to those who have served no apprenticeship to a real self-government or who have no high traditions to sustain and guide them. To acclaim the Portuguese revolution as a triumph of liberty is a mere absurdity. It may ultimately prove to be so, but it is useless to ignore the fact that an inferior or undeveloped people may enjoy much more liberty under a technical despotism or a benevolent tyranny than if they were equipped with votes that they do not know how to use and cheered by demagogues on their road to the devil. Seventy per cent of the Portuguese can neither read nor write, and it is safe to assume that they have not the faintest idea of the meaning of the republicanism for which they cheer and that their only conception of liberty is the abolition of the tax collector. Republicanism, in our eyes, means such things as a wide franchise, officials who are popularly chosen, and a machinery of government so designed as to express the opinions of educated and intelligent people. It is impossible to imagine the Portuguese with such privileges as these. Out of every hundred electors presenting themselves to vote seventy would be unable to read the names of the candidates, and the other thirty would be largely made up of hot-headed students and cold-headed priests. The outlook would not be promising. It is noteworthy that the president of the new provisional government is a college professor whose chief and loudly acclaimed qualification is his eminence as a philosopher and a scholar. Our own experience has led us to avoid the classroom—professors and students alike—when we have need of a plain and practical sagacity in the affairs of public life.

Therefore Portugal can not establish a republic as we understand that term. She can establish, and she probably will establish, some system that will bear the label, but that will be as unlike the real thing as chalk is from cheese. An ideal political theory can be attempted only by those who are able to appreciate ideal things and who have the powers of initiative, self-control, and self-education. Portugal has none of these. Her illiterate masses have hardly heard of them. At the same time we may believe that any change must be for the better, although there may be some bitter days before Portugal shows any real improvement. She will have done well if she can settle down presently to some form of limited republicanism that may be strangely like a benevolent tyranny, but with popular and easily applied checks. She has at least shown a power of movement which is better than the almost incurable disease of stagnation.

What Are the Issues?

The interests of California are multitudinous. They are connected with all the problems of government great or small, likewise with all the moralities great or small. Then there are special interests attaching to conditions peculiar to California, to her relationship to the national life, to her outlook upon the new Pacific world, to her disturbed labor and social conditions. It would seem that men aspiring to the governorship should have definite ideas with respect to these matters and that they would grasp the opportunity which the campaign affords of presenting and urging them.

A citizen who goes out to hear either Mr. Johnson or Mr. Bell has a right to expect a definite expression of views upon immediate and pressing issues. But what does he hear? Whether he goes to a so-called republican meeting or a Democratic meeting he hears nothing but vitriolic defamation of one interest, and more particularly of one man—an interest, by the way,

essentially related to the public welfare; a man, by the way, who in wide relationships commands a high measure of public and private respect. Neither by Mr. Johnson nor by Mr. Bell is anything said indicating that they have any grasp of the broad interests of California, any conviction or purpose in relation to them.

If the activities of the "railroad," if the political participations of Mr. William F. Herrin, were ever entitled to the extraordinary emphasis implied in Messrs. Johnson's and Bell's utterances, it would appear to the eye of common sense that the occasion is past. The results of the primary election quite distinctly "knocked the 'railroad' out of politics." Mr. Herrin, in the phrase of Mr. Johnson, has been effectively "kicked out." These are accomplished results. The party, lock, stock, and barrel, is in the hands of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguers. The platform is theirs, the candidates are theirs. Now it would seem, upon the foundation of this achievement, we ought to have a régime with its face turned towards the things which have been so grandiloquently though indefinitely promised. Take the case of Mr. Johnson: With the "railroad" issue eliminated, what are his ideas, what are his plans? What are the fundamentals of his scheme of things, what the purposes and the hope of his possible triumph? These are things which the people of California would like to know something about. He owes it to the spirit of candor to speak out plainly and boldly. In his continued raking-over of an old issue, in his furious denunciation of the "railroad," there is, he needs to be reminded, neither intelligence nor respect for his hearers. If he has any message, any hope, any plans, with respect to the multitudinous issues which crowd upon California, let him give them voice.

It would be amusing if it were not contemptible, this vulgar squabble as to whether Johnson or Bell is the original exploiter of the "railroad issue," now happily reduced to burnt powder by the late primary election. Mr. Johnson is easily the more vehement figure, but Mr. Bell appears to have the prior claim as a special pleader. It is a case where Mr. Johnson appears to have stolen Bell's thunder, even though the occasion for thundering is now past for both of them.

Now can not these gentlemen drop their unseemly quarrel and address themselves to matters which press upon the attention of California? Important matters are pending, great principles are involved. The coming governor of California will have to take a definite stand in relation to these matters. Now is an excellent time, the best of all times, for those aspiring to the governorship to give the public at least some intimation of where they stand and what they stand for.

Aftermath.

The attitude of unionism towards the Los Angeles *Times* has been a very different thing from its enmity to an ordinary non-union establishment. In the case of a street-car company or a machine shop, controversy over hours or wages is a mere local matter, and however it may wound the pride of unionism no great or widespread damage is done to the "cause" when such an institution succeeds in establishing itself in defiance of labor councils and walking delegates under the principle of the open shop. It was not that the work of the *Times* office was done by non-union men that disturbed unionism, it was because of the able and persistent championship on the part of the *Times* of the principle of industrial freedom. The *Times* has stood as a bulwark, not only in Los Angeles but elsewhere, against the advancement of extreme unionistic pretensions. It has sustained not merely its own mechanical establishment, but the whole industry of Los Angeles upon a non-union or open-shop basis. More, it has held before the world the interesting example of a city progressive beyond parallel or precedent under the open-shop principle. The *Times*, too, has supplied arguments and aggressive initiative in every labor contest this twenty years past at home or abroad. The *Times* was hated, therefore, not merely as a non-union shop, but as a citadel of the intellectual and moral forces which stand opposed to unionism as a principle. Long ago the unionistic fight against the *Times* ceased to be a mere local matter, just as at an even earlier period it had ceased to be a fight between the publishers of the *Times* and the Typographical Union. It had become a fight between unionism and non-unionism or the open shop; and in such a fight every element of unionism and every centre of unionism was directly and keenly affected. Thus the hatred of unionism towards

the *Times* was as bitter in New York or in Denver or in the Cœur d'Alene mines as in Los Angeles, because its challenge to unionism as a principle was universal.

These facts expose the triviality of the argument presented in disavowal of unionistic responsibility, that the blow-up of the *Times* could hardly have been accomplished through the agency of the local unions. We think it quite possible that nobody associated with the local unions had any part either in its conception or its execution. The job was not in line with any kind of work done in Los Angeles; it was, indeed, in every circumstance attending it more like the methods of unionistic warfare practiced in the mining regions of Colorado, Nevada, and Idaho; and it is quite possible or even probable that the work was done by experts drawn from these fields. They had, as we have already said, the same motives of resentment against the *Times*, the same evil animosity. The influence of the *Times* as an enemy of unionism reached them with the same denial of essential principle, the same destructive force, as it did the unionism of Los Angeles. Local hatred of the *Times*, local plotting against it, may or may not have been connected with this event. Whether it did or not is non-essential.

The consideration which reflects responsibility for the crime at Los Angeles upon labor unionism is this, namely, that it is in exact accord with the principle which animates unionism in its demand for monopoly of industry, in exact accord with the methods by which this monopoly is sought to be enforced universally. True, not in every case by violence and murder, but by methods having the same intent and aim, namely, the destruction of opposition. This principle is exemplified in every labor contention. Wherever unionism meets opposition its policy looks to the "killing off" of its "enemies." If a barber presumes to work without consent of unionism, without submitting himself to its authority and paying tribute to its treasury, there is effort to destroy his business, to make it impossible for him to live and work. If a restaurant declines to employ union waiters or to buy its meats from a union dealer, again there is effort to break down, to destroy. This principle runs everywhere through the unionistic policy, and is not even denied in unionistic discussions. The logical principle of unionistic activity is destruction; the logical interpretation of unionistic theory is that no non-union man has a right to live.

If there be anybody to question unionistic acceptance of this principle let him talk with any candid unionist, not, indeed, the kind of unionist who pays tribute reluctantly and resentfully because to yield is the way of peace, but the type of man who really believes in unionism and who actively or passively supports its policies. Such a man will support the demand for monopoly of labor, arguing that unionism has operated to the advantage of the workingman. He will say that unionism having won for labor more human conditions—shorter hours and "better money"—is entitled to the support of workingmen; that the workingman who declines to bear his share in the contest for these advantages is unfair to his fellow-workmen who have made progress through unionism. The fault of his logic, the defect in his morality, is when he goes further to support the doctrine that workingmen may be forced into unionism—whipped into it—or denied opportunity to live, for that man is denied opportunity to live when he is denied the right to labor, by which alone men can live. Unionism, let us concede, in its legitimate sphere has done an important work and is perhaps entitled morally to a certain support in its legitimate purposes. But unionism goes clean beyond the lines of legitimacy when it undertakes by force to compel men into support of its system. Unionism as a thing of special rights and privileges, justified in its own behoof in a policy of forceful aggression against non-unionists, is clean beyond bounds. In this pose its claims can not be conceded without destruction of the essential principles of liberty among men.

Unionism in any fair interpretation of its powers has no rights which can only be enforced through compulsion. The limits of reason and persuasion are the limits of its legitimate powers. If it can not bring men to its support by peaceful methods, then it must leave them to their own courses, for it can not be conceded that some men who think they have a scheme for social betterment may enforce other men to coöperate with them. There can be no legitimate argument in su-

port of any movement, however founded or sustained, which runs in fundamental denial of those essential rights which lie at the basis of liberty and equality as illustrated in what we like to call the American idea and as defined in our constitutions and our laws.

Let it be said again for the ten thousandth time that unionism as representing the principle of cooperation among laborers is not only legitimate and proper, but necessary under modern conditions. If it be permissible for capital to cooperate through the incorporated company or in other impersonal forms and to work through delegated agents, then in equity the same rights must be conceded to labor. But as capital gains no new rights through incorporation, so labor gains no new rights through organization. Nobody will assert for incorporated capital the right to dragoon other elements of capital into its scheme of operations; and just now we are witnessing a wholesale movement the country over to penalize attempted infringements of this principle by the aggressive agents of incorporated capital. Likewise, organized labor has no right to dragoon independent or unorganized labor into its scheme of things. And this is precisely what is attempted when organized labor denies to unorganized labor the common and normal privileges of life. The corner-stone of human liberty is the right of every man to work unhampered and unmolested in any occupation of his choice. There can be no denial of this principle without treason to liberty; there can be no enforcement of the opposing principle without treason to the elementary rights of man.

Nature and Science.

We print in another column a profoundly suggestive note from Dr. C. N. Ellinwood, the well-known medical practitioner, with respect to a subject of intensely vital interest which does not get the attention it merits. No interest is more important than that which is connected with the efficiency of the race. Modern society under the spirit of beneficence has made great advances in what is called humanitarianism, but it is a question if the race as a whole has not been harmed rather than helped. We preserve and lengthen human life which under the hard rule of nature would have been stamped out, and by so doing we weaken the vitality of the race. Nature eliminates the unfit. Science allied with humanity preserves the unfit and permits it to pollute the blood of the race. Dr. Ellinwood is manifestly in sympathy with the sentiment which maintains that it is a duty of the race to protect its own life blood at least to the extent of sterilizing certain classes of criminals and incompetents. His suggestions are worth attention and we hope they will get it from physicians and others competent to speak. The *Argonaut* will be glad to have this interesting subject discussed—at not too great length—through its columns by the medical profession.

As the "Graphic" See It.

The office of the Los Angeles *Graphic* in the Baumgardt Building, next door to the *Times* office, shared in the loss of last week's explosion. The *Graphic* of this last week comes to hand minus certain mechanical adornments, but otherwise intact and as usual inspired by courage and energy. The comments of the *Graphic* on the disaster, while somewhat overwrought in their references to San Francisco, are not without general interest. For example:

That this great crime was not of local inception we have not a shadow of doubt. * * * Bitterly as the local unions have resented the newspaper attacks on their several organizations, the idea of anarchistic reprisal of the nature demonstrated never, we are confident, was harbored. Without question, the work of outsiders, and to foreign invasion must the lawless act be laid.

In San Francisco, that hotbed of union laborers—not laborers—was the germ fostered that had its culmination in the atrocious deed witnessed in Los Angeles last Saturday. The actual perpetrators may not have come from that city, but, undoubtedly, they imbibed their inspiration there. Los Angeles has had indubitable evidence of late of the dastardly attitude of San Francisco's professional agitators toward our determined manufacturers who are pledged to industrial freedom. Our people are a unit in insisting that this fair city shall not be at the slavish mercy of the union laborites. They know what a course that oppressive rule or ruin programme has proved to the northern metropolis, and have vowed to devote their energies, their fortunes, their lives if need be, to prevent a similar condition here. Realizing they had lost the fight, the invaders had recourse to measures which forever damn them in the eyes of all good citizens.

All unionism must perforce share in the odium attaching

to this unprecedented crime, in which so many innocent lives were sacrificed. It should be their undying endeavor to ferret out the perpetrators, at whatever cost, and thus prove to the world their non-sympathy with so foul an act. Only in this way can they expect to rehabilitate themselves in the eyes of that public upon whose favor they must depend for continued existence. San Francisco seems loth to take a spirited stand in this fight for a great principle. Its newspapers are either silent or apologetic in regard to the outrage here, not daring to make fearless expressions lest the laborite bogies should get them. It is a pitiable spectacle of a muzzled press.

In view of this shackling of the newspapers, who of us in this part of the State will feel like voting to give the laborite-cursed city five millions of the people's money that may or may not be impartially expended? To think of that stronghold of unionism being chosen as the exposition site is preposterous. There would be acrimonious and cantankerous controversies from the day the first spadeful of earth was turned! Honest labor is entitled to the fullest consideration, but for dishonest laborites there should be no quarter. Not until San Francisco realizes this and purges herself of her incubus can she hope to thrive.

These are extreme views, made so, no doubt, by the *Graphic's* own experiences. The *Graphic*, we think, will not seriously oppose the exposition project at San Francisco. What it says, nevertheless, is worth consideration.

Editorial Note.

A New York dispatch declares that Mr. Roosevelt is incensed at Governor Hughes because the latter "misled" him as to direct primary sentiment in New York. It will be remembered that almost immediately upon Roosevelt's return he jumped into the primary contest, only to be disappointed and rebuffed by the rejection of his counsels. The story goes that he was led into this indiscretion through Governor Hughes, who had for some months been enlisted in the cause of the direct primary. Hughes is a man whose course is dictated by his convictions rather than by his instinct of policy. Roosevelt's political inspirations follow the directly opposite course. His plan is to find out "what the people want" and then stand for that thing with tremendous enthusiasm. He "leads" when he finds out where the "people" want to go.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

That the American press is on an average more hospitable to European than to native talent is pertinently illustrated by the lengthy comments made on the late Holman Hunt as compared with the meagre paragraphs devoted to the passing of Winslow Homer. His death at his retired home at Scarborough, Maine, has indeed attracted but little comment, yet it is more than probable that any jury of artists, especially international artists, would give him a high if not the highest place among American painters of this generation. His work has been appraised in England at any rate as being distinguished for its genuine American quality, for its real contributions to the making of American art. Writing but a month or two since, C. Lewis Hind, in dealing with an exhibition of American paintings in Germany, paid this tribute to the Boston-born artist:

This old master, who is still with us—for it is as a master that I always regard Winslow Homer—lives, I believe, in retirement on the coast of Maine. I read that in daily companionship with the ocean he has led for many years a solitary life upon a spit of the coast near Scarborough. Goethe says somewhere that talent is matured in a crowd, genius in solitude. And I think it must be the solitude in which Winslow Homer has lived, surrounded by the elemental forces of nature, that has produced in his big, comprehensive work something that seems to me entirely personal and entirely American. No one who has studied his pictures can doubt that they are characteristically, spiritually as well as physically, American, and that they could have been painted nowhere but in America. His finest picture, "Cannon Rock," is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; but this exhibition included his powerful and realistic "Gulf Stream" (also called "The Castaway"), as vigorous in color as in design.

In one important respect the French or British artist has a great advantage. The illustrated periodicals of both countries make a special feature of the constant reproduction of notable pictures, and in that way the artists' public is ever being enlarged. Consequently the masterpieces of great painters are made familiar to millions who have never seen the originals. In America, however, so little is done in the way of reproduction of remarkable paintings that there are few who have any idea of Winslow Homer's finest pictures.

Had they timed their exploit five years earlier the revolutionaries of Lisbon would have given the city of the Tagus its second shock on the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its earthquake. Most of those travelers who have visited the capital of Portugal in recent years will agree that it needed another shaking up of some kind. Although so superbly situated on the north bank of the Tagus and not far from the open sea, far from the best has been made of its site of undulating hills. Save for one or two thoroughfares, the streets are in a miserable and dilapidated condition, and even such important buildings as the postoffice, the exchange, and customs house are but shabby structures. One charm about a visit to Lisbon, however, is that it gives one the feeling

of a millionaire at the smallest possible cost. A meal for two may be enjoyed at the best cafés and leave from a five-dollar bill an astonishing amount of change in several thousand reis. On the other hand, of course, the bill looks truly formidable, totaling up into the thousands also. But Lisbon has one other attraction which the republicans are hardly likely to destroy, and that is the tomb of Henry Fielding, the magnet which draws more visitors to the Portuguese capital than any other lion. The republicans have an admirable opportunity to justify their overthrow of the throne by making Lisbon a city worthy of its history, and it is to be hoped that in time their reforming zeal may extend to that lovely island possession of the country, Madeira, which is sadly in need of good government.

At last a precedent has been set for the preservation of the scenic beauties of America. The victory has been won by Cascade, that exquisite nook at the base of the northern slope of Pike's Peak, where a water-power company has been trying to divert the beautiful falls in the cañon for commercial purposes. Happily the town company resisted the power company on the plea that the diversion of the water meant the destruction of the chief asset of the town, which consists in the scenic beauty which makes Cascade such a favorite resort. The courts have sustained this contention, and the decision is one of immense value. Of course it can not be denied that in the last analysis a commercial motive was the chief factor with the town company as with the power company, but it is a real gain to have established on American soil the principle that the handwork of nature is worth protecting. The United States will surely give birth to its Sir Walter Scott, and it is only wisdom to leave him materials to work with. When the romancer comes the natural glories of America will be as valuable an asset to the country as the lochs of Scotland or the lakes of England and Killarney.

Unwearied in his efforts to establish a distinction between the drama and popular amusement, Henry Arthur Jones points out that the difference between the drama and popular amusement is that the drama amuses and instructs by the representation and interpretation of life, while popular entertainment is free to entertain and amuse in any way it pleases. He adds:

If it is claimed that this distinction is already present in the minds of playgoers generally, I will merely ask any candid person to write out a list of the sayings and doings that provoke laughter and applause at the next twenty theatres he visits. He will find that the great majority of the things that most please an average audience are mere funny impossibilities without relation to any conceivable picture of life; that is, they have no connection whatever with the drama.

Several correspondents have taken Mr. Jones at his word, and it must be owned that the jokes which were greeted with the most boisterous laughter read but sadly in print. Even the witticisms of "The Case of Rebellious Susan" suffer sadly from being torn from their text, while the jokes which are described as sending music-hall audiences "into fits" should prove a godsend to disbelievers in the British sense of humor. It should be added that in the quotations "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" win first place easily for their independence of their context, but the result of the experiment is to establish the truth of Mr. Jones's contention that the funny things of a play have little relation to a picture of life.

Hope certainly does spring eternal in the Baconian breast. No sooner is one cryptogram or cipher mercilessly ridiculed and buried under laughter than another cipher or cryptogram is brought forward with unflinching assurance. The very latest entertainer of the Baconian school is one Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, who boldly entitles his venture "Bacon Is Shak-speare," and winds up each section of his book with the same formula, as though he were another Euclid flourishing his Q. E. D. It is rather distressing, however, to have the New York *Evening Post* so much disturbed over this latest faddist as to affirm that:

The growth of Baconian literature will, we fear, never cease until legitimate scholars are willing to take the matter seriously. It will do little good, of course, to show up the true meaning of ciphers, as we have just done, because any one who is committed to the cipher habit can easily find new combinations when old ones are refuted. What is needed is a careful comparison of Bacon's ideas and even his style with Shakespeare's.

Granted that that would be a useful contribution to our knowledge, it would honor the Baconians too much to undertake the task for their behoof. To imagine they are open to a conviction in opposition to their cranky theories is to take them, as the *Evening Post* does, far too seriously. The real absurdity of the Baconian craze is that it denies the existence of genius. Shakespeare, in the chaste language of the latest Baconian lunatic, was a "mean, drunken, ignorant, and absolutely unlettered rustic of Stratford." And Burns was a ditto ditto of Alloway. Had he not lived so near our own time, and had not the facts of his life been beyond dispute, the Scottish poet would have had his Baconians too. That is the entire question in a nutshell.

It is nearly two years since Americans put their hands into their pockets for Messina and sent men and materials to build a temporary town (says the *Chicago Record-Herald*). It is natural to ask, therefore, at about this time what Messina has done to recover itself. The answer appears to be: Next to nothing. According to last reports, the city, as seen from the sea, looks just as it did immediately after the great disaster. It is a screen of masonry behind which are dust and desolation, impassable streets, and general slackness and incompetence. The Sicilians are still boasting of the Messina that is to be. Meanwhile they lodge in the American huts, and not even the ruins are cleared away.

MAETERLINCK'S "BLUE BIRD."

The New Theatre Produces the Symbolical Fairy Play.

It would be comfortable to believe that Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," triumphantly produced last Saturday at the New Theatre, was the forerunner of a modern allegorical drama. How cheerfully we would forego all the plays that are "distinctively American," all the problem dramas and all jokes, no suggestion of the external lives that we all of us live, a play that translates us at once into the unseen world and holds us there as enchanted captives until we have learned its lessons. Imagine a play that strips off and tosses away all those things that we call real and that deals only with the truer realities of sentiment and imagination, thought, and idealism. There you have the "Blue Bird." But we may still wonder if the audience was the more fascinated by the exquisitely simple philosophy of happiness or by the gorgeous stage dress in which that philosophy was set forth. If a New Theatre audience can indeed be persuaded that happiness is to be found in contentment and nowhere else, then we are not so far from the kingdom of heaven as we have been led to believe, or as a glimpse of that audience would suggest.

The argument of the play—we may as well discard the word plot as savoring of earthly things—is the search of two little children for happiness, or for the blue bird, its symbol. The fairy Berylune visits little Tytyl and Mytyl in their bed, as fairies will sometimes do until an unvarnished common sense drives them away. She has a gift for the children that will aid them in their search. It is in the form of a diamond which only needs to be moved to endow its owners with magic vision, and as we all know it is only magic vision that can see the truth of things beneath the deceptive forms that they assume. Without the diamond we fall into such foolish errors as to speak of animate and inanimate nature, but the moment our eyes are opened by the diamond we know that everything is actually alive and with a veritable soul of its own. For example, a single movement of the diamond by its child owners turns their drab little cottage room into a flashing palace, and the hours run out from under the clock as dancing fairies. Bread and wine and water, milk and sugar and fire, all the simple things of life, are not at all what we think they are. Each one is the home of a sprite that comes leaping forth from its prison eager to show itself to mortals who are willing to look for it in the right way. In fact, it is useless to look for happiness at all until we recognize that life is the only thing that really exists. Children, if only they are young enough to be wise, know this quite well because they all have the diamond vision when they are born.

And so Mytyl and Tytyl start out upon their great quest as older children in a younger world were wont to seek the Holy Grail, which perhaps is very much the same thing. They have lots of fun by the way, especially when the Bread Fairy cuts his stomach into slices at meal times, and the Sugar Fairy amputates his fingers of delectable candy and they miraculously grow again at once. After a time the children reach the land of memory, and whom should they meet here but their grandparents, who died years ago. We really need an alternative to the bad old terminology, for of course the old people are not dead at all. They are only enjoying a blissful sleep and nothing can arouse them except loving thoughts from those who are still on earth, and who would not wish to be aroused by such a thing as that?

But there are real adventures ahead of the pilgrims, and even what seem to be dangers until they are faced. For instance, there is the Palace of Night, and its queen, who sits on her throne with two figures beside her. One of them is Sleep and the name of the other one who is so like her must not be told. The Queen is unwilling to show her dark secrets to the children, but she has to presently, and then we see that her secrets are really make-believes, silly old ghosts fit only to be laughed at, and Diseases that are so unsteady on their legs that one is almost sorry for them, while to be afraid of them would be absurd. It is evident enough that Night has been threatening us with all sorts of bogies that don't exist at all.

But there is still one ordeal that the children must face and from which they shrink. They must go to the graveyard and make the acquaintance of the dead. And so they turn the diamond that they may know the truth also about this, but they are sadly afraid as they look over the rows of tombs and think of the fearful apparitions that must rise up and confront them if all the earth tales are true. But nothing of the kind happens. The graves are just as unreal as everything else. There is nothing there but a field of wonderful lilies waving in the wind. "Where are the dead?" asks Mytyl, and her brothers answers, "There are no dead."

But the crowning scene is the Palace of the Unborn Babies. There they are in crowds waiting for Father Time to come and fetch them one by one as the hour for each birth arrives. And they are all so anxious to be born and to carry their gifts to men. One of them has universal love to give, but his time is still a long way off and he must wait. Men do not yet want that kind of gift. They would rather have engineers, and builders, and bankers, and doctors, and they are all

there ready, but for those who have the best gifts there is no demand and Father Time has no room for them in his boat. But the others depart one by one, fluttering down to the world in their shimmering draperies.

And then the children awake. The cottage is just as plain as it was before, and once more bread is bread, and water is water. At least so it seems, but the children know better now. They have learned the secrets of life and its beneficences and nothing can ever trouble them again, nothing can ever again be sorrowful, and there can be no despair and tears. And then when they look around the room they see that their own bird in its old familiar cage has actually turned blue. And so they find the Blue Bird of happiness.

The story itself is so long—and it has a hundred beautiful intricacies that must not be touched on here—that there is no space left to say much of the performers except that they were all alike admirable and willing enough to lose themselves in their novel parts. It was their misfortune that Maeterlinck's words were rendered unpoetically in the effort to be literal. A close translation is of course a virtue, but if the work had been given to a poet he could have been literal without falling into the commonplace.

Nor is there need to praise the extraordinary ingenuity of the stage mounting. Probably there has been nothing more perfect on the American stage at any time and certainly nothing more lovely. The New Theatre has crowned itself with laurels.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, October 6, 1910.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Chapter of Kindergarten History.

1032 BROADWAY,

SAN FRANCISCO, October 8, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In the issue of your journal, October 1, 1910, there was published an interesting article entitled "How a Play Was Made," in which occurred a misstatement, which I am sure you would wish to rectify. It is there stated that "Mrs. Riggs, then Miss Smith, established in San Francisco the first free kindergarten organized on the Pacific Coast." The following excerpts from a sketch of the Pioneer Kindergarten Society give the facts, which may be of interest to some of your readers:

In 1878 Felix Adler of New York delivered a course of lectures in San Francisco which interested cultured and thoughtful people in the vital question of what to do for the young of this cosmopolitan community.

A meeting was held at the Baldwin Hotel in July, 1878, at which the Public Kindergarten Society was formed, with Judge Heydenfeldt as president. Other well-known citizens filled the other offices. The city was canvassed for subscribers, and through the untiring efforts of Professor Adler, Mr. I. W. Levy, and Mr. S. Nicklesburg 130 names were enrolled to aid in one of the noblest movements of the age.

It was then necessary to secure the services of a trained kindergarten, of whom there were very few in those pioneer days. Miss Emma Marwedel, who had a kindergarten and training school in Los Angeles, recommended her brilliant pupil, Miss Kate Douglas Smith, who came to San Francisco and for more than two years was the leader of the Silver Street Kindergarten, under the auspices of the Public Kindergarten Society. At the end of that time Miss Smith opened a kindergarten of her own, and the original school moved to Mission Street under the care of another principal. The society now incorporated under the name of the Pioneer Kindergarten Society and has always maintained two or more free kindergartens in different parts of the city.

Among prominent persons who aided in establishing the first free kindergarten in this city were such men as William M. Lent, Horatio Stehbins, Adolph Sutro, Professor Hilgard, and John Swett. Among the first women to give encouragement were Mrs. D. C. McKuer, Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mrs. J. Roeding, and Mrs. James Spiers. It will thus be seen that Miss Smith was an employee of the society and had nothing to do at that time with the establishing of the first free kindergarten. In giving place to these facts in your valued journal you will confer a favor upon the present officers of the Pioneer Kindergarten Society.

Very truly yours,
 MRS. D. BIXLER, Honorary President.
 MISS C. LOUISE SMITH, President.
 MRS. GEORGE A. MOORE, First Vice-President.
 MRS. W. WINTERBERG, Second Vice-President.
 MRS. HELEN HECHT, Third Vice-President.
 MRS. C. D. FARQUHARSON, Fourth Vice-President.
 MRS. W. O. WAYMAN, Recording Secretary.
 MRS. JOHN ROTHCHILD, Corresponding Secretary.
 MISS KATE M. ATKINSON, Treasurer.

Eugenics.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 10, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The systematic study of the complex conditions which enter into the decadence of nations and degeneration of races is achieving notable results. Education in the laws of heredity is teaching valuable lessons to the intelligent in establishing their marital relations not only for their own happiness, but also for the well-being and fitness of their offspring. Many of the constitutional diseases, such as cancer, tuberculosis, syphilis, and chronic alcoholism are well known to transmit a hereditary stigma of some kind which should be a ban to matrimony. In the State of Washington they have an intelligent law which gives a license to marry only to those who are fit, mentally and physically.

Another important step in Eugenics is being taken in some States to so sterilize the mental and physical degenerates which are found so numerous in our asylums, prisons, and reformatory institutions that they can not perpetuate their kind. The humane and beneficent results of this procedure have been demonstrated in Connecticut, where vasectomy has been legalized and practiced among the sexual perverts and violent insane, and also in Indiana it is reported six hundred cases of this kind have been successfully treated by sterilization methods.

It is now known that a simple application of the X-rays will effectually induce sterility and so contribute to this humane procedure.

It is well known to criminologists that the brutality and hestiality of criminals are due to stigmas or inherited tendencies from faulty parental constitutions, and hence it is that rational efforts to improve the race should begin with eliminating the degenerate and the unfit.

Attention is called to this important subject with the hope that it may receive such legislative enactments as will diminish insanity and crime and elevate the human race.

C. N. ELLINWOOD, M. D.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Eva E. Bean of Old Orchard, Maine, recently admitted to practice in the United States circuit court, achieving a distinction never before granted to a woman.

M. Jules Claretie is about to retire from the directorship of the Comédie Française, with which he has been connected for twenty-five years, and become the dramatic critic of *Le Journal*.

Alfred Tennyson Dickens, eldest surviving son of the novelist, who has lived in Australia forty-five years, has returned to England and will lecture on the life and work of his father. Mr. Dickens is sixty-five years old.

The Rev. Bernard Vaughn, the Jesuit priest whose scathing sermons on the follies of English society were a London sensation some years ago, is visiting this country and officiated at a service in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, last week.

William Fogg Osgood, professor of mathematics in Harvard since 1903, is a member of national mathematical societies of Germany, Italy, and India. He has written several books which are as popular with scholars of his propensity as they are incomprehensible to the general.

Professor Richard Lyall Garner, the scientist who has just returned from a stay of seven years in the forests of Western Africa devoted to a study of monkeys, is a native of Tennessee, and gained his early education in the public schools. He is now a professor in the University of Chicago.

John Dalrymple, the young man who has succeeded to the management of the great Oliver Dalrymple wheat farm in North Dakota, is college bred, and he spends his winters in Europe, but he is the practical manager of his twenty-two-thousand-acre domain. His men say that he is a better farmer than his father was.

Mrs. Florence Garretson Spooner of Boston is the founder of the Anti-Death Penalty League, and it was through her advocacy that the electric chair was substituted for the scaffold and dark cells abolished in the prisons of Massachusetts. Mrs. Spooner has been awarded two gold medals for her work in humane and reformatory lines.

Sir William Christie, the British astronomer royal who has just retired after forty years' continuous service in the Greenwich Observatory, is only sixty-five. He was one of the first to realize the value of photography as an aid in astronomy and made early and ingenious use of it in the studies carried on by himself and his assistants.

Oscar Hammerstein, the foremost impresario of his time, was recently in London, and even the English reporters found him good for what is called "first-page stuff." Mr. Hammerstein, at sixty-three, is still full of energy and new plans. He will open an opera house in London next year. His late venture in comic opera of the better sort in New York is, as usual with him, eminently successful.

Miss Helen Varick Boswell of New York is among the most prominent of those who are untiring in their efforts to advance the interests of women's clubs. Miss Boswell some time ago had a commission from the President to go to Panama and start a work of social regeneration and reconciliation which should make life more tolerable for women there, the wives and daughters of Americans, and was successful in organizing many clubs which had the desired effect.

Professor William Hornaday, the zoölogist who directs the work of the zoological park of New York City, was born in Indiana fifty-six years ago, but studied in Europe as well as in America. His first book, "Two Years in the Jungle," was published in 1885. Professor Hornaday is an enthusiastic hunter as well as a naturalist and practical taxidermist, and is vice-president of the American Sportsmen's League. He has been director of the New York park since 1896.

Daniel William Coquillett knows more about insects harmful to vegetable growths than any other man, though he is only fifty-four years old. Since 1896 he has been honorary custodian of diptera in the United States National Museum at Washington, but before that he had done a large amount of effective work in the farms and in the orchards of Illinois and California. Grasshoppers, caterpillars, and the microscopic pests which injure fruit trees are his especial prey, and it was through his efforts that ladybirds were imported to exterminate the cottony cushion scale dreaded by horticulturists.

Sir Thomas Vezey Strong, senior alderman, has been chosen as the next Lord Mayor of London. He is fifty-three years old and the head of a wholesale paper house. It is virtually the livermen of the guilds who elect the lord mayor. He is chosen annually from among the aldermen. The lord mayor's jurisdiction does not extend beyond the limits of the ancient city of London. His principal duty is to be sociable, and his salary of about \$50,000 a year is sure to be swallowed up by the official hospitalities expected of him. In addition to his salary, he is granted the use of the Mansion House.

THE STAIN.

A Tale of the Wild Pastures.

"I've listened to ye, Ingwald, because it's the best shepherd in Nevada talking. The sheep are mine, and mine the loss if things come as you say. The mountain crossing is forty miles, or three driving days nearer than the Alkali Lake trail—it's the Peavine trail you'll take." So Shadron answered Jong Ingwald, the Hungarian herder, and the matter was settled.

Ingwald remonstrated in vain; for a full hour he talked to Shadron, pointing out the danger of losing many sheep while crossing the rough mountain cañons. Shadron listened, keeping his stolid gray eyes full upon the herder as he talked, and in his rough, masterful way gave his decision. The shepherd nodded obediently, with an "All right, boss, I do the best I can," and calling up his dogs started his flock down the trail.

On the third evening out from the home ranch at Red Rock, Jong Ingwald and his Portuguese packman, leading two burros loaded with the camp equipment, ascended the long south ridge of the mountain. Up through the gullies the herder was hard put to keep his charges moving. Though Shadron counted Jong Ingwald the best herder in the country, and Jong held the same high opinion of his dogs, Nellie and Lute, it seemed as though utmost skill of dogs and man would be of no avail. Seamed and scarred with arroyos which the erosion of all the storms since time began had washed out, Peavine was dread country for driving.

At six o'clock the shepherd sent Nellie and Lute around the flock and made camp for the night. The month of May was half gone, but the wind blew chill down the ravine, with lowering clouds scudding in circular procession around the dim outlines of the peak. At seven, a few damp particles of snow drove over the ridge; ten minutes later the packman fled to the lowlands in a panic of fear. Jong Ingwald and his two dogs faced the storm alone, with five thousand bleating charges to save.

The camp lay on a small plateau at the junction of two ravines, and the flock formed into a huge, compact circle of bleating misery. Throughout the night Jong Ingwald paced wearily around, at intervals firing his gun, hoping to keep the coyotes from decimating his flock.

A gray dawn found the mountain eight inches deep in snow, and Jong thanked the shepherds' gods that matters were no worse. Shadron would be on the way with relief at daylight, and this thought cheered the herder. Knute Shadron would know just what to do.

A howling wind still raved through the pass, though the snow had ceased, and with steaming bodies the sheep huddled close, keeping the circle for another day, though Lute and Nellie watched their master's face imploringly for the signal to drive. The desertion of the cowardly Portuguese packman had left him foodless, but with graven face the shepherd paced his lonely beat. He knew Shadron would come, anything mortal man could do would be done. So for another night Jong walked, fighting the sleep that he knew was death. His faith in his owner was sublime, and he smiled delightedly as he remembered that he was the best herder in Nevada; Shadron had said it—and he knew.

In the night a warm breath of wind sifted through the ravines, and a cloudless, balmy May morning dawned, and with it came Shadron and the packman leading the burros.

In dull wonder Jong looked at the man's bruised features marked with welts that would abide until death. Then Jong understood; he had met Shadron and been forced to come back, having undergone the hand of justice as the flockmaster understood it. A look of desperate fear peered out of the swollen eyes, and a greater fear possessed him as he approached Shadron in obedience to a threatening gesture.

"Take this paper to the foreman, and get your time; I've no use for cowards."

"I thought we all die," began the deserter, but Shadron pointed silently to the trail, and the Portuguese skulked away.

Jong sat weakly down, and watched the flockmaster skillfully make a fire, and get hot coffee ready, first, however, feeding the dogs who fawned around them both. Shadron brought a cup of scalding coffee to Jong, putting one arm around him as he sipped slowly.

"I've always said that I had the best herder in Nevada, Jong; after this day I can go one better and call you the best in the West." Knute Shadron was a hard, masterful man, yet his herders would face death guarding his interests, and were made happy with a word, so Jong Ingwald smiled happily and was content.

Under the mellow rays of the spring sun, and fanned by a warm wind, the snow melted away in an hour's time. Ingwald unpacked his blankets, and spreading them upon a dry rock slept until noon, while Shadron drove on over the crest of the hill where mossy dells promised an abundance of good feed for the night. Jong rejoined the flockmaster as the evening sun waned in the west.

"You'll stay here and graze till I get a packman. There's feed in the dells below for three days." These were the sheepman's parting instructions.

"Hey, boss!" Shadron turned at the shepherd's call. "Would a man have done better by the sheep? I be go'd herd you say!"

"You've done well, Jong Ingwald, or you'd be on the road," replied Shadron curtly.

"I be at forty dollars wage; fifty he better," stammered Jong suggestively.

"You did your duty well, but forty is a shepherd's wage, and forty is what I pay." So speaking, Shadron rode away, leaving Jong staring gloomily at the ground.

"I need for the wife in old country, but he will not give more money. I be good herd an' save sheep," Jong muttered disconsolately, as Shadron disappeared in the sombre shadows of Peavine Mountain. Then the shepherd busied himself with the flock, sending Lute around for stragglers, while Nellie turned the head back until they clustered together for the night.

Jong cooked and ate his solitary meal with the camp-fire throwing weird shadows over the ravine. A man of the one idea, no feeling of resentment against the boss for refusing the raise entered his mind. Faithful service was his ideal; in this was reflected the heritage of generations of peasant ancestors. The Hungarian merely turned over in his mind the things he could have done with increased pay. In three months he would have enough to send home for his wife and children. Ten years he had worked for this, but then Jong Ingwald's family was large, including three children of his own, also his father, and his wife's father and mother, besides his wife's two little brothers. He needed much money, and ten dollars more every month would have greatly shortened the time of the reunion. So thinking, he made his bed under the stars, and lulled by the familiar low bleating of the flock, the herder fell into the dreamless slumber of the outdoors man.

At the dawn of day Jong awakened, bursting into the strains of a plaintive Hungarian melody as he rolled up his blankets. A few yards away a tanned, bearded stranger stood in the shade of a tree staring at the shepherd curiously. Jong stopped his song abruptly, and in response to his greeting the stranger came forward, leaving his horse tied to the tree.

"Would you like to earn a hundred dollars easy?" was the breath-taking reply to Jong's greeting.

"I be working; see the sheep," answered the herder, regretfully wishing that he could work at two jobs at the same time. The man came closer.

"It's easy earned on the proposition I'm going to make you," and here the stranger displayed five glittering twenty-dollar gold pieces. Jong's eyes glistened.

"But what I do for it; can't leave flock."

"There's a party coming down the old wagon road in a buckboard, an' a woman with a kid is in the rig. You keep them here five hours, see?" The man scrutinized the simple, strong face of the shepherd closely, and put the money in his hand. Jong looked doubtfully at him, and longingly at the money.

"I must not hurt them for this," he queried distrustfully.

"See here, partner! I've got to be moving, but you are my man for five hours. I trust you, for they're bad people, who jumped my claim, and I've got to beat them at their own game. You keep them five hours, and they can't make the record office in time, and I get my own, that's all." The stranger turned and rode away. Jong watched him traversing the ridge rapidly towards the valley with a feeling of uneasiness. The money would be nearly enough for two tickets from the old country, but he put it away in his bedding with an anxious mind.

As the warm sun mounted, the herder drove his sheep up the sheltered cañon where the rich grasses thrive around the sagebrush. A warm stretch of hill sloping to the south promised good feed with little danger of the flock scattering. The long morning droned pleasantly away, and Jong curled up in the shade of a clump of junipers watching the tortuous trail expectantly.

Noon came and passed, the sun declined towards the west, and the Hungarian wondered if the bad man with the woman and kid had taken the old mining trail, where the road had caved in.

The flock grazed peacefully and Jong drowsed in the warm shade until the squeaking of a dry axle painfully grinding over ruts aroused him. Around the bend came the expected buckboard, an antiquated rig drawn by a single horse, hony, thin, and lame.

The shepherd scanned the occupants curiously. The man was of slight physique, with a wan, worn look about him, as though the fires of life were far spent within him. His wife, a pallid-faced young woman, held in her arms a sickly child; typical wagon tramps was stamped on the rig and occupants.

"Can we feed and rest for a while at your camp, stranger?" asked the man, speaking in a slow and lifeless drawl.

Jong nodded assent and led the way to the cabin which stood at the end of the ravine by the old stock corral. The woman continued her crooning to the fretting child without speaking.

A great wave of pity swept through the mind of the Hungarian as he noted their wan and haggard appearance. What if they were not bad peoples, he questioned himself. But then most wagon tramps he had seen would steal from the sheep camps if not watched, and it would not be great harm to hold them a few hours. The stranger had said they were bad, and a man with so much money would not lie like other people. So Jong reasoned and stilled his conscience. Also he resolved to earn his money; nothing had would come of it. The faithful dog nature of the man proved his own undoing.

The stranger fed his horse and prepared a meal, boiling coffee and frying bacon, while his wife nursed the child, listlessly watching his movements.

After an hour's rest the prospector hitched up to resume his journey and bade the shepherd "good-bye."

"I've got to make Virginia City in two days; after that we're rich," he remarked, assisting his wife into the rig.

"I've no faith in it, John," the woman answered, "we've had misfortune all the time; I've no faith in it." Jong looked at them doubtfully for a moment, and then with a rapid twist of his muscular fingers unscrewed the nut off the wheel on the bank side. He watched them expectantly as the lame horse lurched forward in the shafts, limping painfully down the trail. If the wheel came off, the high bank would catch the axle, he thought, and they would not be hurt, and the delay would keep them all night, then the money would be his. Jong felt that this would be the easiest way of earning the sum which would aid his own happiness.

The frenzied barking of the dogs as the strangers departed warned him that coyotes were near the sheep. Jong ran for his gun, but stopped for a moment, standing as though petrified. A wild scream of terror and despair came from the direction taken by the prospectors in the buckboard.

No sound of war or peace shocks the nerves or strikes terror to the imagination as a woman's shriek for help. It probably had birth in the dawn of the world, when the male rushed to the aid of his mate struggling in the grip of some horrible monster.

Ingwald's face blanched as the echoes of the cañon rang to another piercing scream. As the sound died away down the wind, the shepherd covered the ground with long strides, and a pang of fear struck him as he came upon the overturned rig. By some freak of gravity the wheel held on to the dry axle until the bank had been passed, giving way to the jagged bed of a dry watercourse. There the wheel worked off, and the woman holding her babe was flung headlong into the bed of the creek.

When Jong, fearful of dire mishap, hurried up she was sitting upon the bank unharmed, sobbing and crooning to the child. A great livid bruise upon the temple showed Jong Ingwald that he was a murderer.

"God! aint it awful!" the man cried to Jong. "It was sickly and couldn't have lived long, but such a cute kiddy, too. Don't you think so?" As he spoke he watched the woman now hysterically crying, and his pallid face twitched helplessly; then he turned to Jong with a wistful appeal for sympathy in his eyes.

An hour later the two men lowered the body of the child wrapped in a crude canvas coffin deep into the ground. The woman sobbed her grief, but helped to pile a little mound of stones over the grave.

"We've got to get to Virginia, Sue," said the man kindly. "Some day we'll have money to come back for it."

The shepherd fitted the missing nut upon the wheel, and stood with set and expressionless features watching the strangers until the rig disappeared into the gathering gloom of night. Taking out the money from his bed, he threw it far down the ravine, and walked to the cabin. He fed the dogs, but touched not a bite himself.

"Lute," he called, and the dog walked slowly up, looking into his master's eyes. "You watch the sheep good; go." Lute wagged his tail and made his way around the flock, turning them for the night formation. Jong called Nellie and caressed her. "Maybe I not see you again, Nellie, but Shadron take care of you." Then he pointed, and Nellie bounded away, barking joyously as she helped Lute drive in slow or obstinate members of the band. When the moon peeped over the range the two dogs stood on guard over Shadron's five thousand sheep, alone on Peavine Mountain.

Two days later Shadron came with two packmen. Nellie and Lute still held the main band; for two days they had kept the vigil without food. Jong Ingwald had disappeared. Shadron estimated that one thousand head had strayed or been headed out by coyotes, and swore at his bad luck.

"I know Jong Ingwald," he cried; "it's death of some kind—he'd never deserted." Shadron was right—the scourge of conscience drove the man into breaking his trust. The flockmaster took charge of his own herd driving to the summer range, and on the thirtieth day the Hungarian returned.

In the half-light of the evening he staggered into the sheep camp where Shadron was cooking supper on a sagebrush fire. The flickering light playing on his features showed him haggard, wan, and wild-eyed—the mere ghost of the man that was. With quick glance the flockmaster noted Jong's wasted figure, and marveled greatly.

"How many sheep were lost, boss?" inquired Ingwald.

"About a thousand head, worth three thousand dollars on the range," replied Shadron quietly, adding, "What happened to you, Jong?"

"Ten years' herding will pay—eh?" queried the shepherd.

Shadron peered at him from beneath his shaggy brows and replied slowly: "I must know what made you desert, man, before you work for me—else I stand the loss." Shadron spoke kindly; for ten years the Hungarian had proved himself a faithful man. Ingwald sat down at Shadron's feet and looked gratefully up at the sheepman.

"The top," he whispered, "was crimson like blood," and he pointed a bony finger to the dim outline of the

peak. "The money was stained, for the man on the horse was bad, and I threw it away, and left the sheep. In Virginia I found the man and the woman who were too late. The bad man had the mine, and the woman cried for her baby. They had not money, so from the bank I took mine—all, and put in wagon while the man was away, and the woman sleeping. Then I came to herd for the lost sheep, for ten years—eh!"

Shadron listened and pieced the story together as Ingwald talked, and the furrows in his brow grew deeper. "I send money yet to family, but never to see them again, for the lost sheep I pay in ten years' life," concluded Jong.

The flockmaster paced around the fire. "I refused him ten dollars raise," he muttered, "and if fifty thousand sheep were lost I'd still be worth money."

Abruptly he turned to the shepherd and spoke. "Jong Ingwald, in storm and stress, for ten years you've guarded my interests. In the morning you'll go to Red Rock, and on my check send for your family. Your wages will be fifty dollars by the month, and Knute Shadron can well stand for the loss of his own sheep."

Jong flushed joyfully, and muttering an awkward "Thank you, boss," made up his bed. Knute Shadron, who was counted a hard man, went to sleep with a strange glow in his heart. Once in the night Jong awakened and saw by the light of the dying fire that the harsh face of the flockmaster looked quite soft and kindly, and that he smiled in his sleep.

PERCY WALTON WHITAKER.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1910.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD.

Gilbert K. Chesterton Gives His Views on the Family, Feminism, and Education.

Nothing daunts Gilbert K. Chesterton. Has he not explained Bernard Shaw? It is hardly surprising, then, that he should undertake to enlighten us on "What's Wrong with the World." But when the book is read with attention the discovery is made that after all Mr. Chesterton's world is quite a small affair; it is limited, in fact, to England and the out-of-joint conditions of that country. Perhaps, however, reformers in all parts of the globe have many points of likeness, and so far as that is the case Mr. Chesterton's remedy may have more than a local application.

At the outset he argues that the usual method of conducting a social inquiry is all wrong. It states the disease before finding the remedy; the sane method is to find the cure before we find the disease:

This is the arresting and dominant fact about modern social discussion; that the quarrel is not merely about the difficulties, but about the aim. We agree about the evil; it is about the good that we should tear each other's eyes out. We all admit that a lazy aristocracy is a bad thing. We should not by any means all admit that an active aristocracy were a good thing. We all feel angry with an irreligious priesthood; but some of us would go mad with disgust at a really religious one. Every one is indignant if our army is weak, including the people who would be even more indignant if it were strong. The social case is exactly the opposite of the medical case. We do not disagree, like doctors, about the precise nature of the illness, while agreeing about the nature of health. On the contrary, we all agree that England is unhealthy, but half of us would not look at her in what the other half would call blooming health. Public abuses are so prominent and pestilent that they sweep all generous people into a sort of fictitious unanimity. We forget that, while we agree about the abuses of things, we should differ very much about the uses of them. Mr. Cadbury and I would agree about the had public-house. It would be precisely in front of the good public-house that our painful fracas would occur.

I maintain, therefore, that the common sociological method is quite useless: that of first dissecting abject poverty or cataloguing prostitution. We all dislike abject poverty; but it might be another business if we began to discuss independent and dignified poverty. We all disapprove of prostitution; but we do not all approve of purity. The only way to discuss the social evil is to get at once to the social ideal. We can all see the national madness; but what is national sanity?

Three phases of modern life absorb Mr. Chesterton's attention: the family, the feminine question, and education. On the first of these, especially the "free family," he has much to say. He affirms that it is perfectly plain that a man can not be a free lover; he is either a traitor or a tied man:

It may be said that this institution of the home is the one anarchist institution. That is to say, it is older than law, and stands outside the state. By its nature it is refreshed or corrupted by indefinable forces of custom or kinship. This is not to be understood as meaning that the state has no authority over families: that state authority is invoked and ought to be invoked in many abnormal cases. But in most normal cases of family joys and sorrows, the state has no mode of entry. It is not so much that the law should not interfere, as that the law can not. Just as there are fields too far off for law, so there are fields too near; as a man may see the North Pole before he sees his own backbone. Small and near matters escape control at least as much as vast and remote ones; and the real pains and pleasures of the family form a strong instance of this. If a baby cries for the moon, the policeman can not procure the moon—but neither can he stop the baby. Creatures so close to each other as a husband and wife, or a mother and children, have powers of making each other happy or miserable with which no public coercion can deal. If a marriage could be dissolved every morning it would not give back his night's rest to a man kept awake by a curtain lecture; and what is the good of giving a man a lot of power where he only wants a little peace? The child must depend on the most imperfect mother; the mother may be devoted to the most unworthy children; in such relations legal revenges are vain. Even in the abnormal cases where the law may operate, this difficulty is constantly found; as many a bewildered magistrate knows. He has to save children from starvation by taking away their

breadwinner. And he often has to break a wife's heart because her husband has already broken her head. The state has no tool delicate enough to deracinate the rooted habits and tangled affections of the family; the two sexes, whether happy or unhappy, are glued together too tightly for us to get the blade of a legal penknife in between them.

But Mr. Chesterton does not lose sight of the fact that the home or family may be looked at from another point of view. He has no patience with the notion that domesticity is dull and tame:

For the truth is, that to the moderately poor the home is the only place of liberty. Nay, it is the only place of anarchy. It is the only spot on the earth where a man can alter arrangements suddenly, make an experiment or indulge in a whim. Everywhere else he goes he must accept the strict rules of the shop, inn, club, or museum that he happens to enter. He can eat his meals on the floor in his own house if he likes. I often do it myself; it gives a curious, childish, poetic, picnic feeling. There would be considerable trouble if I tried to do it in an A. B. C. tea-shop. A man can wear a dressing-gown and slippers in his house; while I am sure that this would not be permitted at the Savoy, though I never actually tested the point. If you go to a restaurant you must drink some of the wines on the wine list, all of them if you insist, but certainly some of them. But if you have a house and garden you can try to make hollyhock tea or convolvulus wine if you like. For a plain, hard-working man the home is not the one tame place in the world of adventure. It is the one wild place in the world of rules and set tasks. The home is the one place where he can put the carpet on the ceiling or the slates on the floor if he wants to. When a man spends every night staggering from bar to bar or from music-hall to music-hall, we say that he is living an irregular life. But he is not; he is living a highly regular life, under the dull, and often oppressive, laws of such places. Sometimes he is not allowed even to sit down in the bars; and frequently he is not allowed to sing in the music-halls. Hotels may be defined as places where you are forced to dress; and theatres may be defined as places where you are forbidden to smoke. A man can only picnic at home.

In view of all this, Mr. Chesterton affirms that as every normal man desires a woman and children, he also desires a home of his own to shelter them. Yet, he adds, Jones is homeless; in its place he is offered such Utopias as are described in "Anticipations" and "News from Nowhere."

Coming to the discussion of the mistake about man, Mr. Chesterton ridicules one of the catchwords of the hour:

The word comradeship just now promises to become as fatuous as the word "affinity." There are clubs of a Socialist sort where all the members, men and women, call each other "Comrade." I have no serious emotions, hostile or otherwise, about this particular habit: at the worst it is conventionality, and at the best flirtation. I am convinced here only to point out a rational principle. If you choose to lump all flowers together, lilies and dahlias and tulips and chrysanthemums and call them daisies, you will find that you have spoiled the very fine word daisy. If you choose to call every human attachment comradeship, if you include under that name the respect of a youth for a venerable prophetess, the interest of a man in a beautiful woman who baffles him, the pleasure of a philosophical old fogey in a girl who is impudent and innocent, the end of the meanest quarrel or the beginning of the most mountainous love; if you are going to call all these comradeship, you will gain nothing; you will only lose a word. Daisies are obvious and universal and open; but they are only one kind of flower. Comradeship is obvious and universal and open; but it is only one kind of affection; it has characteristics that would destroy any other kind. Any one who has known true comradeship in a club or in a regiment, knows that it is impersonal. There is a pedantic phrase used in debating clubs which is strictly true to the masculine emotion; they call it "speaking to the question." Women speak to each other; men speak to the subject they are speaking about. Many an honest man has sat in a ring of his five best friends under heaven and forgotten who was in the room while he explained some system. This is not peculiar to intellectual men; men are all theoretical, whether they are talking about God or about golf. Men are all impersonal; that is to say, republican. No one remembers after a really good talk who has said the good things. Every man speaks to a visionary multitude; a mystical cloud, that is called the club.

As clearing the way for his statement of the vital issues involved in the woman movement, Mr. Chesterton offers a preliminary word on "the unmilitary suffragette":

Well, to get this honest but unpleasant business over, the objection to the suffragettes is not that they are militant suffragettes. On the contrary, it is that they are not militant enough. A revolution is a military thing; it has all the military virtues; one of which is that it comes to an end. Two parties fight with deadly weapons, but under certain rules of arbitrary honor; the party that wins becomes the government and proceeds to govern. The aim of civil war, like the aim of all war, is peace. Now the suffragettes can not raise civil war in this soldierly and decisive sense; first, because they are women; and secondly, because they are very few women. But they can raise something else; which is altogether another pair of shoes. They do not create revolution; what they do create is anarchy; and the difference between these is not a question of violence, but a question of fruitfulness and finality. Revolution of its nature produces government; anarchy only produces more anarchy. Men may have what opinions they please about the beheading of King Charles or King Louis, but they can not deny that Bradshaw and Cromwell ruled, that Carnot and Napoleon governed. Some one conquered; something occurred. You can only knock off the king's head once. But you can knock off the king's hat any number of times. Destruction is finite; obstruction is infinite: so long as rebellion takes the form of mere disorder (instead of an attempt to enforce a new order) there is no logical end to it; it can feed on itself and renew itself forever. If Napoleon had not wanted to be a consul, but only wanted to be a nuisance, he could, possibly, have prevented any government arising successfully out of the revolution. But such a proceeding would not have deserved the dignified name of rebellion.

It is exactly this unmilitant quality in the suffragettes that makes their superficial problem. The problem is that their action has none of the advantages of ultimate violence; it does not afford a test. War is a dreadful thing; but it does prove two points sharply and unanswerably—numbers, and an unnatural valor. One does discover the two urgent matters; how many rebels there are alive, and how many are ready to be dead. But a tiny minority, even an interested minority, may maintain mere disorder forever.

Such being the superficial objection, Mr. Chesterton argues that a more important matter is that the success

of the feminist movement would contribute still more to the triumph of useless specialism at the cost of all-roundness:

The final fact which fixes this is a sufficiently plain one. Supposing it to be conceded that humanity has acted at least not unnaturally in dividing itself into two halves, respectively typifying the ideals of special talent and of general sanity (since they are genuinely difficult to combine completely in one mind), it is not difficult to see why the line of cleavage has followed the line of sex, or why the female became the emblem of the universal and the male of the special and superior. Two gigantic facts of nature fixed it thus: first, that the woman who frequently fulfilled her functions literally could not be specially prominent in experiment and adventure; and second, that the same natural operation surrounded her with very young children, who require to be taught not so much anything as everything. Babies need not to be taught a trade, but to be introduced to a world. To put the matter shortly, woman is generally shut up in a house with a human being at the time when he asks all the questions that there are, and some that there aren't. It would be odd if she retained any of the narrowness of a specialist. Now if any one says that this duty of general enlightenment (even when freed from modern rules and hours, and exercised more spontaneously by a more protected person) is in itself too exacting and oppressive, I can understand the view. I can only answer that our race has thought it worth while to cast this burden on women in order to keep common sense in the world. But when people begin to talk about this domestic duty as not merely difficult but trivial and dreary, I simply give up the question. For I can not with the utmost energy of imagination conceive what they mean. When domesticity, for instance, is called drudgery, all the difficulty arises from a double meaning in the word. If drudgery only means dreadfully hard work, I admit the woman drudges in the home, as a man might drudge at the cathedral of Amiens or drudge behind a gun at Trafalgar. But if it means that the hard work is more heavy because it is trifling, colorless, and of small import to the soul, then as I say, I give it up; I do not know what the words mean. To be Queen Elizabeth within a definite area, deciding sales, hanquets, labors, and holidays; to be Whiteley within a certain area, providing toys, hoots, sheets, cakes, and hooks; to be Aristotle within a certain area, teaching morals, manners, theology, and hygiene; I can understand how this might exhaust the mind, but I can not imagine how it could narrow it. How can it be a large career to tell other people's children about the Rule of Three, and a small career to tell one's own children about the universe? How can it be broad to be the same thing to every one, and narrow to be everything to some one? No; a woman's function is laborious, but because it is gigantic, not because it is minute. I will pity Mrs. Jones for the hugeness of her task; I will never pity her for its smallness.

Instead of upholding this lofty view of the place of woman, the modern position leads to what Mr. Chesterton calls the surrender of woman:

But in this corner called England, at the end of the century, there has happened a strange and startling thing. Openly and to all appearance, this ancestral conflict has silently and abruptly ended; one of the two sexes has suddenly surrendered to the other. By the beginning of the twentieth century, within the last few years, the woman has in public surrendered to the man. She has seriously and officially owned that the man has been right all along; that the public house (or Parliament) is really more important than the private house; that politics are not (as woman had always maintained) an excuse for pots of beer, but are a sacred solemnity to which new female worshippers may kneel; that the talkative patriots in the tavern are not only admirable, but enviable; that talk is not a waste of time, and therefore (as a consequence, surely) that taverns are not a waste of money. All we men had grown used to our wives and mothers, and grandmothers, and great aunts all pouring a chorus of contempt upon our hobbies of sport, drink, and party politics. And now comes Miss Pankhurst with tears in her eyes, owning that all the women were wrong and all the men were right; humbly imploring to be admitted into so much as an outer court, from which she may catch a glimpse of those masculine merits which her erring sisters had so thoughtlessly scorned.

Finally Mr. Chesterton turns his attention to education, or the mistake about the child. Here again his contention is that the modern world is on the wrong tack:

There has arisen in this connection a foolish and wicked cry typical of the confusion. I mean the cry, "Save the children." It is, of course, part of that modern morbidity that insists on treating the state (which is the home of man) as a sort of desperate expedient in time of panic. This terrified opportunism is also the origin of the Socialist and other schemes. Just as they would collect and share all the food as men do in a famine, so they would divide the children from their fathers, as men do in a shipwreck. That a human community might conceivably not be in a condition of famine or shipwreck never seems to cross their minds. This cry of "Save the children" has in it the hateful implication that it is impossible to save the fathers; in other words, that many millions of grown-up, sane, responsible, and self-supporting Europeans are to be treated as dirt or débris and swept away out of the discussion; called dipsomaniacs because they drink in public houses instead of private houses; called unemployables because nobody knows how to get them work; called dullards if they still adhere to conventions, and called loafers if they still love liberty. Now I am concerned, first and last, to maintain that unless you can save the fathers, you can not save the children; that at present we can not save others, for we can not save ourselves. We can not teach citizenship if we are not citizens; we can not free others if we have forgotten the appetite of freedom. Education is only truth in a state of transmission; and how can we pass on truth if it has never come into our hand? Thus we find that education is of all the cases the clearest for our general purpose. It is vain to save children: for they can not remain children. By hypothesis we are teaching them to be men; and how can it be so simple to teach an ideal manhood to others if it is so vain and hopeless to find one for ourselves?

Hence Mr. Chesterton's desire that instead of schools being inscribed with the notice, "For the Sons of Gentlemen Only," they might bear the legend, "For the Fathers of Gentlemen Only." This, indeed, is the gist of his argument throughout. Everything is wrong with the world; the remedy lies in beginning all over again and beginning at the other end. "We will go forward because we dare not go back." Consequently Mr. Chesterton has no use for socialism and its specious panaceas.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

OUR LADY OF ENERGY.

The Un-Aging Sarah Tries Vaudeville in London.

She came with a rush. She has been in a hurry ever since she arrived. In waking hours, of course; which divide the day about equally with the hours of sleep. She avers that that is the secret of her vitality. "She? Who?"

Why, madame, of course; the wonder of her age; Sarah the Divine, which is to say Sarah the only, the unique.

"But she's so old, must be at least—"

Hush! That's heresy not to be tolerated this side the Channel. On the other shore of the silver streak they may consult a "Who's Who" which descends to the base details of chronology; here in London town such trivial matters are of no account. Even a birth certificate, duly dated, and witnessed, and officially stamped, would be flouted as a forgery.

Only while she debated whether to come or not to come did madame relapse into repose. It was a novel idea that Sarah Bernhardt should appear at London's Coliseum. "Bizarre! Absurd!" She, the divine, on the stage of a music-hall; she, France's greatest daughter, as a "turn" in vaudeville! There was Olympia in Paris—would she ever appear there? Or the Moulin Rouge or the Folies Bergère—could they for untold francs command her art? *Nevair!*

But London? And the Coliseum? Were they not different? English music-halls were unlike those of France; "so superior to ours in atmosphere, tone, and programme, too." Then, "slowly I was forced to the conviction that the art of a French actress with any claim to unusual merit should be directed, above all, at the great mass of the people. Hitherto during my appearances in England my audience has been restricted to the ranks of theatre-goers—those, if I may say so, who represent, so to speak, the aristocracy of English playgoers. This, I have thought, ought no longer to be."

Quite a spell of quiet reasoning for France's *Notre Dame d'Énergie*. That over and decided, she became once more Our Lady of Energy. There was a little tour of twenty "one-nighters" in France to accomplish, the last stand being at Roubaix, where madame sought her bed at three by the clock on Sunday morning. Less than two hours later she was awake again, dressed, and breakfasted, and off on a motor run of a hundred miles to Boulogne. Thence by steamer to Folkestone on the English shore, which she reached at the hour when Sabbath-keeping Britishers were seated at their midday meal.

Not all of them, however. On the quay there waited the dapper figure of Sir Squire Bancroft, armed with a huge bouquet of lilies, roses, and lilies of the valley. 'Twas a pretty greeting. Madame had not seen her friend for some years, but she speedily signaled him from the crowd and hurried forward with both her expressive hands outstretched. She was all alert, her mobile features wreathed in smiles, her supple body instinct with vitality. Our Lady of Energy indeed!

Train to London? For the other steamer passengers no doubt, but not for madame. At the landing stage stood the motor of her granddaughter, Lisianne Maurice, and by the side of the car was a shy little maiden holding a bunch of lilies of the valley which almost hid her from sight. That, too, was for the divine Sarah, for the child's mother, thirty-nine years ago, had seen the great actress in "Phèdre," and had planned this little tribute for her new arrival on English soil. A kiss on each cheek was the flower-bearer's reward, and then the car headed swiftly for London town. "How lovely the country is," commented the indomitable traveler when she had reached the Carlton Hotel; "it's a sin to travel by railway through Kent."

For all the Sunday quietness of London, madame had no surcease from the interviewer. Nor did she desire it. Her few hours of sleep and her many hours of travel had left her as fresh and youthful looking as though just returned from a rest-cure. "Tired? Not at all. I'm very well indeed." But was she not afraid of the prospect of acting twice a day for four weeks on end at the Coliseum?

Such laughter greeted the question. Its merry ring, its unrivaled abandon is known the world over. "Afraid! What is one act twice a day to me? In America a few years ago I gave eleven performances in one week, and each meant five acts! Really, I never feel tired. Last night I was in Roubaix giving 'L'Aiglon.' We began at 8:30 and finished at 12:30. We had supper and chatted. I retired at three, rose at five, started for Boulogne at six, and here I am! My work is my life and I shall die on the stage, though I've been called immortal."

How does she do it? Apparently by emulating the example of her famous countryman, Montaigne, who also ate what he liked and ignored the advice of doctors. "And, yes, above all, I sleep a great deal—oh, ever so much. I don't usually get up early. I take all the sleep I want." But madame has much to attend to apart from her acting; countless callers to see, relatives to entertain, a prodigious mail to answer, arrangements to complete for her American tour, new parts to study, old parts to refresh, and—shopping.

Yet none of the entertainers on the programme of the Coliseum seemed as unwearied as she when she held the stage of that vast building in the white uniform of *L'Aiglon*, her willowy figure draped in her

white cloak. It was surprising how little she depended upon make-up: some powder, a dash of blue round the eyes, a touch of red on the lips—that was all. But how those magnetic eyes held captive the audience, how that soft, musical, golden voice thrilled her listeners! It was of no moment that not one in a hundred could follow the actual words of her swift dialogue; the meaning burned through the garb of speech and reached every heart. She had chosen the second act of Rostand's "*L'Aiglon*" as a representative act of a representative French dramatist, and her faith in the willingness of an English audience to accept an impersonation of Napoleon's son was splendidly justified. Besides, it gave her an opportunity to test once more her theory that men's parts are written with more intellectuality, with more brains, with greater introspection than those for women. From a box near the stage Mrs. Patrick Campbell watched the performance with absorbed interest, to find relief at the end in the exclamation which the entire audience would have adopted as its own—"She is wonderful, wonderful!"

LONDON, September 30, 1910.

PICCADILLY.

French War Aeroplanes.

Even to those who were most sanguine the results of the organized employment of aeroplanes in the French army manoeuvres in Picardy were a surprise (remarks the *London Spectator*). According to the testimony of all foreign observers, a new instrument of wonderful potency has been added to warfare, and some of the observers think that the innovation must mean a revolution in the methods of war. If aeroplanes are as useful for various military purposes as the French manoeuvres seem to prove, it is clear that something possibly more important than the invention of gunpowder, or the application of steam to ships, or the invention of torpedoes and submarines has been accomplished. A new military force has been introduced which operates in a universal element. Formerly one used to think of ships as free of the whole world, because the sea leads everywhere; and one's thoughts, as though to appreciate the immensity of this freedom, would turn pityingly to the spectacle of an army fettered to the country in which it found itself unless it were lifted out of its territorial prison and transported elsewhere across the seas. But the freedom of ships is as nothing compared with the freedom of aeroplanes, which move indifferently over land and water. A tribute of admiration is due to the French, who have organized the employment of these new instruments of war with extraordinary promptitude and enterprise. We read that the discoveries of the whereabouts of troops made by officers who were carried in aeroplanes caused plans to be hastily and radically changed; that a kind of paralysis seized one general, who recognized that his trump card of secrecy had been torn from his hand; and that it has ceased to be true that the destruction of railways, the blocking of roads, the cutting of wires, and the interference with wireless telegraphy prevent rapid communication between distant troops and their headquarters.

The census of the British isles next year will be the twelfth taken in England and the eleventh in the rest of the United Kingdom (observes the *Springfield Republican*). The British count of heads is decennial like our own and the singularity of its coming in an odd year is due to the fact that the first one happened to come in 1801. The original census bill was introduced in Parliament in November, 1800, and was quickly enacted into law, but it was then too late to send out the enumerators, and the first count was deferred until the following spring. The House of Lords was for nearly half a century an implacable opponent of a census of the population, fearing evidently a growth of sentiment politically antagonistic to the landed aristocracy as the result of the disclosure of the rapid growth of the commercial cities and manufacturing towns. The first census of England, in 1801, revealed a total population of 8,892,536, not much more than London has today.

Since the recently completed railway line across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec was opened, the traffic developments have been so huge that the Mexican government has now contracted with Lord Cowdray, the famous engineer, for the immediate doubling of the track, making with him a partnership agreement to that effect. There are fifteen steamship companies running vessels to and from Salina Cruz, the Pacific Ocean terminus, as also to and from Puerto Mexico, the Atlantic terminal, at both of which places modern facilities for handling cargo are in use. A significant fact is that a large amount of wheat from the western provinces of Canada is to be forwarded this year to Europe by the new Mexican railroad line. Two of the leading steamship companies of Japan are also in negotiation with the Mexican government for trade privileges by the Tehuantepec route.

One Paris lawyer has just had his name struck off the rolls because it was discovered that he acted as the regular legal adviser to the "apache" fraternity, from which he drew \$6600 annually in fees. One day recently he was engaged to defend an apache in a suburban court. His client was not satisfied with the lawyer's procedure in the case, and after a heated argument outside the court the client threw the lawyer into the River Marne.

OLD FAVORITES.

Wolfram's Dirge.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun tomorrow,
In eastern sky.
But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'T is deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And there alone, amid the heaving
Of Love's stars, thou 'lt meet her
In eastern sky. —Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

Tranquillity.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
Fear no more the lightning flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
—William Shakespeare.

A Dream of Autumn.

I heard a man of many winters say:
"Sometimes a sweet dream comes to me by night,
Fluttering my heart with pulses of delight,
In glory bright as day:
"Tis not the stir of manhood, nor the pain,
The flood of passions, and the pomp of life,
The toils, the care, the triumphs, and the strife,
That move my soul again;
"Ah! no, my prison-gates are open thrown,
There is a brighter earth, a lovelier sun,
One face I see, I hear one voice, hut one,
'Tis She, and She alone!
"It is a golden morning of the spring,
My cheek is pale, and hers is warm with bloom
And we are left in that old carven room,
And she begins to sing:
"The open casement quivers in the breeze,
And one large muskrose leans its dewy grace
Into the chamber, like a happy face,
And round it swim the bees;
"Sometimes her sunny brow she loves to lean
Over her harp-strings; sometimes her blue eyes
Are diving into the blue morning skies,
Or woodland shadows green:
"Sometimes she looks adown a garden walk,
Whence echoes of hiltie converse come and go,
And two or three fair sisters, laughing low,
Go hand in hand, and talk.
"And once or twice all fearfully she gazed
Up to her gray fore-fathers, grim and tall,
With faded brows that frown'd along the wall,
And steadfast eyes amazed.
"She stays her song: I linger idly by;
She lifts her head, and then she casts it down,
One small, fair hand is o'er the other thrown,
With a low, broken sigh;
"I know not what I said; what she replied
Lives, like eternal sunshine, in my heart;
And then I murmur'd, Oh! we never part,
My love, my life, my bride!
"And then, as if to crown that first of hours,
That hour that ne'er was mated by another,
Into the open casement her young brother
Threw a fresh wreath of flowers.
"And silence o'er us, after that great bliss,
Fell, like a welcome shadow; and I heard
The far woods sighing, and a summer hird
Singing amid the trees;
"The sweet hird's happy song, that stream'd around,
The murmur of the woods, the azure skies,
Were graven on my heart, though ears and eyes
Mark'd neither sight nor sound.
"She sleeps in peace beneath the chancel stone,
But ah! so clearly is the vision seen,
The dead seem raised, or Death hath never been,
Were I not here alone.
"Oft, as I wake at morn, I seem to see
A moment, the sweet shadow of that shade,
Her blessed face, as it were loth to fade,
Turn'd back to look on me." —Frederick Tennyson.

I Saw from the Beach.

I saw from the beach when the morning was shining,
A hark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The hark was still there, hut the waters were gone.
And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-time of joy we have known;
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.
Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night:—
Give me hark, give me hark the wild freshness of Morning
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.
Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame?
—Thomas Moore.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Max.

Against a typically Parisian background—compact of Bohemian cafés, studios, and artists' lodgings—Katherine Cecil Thurston has depicted a modern romance of unusual appeal. It is a study of sex, most welcome in these days of feminine "emancipation," a study of such penetrating force as to be a real message to the age without losing any quality of art. Max left Russia "to make a new life; I made myself a man, not for a whim, but as a symbol. Sex is only an accident, but the world has made man the independent creature—and I desired independence." Such is the theme of the story, which is developed in a most arresting manner with the elusive Max, otherwise Maxine, and Ned Blake, the hero, who can not explain the attraction he feels towards the young artist, as the chief figures. Almost to the last Maxine holds to her de-sexing, and indeed has sent her lover away as though for good, but then an experience in a café, where a duet preaches the lesson that the sum of life is not the holding of fair things but the giving of them, teaches Max that her happiest lot in life is not as Max, but as Maxine.

MAX. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

An Affair of Dishonor.

Thackeray's sub-title for his best-known book, "a novel without a hero," might have been adopted by Mr. De Morgan to qualify "An Affair of Dishonor." This is emphatically a novel without a hero, and that, to a large extent, accounts for its comparative failure. Sir Oliver Raydon is a consummate scoundrel when the story opens; he is not less a consummate scoundrel when the story closes, for the implication that he is on the road to a better character is wholly unconvincing. Now of course there are good and lovely women who are devoted to worthless men, but Lucinda is so long kept in ignorance of her lover's baseness and is then shown in such utter revolt from him that the subsequent reconciliation strikes the reader as a violation of probability. Sir Oliver may be admitted as drawn true to nature—the human nature of the period of the Restoration in England, when it was not uncommon for married men to lure away maidens from their homes and then fight duels with their fathers—but he is distinctly a case of a character not worth drawing, especially by Mr. De Morgan, whose pen has approved itself so capable of worthier uses. The story is quite a departure for Mr. De Morgan, and not one upon which he can be congratulated. His theme has driven him to the employment of uncanny dreams, and ghosts, and epileptic fits—all savoring of melodramatic methods foreign to his manner.

AN AFFAIR OF DISHONOR. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.75.

The Barrier.

As is generally the case in Mr. Bazin's novels, Roman Catholicism figures largely in this story. That faith, indeed, constitutes "the barrier" which divides the hero from his father, and the heroine from the man she loves. Those to whom such a theme is not a deterrent to enjoyment will find this study of the development of a young Englishman and his love for a spiritually minded French girl full of interest. Reginald and Marie are extremely likable characters and are drawn with much skill and sureness of touch. Nor are the subsidiary persons of the story less attractive. Marie's mother, for example, is of the winning French type, none the less adorable for her insularity. The only unsatisfactory feature of the story is that it leaves the reader in suspense as to the ultimate relations of Reginald and Marie, though the way is left open for the optimist to hope for the best.

THE BARRIER. By Rene Bazin. Translated by Mary D. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

Clever Betsy.

Despite the subtle compliment of Captain Salter in obliterating from his boat the name of *Gentle Annie* to make room for *Clever Betsy*, the spinster so honored took a wearisome time in the wooing. She was the captain's second choice, Annie being the first, even though he "nearly grew wall-eyed tryin' to look at you hoth at once." Annie, however, had been dead five years when he changed the name of his boat, and in the interval Betsy had become so wrapped up in the fortunes of the family to which she bore the dual relation of cook and housekeeper that she could not even contemplate the possibility of a change in life. However, the doughty captain was not daunted, even though Betsy's personal appearance was hardly of the type to fan and keep alive the flame of love. It will be seen, then, that Mrs. Burnham has deliberately handicapped herself in this story of commonplace life, but for all that she manages to enlist her reader's interest by the sheer force of absorption in the wholesomeness of unaffected human nature. Besides, there is a secondary love story which pays due tribute to the

lovely maiden and manly youth type of thing, in whose mating Betsy is an important factor. The pictures drawn by Rose O'Neill are a heavy weight for the story to carry, especially the frontispiece with its inane yearning on the faces of Rosalie and her lover.

CLEVER BETSY. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

The Shadow of a Titan.

Few recent novels have been so crowded with characters as this remarkable story. It must be confessed that it strains the attention somewhat to try to keep all the threads in hand, but the reward of succeeding is so great that the effort is worth while. And in any event the book deserves reading, and close reading, were it only for its style. Sometimes Mr. Wedgwood loses his own clews, as when on page 18 Miss Duckworth makes everything look small by her stateliness and on page 396 has become a "slim, scornful being." But Mr. Wedgwood is rarely at fault in his manner of writing, which is exceedingly vivid and often relieved with subtle humor. His ostensible hero is "the cleverest rascal Central America has produced," but the inimitable Major Waring takes most of the honors and is a distinct acquisition to the gallery of fiction.

THE SHADOW OF A TITAN. By A. F. Wedgwood. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The History of the Telephone.

How true may he as fascinating as fiction is admirably illustrated by Mr. Casson's deeply interesting history of the invention, development, and expansion of the telephone. It is a unique chapter in American history, for, as he states, "no other industrial organism of equal size owes foreign countries so little. Alike in its origin, its development, and its highest points of efficiency and expansion, the telephone is as essentially American as the Declaration of Independence or the monument on Bunker Hill."

Inventors should find this an encouraging hook. We all know how firmly established is the position of the telephone today, but when the invention was completed nobody wanted it. It was smiled at as "a scientific toy," which could never be "a practical necessity." Bell was assailed with ridicule as an "impostor," a "ventriloquist," and a "crank." And although there were hundreds of shrewd capitalists in 1876 on the lookout for business chances, not one of them wanted anything to do with the telephone. Mr. Casson follows the varying fortunes of the inventor and his invention with great zest, everywhere writing in an entertaining manner. Especially interesting are his chapters devoted to the development of the art and notable users of the telephone. Garfield was the first President to possess a telephone, but its first use in the White House on a large scale began with McKinley. Mr. Taft has "introduced at least one new telephonic custom—a long-distance talk with his family every evening when he is away from home." Wall Street, of course, makes generous use of the telephone, but "of all brokers the one who finally accomplished most by telephony was unquestionably E. H. Harriman. In the mansion that he built at Arden there were a hundred telephones, sixty of them linked to the long-distance lines. What the hush is to the artist, what the

chisel is to the sculptor, the telephone was to Harriman. He built a fortune with it. It was in his library, his bathroom, his private car, his camp in the Oregon wilderness. No transaction was too large or too involved to be settled over the wires. He saved the credit of the Erie by telephone—lent it five million dollars as he lay at home on a sickbed." Many photographs of instruments and portraits of men connected with the history of the telephone add considerably to the interest of Mr. Casson's readable book.

THE HISTORY OF THE TELEPHONE. By Herbert N. Casson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Hero Tales of the Far North.

Convinced that the heroes a man holds in regard are of greater importance than his mere material possessions, Mr. Riis here retells the story of some of the heroic figures of his native land, in the hope that every lad of northern blood will thereby be helped to cherish and emulate their spirit. He has confined himself to historic figures, and his gallery includes Hans Egede, Gustav Vasa, Absalon, King Valdemar, King Christian IV, Gustav Adolf, and Carl Linné. In each case Mr. Riis seizes upon the most salient and picturesque events in the lives of his heroes, and describes them in a direct and interesting manner. His sketch of the career of Linnaeus is particularly attractive, the reading of which can not fail to have a wholesome and inspiring effect. This, indeed, may be said of all the stories, for it is not necessary to make excuses for any of the heroes selected. And Mr. Riis argues that the immigrant American of northern blood will not need to harter any of these heroes for the great of their new home; "they go very well together."

HERO TALES OF THE FAR NORTH. By Jacob A. Riis. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Numerous admirable photographs, excellently reproduced in half-tone, are the distinguishing feature of W. I. Lincoln Adams's "Photographing in Old England" (the Baker & Taylor Company; \$2.50). In addition to chapters describing the places pictured, Mr. Adams offers some useful hints for the guidance of those photographing abroad.

Girl readers who were interested in "Dorothy Brooke's Schooldays" will be pleased to learn that Frances C. Sparhawk has written a sequel in "Dorothy Brooke's Vacation" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50). The vacation is spent almost entirely on a motor trip with a group of lively friends and there are many episodes of the kind dear to the girl-heart.

Much classical lore is presented in an entertaining fashion by F. A. Farrar in "Old Greek Nature Stories" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50 net), which is also notable for its thirty-two capital illustrations after famous pictures and pieces of sculpture. The book explains how the Greeks looked at nature, enumerates the chief gods and goddesses of Olympia, and tells numerous stories of nature life as seen by the poetic Greek mind. It is an eminently readable and fascinating volume.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Homer in Hexameters.

According to the incidental remark in his introduction, Mr. Cummings intends this new translation of the Iliad for the ordinary reader. Hence its abbreviated nature. He knows that the Iliad is not too long for the scholar or student, but thinks it is otherwise with those who are neither the one nor the other. Still, Mr. Cummings has rendered fully half of the poem, including all the main story and the most celebrated passages. He makes no apology for translating Homer in his own meter, holding that hexameter is not more alien to the English language than any other Greek meter, that it is the "most powerful rhythm ever devised by man," and that its use is essential if the swiftness of Homer is to be reproduced. Seeing, then, that Mr. Cummings has a popular rather than a learned audience in view, the test of the measure of his success will be whether his version is sufficiently readable to enter into competition with the many already in the field. As a sample the concluding lines of the first hook may be cited:

Thus they the whole day long till the sun sank down to his setting
Feasted, and nothing they lacked which heart could wish at a banquet,
Neither was wanting the beautiful lyre, which was touched by Apollo,
No, nor the Muses, who answering sang with ravishing voices.
Now, when the sun, that glittering light, had gone to his setting,
Ready to sleep the gods went home to their several houses,
All which Hephaistos had made with the cunning skill of a craftsman.
Zeus, too, went to his bed, the Olympian lord of the nighting,
Where he had slumbered of old when balmy sleep overtook him,
Thither he went to his rest, with high-throned Hera beside him.

In his introduction Mr. Cummings affirms his belief in at least three great authors having shared in writing the Iliad, but adds that this conviction as to divided authorship increases rather than lessens the interest of the poem.

THE ILLAD OF HOMER. Translated into English hexameter verse by Prentiss Cummings. 2 Vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Aylmer Maude, whose study of the later years of Tolstoy is announced, is fully qualified to write of the Russian novelist and reformer. He has walked with him, played chess with him, swam with him, lived in one of the many Tolstoy colonies, and, in conjunction with Mrs. Maude, has to his credit a long list of some of the most faithful translations of his master's writings. The proof-sheets of the forthcoming biography have been read by Tolstoy and his wife.

Eleanor H. Abbott, the author of "Molly Make-Believe," comes of a line of writers, she being a granddaughter of "Rollo" Abbott, a daughter of Edward Abbott of the Boston *Literary World*, and a niece of Dr. Lyman Abbott. "Verses, stories, book reviews, and advertisements," says Miss Abbott, "have comprised my writing endeavors." She has twice won a thousand-dollar prize for short stories.

Marie Corelli is to break silence shortly with "The Devil's Motor," described in advance as a scathing indictment of the modern haste to get rich.

In its book form May Sinclair's "The Creators" will contain many passages not included in the serial issue. When she was last in America she sat beside Mark Twain at a luncheon and waited diffidently for him to begin the conversation. Returning the compliment, he waited too, but finally turned to her with, "Child, child, do not be so hoisterous."

Talleyrand's vivacious niece, the Duchess de Dino, was not impressed by Balzac. In her diary she noted after a meeting with the novelist that "he is a heavy and vulgar character. I had already met him in France, but he left me with a disagreeable impression, which has now been strengthened."

For the opening scenes of his new novel, "The Lost Ambassador," E. Phillips Oppenheim avails himself of the out-of-the-way cafés of Paris, which he is in the habit of frequenting, and then removes his characters to the fashionable hotel in London affected by the novelist when he goes to town.

Anna Bowman Dodd, whose popular "Three Normandy Inns" has appeared in a new edition with delightful photographs by that eminent camera expert, Robert Demachy, has lived for so many years in France that she no longer regards herself as an American. Her time is divided between her summer home in Normandy and her winter home in Paris, the latter being frequently the scene of many notable literary gatherings.

In less than five years no fewer than five hundred volumes have been issued in Everyman's Library, that admirable series of the best books for which E. P. Dutton & Co.

are the American agents. It is the intention of the originator, Mr. Dent, to add to the set another five hundred volumes at the rate of a hundred a year, not chosen at random, but on a planned system such as will make the series "a great national library for the English people."

Rebecca Harding Davis, the mother of Richard Harding Davis, and herself a story-writer of distinction, has died in her eighty-first year. She was among the earliest contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and later was for several years on the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*.

Among the new books announced for early publication by Paul Elder & Co. are "The Complete Cynic"; "The Hump Tree Stories," by Mary Joss Jones; "The College Freshman's Don't Book," by George F. Evans; and a new edition of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," edited by Arthur Guiterman.

At Southsea, England, which is adjacent to the birthplace of Dickens, has died at the age of eighty-one a woman for whom the claim was made that she was the original of "Little Dorrit," her father having been a close friend of the novelist. This is the second claimant for the honor, and is enhanced by the assertion that the lady's brother was the original of "Tiny Tim."

Elinor Glyn has gone to Russia for the scenes of her new novel, which, *mirabile dictu*, is to have a man and not a woman for its dominant character.

Although Balzac has been dead sixty years, his debts are still a cause of trouble to those who have the care of the Balzac Museum in Paris. The treasury claims arrears for rates and taxes, and threatens to seize the effects of the museum unless a sum of about two hundred dollars is forthcoming.

New Books Received.

NOVELS.

A MAN'S MAN. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net.

By the author of "The Right Stuff," that admirable study of a Scotsman which has been universally praised.

THE SHOON'S DAUGHTER. By Robert Ames Bennett. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A picturesque study of Japan prior to the modern period, with an aristocratic Southerner for a hero.

KNIGHT OF THE BORDER. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

An exciting story of the days when the Indians were holding the Western frontier.

THE YARDSTICK MAN. By Arthur Goodrich. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel of American life with unconventional characters and lively episodes.

LEONORA. By Frances Rumsey. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

Leonora is a girl who tries to "live by theories instead of by natural rights" with startling results.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. By Charles Tenny Jackson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

Introducing a group of characters symbolical of the mission of America in the world.

FIRST LOVE. By Marie Van Vorst. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

A love story of winning quality in which the eternal passion triumphs over formidable obstacles.

THE MERCY OF FATE. By Thomas McKean. New York: Wessels & Bissell Company; \$1.20 net.

A self-made American millionaire is the hero of this story, which shows how persistent the faults of early youth may be.

LORD ALISTAIR'S REBELLION. By Allen Upward. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50.

Another socialistic novel, with the scenes laid for the most part in England.

A DIXIE ROSE. By Augusta Kortrecht. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

This love story is specially adapted for girls in their teens.

THE IMPOSTOR. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

A stirring tale of old Annapolis in the days of Governor Sharpe.

THE DOOMED CITY. By John R. Carling. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.50.

Jerusalem is the city of the title, the centre of the old, proud, unbending Judaism which is the theme of the story.

THE DE BERCY AFFAIR. By Gordon Holmes. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.50.

Concerned with a murder mystery and the obstacles it creates in a love passion.

THE CREATORS. By May Sinclair. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

London life and London literary folk have engaged Miss Sinclair in this vivid story which holds the balance between family happiness and creative work.

THE GUILLOTINE CLUB. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

Four stories, the first introducing once more the characters of "A Diplomatic Adventure."

JUVENILE.

RAINY DAY PASTIMES FOR CHILDREN. By Baroness Louise von Palm. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.

Chapters on paper cutting, stenciling, straw and bead work, and many other interesting and instructive pastimes.

TWO BOYS IN THE TROPICS. By Elisa Halde-

man Figyelmesy. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

A story of the tropics based upon authentic knowledge of the various animals and plants found in British Guiana.

HEARTS AND CORONETS. By Alice Wilson Fox. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Depicts the joys and sorrows of an English girl who attains the happiness she deserves.

THE FLINT HEART. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

A fairy story of Dartmoor, the period being that of the Stone Age, "the liveliest age before history."

LITTLE GIRL BLUE. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net.

A charming little story of a live doll who had to live in the woods until she learned to say "please."

THE CRASHAW BROTHERS. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

Another breezy story of boy's life at St. Timothy's School, with two star athletes as chief characters.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF MOREL AEROPLANES. By Francis A. Collins. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

Gives a brief history of the story and evolution of the flying machine and full instructions how to make and fly models.

THE BROWNIES' LATEST ADVENTURES. By Palmer Cox. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

Recalls the old favorites and introduces some new friends. Pictures and verse in Mr. Cox's inimitable style.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND OTHER ADDRESSES IN ENGLAND. By Joseph H. Choate. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

Eleven addresses delivered during Mr. Choate's term as ambassador in fulfillment of President McKinley's instruction to "promote the welfare of both countries."

THE LURE OF THE ANTIQUE. By Walter A. Dyer. New York: The Century Company; \$2.40 net.

A "book of ready reference for collectors of old furniture, china, mirrors, candlesticks, silverware," and other antiques.

HUNTING WITH THE ESKIMOS. By Harry Whitney. New York: The Century Company; \$3.50 net.

Recording the experiences of fourteen months' residence with the Eskimos, whose life the author shared in every detail.

A HOOSIER ROMANCE. By James Whitcomb Riley. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50 net.

An unusually dainty gift book, exquisitely illustrated by John Wolcott Adams. The poem, "Squire Hawkin's Story," has long been a favorite with all Mr. Riley's admirers.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$3 net.

A new edition, rewritten in parts and the rest carefully revised, of what is perhaps the best of Mr. Winter's books.

ANCIENT MYTHS IN MODERN POETS. By Helen A. Clarke. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$2 net.

Sets forth how poets from Hesiod to Shelley

have dealt with the Prometheus legend, and how the moon and sun myths have been handled in verse from the Homeric hymns to Keats.

CHARLES DE BOURBON. By Christopher Hare. New York: John Lane Company; \$4 net.

Describes in a thorough manner the startling career of that descendant of St. Louis who was high chamberlain and constable of France.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING STUDIES. By Samuel Parsons. New York: John Lane Company; \$2 net.

Designed to show "by picture and pen how some problems of landscape gardening were solved" by the author.

FOUR HONORED GOOGE STORIES. Collected by Robert Rudd Whiting. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.

A good collection of anecdotes in which, wisely, the editor has not attempted to distinguish between the new and the old.

THE UNITY OF RELIGIONS. Edited by J. Herman Randall and J. Gardner Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2 net.

Twenty-two lectures on ancient and modern beliefs by scholars representing all phases of religious thought.

LIPS OF MUSIC. By Charlotte Porter. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Encouraged by the favorable reception of her verse in the leading magazines, Miss Porter has collected about a hundred and fifty poems in this volume.

PLAIN FACTS ON SEX HYGIENE. By William Lee Howard. New York: Edward J. Clode.

Designed to destroy that ignorance which Dr. Howard thinks is the greatest danger of society.

THE DAY OF THE COUNTRY CHURCH. By J. O. Ashenbush. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1 net.

Pleads for the country church as equal in importance with the hand that rocks the cradle.

CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM. By Mrs. Henry Jenner. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

An addition to the admirable "Little Books on Art" series and shows how Christian symbolism influenced early art.

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE. By Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence. New York: The John McBride Company.

An argument for the Baconian authorship of the plays of Shakespeare.

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"THE WITCHING HOUR."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Augustus Thomas's dramas have always been determinedly original, and individual. So much so, indeed, that timid managers, when called upon to appraise them, have been prone to dread running counter to popular preference. But since there are fashions in plays as well as in garments, it happens, fortunately for the pioneers in initiative, that the public grows as weary of the latest thing in plays as women do of last season's styles.

What a refreshment to the mind, then, when we are all weary of a sameness of models, to witness a play that has new ideas, new characters, new situations, new motives. In "The Witching Hour" Augustus Thomas is very much up to date in introducing and adapting to dramatic purposes the psychic element that is now attracting the attention and investigation of even the most conservative savants of Europe and America.

It is a subject that could very easily be handled in such a way as to seem melodramatic and "arranged." But Mr. Thomas has shown admirable discretion and moderation in his treatment. Except for a certain fixedness of effect during the first interview between Jack Brookfield and Justice Prentice, when the latter seemed too obviously to be acting the belief of having heard spoken the unuttered words that had bridged the space between two strongly subjective minds, the psychic element in the story was accepted by the audience as natural and credible.

So much is being written nowadays on the subject by unsensational scholars that the public is gradually recognizing that that man is a fool who has never become aware that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the ulu-by-thumb scientist.

The motive used in the play of the curious effect produced by the catseye jewel upon a sensitive, susceptible, highly nervous temperament brings to mind hosts of stories we have read or heard, of those strange, instinctive aversions toward inanimate things with which certain peculiar organizations are sometimes afflicted. Mr. Thomas's ingenuity in working it into a series of highly dramatic scenes with a common-sensical finale, which need seem almost an anti-climax were it not so thoroughly satisfying both to the sympathies and to the understanding, wins the admiration and approval of the audience, and makes a success of a fourth act which threatened to be merely perfunctory.

Fine play though it is, "The Witching Hour" does not give as thorough an effect of the inevitability of its events as should characterize the very highest type of drama. But it offers us a very pleasant aspect of human nature, even as seen in the proprietor of a gambling house, and some delightful and stimulating character contrasts.

The picture of Justice Prentice, gentleman of the old school, and upright and incorruptible justice of the Supreme Court, is followed with growing affection and sympathy by the audience. Almost unconsciously to ourselves it touches our national pride that such modestly picturesque figures of true gentlemanhood do exist in what seems on the surface a big, bustling, commonplace republic full of vulgar, dollar-chasing, good-hearted, humanity.

Mr. Mason's Jack Brookfield offers one of the character contrasts already mentioned. Jack is so thoroughly informed on all subjects of life and the average human being, and though he has tasted of many cups he knows so well the sweetness of that of the domestic brew. In his red plush retreat—which, by the way, however well suited to flashy gambler tastes, is a credit neither to those of Jack Brookfield nor to Clay Whipple, who modestly boasts to his sweetheart of having assigned—be contrives, out of business hours, to gather around his hearthstone friends and indeed that he loves with the wholesome affection of a man of sound, true heart. Yet how well Mr. Mason's make-up expressed the character of "a man who hadn't lived by the highest light he knew."

He made Jack Brookfield likable, even lovable—a man of chivalrous nature, a natural field and protector to the womanly in women and the weak in men. A man, like many other men, made for the good and noble things of life, but wandering afield for lack of the safe anchor of home affections. Yet to this man of knightly soul Mr. Mason

gives, quite truly and logically, the quick, curt, humorous utterance, the clear, unblurred understanding, and the world-stained countenance of one who has lived hard.

The scene in the second act, beginning so quietly with the two old men playing chess in Justice Prentice's room, which, in its sober good taste, offers the inevitable contrast that a gentleman's room should to the living-room in a gambler's house, is but a prelude, perhaps, to the highly emotional scene which follows. But it is one of the prettiest scenes in the play, affording us, as it does, a more intimate view of the Justice, the dear old fellow in the shelter of whose sweetness, whose gentle courtliness, whose uprightness, no happy woman has ever rested. The Justice, in the winter of his days, is alone with his memories, which twine around an ivory-backed miniature of a lovely girl. Like Jack Brookfield, he has the inconvenient trait of loving but once. So he plays chess with his friends, pressing upon them with courtly grace a social glass of, we feel sure, some old-fashioned brew, and enjoys his favorite books, from one of which he reads a passage to Justice Henderson, a man of matter-of-fact mind, who listens polite, but uncomprehending. The contrast between the two men, the goodness of both, but the fine fibre of the one as shown against the prosaic, strictly literal nature of the other's mind, is delicately indicated. And we recognize, too, how the man of finer mold is so often forced to go solitary through the world, enjoying his pleasures alone.

Harry Leighton gave a well-executed sketch of this striking portrait of a fine old gentleman, and rose to the occasion in that scene when the Justice, with the high authority of absolute integrity, refuses to the daughter of the girl he had loved in his long-past youth to abate one jot of the reserve and inaccessibility which should hedge about the decisions of a justice of the Supreme Court.

The scene was highly charged with emotion of a pure and elevating character, and both Mr. Leighton and Miss Grace Reals were able to contribute strongly to the response in the audience aimed at by the dramatist, although it is conceivable of there being a still finer and more rarefied manner of playing it which should make the appeal more searching. Miss Reals rose to the several occasions in which she was called upon to express emotions of the keenest material anguish, although in the lighter scenes her acting, as acting, was more patent.

Clinton Preston's Clay Whipple shows study. The actor, with his restlessness, his strained attitude, his rapid utterance, and the slightly hysterical tone in his voice suggested that strain of exaggerated nervousness in the youth's composition which led to the catastrophe.

Harry West's Frank Hardmuth, while not devoid of good points, is too explosive, too highly stressed. But W. E. Butterfield's Colonel Bayley is a very pretty piece of work. Colonel Bayley is merely one of the social figures that come and go in Jack's interior, but Mr. Butterfield makes a typical figure of the old Southerner. His Southern accent is just right—not too insistent—and his play of feature admirably suitable.

Taken as a whole, the company is good, and the performance generally first-class, without raising to unusual heights of excellence, except in the case of John Mason, who is fitted with a rôle so suited to him in every way that he has cause to be profoundly grateful to Providence and Augustus Thomas. Compare this, for instance, to that dreadfully wooden rôle of the French deputy in "Leah Kleschna." How he must have hated it! Any man who can exercise Mr. Mason's flexibility of vocal expression could not help but hate it.

An idea of the importance of the tour of the Imperial Russian Ballet from the Royal Opera Houses of St. Petersburg and Moscow may be obtained from the statement of Count Centaninni of the Metropolitan Opera House that the entire scenic equipment from the "Theatre du Chatelet" of Paris and Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will be sent along with the company, which is headed by Anna Pavlova and Michael Mordkin, besides which a symphony orchestra of forty of the Metropolitan's best players will accompany the tour. There will be ten principal and twenty-four secondary dancers, and among the works to be given are "Coppelia" and "The Arabian Nights." The dancers will be seen here during the winter season.

Sir John Hare is to appear again upon the New York stage in the spring, negotiations having been completed. He will be seen in "A Pair of Spectacles," "A Scrap of Paper," "The Gay Lord Quex," and Barrie's "Little Mary." Nearly ten years have elapsed since his last visit.

No French chef will tolerate a substitute for grape wine vinegar. Ask your grocer or family wine and liquor dealer for the Italian-Swiss Colony's new brand (white). It is wholesome, pure, and has a rich flavor.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Three Twins," which comes to the Columbia Theatre on Monday, October 17, with Victor Morley and Bessie Clifford in the leading rôles, is essentially a laugh promoter, and yet that is far from the best part of it, for the novelty staging, and the songs are splendid. The "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," with its seven ages of cuddling, is a pathetic stage picture. The "Yama Yama" song, which created a sensation in New York at the Herald Square Theatre, is another one of the many song hits; in fact, there are many good things in "Three Twins." Of the novel effects the most important are the dancing Yama Yama chairs, the faceograph, and the gigantic electric aerial swing. This swing is the largest electrical effect ever staged and is illuminated with two thousand electric lights, revolving at a rapid rate with six show girls in the baskets singing. Beside Mr. Morley and Miss Clifford, the company includes Ida Poetz, W. H. Woodside, Florenz Kolb, Frank Smith, Eddie Bowers, and a chorus of sixty people. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday. The Wednesday matinees will have a popular scale of prices—\$1, 50c, and 25c.

Viola Allen in "The White Sister" opens an engagement of two weeks at the Savoy Theatre next Monday night. It is some time since the star has been in San Francisco, and her welcome will be a hearty one. "The White Sister" is a dramatization of F. Marion Crawford's powerful story, and in it Miss Allen won a triumph with the first presentation which has continued. Her rôle is one which gives full scope for her powers, and the display of the technic of which she is a master. Miss Allen is accompanied by James O'Neill, the sterling actor, and a great supporting company, including Minna Gale and Henry Stanford. The scenic grandeur of the play will sustain the high standard of the Liebler productions. Matinees Thursday and Saturday. No Sunday performances.

The Orpheum bill for next week will be headed by La Tortajada, the famous Spanish beauty and celebrated dancing dramatic star. In the chief capitals of Europe hers is a name to conjure with, and her engagement for a very limited tour over the Orpheum Circuit is of importance. For her American tour Tortajada has selected a protean operetta which was one of her greatest Parisian triumphs, called "Adventure of a Toreador," in which she plays the entire cast of four parts and introduces the Spanish dance. John P. Wade, a well-known character actor, will present next week a one-act Southern play called "Marse Shelby's Chicken Dinner," with a company of three. The story illustrates the pride of a Southern gentleman who is overtaken by poverty and the devotion of his ancient negro servant, who clings to him in his dire distress. Mr. Wade as Jefferson Jackson Monroe has a splendid rôle. Paul Quinn and Joe Mitchell will appear in their diverting skit, "The Land Agent," which will particularly appeal to those who have ever dabbled in real estate. The idea of "The Land Agent" was suggested by a recent land scandal near New York, where lots were sold from an attractive map chart, but when the purchasers went to look at their property they found it covered with water during high tide. The Flying Martins, who are known wherever a circus or hippodrome exists, as they have been the premier double-trapeze performers of the circus ring for several years, will prove a thrilling incident of the new programme. Their offering is both daring and graceful. Next week will be the last of Meyers, Warren, and Lyon, the Six Abdallahs, the Joseph Adelmann Family, and Hal Stephens in his impersonations of famous actors.

Henry Miller, with his excellent company, is nearing the close of his successful engagement at the Columbia Theatre in "Her Husband's Wife" and "Frederic Le Maitre."

John Mason and the excellent company in his support in "The Witching Hour" are filling the Savoy Theatre nightly. The engagement is for one week only. The play and company are reviewed elsewhere.

Lillian Russell, "The Dollar Princess," "Polly of the Circus," "The Fortune Hunter," and Blanche Walsh are among the attractions booked for the Columbia Theatre in the near future.

Vera Michelena and Philip Branson are in the cast of "The Girl in the Train," a musical comedy adapted from the French, which was produced last week at the Globe Theatre in New York.

Year after year an old farmer had listened in grim silence to the trains thundering by his land. Finally, one day, his patience at an end, he dropped his plow and shook his fist at the passing express. "Ye can puff an' blow all ye like, gol durn ye," he cried, "but I'm goin' to ride ye Saturday!"

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This Sunday evening—Last time of JOHN MASON in "The Witching Hour" Starting Monday, Oct. 17—For Two Weeks No Performance Sunday
VIOLA ALLEN
Accompanied by JAMES O'NEILL, Minna Gale, Henry Stanford and other eminent artists, in "THE WHITE SISTER" By F. Marion Crawford
Night and Sat. mat. prices, 50c to \$2. "Pop" mat. Thurs., 25c to \$1. Seats at the Theatre and Emporium.
Next—Clyde Fitch's last play, "The City."

GARRICK THEATRE ELLIS STREET at Fillmore
Beginning Next Monday Night
Seventh and Last Week
BEVANI GRAND OPERA COMPANY
Monday evening, benefit for Call's relief fund in aid of Mount St. Joseph's Orphanage, "Love Tales of Hoffman"; Tuesday evening, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci"; Wednesday evening, "La Traviata"; Thursday evening, "Martha"; Friday evening, "Lucia"; Saturday matinee, "Rigoletto"; Saturday night, "Aida"; Sunday matinee, "Il Trovatore"; Sunday night, Monster Farewell Programme.
Reserved seats, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Sutter and Kearny Streets. Box-office tomorrow at Garrick.

VANITY FAIR.

Consternation will reign among the Four Hundred in New York when they learn how a lady of title ridicules that phrase of "Smart Set" in which they take so much pride. The satirist is Lady Dorothy Nevill, whose prolonged experience of society under five sovereigns enables her to speak with authority. She says:

"The adjective 'smart,' which has now come into such extended use, was not in former days, I think, much heard outside the servants' hall. I can not imagine what the great ladies of other days would have thought and said had some one been introduced to them, and, on making inquiry, been told 'she is quite smart.' According to their old world ideas, such an expression would rather convey the idea of some kitchen maid dressed up in her Sunday best—they would certainly not have regarded it as a flattering description of a lady or a gentleman. The exact qualifications for admission into the 'smart set' (to which birth and talents are certainly no passport) would appear to be rather obscure. Wealth judiciously applied would seem to be the most necessary qualification to insure the possessor's entry into a circle which is nothing if not extravagant. It should, however, be added that on the whole these people do little harm, for their amusements are generally more silly than vicious, and their life, in spite of the obloquy to which it is occasionally exposed, is probably no worse than the rest of the world's. Card-playing, dining, and chatter, varied by practical jokes—or what pass for jokes—are, after all, not crimes. Conversation in the true sense of the term the 'smart set' neither likes nor understands, though not a few of its members are very apt and quick at their own kind of personal banter and somewhat rapid repartee."

More than twenty years have passed since the veteran English statesman, Joseph Chamberlain, came to America for his second wife and established an Anglo-American matrimonial alliance which has been free from all reproach. The spirit in which he went about his wooing is tersely put in a letter just published, written to a lady who opposed his choice on general principles. "I am going to America," he wrote, "to marry Miss Endicott, one of those American girls whose importation into this country you once deprecated so strongly in my hearing. You said, 'I like the Americans very well, but there are two things I wish they would keep to themselves: their girls and their tinned lobster.' I am ready to give up the lobster, so you must be prepared to like the girl." In view of her splendid record as an ideal wife, Mrs. Chamberlain has no doubt long since been excepted from that category which she ought to have shared with canned goods.

When George Ticknor was in England more than seventy years ago he was often amazed at the length of time spent over the two formal meals of the day, breakfast and dinner. It was nothing unusual for the former to last for a couple of hours, while a dinner might start at eight-thirty and be protracted till midnight! And the courses were as many and substantial as the meals were lengthy. But times have changed. With regard to dinners recent years have witnessed, says a qualified observer, considerable alteration as to the number of dishes. Formerly a constant subject of complaint with regard to dinner parties was that there were too many courses, but if things go on as they have been going of late, guests will soon begin to complain that they have had no dinner at all, the fashionable modern tendency being to give a very light *entrée* in place of the joint, which now seldom figures on a menu. This and another *entrée*, soup, a little fish, and a very light sweet seem to be considered sufficient dinner for even a large party; and those guests who do not care for the *entrées* get practically no dinner at all. In addition to this, everything is served at such lightning speed that it is as much as one can do to swallow the few mouthfuls called dinner before one's plate is snatched away.

Nor does that exhaust the tale of woe. In keeping with the scrappy dinner, the drinkables are being overhauled. Time was when no dinner-table was complete without its sherry, its claret, its champagne, and its port. And they were well plied, those hotties. Arthur Pendennis and the amorous curate were not the only diners who said "We'll have another bottle, old boy, hy Jove, we will." Had they not the illustrious example of Sheridan, who drank five bottles at Brook's, besides a hottie of Maraschino? Whisky helped to obliterate those fine "three-bottle" days, but now a still deeper depth of degeneracy has been reached. The tippie of the hour is barley water! Not merely for old fellows in martyrdom to gout and indigestion, but for the young "bloods" of society.

Jean Paul's gospel that the wagging of women's tongues served a good purpose in keeping the air in circulation is lost upon the

burgomaster of Hattersheim, a thriving town in Hesse. So persistent an epidemic of prosecutions for libel and slander has ravaged the town that its municipal father has issued a proclamation designed to check the garrulosity of the feminine population.

While the men folk are hard at work, says this document, the women fritter away their time in gossip and quarreling. The training of the children is neglected and the household suffers from their lack of care. When the bread-winner comes home at night the day's events are untruthfully narrated to him. Then he must betake himself as the protector of his angry wife to the police, to a solicitor, or to an arbitration court. Such is the family life of many who seek vainly for domestic happiness. All teachings that woman should busy herself at her own fireside, drive scandal-mongers out of her house, and provide a comfortable home for her husband and children are lost on such persons.

But what can even a burgomaster do? Victims of domestic turmoil will scan with anxious curiosity the climax of this municipal ukase, only, it is to be feared, to be somewhat disappointed at the remedy suggested. It is to the mild effect that henceforth poor relief will be given only in exceptional cases to people who involve themselves in scandal prosecutions, and that the police have been instructed to compile a list of quarrelsome persons for the special information of landlords and tenants. This seems tame for the land of the mailed fist and is hardly likely to be a successful remedy in the home of the big stick. If the burgomaster had given orders for the making of a set of ducking-stools and scolds'-bridles he would have been hailed as the benefactor of his age.

Plagiarists have a new excuse. When convicted of conveying the ideas of others, they should take refuge in a pork pie. This may seem occult until the case of the town of Leicester in England is explained. That thriving community has been indulging in what has been called a "homecoming" celebration, the suggestion of which is attributed to a pork pie. It appears that a citizen conceived the idea of sending one of those delectable eatables to "an old Leicester man in Milwaukee, Illinois," who, to the accompaniment no doubt of copious draughts of "the beer that made," etc., devoured the savory relish with great gusto. And as he devoured—so the pretty legend runs—memory grew busy with the past. "Why not," wrote the pie-eater to the pie-sender, "send out to all the world an invitation to old Leicester boys to meet in a given week in the old town?" The idea meant such a boom for pork pies, that it was acted upon, with the "homecoming" celebration as a result. This is all most commendable, but why drag in the pork pie? The Milwaukee man must have learned something about "Old Home Weeks" in the land of his adoption, and he might have credited America with his suggestion instead of charging it to the account of that pork pie. Anyhow, the pork pie is a toothsome morsel which fully deserves all this publicity. The amazing thing is that it has never been transplanted to American soil.

Sand has usually been thought to have a limit to its usefulness. As a substitute for a clock or a piece of blotting-paper it is somewhat obsolete, but it yet has its place in sand-blast cutting, provides a snug home for certain kinds of eels, holds heat for chemical operations, and is indispensable in the manufacture of that polishing paper which bears its name. That seems to exhaust the list. Never was there a greater mistake. A new and wholly unique use for comminuted rock has been discovered by a Spanish lady, who recorded her find in her will in these terms: "As to my sisters, nieces, nephew, brother-in-law, and cousin, nothing, nothing shall come to them from me but a bag of sand to rub themselves with. None deserves even a good-bye. I do not recognize a single one of them. It is useless even to communicate my death to them; they have too much abused and lied against me." Compilers of dictionaries and encyclopædias will please note this addition to the usefulness of sand.

As the matrimonial advertisement flourishes exceedingly in American newspapers, to the shameful profit of those newspapers and the fleecing of many silly dupes, a warning from Italy as to how they lead to the defrauding of victims may put a few on their guard. Having exhausted various other devices for obtaining money he had not earned, an ingenious Sicilian named Marullo turned his attention to the matrimonial advertisements which appear in most Italian newspapers, entering into correspondence with forty or fifty ladies of various nationalities, to whom he represented himself as answering all the requirements which they desired in a husband. When he had thus become rather numerously engaged he borrowed a little money and started on a tour of Italy, Germany, and France, in order to visit his various fiancées and arrange the details of their marriage. Needless to say that from each fiancée he carried away something, either in valuable

presents, or money to invest, or for the furnishing of their future home. He then returned to his native Sicily, leaving the brides-elect to prepare their trousseaux; but shortly afterwards they were one and all plunged into the depths of woe by receiving a printed notice, purporting to be from the father of their fiancé, announcing the sad news of the sudden death of his son, who was thus unfortunately prevented from fulfilling his matrimonial engagement.

Eggs for the asking! That doesn't harmonize with the clamant cry of the higher cost of living. It's a fact, anyway. No less a person than the American vice-consul at Capetown vouches for the validity of the assertion. It is true they are different eggs—that is, they are not the hen variety. At least not the barnyard hen as known in these regions. Yet they are hen's eggs, for who ever knew of cock's eggs. Perhaps the clearest way to put it is they are different hen's eggs. Eggs are confusing in any event. For they are so much alike; that's the trouble. It was all very well for that ancient of Delphos to claim that he could distinguish between eggs, and, having many hens, could tell which laid which. He lived before the days of Missouri and "show me." At all events, what would become of our mental outfit if we were to be robbed of the egg as our choicest example of things which are the same?

But eggs for the asking is the point. The vice-consul at Capetown announces that any merchant of the United States can have a small shipment of eggs for paying transportation. Perhaps it's time to add that they are penguin eggs, which a Capetown contractor is anxious to introduce to the American palate. Some epicures vote them a great delicacy, and no doubt they have a great future on the menus of "smart" cafés. The vice-consul is candid as to their merits; he says their yolk has a "fishy" taste which needs "disguising" in the cooking. This is truthful, but hardly necessary. Civilization has accustomed the palate to an ancient if not a fish-like taste in eggs long ere this, and a slightly different twang would be a furious novelty.

No matter how passionately mere man may long for more color in his clothes every effort to effect a revolution has failed thus far. Nor is it to be any different this winter. The decree has gone forth once more that sombre hues are to prevail among well-dressed men. The only hope for the color-scheme male lies in his handkerchief. Even the reign of the resplendent sock is over. Brown is to be the chief color in clothes; dress waistcoats remain set at white piqué or black velvet; hats are to be as they were; tie-pins, if worn at all, must be "simple and expensive"; ties themselves are to be limited to black, black and white stripes, or dark blue with a large white spot. But there is one ray of hope. "Pyjamas must be white silk, with violet braid fastenings." And a violet silk dressing-gown will be quite the thing.

Discussing the problems of married life, William G. Gordon makes a plea for more courtship after marriage. There are some men, he says, who seem to consider that their marriage certificate is a sort of fully paid-up policy on marital happiness. They act as if the courtship days were those of paying premiums of compliment, cheerfulness, courtesy, consideration, and chivalry, and that marriage makes unnecessary all further assessments of lover-like attention. They may some time awaken to the realization that the only way to get an absolutely guaranteed insurance on matrimony is—to keep paying the pre-

miums. Countless first-class marriage policies have lapsed just because of these imprudently suspended payments. Courtship after marriage is a kind of matrimonial thermostat; it automatically keeps the home atmosphere at the proper temperature. When the heat of a fervid discussion threatens to scorch the respect of the two for each other and hot words of blame and protest make even asbestos in the room conscious of warmth when the cold, cutting air of a sneer or a biting sarcasm makes it seem that some one must have left an iceberg on the doorstep, the courtship wisdom comes to the rescue with that fine instinctive tact of the heart.

One of the most unique dining clubs in London is that known as the Sette of Odd Volumes, which was founded in 1878 and meets once a month from October to June. It consists of twenty-one volumes, or members, that being the number of the volumes of the Variorum Shakespeare published in 1821. There are also twenty-one supplementary members, who succeed to full membership as vacancies occur. The twenty-one rules of the club include the following:

Any Odd Volume losing his temper and failing to recover it shall be fined by the president the sum of five shillings.

Discussions about anthropology, religion and politics shall be put down by the president.

Any Odd Volume giving to another Odd Volume unasked advice shall be fined by the president.

No Odd Volume shall talk unasked on any subject he understands.

No Odd Volume's speech shall last longer than three minutes; if, however, the inspired Odd Volume has any more to say he may proceed until his voice is drowned in the general applause.

Volumes have to address each other as "Your Oddship."

A monument in commemoration of the heroic charge of the French cavalry on September 1, 1870, at Sedan, has been unveiled at Floing. Floing is two kilometers from Sedan, and it was there that the opening ceremony was held, after a banquet had been served under a tent in full view of the monument. The monument, the work of the sculptor, Guillaume, consists of a colossal statue symbolizing France giving the military salute while she lowers towards recumbent figures at her feet the flag for which they shed their blood. A *haut relief* of Poitou stone represents the famous cavalry charge, which provoked the historic eulogy of King William as he witnessed the heroism of the French soldiers: "Ah, les braves gens!" The structure more than thirty feet in height, is described as being singularly impressive. Many survivors of the war crossed the frontier from Alsace and from Lorraine to attend the ceremony.

A recent death has again drawn attention to the peculiar spelling of the names of Harrington, French, and others written with the small "ff." In the old days legal scribes always represented the capital F by two fs and this custom lasted among engrossing clerks and attorneys until about seventy years ago. People seeing their names spelled in the old deeds in this way imagined that they had discovered the true and ancient method of writing their name.

"Every time the automobile breaks down I notice you examining your State license." "I do that for encouragement. The license says I'm competent to operate the machine." —Houston Chronicle.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A member of an eminent St. Louis law firm went to Chicago to consult a client. When he arrived he found that he had unaccountably forgotten the client's name. He telegraphed his partner, "What is our client's name?" The answer read, "Brown, Walter E. Yours is Allen, William B."

Chief Kohler of the Cleveland police has a detective who, if reports are true, works by investigation rather than by deduction. It is said that this sleuth, examining a jeweler's window that had been broken, muttered sagely: "Umph! This is more serious than I thought. It's broke on both sides."

A newly elected Western senator was pounding his desk and waving his arms in an impassioned appeal to the Senate. "What do you think of him?" whispered Senator Kean of New Jersey to the impassive Senator Knox of Pennsylvania. "Oh, he can't help it," answered Knox. "It's a birthmark." "A what?" "A birthmark," repeated Knox. "His mother was scared by a windmill."

Robert Smith, a brother of Sydney Smith, and an ex-advocate-general, on one occasion engaged in an argument with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions. "I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men." "No," retorted Smith; "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

A. M. Downes, late secretary of New York's fire department, related at a dinner a fire story. "At the end of the first act of a drama," he said, "a man leaped hurriedly to his feet. 'I heard an alarm of fire,' he said. 'I must go and see where it is.' His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared. 'It wasn't fire,' he said, on his return. 'Nor water, either,' said his wife, coldly."

Simeon Ford was discussing the ethics of speech-making: "It was a long and tedious speech, but I listened attentively. I like to have people to listen to my speeches, you know, and turn about is fair play. Well, I'm glad I did listen, because if I hadn't I'd have missed one of the best windups I ever heard. 'And now,' said the speaker, just as we were all ready to drop off to sleep, 'as Lady Godiva remarked when she was returning from her ride, 'I am drawing near my clothes.''"

From a crowd of rah-rah college boys celebrating a crew victory a policeman had managed to extract two prisoners. "What is the charge against these young men?" asked the magistrate before whom they were arraigned. "Disturbin' the peace, yer honor," said the policeman. "They were givin' their college yells in the street an' makin' trouble generally." "What is your name?" the judge asked one of the prisoners. "Ro-ro-robert Ro-ro-rolls," stuttered the youth. "I asked for your name, sir—not the evidence."

Postmaster-General Hitchcock, on his return from Europe, said he would at once resume the organization of the postoffice savings banks. "This work," he added, "must be conducted carefully and scientifically. You can't establish postal savings banks as the cobbler of my native Amherst repaired clocks. A visitor to the cobbler's shop noticed one day a barrel half full of tiny brass cog-wheels. 'Why,' he said, 'what are all those for?' 'Goodness knows,' answered the cobbler, with a careless laugh, 'I get about a cupful out of every clock I mend.'"

The battle was going against him. The commander-in-chief, himself ruler of the South American republic, sent an aide to the rear, ordering General Blanco to bring up his regiment at once. Ten minutes passed; but it didn't come. Twenty, thirty, an hour—still no regiment. The aide came tearing back breathless, breathless. "My regiment! My regiment! Where is it? Where is it?" shrieked the commander. "General," answered the excited aide, "Blanco started it all right, but there are a couple of drunken Americans down the road and they won't let it go by."

At a London dinner recently the conversation turned to the various methods of working employed by literary geniuses. Among the examples cited was that of a well-known poet, who, it was said, was wont to arouse his wife about four o'clock in the morning and exclaim, "Maria, get up; I've thought of a good word!" Whereupon the poet's obedient helpmate would crawl out of bed and make a note of the thought-of-word. About an hour later, like as not, a new inspiration would seize the hard, whereupon he would again rouse his wife, saying, "Maria, Maria, get up! I've thought of a better word!" The company in general listened to the story

with admiration, but a merry-eyed American girl remarked: "Well, if he'd been my husband I should have replied, 'Alpheus, get up yourself; I've thought of a bad word!'"

Two chorus ladies were at one of Victor Herbert's concerts on complimentary tickets. "My," exclaimed one of them with a glance at her programme, "hasn't Mr. Herbert a tremendous repertory!" "Well, I wouldn't exactly say that," replied her friend, "but he is getting pretty fat."

Some time ago a crowd of Bowery sports went over to Philadelphia to see a prize-fight. One "wise guy," who, among other things, is something of a pickpocket, was so sure of the result that he was willing to bet on it. "The Kid's goin' t' win. It's a pipe," he told a friend. The friend expressed doubts. "Sure he'll win," the pickpocket persisted. "I'll bet you a gold watch he wins." Still the friend doubted. "Why," exclaimed the pickpocket, "I'm willin' to bet you a good gold watch he wins! Y' know what I'll do? Come through the train with me now, an' y' can pick out any old watch y' like."

Nat Goodwin was describing a Turkish bath he once had in Mexico: "My rubber was a very strong man. He laid me on a slab and kneaded me and punched me and banged me in a most emphatic way. When it was over and I had gotten up, he came up behind me before my sheet was adjusted, and gave me three resounding slaps on the bare back with the palm of his enormous hand. 'What in blazes are you doing?' I gasped, staggering. 'No offense, sir,' said the man. 'It was only to let the office know that I was ready for the next bather. You see, sir, the bell's out of order in this room.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Modern Version.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat her fill,
She had a bird's wing on her hat,
And Jack—he had the bill.
—New York Times.

The Awakening.

I dreamed of her I once loved best,
Who once my being had possessed,
Whose hand I'd passionately pressed.
Once more I sought her out with zest.
"She'll joy to welcome me," I guessed.
And then, ah me!
That it should be,
With bitter pain
I guessed again.
I found a bird in last year's nest,
With plumage rare
Of yellow hair,
With her sweet golden head at rest
Upon the vest
He wore on his protruding chest!
—Harper's Weekly.

Another Proposition.

All summer she has kept her sleeves
Rolled up—her arms are brown;
But home again, with work to do,
She promptly rolls them down.
—Detroit Free Press.

To Still Her Sole.

A young lady who lives in Adair
Tried to sneak out of church during prayer,
But the squeak of her shoes
Annoyed those in their pews,
So she sat in the aisle in despair.
—Chicago Tribune.

Ballade of Summer Outings.

Some to sail where the sea is blue
And the skies are clear and the hays are deep;
Some for the woods where the cares are few,
And the winds blow sweet and the hills are steep,
Where the pines are tall and the black bass leap
And the streams sing songs as they gently flow,
Some for the places where hoard is cheap,
But the most fun's figuring where to go.

Some for the meadows agleam with dew,
When at night the lengthening shadows creep,
Where every morning brings knowledge new
Concerning the cows and the colts and sheep;
Where the nights are only for restful sleep,
And one may help with the rake or hoe
Or gladly watch while the reapers reap,
But the most fun's figuring where to go.

Some o'er the sea for a month or two,
To view cathedral or donjon-keep;
To search for some slender, long-hidden clew
Within a historical rubbish heap;
Some for the plains where the breezes sweep
Some for the beaches where bathers sweep,
Such forms as would make any artist weep,
But the most fun's figuring where to go.

L'ENVOI.

Sir or madame, perhaps to you
This sounds like folly, I do not know;
Your outing may be a success, 'tis true,
But the most fun's figuring where to go.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

In society the current week has been marked by the inauguration of the teas and bridge parties, which are to figure largely in the scheme of the winter's pastimes.

The belief that there will be a greater number of balls than usual this winter has not been verified as yet, as there were no cards sent out this week for debutante dances, while several of the season's buds announced that they would make their debut at a reception and tea.

There has been much preliminary entertaining for the debutante during the past six days, and these courtesies have taken the form of luncheons with the exception of the two large teas given by Miss Ethel McAllister and Miss Mildred Whitney in honor of the Misses Otis.

Miss Florence Ives has been the motif for a number of luncheons during the week, and as her marriage takes place on October 19 the next few days will be filled with pre-nuptial affairs in her honor.

Prior to the departure of the last Oriental steamer, which took a number of society people to Japan, Mrs. Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., and Mrs. Robert Coleman, among others, were entertained at farewell dinners and luncheons.

The one large dance of the week was monopolized by the younger set, who will be entertained at a series of affairs of the same nature during the winter.

Mrs. Henry T. Doyle has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Margaret Marshall Doyle, to Mr. Raymond S. Harris of Sacramento. The wedding will take place this winter.

The wedding of Miss Mary Josselyn and Mr. Ettore Avenali takes place Saturday at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn at Woodside. Miss Linda Cadwalader will be the maid of honor and her fiancé, Mr. Lorenzo Avenali, will act as best man. The two bridesmaids will be Miss Myra Josselyn and Miss Marjorie Josselyn.

The wedding of Miss Lalla Wenzelberger and Lieutenant William Henry Shea, U. S. M. C., will take place November 16 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wenzelberger, on Steiner Street. Miss Lottie Collier will act as bridesmaid, the matrons of honor will be Mrs. Adolphus Graupner and Mrs. George Chase, and Lieutenant Hugh Robinson will fill the office of best man.

The wedding of Miss Catherine McCord and Major Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., will take place Saturday at the home of the bride in Milwaukee. Major Winn has a host of friends here, as he was General McArthur's aide-de-camp while the general commanded the Department of California, and his daughter, Miss Dora Winn, is one of the season's debutantes. Major Winn and his bride will make their home for the present at Fort Leavenworth.

The date of the wedding of Miss Caroline Bauer and Mr. Theodore Wores has been set for November 7 at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. C. Bauer, on Buchanan Street. It will be a small family affair.

The wedding of Mr. Sellar Bullard and Miss Bessie Smith of Chicago took place Saturday at the bride's home in Highland Park. Mrs. E. D. Bullard went East to attend the wedding, and Miss Marie Bullard, who accompanied her, acted as maid of honor at the wedding. Mr. Bullard and his bride will make their home in Chicago.

Miss Ethel McAllister was hostess at an elaborate tea on Saturday in honor of her cousins, Miss Frederika and Miss Cora Otis. Those who assisted in receiving the guests were Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. James Otis, Jr., Mrs. Allan McDonald, Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Dora

Winn, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Maude Wilson, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Joy Wilson, Miss Lillian Whitney, Miss Anita Maillard, and Miss Cora Smith. Among those present at the reception were Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fry, Miss Florence Hunt, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Helen Pennwell, Miss Elizabeth Brice, Miss Gertrude Cresswell, Miss Nora Evans, Miss Marian Mathieu, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Dorothy Boericke, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Towne, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Ethel Wrampelmeir, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Isabel Chase, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Muriel Williams, Mrs. Walter Greer, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Rhoda Niebling, Mr. Effingham Sutton, Mr. Harry Miller, Mr. Irwin Richter, Mr. Sherman Kimball, Mr. John Cassell, Mr. Andrew Cassell, Mr. Harry Rolfe, Mr. Perry Evans, Mr. William Goldsborough, and Mr. Herbert Gould.

Miss Mildred Whitney and Miss Lillian Whitney were hostesses at an informal tea at their home on Thursday in honor of the Misses Otis, who will make their debut this month. Among those present were Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Wilmet Holton, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Joy Wilson, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Gertrude Perry, Miss Miriam McNear, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Enid Gregg, and Miss Elyse Schultze.

The wedding of Miss Julia Dent Grant and Mr. Edmund C. King of Portland took place Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Woods at Adrian, Michigan. The marriage is of interest to local society, as the bride has visited here often as the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and has many friends in San Francisco.

Mrs. Joseph Sisson entertained at one of the large bridge parties of the season on Monday afternoon. Among her guests were Mrs. Squire Varrick Mooney, Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Leffingwell, Mrs. Hammersmith, Miss Beatrice Lyons, Miss Kathleen Booth, Miss Laura Farnsworth, Mrs. Frank Ames, Miss Amy Raisch, Mrs. G. Langs, Miss Adele Martel, Mrs. J. C. Myerstein, Mrs. Groos, Mrs. Ankle, Mrs. G. Richardson, Miss Georgia Hammon, Mrs. Harry Umben, Mrs. James McNab, Mrs. John P. Young, Miss Lucile Levy, Mrs. Frank Kerrigan, Mrs. Walton Thorne, Miss Helen Hibbs, Mrs. Waldron, Mrs. E. D. Hibbs, Mrs. R. S. Browne, Mrs. John Baker, Mrs. Frederick McWilliams, Mrs. Joseph Masten, Mrs. F. Rudolph, Mrs. George Gale, Mrs. Bush Finnell, and Mrs. Charles Plum.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling was hostess at a luncheon this week at which she entertained in honor of Mrs. Walter Remington Quick, who left for her future home in New York on Monday.

Miss Frances Martin was a luncheon hostess Monday at her home in Ross, at which she entertained in honor of Miss Mary Dimmick, who is visiting here from the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar de Pue entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening at their home in honor of Judge and Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet, and with their guests afterward attended the Shakespearean recital of "The Tempest" at the Hotel St. Francis, where they occupied a box.

Mrs. George C. Boardman will formally present her granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn, to society at a reception which she will give at her California Street home on Saturday, October 22.

The first Junior Assembly was given at California Club Hall on Friday evening. The guests included the younger set, the members of which will not be introduced to society for a season or two. The patronesses, who received the guests, are Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Van Dyke Johns, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Frank T. Wilson, Mrs. Alexander McCracken, and Mrs. Bowie Detrick. Among those present were Miss Gertrude Hopkins, Miss Mildred Calhoun, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Miss Genevieve Bothin, Miss Helen Walsh, Miss Martha Sutton, Miss Ruth Perkins, Miss Lucile Johns, Miss Marie Russell, Miss Florence Bandman, Miss Margaret Stoney, Miss Frances Stoney, Miss Florence Stoney, Miss Marian Baker, Miss Dorothy Barry, Miss Eunice Calvin, Miss Marian Stovel, Miss Eugenia Masten, Miss Evelyn Waller, Miss Isabel McCracken, Miss Robina Henry, Miss Sara Wright, Miss Florence Kirchen, Forbes Wilson, George Hotelling, Albert Ball, Van Dyke Johns, Paul Sagan, Charles O'Brien, Hermann Schussler, Jr., Sherwood Chapman, Albert Hood, Philip Finnell, Harold Block, Stokley Wilson, Warren Wilson, Lawrence Waller, Louis Jeffries, James Jeffries, Thomas Benson, Beverly Letcher, and Bowie Detrick.

Miss Wilmet Holton entertained a group of the younger girls at luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday.

Miss Johanna Volkman entertained at a luncheon at her home in honor of Miss Ruth Kales of Oakland, whose wedding with Mr. Thomas Knowles will take place October 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood entertained at a dinner on Monday evening to celebrate their tenth wedding anniversary. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mr. and Mrs. John Medan, Mr. and Mrs. Kellam, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Stadtmuller, Mr. Robert Porter, and Mr. William Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Sefton, Jr., entertained at a supper party at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday evening. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kellogg, Mr. Henry Miller, and Miss Crews.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick entertained at a dinner on Sunday night, at which their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering, Miss Rhoda Pickering, and Miss Louise McCormick.

Miss Leslie Page was a luncheon hostess at the Town and Country Club on Tuesday.

Mrs. Fanny McCreary was hostess at a luncheon on Friday at the Francesca Club in honor of Miss Florence Ives.

Mrs. Charles Groos, Jr., and Mrs. George J. Haney were hostesses at a tea at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday, at which they entertained one hundred guests. Among those present were Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. F. W. McWilliams, Mrs. Joseph Sissons, Mrs. Clement Bennett, Mrs. Horatio

Bonestell, Mrs. E. D. Hibbs, Mrs. Fillmore White, Mrs. E. G. Rodolph, Mrs. Frank Kerrigan, Mrs. Charles Plum, Mrs. Joseph Martin, Mrs. E. Crawford, Mrs. Fred Knight, Mrs. Effingwell, Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith, Mrs. J. M. Long, Mrs. C. O. Scott, Mrs. John Ankel, Mrs. Edward Prentice, Mrs. William P. Waldron, Mrs. William Perkins, Mrs. Fred Lloyd, Mrs. Albert E. Sykes, Mrs. William Westerfeld, Mrs. Stauf, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mrs. J. W. Thorne, Mrs. Charles Fay, Mrs. Charles Myerstein, Mrs. Downing, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Clayburgh, Mrs. Pruet, Mrs. Gerritt Livingston Lansing, Mrs. A. Heyneman, Mrs. E. R. Bryant, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., Mrs. W. H. Obear, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Noble Eaton, Mrs. E. Van King, Mrs. John Baker, Jr., Mrs. James McNab, Mrs. William Matson, Mrs. Gartenlaub, Mrs. Dent Robert, Mrs. Ernest Hueter, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. Squire Varrick Mooney, Mrs. C. H. Wilson, Mrs. James Black, Mrs. Bush Finnell.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker entertained a dozen friends at the Town and Country Club on Saturday in honor of her sister, Miss Florence Ives.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery, who have permanent apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, entertained at dinner on Thursday, having as their guests Dr. and Mrs. McNutt. The dinner was one of the most beautiful that has been served at the Fairmont this season.

CURRENT VERSE.

Love is a Weed.

Passion's a flower;
Oppressed by too much tending,
It will die,
Its future life depending
On laugh or sigh.

Love is a weed;
Despite all harsh neglecting,
Want and woe,
Or crushed in arm protecting,
It still will grow.

—Annie P. Hampton, in Smart Set.

The Stranger.

Serious-minded little maid,
Wondering and half afraid,
Half inclined to speak with me,
Half disposed to let me be;
Hesitating yet, and shy,
Half a twinkle in your eye,
Half in doubt and half in fear,
Staying neither far nor near.

How I wonder what you see
With those eyes that question me;
What the instinct bids you know
If I may be friend or foe;
Fawnlike, full of grace and sweet,
Ready with fast flying feet
In the orchard's deepest shade
To find cover, little maid.

Grave and curious little lass,
Like a wild bird in the grass,
Still intently watching me,
With your wings half spread, to see
If my smile buds good or ill,
Willing to make friends and still
Undecided if to stay
Here and near or fly away.

Serious-minded little maid,
When, with smiles and unafraid,
O'er the lawn you come to me,
Stranger to you though I be,
When your curious eyes have tried
Soul with mine and, satisfied,
Looked still into mine and smiled,
Blessed am I, little child.

Blessed am I to be just
Worthy of your childish trust,
More than conqueror of kings
When the wild bird of your wings
Bids you fly not forth but see
Something tender, kind in me;
O, the gladness you have laid
At my heart's gate, little maid!

—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

The Trail.

It measures the boundless distance,
Led by wild ways that run
Hither and thither in chase of the Winds
That worship the Northern Sun:
The Trail! which, never ending, was never yet
begun.

In the dip of the far horizon
Trembles the Morning Star;
To the heights of the fathomless ether
Nor lock, nor bolt, nor bar;
The Trail! God's finger heaving to the new
Home afar.

No sound in that void of Silence
Save call of bird to its mate,
Or cry of the lone coyote
At the bars of hunger's gate;
And the heart is drawn by the wondrous dawn,
or some mysterious Fate.

The Trail hath a storied splendor:
Tepee and Indian Mound;
Where the glory of God is chanted
By no sacrilegious sound;
Where the dumb brute bays His praise through
Nights profound!

Here the haunts of men are bounden
By the links of Custom's chain;
There you find embosomed freedom
In the heart's exquisite pain,
And thereafter will he heard the cry, "O, give
me the wilds again!"

The Trail hath no languorous longing;
It leads to no Lotus land;
On its way dead Hopes come thronging
To take you by the hand;
He who treads the Trail undaunted, thereafter
shall command!
—From "Derby Day in the Yukon," by Yukon
Bill.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller will return this week from New York, where she went to place her daughter in school.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin and the Misses Laura and Mildred Baldwin returned Saturday from a six weeks' trip to Tahiti.

Miss Agnes Tohin has returned from Del Monte and is with her mother, Mrs. Mary Tohin, at the Fairmont Hotel. She will leave shortly for England, where she will make an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McFarlane of Honolulu have arrived in New York, after touring the world, and will soon continue on their way to California, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton before sailing for their home in the Islands.

Miss Ynez Dibble of Santa Barbara is the guest of Mrs. James Robinson, with whom she will visit for several weeks.

Miss Minnie Houghton, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Morgan Bulkley, at Hartford, will return here after a short stay in Washington, D. C.

Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. Henry T. Scott, and Mr. Duane Hopkins left for New York Thursday, and will be absent about a month.

Mrs. Henry Alston Williams, who went East to place her daughter in school, will return to San Francisco in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Arno Dosch in New York.

Miss Wilmot Holton is planning to return to her home in Canada the first part of November.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Ines Keeney are in Florence, and will return to New York for the Christmas holidays, which they will spend with Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson (formerly Miss Ethel Keeney).

Mrs. Laurence Pool, who spent the summer at her hangout at Lake Tahoe, will spend the winter months on the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Jane Furth Terry and Miss Dorothy Terry of Cambridge, Massachusetts, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeldt at their residence, 809 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker will return to their Burlingame home after they have placed their son in school in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., sailed on Thursday for the Orient, and will continue their travels for a tour of the world.

Mr. Douglas Soule has returned from Europe and will be the guest of honor at a dancing party Friday evening at his home in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Selfridge were among those sailing on Thursday for the Orient, where they will travel during the winter months.

Mrs. W. H. Crocker and her daughter, Miss Ethel Crocker, are preparing to leave for Paris, where they will spend the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman sailed on Thursday for Japan, where they will spend several months.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander has reached New York and will sail shortly to join her daughter in the continent.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kellam have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue, after an absence of several months in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Gertrude Thomas are expected home Saturday, after an absence of some months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum will return from Los Angeles next week and open their town house for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ralston have closed their home in Fruitvale and will spend the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baldwin have been spending the week at Del Monte.

Mrs. Minor Goodall and Mrs. James G. Allen are returned from their European trip.

Miss Edith Jones of San Rafael will accompany Mr. and Mrs. Frederick King when they leave for the East to place their son at Annapolis.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin has reached New York en route home, after having spent the summer on the continent.

Mrs. E. J. Pringle and Miss Nina Pringle returned Saturday from New York, after having spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Morris Houghton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering have closed their summer home in Marin County and will spend the winter in town.

Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan is spending several weeks with friends at Mare Island.

Mrs. I. Sabin and her daughters, Mrs. Alfred Jernstad and Miss Sahin, are at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill have returned from the McCloud River country and will pass a short time at the Palace Hotel before leaving for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer have returned on their trip to New York and Philadelphia. While in the East they saw their daughter, Laurica, sail for Paris, where she will attend a finishing school, and the son Lucio enter Yale. Their younger son, William, has begun his attendance at a preparatory school.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Byron Burns, who will leave on their home in Washington, are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Crocker visited Del Monte last week, en route to Los Angeles. They were accompanied by Miss Wallace of San Francisco and Miss Stedman of Indiana.

Mrs. Georgiana Lacy Spalding of Santa Barbara, who has been visiting in Boston, leaves shortly for New York, where she will spend the winter and early spring months.

Mrs. Alfred Solano and Miss Elizabeth Walters of Los Angeles have taken apartments at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth with their guest, Mrs. Fred Quinby, are spending a week at Del Monte.

Captain George M. Bower of the U. S. S.

Marblehead, with Mrs. Bower, are at Del Monte, and are going on later to Los Angeles and San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, with Mrs. Paul Berwald, spent the week end at Del Monte.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week were Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mr. Barbour Lathrop, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Chadwick, Mr. Homer W. Lombard, Mr. Frederick E. Scottford, Mr. H. H. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Penner, Mr. R. H. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. A. Elrasser, Mr. A. M. Hunt, Mr. Thomas Mirk, Mr. H. A. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Thornton, Mr. J. F. Selig, Mr. C. L. Thompson, Mrs. John A. Koster, Miss Meta L. Koster, Mr. H. C. Stratton, Mr. W. W. Torrey, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Baldwin of Honolulu.

Last Week of the Bevani Opera Company.

The Bevani Opera Company will begin the seventh and last week of its brilliant and successful engagement at the Garrick Theatre next Monday night. The repertory will be as follows:

Monday evening the performance will be for the benefit of the relief fund for the Mount St. Joseph Orphanage. For this occasion only the performance will consist of "The Love Tales of Hoffman," with Regina Vicarino, Edmee De Dreux, Marie Scherzer, Umberto Sacchetti, Achille Alberti, Joseph Floriano, and Arthur Mesmer in the cast.

Tuesday evening, "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Frery, De Dreux, Giuliani, and Secci Corsi, followed by "I Pagliacci," with Francini, De Dreux, Battain, Campana, and Secci Corsi.

Wednesday evening, "La Traviata," with Vicarino, Newcombe, Sacchetti, Alberti, and Floriano.

Thursday evening, "Martha," with Francini, De Dreux, Battain, Campana, and Floriano.

Friday, "Lucia" will be given its last performance, with Vicarino, Newcombe, Sacchetti, Alberti, and Bevani.

For the matinee today (Saturday) "Il Trovatore" will be sung, with Frery, Jarman, Sacchetti, Giuliani, Secci Corsi, and Floriano. Tonight (Saturday) "Traviata" will be the bill, with Vicarino, Battain, Alberti, and Giuliani.

Tomorrow (Sunday) matinee, "Martha" will be given, and tomorrow (Sunday) night, "Aida."

Seats on sale for all performances at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store.

The first passenger trains from New York City to Long Island were run September 8 from the Pennsylvania Railroad terminal in Manhattan. Millions of dollars have been poured out to complete the great under-river tunnels by which Long Island is brought twenty minutes nearer to the great city—\$111,000,000, it is claimed. An enthusiastic reporter of this event is justified in saying that "with the exception of the episode when the *Half Moon* toddled bravely up the Hudson and laid the beginning of a new civilization in the heart of savagery, some 300 years ago, there have been few incidents in the city's history of greater economic importance." Many remember when the Brooklyn Bridge was opened for traffic, and it was imagined that the last word in rapid transit had been spoken. Since then wonderful things have been done to promote underground travel, not only in the city itself, but to all outlying districts.

Winslow Homer, America's greatest delineator of the life of the fisher folk, and one of the ablest and most original painters of the sea and shore which this country ever produced, died in Portland, Maine, September 29. He was born in Boston, in 1836. His was a hard apprenticeship in art, and he made his way by the force of his genius.

Mt. Tamalpais has been made even more conveniently accessible by the new schedule of the Mt. Tamalpais railroad. The week-day trains go at 9:45 a. m., and 1:45 p. m., with an extra train Saturday at 4:45 p. m. Sundays the trains go hourly from 8:45 a. m. to 2:45 p. m., with the exception of the hour between 12 and 1.

Scotti-De Pasquali Concert.

The musical season planned for 1910-11 will be ushered in this Sunday afternoon, October 16, at the Columbia Theatre, when Manager Will Greenbaum will present two of the leading stars of the Metropolitan's great constellation in a joint concert. Signor Antonio Scotti, the haritone, is well known to music lovers, and to hear him sing is a lesson to every student of vocal art, in addition to the great pleasure derived therefrom. Mme. Bernice de Pasquali comes heralded as the true successor to Sembrich in the operatic world.

The exceptionally attractive programme is as follows:

Prologue, "I Pagliacci," *Leoncavallo*, Signor Scotti; Polonaise from "Mignon," *Thomas*, Mme. de Pasquali; Cavatina, *Dio Possente*, "Faust," *Gounod*, Signor Scotti; Songs—"Infidelite," *Tosti*, "Vergeliches Standchen," *Brahms*, "Villanelle," *Dell'Acqua*, Mme. de Pasquali; Duet, "Don Giovanni," *Mozart*, Mme. de Pasquali and Signor Scotti; Group of Irish Songs—"The Mother's Lament," "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "The Low-Back Car," Mme. de Pasquali; Serenata and Finch 'han del Vino, "Don Giovanni," *Mozart*, Signor Scotti; Duet, "The Barber of Seville," *Rossini*, Mme. de Pasquali and Signor Scotti.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the theatre after ten a. m.

The second concert will be given at the Novelty Theatre on Thursday night, with a complete change of programme, and the farewell concert, with a special request programme which will include many novelties, will be given at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, October 23.

Next Friday afternoon a special programme will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, at 3:30, with a programme on which are a number of works not on the city programmes. For this concert seats are to be ready next Monday morning at the box-office of the theatre.

The German custom-houses have the right to draw a liter of wine from each shipment that enters the country from France, and right faithfully do they exercise their power. For the appraisement twenty marks is charged to the consignee. Recently a German dealer had twenty bottles of French wine, each of a different kind, sent to him, that he might examine the samples and select his stock. The custom-house regarded it as its duty to sample every variety, and did the logical thing by keeping the entire shipment. They then sent a bill to the consignee, charging him the customary appraisement fee of twenty-five marks for each bottle.

"Who is that man who has been sitting behind the bar day after day?" inquired the stranger in Crimmon Gulch. "That's Stage Coach Charley. He's in a peculiar predicament. He went to town last week and got his teeth fixed. Then he come here, an' hein' broke, ran up a bill on the stren'th of his seven dollars' worth of gold fillin'. Charley won't submit to havin' the nuggets pried out an' the proprietor won't let him git away with the collateral, and there you are!"—*Washington Star*.

Kathleen Parlow, the young violinist, has been having great success on the continent. At her recent appearance at the Kurhaus at Scheveningen, the demand for admittance was so great that the prices for seats had to be extended far beyond the regular rates, but the place was crowded and the audience wildly enthusiastic. Miss Parlow is now in Norway. After the termination of her Norwegian tour, she will return to Holland.

Mrs. Gabby—That queer little Mrs. Showy was ostracized. Mrs. Comeup—Did it take?—*Baltimore American*.

For Hallowe'en.

Black Cat and Jack-o'-Lantern candy boxes. Witches and all kinds of grotesque favors for Hallowe'en, Monday, Oct. 31st. Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

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Tom—Is your engagement a secret? Ted—No; the girl knows it.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"Miss Jones isn't looking at all like herself this evening." "Oh, no—she never does."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Customer—I want to get some gloves for my wife. Salesgirl—What kind, sir? Customer—Very cranky.—*Life*.

"Did he have any luck on his fishing trip?" "Enough to keep him in conversation for several weeks."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Disgusted Fisherman (emptying his bait into the stream)—Hanged if I'll wait on you any longer. Here! Help yourselves.—*Life*.

The Friend—Your wife doesn't appear to be in very good humor. Husband—No; she thinks I've invited you to dinner.—*Jeon Qui Rit*.

Mrs. A—Didn't her constant singing in the flat annoy you? Mrs. B—Not so much as the constant flat in her singing.—*Boston Transcript*.

She—Did I understand you to say that your friend Brown was thirsting for glory? He—Well, not exactly. I said he had a glorious thirst!—*Tit-Bits*.

First Doctor—I've discovered a sure cure for a rare disease. Second Doctor—Great! Now, how can we make the rare disease prevalent?—*Cleveland Leader*.

First Suburbanite—We've got a baby grand in our house. Second Ditto—We can go you one better. We've got a grand baby in ours.—*Baltimore American*.

Doctor (to typhoid patient)—Do you remember where you drank water? Patient (an actor)—Oh, yes! It was on the dear old farm—twenty years ago.—*Puck*.

Singleton—I can not understand why a man's wife is called his better half. Wedmore—You would if you had to divide your salary with one.—*Boston Transcript*.

Nell—That Miss Copleigh is an awfully cold sort of a girl. Belle—Mercy, yes. Why, she's so frigid that wherever she goes on rainy days it snows.—*Boston Transcript*.

Lord Hubert (motoring)—Now there is no traffic about get up a "fine" turn of speed for a few miles. Chauffeur—Yes, my lord—five or ten pounds fine, my lord?—*Family Herald*.

Seaside Visitor (admiring a seagull)—How nice and clean he looks. Boatman—Ah, ma'am, if you spent as much time in the water as he does, you'd look clean, too.—*Punch*.

Blobbs—I don't know what to make of that boy of mine. He's never around when he is wanted. Slobbs—Why don't you try and get him a job on the police force?—*Philadelphia Record*.

Chief Editor—Look here, Sharpe, here's a fiddler been hanged for murder. How shall I headline it? Musical Editor—How would "Difficult Execution on One String" do?—*St. Louis Times*.

"I've just been reading about the power of the will. It's a wonderful thing." "Yes; a millionaire friend of mine left a will that makes six children and seventeen grandchildren be good."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Famous Painter (angrily)—I hear, sir, that you're boasting that you studied art under me? Near-Painter (calmly)—And so I did, sir, so I did—why, I occupied a room under your studio for nearly a month!—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Rusty Rufus—Say, Tom, wouldn't it be great if youse could git all de eat an' drink youse wanted by jist pressin' a 'lectric button? Tired Thomas—It shore would—ef I hed somebody ter press de button fer me.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Hello, Johnny," said the village blacksmith, "I hear your paw has gone into politics." "Sure." "How'd that happen?" "Well, my uncle left him a silk hat and a Prince Albert coat in his will, and paw had to do something with them."—*Washington Star*.

Grouty—See here, you've had my lawn-mower a whole hour. Do you think I ought to be kept standing around here all day wasting my time waiting for it? Prouty—Certainly not. I'd be glad to have you rake my lawn in the meantime, old man.—*Boston Globe*.

Mr. Newlywed—This paper says there are 50,000,000 babies born every year. Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, darling! Doesn't that make you proud? Mr. N.—Why should it? Mrs. N.—Why, just to think that our baby is the smartest and prettiest of fifty million.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Inquisitive Press Representative (to stage-doorkeeper)—And do you happen to know the identity of that heavily veiled lady who is seen so frequently in the famous actor's company? Doorkeeper—Well, it just de-

pends on how you mean. You see, on the boards she is the daughter; in private life she's his mother!—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"Have you any nice fresh farmers' eggs?" inquired a precise old lady at a grocery shop. "No, madam," replied the assistant, "but we have some very good hens' eggs!"—*Santa Rosa Argus*.

"What was the happiest moment of your life?" asked the sweet girl. "The happiest moment of my life," answered the old bachelor, "was when the jeweler took back an engagement ring and gave me sleeve-links in exchange."—*Canadian Courier*.

"It is a terrible thing," said the prisoner, "to be known by a number instead of a name, and to feel that all my life I shall be an object of suspicion among the police." "But you will not be alone, my friend," replied the philanthropic visitor; "the same thing happens to people who own automobiles."—*Washington Star*.

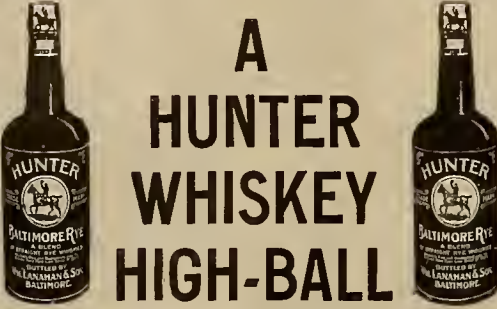
"You can't see my husband, he is not at home." "But, madam, I want to see him the

worst way." "Well, if that's the way you want to see him you'd better sit right there on the steps until he comes from the club."—*Houston Post*.

Reginald—Darling, I see by the papers that a food expert says that it is possible for a family to live on \$4 a week. Do you think it possible? Rosalind—No, dearest, but I'll be a sister to you!—*Cleveland Leader*.

"This is the fourth time you have asked me to marry you," said the good-looking girl, resentfully. "I am sure I have never encouraged you." "I don't know about that," replied the serious young man. "You're the only girl I know who doesn't laugh when I propose to her."—*Washington Star*.

"And why are you here, my poor man?" asked the visiting parson. "I've got me friends to blame fer it," answered convict 1323. "Why, how is that?" queried the parson. "De judge said it was de 'lectric chair fer mine, but me friends got bizzzy an' had de sentence chang'd t' imprisonment fer life," explained the other.—*Chicago Daily News*.



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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Senator Dolliver.

The death of Senator Dolliver, at the age of fifty-two, removes from the political sphere a figure of remarkable interest and promise. Dolliver was essentially a son of the West, carrying in his character and manner the spirit and the tone of the West. He had honesty and vigor of mind, supplemented by very exceptional powers of expression and emphasis. He knew how to deal with the public, particularly with the Western public. Furthermore, he had political courage and became an "insurgent" against abuses which had grown up in the Republican party at a time when others now conspicuous in the reform movement were too timid to venture. If Dolliver was not the originator of the "lowa idea," he was among the first publicly to espouse and quickly took rank among its most conspicuous spouters and advocates. There was much in the character and mental habits of Mr. Dolliver to recall the type of American statesman familiar two generations ago. He was an ambitious man without being in petty ways a self-seeker. He was a forcible man

without arrogance. He was a large-minded man without apparently being conscious of it. He was a good man who never thought it necessary to be forever reminding the public of his virtues or of suspecting that other men were less sincere than himself. Mr. Dolliver was perhaps better adapted than any other man in the country to lead the movement for better politics in line with historical and traditional American standards. His death is a great loss to the country, for there is no man to fill the precise place in public confidence and leadership which he has held.

The Democratic Outlook.

There is more interest just now in Democratic national politics than the country has witnessed at any time since the first nomination of Bryan. The Democratic successes in Maine and elsewhere, with the prospect of further successes next month—these in conjunction with the growing up of three first-class presidential figures (Harmon, Wilson, and Gaynor) have amazingly stimulated Democratic hopes. The party has gone into the congressional campaign with an energy quite unusual. It is making a systematic fight in one hundred and eighteen doubtful districts. And if it shall succeed in half of them it will outnumber the Republicans in the Congress which comes into authority on the 4th of next March. By many expert politicians its success in the congressional round-up is thought to be assured.

A Democratic House of Representatives, with a Republican President and a Republican Senate, can do nothing positively, and it will be useful to the party only in so far as it shall know how to turn the situation to future political account. If the Democratic majority shall be united in purpose, under sound leadership and under a sufficient measure of discipline to pursue a consistent course, undoubtedly a tremendous impression may be made upon the country. But in times past the party has not been able to make use of such opportunities because it has lacked self-control. Not often is it wisely led, not often is it able through an efficient discipline to act as a unit. In the last Congress the party, though in the minority, had an opportunity, but it failed through the inability of its individual members to pursue a united or consistent course. The party should have presented a moderate tariff bill, in contrast with the Payne bill, standing by it through thick and thin. What it did was to abandon any pretense of united action, each member demanding and getting what he could in the way of concessions desired by his particular constituency. There was not sufficient wisdom in leadership or sufficient coördination of individual members to make definite party presentment.

If the Democratic party shall come into control of the next House of Representatives, it will have the chance to emphasize before the country a distinct party programme—in other words, of rehabilitating the party in the sense of giving it a definite and progressive plan which may easily be calculated to win public favor. If the party can not do this, if its membership in Congress can not agree upon a common plan of action and work steadily to it, then there is no advantage to be gained in success this fall in the congressional elections. Indeed, if the exhibit before the country is to be that of a political party incapable of "getting together" and of pursuing a considerate and sustained course, it would be better to lose in the elections and so avoid the responsibilities which attach to a majority.

The Chinese Senate.

The world heard of the meeting of the Chinese Senate with surprise. The reality of that legislative body has been in doubt, despite the imperial decree of 1906 establishing it. The proclamations of the dragon throne are so often negligible that this one was not taken seriously; but the man behind it was Yuan Shi Kai, and his organization of Senate politics in China

was so good that it survived the loss of his own influence.

It was in the winter of 1905 that Yuan Shi Kai laid the ground plan of a Chinese Parliament. The central and provincial councils and boards were reorganized and, three years later, the throne agreed to call a national legislature to meet in 1917. A decree to establish a Diet was copied from a similar order of state in Japan. Under this decree, which had the force of law, elections to the provincial councils were held at which all males over twenty-five years old possessing a literary degree, a secondary education, or property worth \$5000 were permitted to vote. The councils were of varying size according to the area of the province. In addition were village and town boards similarly chosen. Last year all these bodies met and named 200 members of the Senate, the emperor selecting 200 more from the highest ranks of the empire. This fall the Senate met to prepare for the census of 1914, on the basis of which the whole Parliament will be elected seven years hence; and in the interim it is believed that Yuan Shi Kai, the prime mover of the whole enterprise, will be restored to favor.

Unionism and Responsibility.

The latest labor conflict in England—and England has her full share of this sort of thing—recalls Carlyle's famous remark that "The leaders of industry—if industry shall ever consent to be led—are the captains of the world." The country, or so much of it as is connected with manufacturing industry, is in the throes of a general lock-out of boilermakers resulting from the action of the men in joining a number of strikers in other trades in disregard of agreements entered into between their executive agents and the employers. The executive agents—in other words, the leaders of the boilermakers' organization—themselves admit the fault of the men and deplore the situation as detrimental to the principle of collective bargaining which is the fundamental principle of trade-unionism. The rebuff to the leaders on the part of the men was positive. When the trouble was going on the leaders of the boilermakers' society asked the members to recognize the rights of the executive to act in their behalf and to give fresh assurances in their name that all undertakings entered into by the executive would be adhered to by the men. By an overwhelming majority the boilermakers refused this demand—in other words, they refused to be bound by the action of their agents even though they themselves had already accepted its results.

The effect of this action has extended beyond the boilermakers' union to every other trade organization in the country, tending naturally to weaken the authority of unionism by illustrating its impotence as a maker of contracts. Labor leaders generally are prompt to declare by way of saving the situation "that the lack of discipline" exhibited in the boilermakers' organization is not general. Nevertheless, unionism as a principle has sustained a blow as the result of an action which puts the whole system in contempt. And this action is by no means isolated, for the boilermakers are not the only workers in revolt. The railway workers throughout England are reported to be straining at the leash—eager almost to the point of rebellion to break over the agreements in force between their leaders and the railway companies. A large element of the Welsh miners are clamoring for a national strike in spite of the recent peace agreement. The dockers at Newport and Avonmouth have struck against an arbitration award in defiance of contracts previously made and over the protest of their leaders. A petty strike has begun in Lancashire in the cotton industry, and the employers declare that they will recommend a general lock-out unless the strikers shall accept arbitration. These several movements coming together justify the wisdom of Carlyle's ques-

—"If industry shall ever consent to be led." Undoubtedly industry can be led up to a certain point; it can be led so long as its policies relate to subjects about which there are no internal differences of opinion. But the moment labor policy moves out into broader fields, it begins to lose strength at the very sources of its power—it loses its hold upon individual support.

The truth is that neither in England, in this country, nor elsewhere, has labor unionism been brought to accept the one principle capable of sustained, definite, and positive courses—the principle of legal responsibility. Everywhere the unions decline to make themselves responsible. Various pretexts are offered, but the real reason is that unionism aims not at equity but at something beyond equity. Legitimate unionism, asking nothing more than it has the right to ask, promising nothing more than it is justified in promising, would gain immensely by making itself responsible. By this course it would not only bind its own members, but it would give assurance of its own sincerity and integrity. Ultimately, when unionism shall have pruned itself of its excrescences, when it shall have attained the basis of equity and wisdom, it will accept this principle. It will make itself responsible. Today the fatal defect in the unionistic scheme, the defect which cheats it of all its larger purposes, is its denial of a principle supported by every argument of equity and every consideration of good faith.

The Intrusion of Roosevelt.

Senator La Follette is not pleased at the coming of Colonel Roosevelt into the lists as an insurgent favorite for the presidency. The gentleman from the Badger State has ambitions himself, and where Paul has planted and Apollos watered he does not think that the god of politics should give the increase to a man who has done neither. To be sure, the political deity often does such things, but the unfairness of it was never plainer than now. La Follette was one of the earliest of the insurgents, and for years his voice was that of one crying in the wilderness. Whatever success the cause has won since is largely his. As for the colonel, he is, as a political dissenter, a fire-new figure indeed. Insurgency grew up under his administration, but without his aid or friendship when such support might have won the battle for it. The colonel was an avowed standpatter then as became a man who had always been hand in glove with the party organization, who had been the powerful friend of Aldrich, Payne, and Cannon, and who had never recalled the warning he gave in his letter of acceptance, against trying, through tariff revision, to curb the monopolies. Under this head the value of an exact quotation from that letter will be apparent:

No change in tariff duties can have any substantial effect in solving the so-called "trust problem." Certain great trusts or corporations are wholly unaffected by the tariff. Almost all the others that are of any importance have, as a matter of fact, numbers of smaller American competitors, and, of course, a change in the tariff which would work injury to the large corporations would work not merely injury but destruction to its smaller competitors; and equally, of course, such a change would mean disaster to all the wage-workers connected with either the large or small corporations. From the standpoint of those interested in the solution of the trust problem such a change would therefore merely mean that the trust was relieved of the competition of its weaker American competitors, and thrown only into competition with foreign competitors; and that the first effort to meet this new competition would be made by cutting down wages, and would therefore be primarily at the cost of labor. In the case of some of our greatest trusts such a change might confer upon them a positive benefit. Speaking broadly it is evident that the changes in the tariff will affect the trusts for weal or woe simply as they affect the whole country. The tariff affects trusts only as it affects all other interests. It makes all these interests, large or small, profitable; and its benefits can be taken from the large only under penalty of taking them from the small also. . . .

It is but ten years since the last attempt was made by means of lowering the tariff to prevent some people from prospering too much. The attempt was entirely successful. The tariff law of that year was among the causes which in that year and for some time afterwards effectually prevented anybody from prospering too much, and labor from prospering at all. Undoubtedly it would be possible at the present time to prevent any of the trusts from remaining prosperous by the simple expedient of making such a sweeping change in the tariff as to paralyze the industries of the country. The trusts would cease to prosper; but their smaller competitors would be ruined, and the wage-workers would starve, while it would not pay the farmer to haul his products to market. The evils connected with the trusts can be reached only by national effort, step by step, along the lines taken by Congress and the executive during the past three years. If a tariff law is passed under which the country prospers, as the country has prospered under the present tariff law, then all

classes will share in the prosperity. If a tariff law is passed aimed at preventing the prosperity of some of our people, it is as certain as anything can be that this aim will be achieved only by cutting down the prosperity of all our people.

While Mr. Roosevelt has tried hard to keep the good-will of revisionists he has never recanted these sentiments so pleasing to the standpatter. In his last official message to Congress, his references to the tariff were confined to giving figures of national income which showed its value as a revenue producer. To him there was nothing "iniquitous" in such a law. Not a single schedule inspired him to call for revision. His was a definite committal to policies for which he stood while President and for which his successor now stands, with the difference that Mr. Taft has admitted, as Roosevelt did not, the need of further revision. During his Western trip Mr. Roosevelt said as little as he could about the tariff, and when he did his criticism was against the methods of making it. Once in control of the New York State Convention, he permitted a plank in favor of the tariff to enter the platform; and now, when called to account, he lamely explains that he does not agree with it, leaving unsaid the reason why and saying nothing against its schedules. Yet with all this quibbling and evasion of the main point, here is the Rough Rider demanding that the insurgents shall accept him as their prophet and leader. Is it any wonder that La Follette shows disgust? Is it surprising that neither he, nor Cummins, nor Bristow, has offered his services for the New York fight? These insurgent chiefs not only see in Roosevelt's appearance their rejection as leaders of their own cause, masters of their own game, but they fear the diversion of their crusade from its original objects towards one for the promotion of an ambition which never at any time showed sympathy with the "Iowa idea" and, indeed, had been openly hostile to it when it pressed the ambitions of La Follette against those which Roosevelt had delegated to Taft. It is now their fate to have insurgent victories turned to the account of a shadowy something which Roosevelt calls the "new nationalism" and which they recognize as a mere device to give him a leadership, superseding their own, which commits him to none of their plans nor against any which are contrary to theirs.

It is a shrewd political trick this "new nationalism." There is a hypnotic quality in it which is drawing the insurgents from their first love and leaving their early leaders vainly expostulating in the distance. You see nothing in the "new nationalism" against the tariff which Mr. Roosevelt has made a long record in defending and supporting. Since the idea was broached, who has heard anything more against Cannonism? Thoughtless crowds are no longer brought to the shouting point by jeers at Aldrich and Payne. There are no jeers left; Aldrich and Payne are Roosevelt's old friends. Revision is rarely heard of. Everything is made to centre on that mysterious something which Roosevelt calls by a new name and has set spinning before the eyes of his insurgent followers—something that mesmerizes their senses, something which may mean nothing of reform but assuredly means Roosevelt as a supreme political figure in whose virtue and omniscience everybody is invited to trust.

Poor La Follette, lying on his sick bed and seeing himself tricked, not only out of a possible nomination, but out of a cause to support it! Poor Cummins and Bristow, standing by while the crop they put in the soil is about to be reaped by cleverer and alien hands! And so what does this insurgency come to after all? It does not necessarily change the tariff; it tends towards nothing but Roosevelt the virtual standpatter, Roosevelt whose promises include only the same old platitudes about official morality, the same old spectacular marshaling of the Ten Commandments, the same old insatiable ambition towards personal prestige and authority.

The Moral Metropolis.

The mistake of the Purity Congress was to convene here. It should have chosen some place where its example and precept were needed—New Orleans, perhaps, or Reno. As the mayor pointed out in a letter to the secretary of the congress, the conditions here are pallidly moral already. As well paint the lily or gild refined gold as to make a clean San Francisco cleaner. It is the fault of the Purity Congress that it does not know how the mayor, with the help of Mr. Jerome Bassity and other choice spirits in the Paris of America movement, have already given the town the odor of myrrh and frankincense and may

surely be trusted to keep it unspotted from the world while they stay in office. Morals wrong in San Francisco? Of all the great seaports of the world, as the mayor says, "San Francisco is the cleanest from the standpoint of the social evil." Why, then, a Purity Congress, unless to sing a thanksgiving hymn?

It is likely that the projectors of the purity movement have misconceived the whole idea of the Paris of America. Any one who knows McCarthy and Bassity and the police board is aware that their idea of Paris is a place of fine avenues, of music and art, and general enlightenment and culture. They have not been nearer to it than Cork and may be forgiven if they never suspected that it had also come to be known for its license; but the Paris they are after is one where the good, the true, and the beautiful will thrive and where the Purity Congress will have no occasion to come except for examples of moral endeavor. Of course it is unfortunate that the ex-chief of police should have also mistaken the idea of the mayor and left off the lid, and that the general spotlessness of the town should have suffered the intrusion upon its business section of a tenderloin which the mayor has already described as a curse and a blight which had better be removed to another part of the town where curses and blights are presumably welcome. This, we say, is unfortunate; but let us remember that to the pure all things are pure and join his honor and Mr. Bassity in the advice to the Purity Congress to heed that admirable maxim and be wise.

It is but fair to the mayor to say that he is living up to his standards in insisting on the morality of San Francisco. Even Mr. Flannery, that "premier among the most responsible and esteemed business men of San Francisco," as the mayor called him, never answered this supreme test better. And the action of the city executive in permitting the saloons near the Presidio to reopen so that the enlisted men may not be led to immoral and extravagant habits by the post exchange, which the police can not watch, only shows his solicitude for the spiritual and ethical welfare of his fellow-man. It is astonishing that a Purity Congress, of all bodies, should take this vigilant and unsullied public servant to task.

The Issue of "Fairness."

Labor agitators who think themselves experts in the "unfairness" of other people set curious examples of fair play on their own account. It appears that they have made a rule concerning barbers that while their "organized" journeymen may work in open or non-union shops, non-union barbers may not find jobs in union shops. The scheme is to deprive as many free workers of support in their own field as possible and close the other fields to them entirely. But any attempt of an unaffiliated shop to protect its employees by barring unionized competitors out only goes to show that a fair rule does not necessarily work both ways. In such cases the offending shop is picketed by union men who warn all comers that it has no sense of justice and should not be patronized.

Recently in these columns we recited the case of two motion-picture operators who were so unfair that they had actually refused to discharge themselves from their own employ, in the nickelodeon they owned, and hire men instead from a union which had denied them membership because they were proprietors. Since then the boycott has gone steadily on, the partners making a brave fight, with a result which is the more uncertain because of the efforts of a labor union committee to get the names of people who attend the show and to bring pressure to bear upon the film manufacturers, all in the interest of fair play, to refuse to serve the two nickelodeon owners with their stock in trade.

Another case typical of the methods of the fellow who propose to have justice done if it denies all other people a chance of livelihood pertains to an Italian bootblack stand. The workers there were led to join the bootblacks' union and pay dues. After some week it occurred to them that they were getting nothing for their money. Nor could they learn what was done with it. "So, in the credulous belief that this is a free country, they withdrew from the union and kept their dues to pay for the home spaghetti. Were they permitted to work in peace? Of course they were not. Common justice held that they should be hounded out of the street, and at last account an athletic vagabond with a red labor union badge in his frayed lapel, was ambling up and down before the disconcerted Italian shouting "Unfair! Unfair! Do not patronize this stand. It employs non-union labor!" Possibly the

Italians will lose their savings and run in debt, but it will at least teach them the peril of being unfair to the walking delegate who comes around with a due bill.

In the more complete autocracy to which organized labor is advancing, peaceably if possible, with boycotts or bombs if necessary, unfairness will soon be a lost art and we shall all live in a beatified world. When a merchant leaves his union-built house in the morning with a certificate of fairness from his organized house servants, from his butcher, groceryman, milkman, and baker, and is admitted to his own union label store by the inspector who passes on his home credentials, and when he gets through the day without being boycotted by his organized customers or fined for letting a Japanese dust his counting-room or called to account for being five minutes overtime in paying off, and when he ends the week by summoning all hands and giving them 25 per cent of the wealth their labor has created, there will be no further call for the millennium. It will be here; and any one who does not know it, at least by its red badge and its receipt book, will probably be dealt with, in all fairness, as befits a man who has no appreciation of a just and well-ordered state of society.

Insulting the Child.

Whatever Solomon may have meant when in his far-off age he bewailed that there was no end to the writing of many books, his plaint has an emphatic application today. One of the penalties of the invention of printing is that it has multiplied books without increasing their number; it has created a race of hacks, and bowdlerizers, and abridgers whose vacuous labors are never so irritating as when they are indulged ostensibly in the interests of children. Although the present publishing season is but a month old, we have already been inflicted with "Stories from Shakespeare," "Stories from Dante," the Child's This and the Child's That, and, as a climax to the tale of woe, one of the unemployed of Grubb Street has laid his sacrilegious hands on Sir Walter Scott and "shortened" three of his immortal stories for the "greater delight" of children.

Waiving for the moment the presumption of revising and correcting the work of Sir Walter Scott, it is illuminating to examine how the process of condensation has been carried out. On example will be sufficient. In the passage which follows all the words printed in italics have been eliminated by the sapient abridger:

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with heeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as to totally intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude.

When due note is given to the words printed in italics it will be seen that the clumsy condenser has, with characteristic ineptitude, removed from Scott's sentences just those phrases which impart to his words the color of romance. It was not an idle thought, or a desire for padding, which introduced that reference to the "stately march of the Roman soldiery"; and the carrying forward of the forest picture into the realm of imagination adds just that suggestion of the unseen which increases the sense of an ideal world. But these touches of a master pen are calmly erased for the "greater delight" of childhood! This inane method is followed throughout, and even the verse mottoes of the chapters—snatches from Chaucer, from Shakespeare, and the old dramatists, from Homer and other mighty singers, all of them chosen by Scott with infinite care—are ruthlessly "abridged" away. Every allusion, indeed, which would appeal to the child's sense of wonder, which would arouse his curiosity, which would open up a vista to further knowledge or wider poetic acquisition, is missing from this precious abridgement. After that it is hardly surprising to note that the perpetrator of this pernicious piece of book-making has the effrontery to refer to Scott as "Jolly," and to display his own insignificant name in as large type as that of his helpless victim.

Not all the blame for this kind of thing rests with the hacks who thrust themselves before the public under the cover of a great name. The publishers are

at fault, too. If they wish to place their imprint on the novels of Scott, let them "deliver the goods." There ought to be a pure literature law as well as a pure food law. The pabulum of the mind requires protecting as much as the pabulum of the body. It need not be argued that Scott knew how to write; the world has long since settled that question and crowned him with deathless laurels; then why this intolerable presumption which implies that his stories need the editing of a modern incompetent? If Scott's novels are to be offered to the public, they should be Scott's novels as Scott wrote them, and not eviscerated things which are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl.

Besides, it is adding enormously to the offense to pretend that all this is for the "greater delight" of children. It may be questioned whether even Charles and Mary Lamb were well employed when they wrote their "Tales from Shakespeare"; there is no question that far less gifted mortals would be more usefully occupied in sweeping the streets than in laying their heavy hands on the flowers of literature. There is too much of this senseless pemmicanizing today, and especially too much undertaken for the "greater delight" of children. They need the abridger far less than the adult. The fact is, we have grown to take a false and insulting view of the child's mentality. And all the time, by a curious irony, we are, in educational matters, making greater demands than ever on that mentality! In languages, arithmetic, and other studies the child is gayly saddled with tasks which would appal most adults, and at the same time there are these scores of hacks thinking it necessary to condense Scott and explain Shakespeare. The child mind is not mature, of course, and has never produced masterpieces in art or literature just because such works are the sum of experience, but in grasp, in intuition, in receptivity, it is fully the equal of the adult mind. Biography teaches this on every page. Take the experience of Scott himself when a child. What does he say of his youthful reading of the "Faerie Queene"? Why, this: "But Spenser I could have read forever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society." And Hawthorne tells us how as a boy of eight he reveled in the "Pilgrim's Progress" and Shakespeare. It is ever so with the young. It is an insult to offer them a bowdlerized Shakespeare, a pemmicanized Scott, or an extract of this or a capsule of that. Give them the brave originals in all their fullness, just as they were left by the pen of genius, and rest assured that the child wonder, the unsoiled intuition of the fresh mind, the *tabula rasa* of the young soul, will acquire therefrom such argosies of thought and visions of beauty as would astonish the groveling spirit of the stodgy compiler.

An Eastern Judgment.

Eastern opinion respecting the blow-up of the Los Angeles Times ranges from the declaration of certain labor leaders that General Otis himself blew up the building "just for effect," to the direct assumption in some quarters that the villainous work without doubt or question was done by unionists in resentment against the Times. The general judgment is one of profound yet restrained suspicion against unionism as voiced in the following excerpt from the New York Times:

Mr. Gompers and the leaders of organized labor all over the country must see that this suspicion was not only natural, but, in view of all the circumstances, is well grounded. It would be unjust, however, to assume that the unions are guilty until their guilt has been proved. Let it be in fairness and candor assumed that they are guiltless, that the union men had nothing to do with this outrage. Nevertheless the leaders of organized labor must see that they have a duty to perform, that they must do whatever lies in their power to free labor from suspicion in connection with the outrage. Rewards now amounting to some \$18,000 have been offered for the detection of the assassins. We should suppose that the labor unions of Los Angeles and Mr. Gompers's American Federation would at once and largely increase this reward. It behooves them to exhibit zeal in defense of labor's reputation. They have an opportunity by offering rewards and by joining in good faith in the effort to seek out the guilty. Nobody wants to believe that this monstrous crime has been committed by an organization of wage-earners as a means of frightening employers and compelling them by duress to employ union labor. It is incredible. By such inhuman practices, by such heartlessness the men of the unions would show themselves to be the enemies of society. Nobody believes that they are the enemies of society, and it is, therefore, doubly incumbent upon the leaders of the unions to clear up this mystery.

If fanatical union men should prove to be the guilty ones,

the unions must see to it that they are detected and punished, to the end that labor may be freed from the reproach. If the outrage was perpetrated by men not of organized labor, it is to the last degree desirable that labor's leaders should make that known as a most effective answer to current accusations. Not to offer rewards, not to join in the effort to ferret out the guilty ones, would seem to indicate that labor was not particularly concerned about the matter, and in some quarters its indifference would be construed as indicating a disposition to condone if not to approve the crime. That would be unfortunate for labor. The duty of its leaders is so clearly evident that we should suppose that they would act at once and with vigor.

Some Abuses of the Educational System.

The Argonaut's heart goes out in pity for a generation of childhood against which the whole social order seems in conspiracy to exploit and defraud in the sacred name of education. The school system itself has largely become a vast eleemosynary institution for the maintenance of women between young maidenhood and matrimony, or for those special unfortunates who miss matrimony altogether. In turn, the politician gets his whack at the system, imposing upon it many demands, some among them which may not even be named in a strictly family journal like the Argonaut. The next in turn is the æsthetic crank whose insistence has grafted upon the system an immense amount of work in drawing and other fine arts which bear small relationship to the practical needs of life. Then the economic, the anti-alcohol, and the anti-tobacco faddists get in their deadly work, imposing upon long-suffering childhood a burden of studies which have no proper place in the curriculum either of preparation for practical life or of cultural studies. The next in line is the "frat" enthusiast, who contrives to impose upon the system his special attachment for the promotion of snobbery, social vanity, and class spirit; or, failing in this laudable effort, to keep the student body in an uproar with respect to this matter. Then there is the university, which insists that the schools shall be conducted as feeders to that institution, though not one grammar or high school graduate in ten ever gets into it. Here in San Francisco we have another demand upon the school system. It comes in the shape of arrangements for grand out-of-door concerts in celebration of one fiesta or another, calling not only for a formal public appearance, but for many preliminary appearances by way of rehearsal and training. "Tag Day," too, claims the attention of thousands of children upon the theory that it is in promotion of benevolent purposes. More recently we have had the schools all torn up in connection with a postcard crusade, presumably in the interest of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Now, all these things are as far removed as possible from the essential purposes and standards of education. They consume the thoughts and energies of children. They inculcate in them a taste for public and spectacular appearances. They mix them up in ill-assorted and questionable associations. They destroy inevitably the mood and habit of concentration, which is one of the best effects of school training. In short, and from any and every point of view, they are abominable, damnable. All of which is respectfully referred, not to the board of education, but to the fathers and mothers of children in San Francisco and elsewhere.

Editorial Notes.

The Boy Scout movement is admirable in conception, and it is, we think, destined to work out many benefits if it shall not be diverted from its original purpose or associated with practices fatal to the qualities which it proposes to inculcate. Any boy is better for being taught how to live in the open; how to carry himself under stress of labor, to practice and respect courage and manly initiative, to obey those in authority. But these qualities are not likely to be promoted by membership in an organization which takes on the characteristics of a fad. It does not help the development of manly qualities in a lad to be treated as a little tin hero. Free *entrée* to the circus, complimentary and congratulatory addresses from Buffalo Bills, extravagant attentions from well-meaning women—these things harm rather than help a boy. The Boy Scout movement will be meritorious only in so far as its methods shall accord with the aims of its foundation.

It may be that the Emperor Francis Joseph will see in the efforts of the Emperor William to ally the Hohenzollerns with the Hapsburgs through the

riage of the Kaiser's daughter with the heir presumptive to the Austria-Hungarian throne the vision of a Greek bearing gifts. It is a traditional Prussian policy to marry into the reigning houses of countries that Germany looks to, in some sense, as belonging in the sphere of her manifest destiny. Part of the Hapsburg heritage was once in the German empire; German is the language spoken in various Austrian provinces now; in the event of a collapse following the death of Francis Joseph, the possible danger to a German princess near the Austrian throne might be an excuse for German intervention. Royal marriages are always made with a political object in view, and there is no such object nearer the German heart than territorial expansion in all Teutonic lands. It has turned the German eye to both western Austria and to Holland, where the queen has a German husband.

Walter Wellman's luck is almost better than he deserved. The attempt to cross the Atlantic in a balloon was a foolhardy project, unrelieved by anything more heroic than the daredevil spirit. Even if it had succeeded, no principle would have been demonstrated by it; no good would or could have come from it. It involved no addition to the world's stock of scientific knowledge or of heroic achievement. This is not the first time Mr. Wellman has posed before the world as the leader of a sensational adventure, and it is to be suspected that scientific enthusiasm is not so much the basis of his undertakings as an itch for personal notoriety and distinction.

The *Argonaut* would have more hope of the efforts of Attorney Rogers and Detective Burns to run down the miscreants who blew up the Los Angeles Times building if these gentlemen went at their work with less braying of trumpets. We have observed that successful enterprise in this line is usually accomplished in quiet rather than in demonstrative ways. And in any view, an immense amount of energy is being wasted in supplying the newspapers with materials of one questionable kind or another. General Otis, we note, has engaged the Pinkerton agency to undertake a systematic search for the perpetrators of this outrage, and the *Argonaut* is willing to wager something handsome that this particular inquiry will be carried on without much noise. The Pinkertons have a way of making a success of their work where success is possible. And the public rarely hears about what is doing until the end has been achieved.

The fame of Julia Ward Howe has been a very considerable thing these last few years, but it has rested more upon her character and upon the mere fact of her having lived so long than upon anything really great in the way of literary achievement. Mrs. Howe's most notable production, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," is indeed a spirited performance, well adapted to the uses to which it was put during the Civil War, but it was a poem of a particular time and a particular mood. It is not intrinsically a great poem, and it is not destined to permanent regard. Mrs. Howe was born in New York City in May, 1819, and was therefore at the time of her death in her ninety-second year. She was associated prior to the Civil War with that notable group of anti-slavery enthusiasts of which William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Theodore Parker were the guiding lights. Mrs. Howe's literary works include a series of travel books, lyrics, and studies in social and educational problems. None of them are remarkable for profundity or brilliancy, but all are marked by culture, taste, and the highest moral ideals.

Rhodes Scholars at Oxford.

From the English standpoint—and few Englishmen know that there is any other standpoint—the Rhodes scholarship has not proved itself an entire success. The subject is discussed at length in the London *Mail* in an article by "An Oxford Man," who declares that the foreign scholars at Oxford do not further that international good understanding which the late Mr. Rhodes hoped to bring about through a system of international education. The writer is especially critical of the Americans, who he declares take from Oxford everything she has to give and withhold from her anything that it may be in their power to give in return. We quote:

"It would naturally seem that, if the men selected by the executors came within measurable distance even of the high standard set up in the bequest, that fact alone would have guaranteed the execution and success of the Rhodes idea. Either, however, there are no men in America possessed of the various qualities of manhood which Mr. Rhodes stipu-

lated that his scholars should have, or, once having succeeded in obtaining a scholarship, all idea of carrying out their obligations goes by the board.

"The American Rhodes scholar becomes an undergraduate of Oxford only in so far as wearing the cap and gown and the obtaining of athletic honors permit. For the rest he keeps himself to himself and seeks to know nothing of his English surroundings and fellow-undergraduates nor to impart any of the ideas and opinions of his own country for their discussion and approval or disapproval.

"That the American scholar should be one of the Oxford undergraduates, should join in their social life, should make friends with them, should become, in fact, their brother during their three years at the university, was always the root idea of the bequest. He does none of these things. By the foundation of the American Club in Oxford all possibility of his fulfilling these objects is destroyed, and from the first moment of his arrival till the time of his departure the American Rhodes scholar makes friends only with his compatriots."

The writer argues that this is not Oxford's fault. He asserts that the English undergraduates go out of their way to make the stranger within their gates feel at home, but says that after the first week at Oxford the American murmurs at British insularity and retires into his shell—the club—where he reads American papers, discusses American politics, sings American songs, and might, indeed, just as well be back in America for all the good he does himself at Oxford.

"Oxford Man" admits that the American carries out the spirit of the Rhodes bequest in the fields of athletics, saying: "Here he shows himself to be thoroughly well at home, though sometimes in a manner which raises grave doubts in English minds as to his comprehension of the word 'sportsmanship,' but at least he is of use to Oxford, for his excellence gains him the coveted blue and is of material assistance to Oxford in her rivalry against Cambridge.

"Although Oxford can not on any grounds be accused of the idea, the American seems to retain in his mind the fact that he is a stranger and that therefore Englishmen will be inclined toward favoritism to their countrymen, and in consequence a feeling of antagonism, however slight, remains as a barrier between him and them and completely fills up this possible opening. It is only necessary to look through the lists of university representatives to be perfectly satisfied, from the ever-increasing number of Americans who figure there, that any suspicion of favoritism is impossible."

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

One of the chief glories of the Metropolitan Museum in New York is Rosa Bonheur's stirring masterpiece, "The Horse Fair," a picture which for its irresistible movement and living portraiture of man's most useful friend holds a unique position in the annals of art and the affections of lovers of paintings. Few, however, are acquainted with the intimate history of that notable canvas, and fewer still are aware that there are no less than five Horse Fair pictures in existence. The one in New York is the original, and, it will be remembered, was first the property of A. T. Stewart, and then purchased for the Metropolitan by Cornelius Vanderbilt for a quarter of a million francs. It was painted in Paris, the models used being the horses of the Paris Omnibus Company and a few animals studied at the horse market of the French capital. It was first exhibited at the Salon of 1853, but went back to the artist unsold. A part of the further history of the famous painting is recorded by Ernest Gambart in his manuscript memoirs, which have been freely drawn upon for the "Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur" just published:

After the closing of the 1853 Paris Salon, "The Horse Fair" was intrusted to the Society of Artists of Ghent for exhibition in that town, where it had a great success, but whence it also came back unsold. In the spring of 1854 I expressed to Mlle. Bonheur the desire to buy it from her. At that time it was in Bordeaux, her native town. Her preference was that the municipality should purchase it for the city museum, and a price of 12,000 francs had been mentioned, at which the town authorities might acquire it. But she said to me that if the canvas came back to her again, she would let me have it. However, she could not let it go to England for less than 40,000 francs. I unhesitatingly accepted the bargain, and it was agreed that the picture should be mine, unless sold to Bordeaux. As the picture was back in her studio again in the following year, I told Mlle. Bonheur that I wished to take it at once, in order to have it in my 1855 exhibition, and that I should like to have it engraved by Thomas Landseer, the celebrated engraver and brother to the painter. She was delighted at the idea of the picture being engraved and said to me: "I have asked you 40,000 francs for my picture, although in France I can not get 12,000, and I am pleased at your consenting to my terms. On the other hand, I don't mean to take undue advantage of your liberality. How can we arrange matters? Let us see. Well, the picture is very large and it will be difficult to find a place for it in an engraver's studio. Besides, you want to exhibit it. Wouldn't it be better for me to paint you a smaller copy?"

That suggestion she carried out, and explains how the second canvas came into existence. That smaller copy was the one from which Landseer's well-known steel engraving was made, and is the picture which is in the British National Gallery. When she heard that it had become the property of the British nation, Mlle. Bonheur decided to make a third copy, thinking the second was not good enough for the London collection. Hence "The Horse Fair" number three. But the National Gallery authorities were not able to accept the substitute, as the painting which it was designed to replace had been given to them as trustees. Besides these three, Mlle. Bonheur executed a water-color replica, and a drawing based on a large photograph. Of all these, however, the picture in the Metropolitan is by far the finest work, which is only as it should be in view of the fact that the artist always found her best public in America. This was recalled to her detriment when the rosette of the Legion of Honor

was requested in her behalf. "She has ceased exhibiting at the Salon," objected the president, "and sells in America everything she paints." The complete answer to that was that the French government had had the opportunity to buy "The Horse Fair," but had neglected it.

By the death of Julia Ward Howe, Boston has lost one of its characteristic functions, namely that weekly reception which the aged writer maintained for so many years in her town house at the Hub. It was not a difficult matter to obtain admission to one of those receptions, which were always managed with fine dramatic effect. The callers were received by one or other of Mrs. Howe's daughters, generally Mrs. Richards, and were conducted by easy stages to the drawing-room on the second floor, where the veteran lady received. She sat in a raised arm-chair, the back of which was turned to the window, and was usually attired in a light robe, richly decorated with antique lace. One by one the callers were taken forward and given a chair by the hostess's side and allotted a few minutes' conversation. Mrs. Howe never seemed to weary, and her skill in entertaining her various visitors was as remarkable as her memory for the events and persons of far-off years. If her caller hailed from the other side of the Atlantic she would recall some of her own experiences in England as a young bride, and delight specially to tell of a dinner party at which she was "taken in" by Landseer, without, however, clearly catching his name. During the meal her attention was caught by a painting on the wall, which she asked her partner to explain, saying, "I don't understand anything about pictures; do you?"

What does William Winter mean when he says he has rewritten a considerable part of the new edition of his "Shakespeare's England" and "carefully revised the rest"? The question is inevitable in view of the fact that in his chapter on Stratford-on-Avon he refers to the "Ancient House" now known as "Harvard House" and remarks: "In that house, according to a dubious tradition, was born the mother of John Harvard, who founded Harvard University." No one who knows anything of the Harvard family is likely to state that the mother of John was "born" in Harvard House; it was not built until 1596, and at that date the mother of the future founder of Harvard University was a girl of twelve. Hence there is no tradition, "dubious" or otherwise, about her having been born in that ancient building. But that it was the girlhood home of Katherine Rogers from 1596 to her marriage with Robert Harvard in April, 1605, is beyond all question. That fact has been fully established, and it is both ignorant and absurd to write about a "dubious tradition." Apparently Mr. Winter's rewriting and revision has been done in perfect oblivion of all the discoveries which have been made about John Harvard's connections during recent years, and also of the fact that Harvard House is now the property of Harvard University.

Thanks to that busy hive of book-publishing industry which adorns the lower reaches of Fifth Avenue in New York, the name of Macmillan as a synonym for the best in literature is as widely known and as highly respected in the United States as in England, where that great publishing house was founded. At last there has been written an adequate biography of that sturdy and high-minded Scot, Alexander Macmillan, whose lofty ideals of the publisher's functions have done so much to insure the high quality of the books which bear that familiar imprint. Alexander Macmillan deeply resented the idea that a publisher should tickle the ear of as large a public as possible by appeals to the taste of the million. His business, he affirmed, was not simply to sell books, but to sell good books. Hence his refusal to publish Robert Buchanan's early poems, a refusal which he accompanied by a letter declaring that a poet "should strive to make himself and others as pure and strong and fit to do God's work in the world as he can." Seeing that he took such a view of his work as a publisher, it is hardly surprising to learn that he was proud to be the medium of giving "Tom Brown's School-days" to the world not on account of its success, but because of "the palpably noble tone that runs like lifeblood through it." The countless thousands who are attached to that classic of school life will be glad to read the letter, now first published, in which Tom Hughes informed the publisher that he was at work on the story:

DEAR MAC: How's yourself and where's yourself? My chief reason for writing is that, as I always told you, I'm going to make your fortune, and you'll be happy to hear that it is almost or at least half done. I've been and gone and written or got in my head a one vol. novel, a novel for boys, to-wit Rugby in Arnold's time. Ludlow is the only cove besides my wife who has seen a word of it (and, mind if you take it or don't, I can't afford to have it known), and he thought it would particular do, and urged me to go on with it, which I have done this vacation, and only want the kick in the breech that some cove's saying he would publish would give me.

Lord Rosebery ought to come to America to complete his education. When the guest recently at a dinner in Scotland given by the "Incorporation of Hammermen" he groped around somewhat ineffectually to find out what a hammer man is. He went back in his researches so far as the Scandinavian god Thor, Thor of the Hammer, but finally left him out of his reckoning because he could not place him chronologically. But his lordship seemed to feel that he was on surer ground when he came to the builders of Noah's ark inasmuch as all the pictures he had seen of that event depicted hammermen in full employment. But in coming to modern times he displayed a sad lack of knowledge, for the only contemporary interpretation he can give to the work hammermen restricts that phrase to the "manufacturing interests." Hence the necessity of a visit to the United States where scores of genial persons will be ready to present his lordship with a hammer and instruct him in the gentle art of knocking.

LADIES' TAILORS TO THE FORE.

New Fashions in New York, Modestly Reported.

The subject of dress is always an interesting one, but there are times when it becomes just too absorbing for anything. One of these periods is now upon us, and it takes visible form in the exhibition of new models on the Belvedere Roof Garden of the Hotel Astor. Every one knew that there was something in the wind, for really great movements are never left without their portents. And there have been many portents. A few weeks ago, for example, there was an influx of ladies' tailors from abroad, and also of the mysterious people who go to Europe every year in order to bring back to their own country the commands of those who lay down the law in such matters. They were all very secretive. It was no use for the inquisitive reporter to ask his usual impertinent questions. They bore themselves with the dignity of royal ambassadors who are afraid almost to think lest they shall perspire a mystery of state. They admitted that there were to be changes, radical changes, and one of the potentates in a garrulous moment even admitted that the hobble skirt would go. But he would not say what would take its place. Indeed, he would not so far commit himself as to say that anything would take its place, and the reporter, who was a modest young man, forebore to press the question. But the air was evidently palpitating with great events that were to be disclosed only when the United Ladies' Tailors' Association thought it fit to raise the curtain at the Hotel Astor.

And, by the way, Mrs. Belmont has just returned from Paris and she wore a hobble skirt of the most pronounced kind. She was interviewed on board the steamer, but she was as dumb as the rest of them. She had gone to Europe ostensibly to concert suffragette measures with her sisters in affliction upon the other side of the water, but she candidly admitted that she had talked about dresses most of the time. Beyond that she would say nothing, except that she was longing to find herself once more in her suffragette chair of state at the New York headquarters. Perhaps her longing was intensified by a realization that she could never get there if she were abandoned to her own natural means of locomotion, but even on the subject of dress she had nothing to say. Perhaps a dark diplomacy was expressed by her occasional brilliant flashes of silence upon matters in general. Is it possible that she has been devising measures whereby suffragette women can button themselves up the back without the friendly mediation of complacent husbands and the like? Is it possible that the sisterhood is about to throw off the last vestige of dependence upon unspeakable man? Is that what Mrs. Belmont meant when she said that she had been discussing dress matters in Europe? It would be just like her subtle yet commanding intellect to play it low down on us like that and to conceal a Machiavellian plot beneath the innocent surface of a feminine foible.

It would really seem so if we may trust the display at the Hotel Astor. There is actually a suffragette suit on show at that wonderful place, and all the buttons are in front—at least all the buttons that we are allowed to see. Of course the mere man is at a disadvantage in seeking for precise information. He may use his eyes as much as he wishes, but if he voices the questions that rush tumultuously to his tongue he is nearly certain to be led into indiscretion and so to wish that he had never been born. For remember that these garments must be inspected *in situ* so to speak. They are not displayed upon lay figures, but upon living ones, and where is the man so bold as to lay impious fingers upon them or to question the blushing, or unblushing, models upon those points where information is most needed. For example, there was a really attractive young woman who was displaying the charms of the suffragette suit, but no one had the effrontery to ask her how she kept those things up, whether by suspenders, or by the usual tapes and elastics that are so much more perplexing than a ship's rigging. The need for suspenders certainly seemed to be indicated, as a scientist would say. A man could not put them on with any hope of saving himself from ignominy without suspenders. He would never trust himself to tape in a matter so vital to his self-respect, but you couldn't put the question bluntly to that young woman without making her cry. No one could.

In point of fact she was wearing trousers. There is no other word for them, painful as it is to use the plural number after a severe looking demonstrator had specially asked that a pronoun in the singular number be used. They are trousers, and how can trousers be referred to as "it"? They are not exactly the same as the garment that base man grabs from the foot of the bed as the factory bell begins to ring. In fact, no rightly constituted man would be willing to be found dead in them, but all the same they are trousers. Below the knee—and one must really speak of such things with a pure heart—they are of the plain and unadorned kind. Above the knee they seem to be of a somewhat fuller make, more baggy than the male animal would like to use. But the question of the suspenders remains unsolved, insoluble it is to be feared, unless in some unguarded moment of platform oratorical gymnastics we may get a glimpse of the "luminous interval," the interregnum so to speak, that will disclose the secret before we have time to put our

hands over our faces. But probably that is guarded against.

Of course there are other things to look at besides the suffragette suits, lots of them, and every man about the place was looking for all he was worth. There was a costume for lady aviators, and it seemed to be a cross between a bathing suit and bloomers. And really the young woman who wore it was pretty enough to tempt a deep-sea diver into a biplane. Then there was a safety riding-habit devised for ladies who wish to use the side-saddle and at the same time to be prepared for those accidents that will sometimes happen and that necessitate a sudden descent to earth. The costume seems well adapted to its purpose. There is absolutely nothing that can catch anywhere, but its great disadvantage is the need for a perfect architectural development to go with it, and there are said to be instances where this has been denied by nature.

Space will hardly admit of further description, but we shall all look out for these things upon the streets, while the suffragette suit will do more for the cause and produce larger meetings and a greater male interest than all other attractions combined. By the way, it is a curious fact that the models at the Astor Hotel exhibition refused to give their names, while their haughtiness simply passes description.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, October 14, 1910.

At the Base of Fuji.

According to Mr. Ponting, in his recent appreciative work, "In Lotus-Land Japan," one of the most lovely districts in a land distinguished for its natural beauty is that at Shoji at the base of Fuji. It was discovered by an Englishman, who promptly built a hotel in a desirable location:

The Shoji trip is usually extended into a journey round the entire base of Fuji—one of the most beautiful scenic tours in Japan. Lakes, forests, rivers, and waterfalls succeed each other in quick succession, and always there are new and bewitching vistas of the grand mountain which dominates the background, each more beautiful than the one preceding it.

Though I have made this journey at each season of the year, I can not say that at any one time it was more charming than at any other. Certainly nothing could exceed the beauty of the scenery in the depths of winter, when Yamanaka plain was two feet thick with snow, and Shoji lake locked in the frigid embrace of the Frost King. As we tramped through the woods, the sunlight, glinting through the frosted branches, set every tree sparkling as with a myriad gems, and our boots creaked and squeaked on the hard snow crystals that flashed like diamonds underfoot. Fuji was covered to the forest-line with a shroud of white, and the sharp, invigorating air was such as made one glad to be alive, and thankful for health, and strength, and opportunity to enjoy the lovely face of nature. The ice on Shoji lake—which is the only one of the five sheets of water at Fuji's foot that freezes—was so hard, and clear, and smooth that only the sharpest skates could hie it; but those who had such could revel in the finest of all exercises amidst scenery of such beauty as can defy the whole world to excel it. Few people, however, care to go so far from the well-worn paths in winter, except a few permanent foreign residents of Yokohama who know this place and religiously go there every year as soon as the welcome news reaches them that "Shoji is frozen."

In summer the mountain is no longer white, being almost entirely snowless, but there are many pleasures to compensate for the absence of the beauty given by the snow-cap. The woods are at their best, ringing with the song of the cicadas, and the air is soft and warm, yet bracing; whilst, to those who are fond of fresh-water swimming, Shoji is a paradise.

Perhaps, if any months are more suitable than others to see the lakes, April, May, or October should be chosen. Then Fuji has its crest well covered with snow, and the woods are clothed in their fairest dress.

London has not adopted the policy of annexation. Paris, Berlin, and Vienna have centralized municipal governments. The lord mayor and aldermen of London have virtually no authority outside their 600-acre patch. Westminster has an independent city government and the rest of what the world calls London is divided among more than twenty boroughs, each with a mayor and council elected by its people. Three of them, Lambeth, Islington, and Wandsworth, have more than 300,000 population, and several, including Camberwell, Hackney, St. Pancras, Southwark, and Stepney, have 200,000 and more. These boroughs are very different from the boroughs of New York. The latter merely choose borough presidents, who represent them on some city boards and who have certain local administrative duties. The boroughs of London are more like States in our union. They raise and spend money for strictly local objects and even engage in such important undertakings as public ownership of lighting plants.

A "lady chapel" in the new Liverpool cathedral is to have windows commemorating the deeds of women, and the inscriptions are most attractive. One of them will read, "Queen Victoria and all noble queens," and among the others will be: "Grace Darling and all courageous women," "Catherine Gladstone and all loyal-hearted wives," "Elizabeth Barrett Browning and all women who have seen the infinite in things."

Marie Van Vorst, the author, is a daughter of Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst of the New York Supreme Court. Miss Van Vorst's first essay in literature was verse, which was printed in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1893. One of her efforts is a description of four great rivers of the Old World, written after travel through the scenes, and on a special commission from Harper & Brothers.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Emma Helen Blair, assistant in the State Historical Library of Wisconsin, is an acknowledged authority on the Philippine Islands, but has written much on other historical subjects.

The Kaiser has just collected \$2,500,000 from German millionaires for the University of Berlin. This activity is believed to be entirely subsequent to Colonel Roosevelt's visit and interview.

Acton Davies, the widely known dramatic critic, was born in St. John's, Canada, in 1870, and went to New York when he was seventeen. He has been a reporter and war correspondent as well as a prolific writer on topics of the theatre.

The Marquise Clara Lanza, whose novels and magazine sketches have made her name familiar, is a native of Kansas, the daughter of Surgeon-General William A. Hammond. She married the Marquis Manfredi Lanza of Palermo, Sicily, in 1878. She spends much of her time in Washington.

Miss Flora Wilson accompanies her father, the Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, on his speaking tour in Iowa, his home State, and sings at the meetings. Miss Wilson prepared for the grand opera stage under Jean de Reszke in Paris, and has been heard in New York and Washington.

John Brisben Walker, the retired editor, now on his farm in Colorado, resigned his cadetship in Georgetown United States Military Academy to enter the Chinese military service, and served two years. He has had a busy life since that time as founder and editor of a magazine, and manufacturer of automobiles, but is willing to rest.

Mæcenas E. Benton, ex-congressman, was born in Tennessee in 1849, but removed to Missouri in 1870. He was United States attorney for his district from 1885 to 1889, but was removed from office, the original "offensive partisan charged with pernicious activity in politics." He has been a delegate to State and National Democratic conventions.

W. J. McGee, the anthropologist and geologist, was born in Iowa fifty-seven years ago, but now lives in Washington. He studied Latin and science on the farm, and later became a manufacturer of agricultural implements, but geology and exploration appealed more attractively to him, and he has traveled and written a great deal for scientific publications.

King George has let it be known that he will have the Prince of Wales become a Mason as soon as the lad reaches suitable age. King Edward was an enthusiastic member of the fraternity and grand master for Great Britain when prince, turning that office over to the Duke of Connaught when he ascended the throne, the present king not then being a Mason.

Charles Henry Davis, the engineer, who was graduated from Columbia University at the head of his class in 1887, when he was only twenty-two years of age, has devoted his efforts to electric traction interests with great success. He owns several important electric lines, and is the managing engineer of many more, in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York State.

Miss Braddon, the English novelist, who is now engaged in writing her sixty-seventh novel, celebrated the seventy-third anniversary of her birthday on October 4. Miss Braddon wrote her first story, the famous "Lady Audley's Secret," for a new magazine to be started by John B. Maxwell, the publisher, who afterward became her husband. The opening chapters were written in the evening after her suggestion that she might furnish the serial story needed.

Nasir-el-Mulk, the new regent of Persia, is an Oxford graduate. Nasir-el-Mulk, who was elected in succession to the late Ali Reza, was born in 1858, and after receiving part of his education in Teheran, went to Balliol, and took an Oxford degree. In 1889 he visited England again, in the suite of Nasir ed Din Shah, and was made K. C. M. G. He has held several offices of state, and has been governor of Kurdistan. Last year he declined the position of premier, which was offered him more than once.

Professor George Ellery Hale, director of the observatory on Mt. Wilson, in Southern California, was born in Chicago in 1868. He was educated at Harvard and the University of Berlin, and for a time was director of the Yerkes Observatory in his native city. He has won several gold medals for his discoveries and addresses, and is a member of the national astronomical societies of the world. The scientific establishment over which he presides is called the Solar Observatory of the Carnegie Institution at Washington.

Mrs. Harriet Clark Fisher of Trenton, New Jersey, is known as the "anvil queen," being one of the largest manufacturers of anvils in the world. Last year she started out on a globe-girdling tour, taking with her a maid and a man-servant. In thirteen months she completed her trip around the world, 18,000 miles of which she made in her car. During the whole journey she had no serious accidents, and although she penetrated far into the uncivilized regions of Asia, she experienced little more difficulty than if she had been touring in America.

THE PIRATE.

A Story of the Paris Flood.

During the panic of flight in the dead of night caused by the late sudden inundation in Paris, Rigal, a mechanic, saved a young woman, Mme. de Trêles, just at the moment when adrift, separated from her husband, the waters were sweeping over her. He supported her in his arms, and the river still rising, he was forced to seek refuge on one of the upper floors of a building whence the occupants had fled, leaving a lighted lamp. He was twenty. The great allurements and charm of this elegant, young, exquisitely molded woman roused within him such a strange, ungovernable agitation that he decided to withdraw from her presence, leaving her quite alone. But at the thought of solitude she became frightened, and when the lamp went out her terror—the presentiment of a flood like those of the early ages, and at the same time the awakening of a sudden sensuality—threw her into her preserver's arms.

Slowly, insensibly, Mme. de Trêles roused from her slumber. A happy consciousness of life animated her whole being. Her pliant form gravitated toward the impersonal lover in whose rude embrace she lay and intuitively conscious of this close contact she involuntarily drew forward her arms, closely locked about Rigal's neck, bringing his head by a quick, nervous gesture into contact with her lips. Not until after this kiss, when with a sigh her arms relaxed and she repulsed the young man, did she open her eyes. Her smile was instantly arrested—it ceased—her expression grew sombre with a mingling of astonished displeasure. In the gray dawn of the risen day she recognized neither man nor room nor the bed whereon she lay, fully dressed. Then memory returned with a little shock.

"The water!" she cried.

With a bound she was on her feet and with a quick-returning, natural haughtiness she strode to the window. The water, a yellow, turgid mass, extended as far as eye could reach. Only trees and islets of houses emerged from its surface. Beneath the window where she stood it had crept so high that it seemed one might reach it with the hand.

But the spectacle by daylight caused only stupor in the young woman. The centuries bridged over by the nocturnal tempest had suddenly receded. She was no longer the timid little creature, the frail woman seeking refuge in the powerful, protective arms of the male; she was Mme. de Trêles! In thought she again saw the luxurious villa whence she had been forced to flee—she saw her servants—her lover—her husband. A flood of scarlet rose to her cheeks. At the recollection came a feeling of anger against her own flesh and with it a horror quickly augmented by the privation of all she lacked at this moment—her maid, her bath, her perfumes. Even a legend which she had evoked to flatter her vanity failed to appease her; for, if some remote empress did once take delight in the brutality of like assaults, upon awaking she would at least find herself alone, freed from the presence of the hero of the night's escapade; while in the case of Mme. de Trêles he remained and she was forced to face him anew.

To put off this moment she opened the window and leaned out. Suddenly she gave a cry: "The boats!" An instinctive, tremulous joy thrilled her. Boats! And soldiers! They were coming! It was her salvation!

Rigal, meanwhile, remained in the background, suddenly intimidated. An uncertain movement of his fingers toward his mustache proved abortive. He had perceived the quick rupture in their relations and he awoke as from a dream. The rosy mouth with its small, white teeth, as savory as a pomegranate; the supple, rounded limbs; the smooth skin whose satiny texture melted at his touch; the blonde throat; the patrician odor—all these had been his, and already all was over!

As for madame, even at the thought that she had fled to him for refuge as a god aroused in her a deep anger and she felt a growing hatred of him at her inner consciousness that her flesh should have responded to his rude embraces.

He did not, however, rebel. With the day, the distance of caste was reestablished. For her, luxury and rare and costly pleasures; for him, hard work and banal loves. He had had his hour—ended now, like unto that hour in a wonderful night when the people should be king—like unto those primitive times when soldiers of fortune had clasped royal forms to their broad breasts. But amazement dominated all other faculties, leaving in his mind a feeling of respect and a sentiment of adoration as before an idol. In his heart was an infinite gratitude—he had but one desire—to obtain forgiveness for the glory that had been his—a desire to dedicate himself to her service; and his whole bitterness was for those people who were coming in their boats and who were already separating them. In a low, sad voice he said: "They have seen you, madame; they are coming!"

The words irritated Mme. de Trêles in that they recalled Rigal's presence. The knowledge of her guilt troubled her more in proportion as the boat approached. What would be thought on finding them there together? What was to be done? Ask him to hide, to steal away? To look at him, speak to him? To revive for a single second the odious souvenir

which bound them together? To aggravate this avowal by a new complicity? Her powerlessness to decide made her hate him more than ever. What was he doing there? She would have had him, too, vanish with the shadows of the night, emulating to the very end those heroes of royal amours whose memory she had but now evoked and who, the glorious adventure closed, had no further rights there, save to struggle with her avengers on the threshold.

Rigal's voice again made itself heard. "As for me," he said, "there is no need of any one saving me! I can swim—I will get out of it all right! But it is better that I stay here; I will go into another room. They will take you away and I will look out for myself."

He had hoped for a word of thanks—a look—perhaps a smile with a little gesture of the pretty white hand. But an impatient shrug of the shoulders betrayed to him his impotency at such a waste of words; a thing so simple as that—why one merely did it without saying anything! And Mme. de Trêles, fearing he might bethink himself, without turning her head, flung at him the words: "Yes, that is right! Go!"

The next instant the boat drew up beside the window. A soldier asked: "Are you alone?"

"Alone!" she replied.

Rising to the height of the window, two soldiers lowered her to the bark, and they passed on, circling the house. The boat, being overloaded, proceeded with difficulty amid the wreckage. All at once one of the soldiers exclaimed: "See! There is a man! Look! In your house!"

Mme. de Trêles saw Rigal, who was astride a window sill. Her look hardened. She answered: "I know nothing about it! I do not know him!"

"A robber, perhaps?"

Mme. de Trêles's face blanched as an atrocious temptation assailed her. In her first agitation she had committed the folly of confiding her name to this man. Might he not divulge the adventure? Or, still worse, might he not reappear later in her life—demand, threaten perhaps? Besides, was it not already too much that she must be forever haunted by this obsession, this torture? A robber? Had he not, in fact, pillaged, destroyed her effects, her personal belongings, stolen her vestments? Had he not odiously taken advantage of her? So she said: "Yes, yes! It is surely a robber!"

The soldier called: "Hello, there, you fellow!"

Lost in the wind, the voice perhaps failed to carry. With a light impulse Rigal glided into the water. A ruffian hailed: "Halt, or I fire!" He hesitated, however, to carry out his threat.

"Why don't you shoot?" asked Mme. de Trêles.

She closed her eyes. Her nails gripped the sides of the boat. The man fired. On the spot where, a moment before, a swimmer's head had emerged above the yellow waves, there now gleamed a crimson stain which grew larger and larger as the boat bore away.—Translated from the French of Jean Ribrach for the Argonaut by S. H. Davenport.

The thirty American newspaper editors were not the only favored ones invited to visit Mexico during the centennial festivities at the expense of the government. Various prominent educators in the United States had similar opportunities opened to them. The special official delegations from other governments, including the large representation from the United States, were sumptuously and tactfully entertained with every form of hospitality during their visits. The party from the States was provided for with special distinction in an elegant and spacious palace and personal representatives of the government were assigned to attend to their every need and pleasure. The whole celebration was, in fact, carried out on magnificent lines. The authorities decided to spend \$5,000,000 in the observance of the big national anniversary, and their large plans were splendidly executed. The festivities were by no means confined to the capital. They extended to every large town and many small ones in the country. Almost every railroad station was brilliantly decorated with the national colors, and every city gave evidence of celebrations already past or on the eve of fulfillment.

Frederick Leveson-Gower, in his Reminiscences, relates that when he visited Moscow in 1856 for the coronation of Alexander II, "opposite our house during the procession was drawn up a regiment, called Paulovski, formed by the Emperor Paul, all the men having turned-up noses, and therefore resembling him. It seems it was the fashion to compose regiments of men all having the same features. The late emperor had recruits sent to him, and told them off according to their looks. There is one regiment of men all marked with the smallpox."

President Taft will sail for the Isthmus of Panama November 10 from Charleston, South Carolina. He will make the trip on the armored cruiser *North Carolina* and will be convoyed by the sister ship *Montana*. These are the same vessels used by Mr. Taft in his Panama trip just before his inauguration. The President will be gone about twelve days. The *North Carolina* and *Montana* can make the journey in each direction in four days. This will give Mr. Taft about four days on the Isthmus.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
"Arise, ye more than dead!"
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion can not Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion can not Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries Hark! the foes come:
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

The soft complaining flute,
In dying notes, discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.
Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.
Orpheus could lead the savage race:
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But hright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the Blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky!—J. Dryden.

The Fair Singer.

To make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony,
That, while she with her eyes my heart does bind,
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

I could have fled from one but singly fair;
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair;
But how should I avoid to be her slave,
Whose subtle art invisibly can wreathe
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

It had been easy fighting in some plain,
Where victory might hang in equal choice,
But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice;
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the wind and sun.
—A. Marvell.

Song.

Why, dearest, shouldst thou weep, when I relate
The story of my woe?
Let not the swarthy mists of my black fate
O'ercast thy beauty so;
For each rich pearl lost on that score
Adds to mischance, and wounds your servant more.
Quench not those stars that to my bliss should guide;
Oh, spare that precious tear!
Nor let those drops unto a deluge tide,
To drown your beauty there:
That cloud of sorrow makes it night;
You lose your lustre, but the world its light.
—C. Cotton.

Song.

Can life be a blessing,
Or worth the possessing,
Can life be a blessing, if love were away?
Ah, no! though our love all night keep us waking,
And though he torment us with cares all the day,
Yet he sweetens, he sweetens our pains in the taking
There's an hour at the last, there's an hour to repay.

In every possessing,
The ravishing blessing,
In every possessing, the fruit of our pain,
Poor lovers forget long ages of anguish,
Whate'er they have suffered and done to obtain;
'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure to sigh and to languish,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.
—J. Dryden.

All the newspapers of Chicago are now sold at or cent a copy. The Brooklyn *Eagle* says, with logic, that a paper that does not have to depend altogether on advertising is more likely to be independent.

A YEAR WITH THE ESKIMOS.

The Environments and Habits of the World's Most Northern People.

When Harry Whitney set out for Northern Greenland in the summer of 1908 his object was a brief hunting expedition in pursuit of walrus, polar bear, and the musk-ox. But his hopes of securing such unusual game were not realized, and his disappointment was so keen that he suddenly decided to be put shore for a year's big game hunting under the shadow of the pole. The idea seemed feasible because Mr. Peary had arranged for a cache of provisions to be left at Etah and another at Annotok, the latter in charge of two of the explorer's men. Even so, many tried to dissuade Mr. Whitney from his purpose, especially as he had set out originally with no equipment or facing the Arctic winter. However, he had his way, and the world is the richer for his admirable "Hunting with the Eskimos," a volume packed with information and adventure. Not alone is the book rich in sporting adventures, but its contributions to our knowledge of the Eskimos are of unusual value.

When the *Erik* had sailed away and left him the only white man on that northern shore, Mr. Whitney naturally began to reflect on his position:

I must say that when I found myself alone on the bleak rocks of Northern Greenland with the Eskimo representatives, prehistoric progenitors, and with no other object in view than the hunt and to meet and combat nature in this her most desolate habitation, I felt some uncertainty of the wisdom of my step. I climbed a hill that rises behind the shack at Etah, and sat down to think.

Was I sorry that I had thus suddenly renounced present-day civilization for an indefinite period, and taken up instead the primitive life of the northernmost Eskimo? It was too late now to turn back, and I made up my mind to make the most of the adventures and experiences that my new surroundings would offer. Upon consideration indeed I was very glad I had remained. I looked about me and viewed with delight the mighty expanse of Arctic wilderness spread at my feet, austere and rugged, but yet possessing a beauty and a grandeur of its very desolation, and distinctively its own. And it was as an impressive and fascinating thought that here lay a region thousands upon thousands of square miles in extent, unpeopled save by the handful of natives who were to be my companions, and by the wild beasts we were to hunt and must to some extent depend upon for our living. In these wilds of time, I, too, would be an Eskimo and adopt the Eskimo life, which is as free from convention as anything the imagination can picture!

And so I entered upon the life with a lightness of heart and freedom from care that was exalting. My reasoning led me into a frame of mind that bred contentment, and my first sleep in the shack at Etah, wrapped in a primitive bed of musk-ox skins, was as sound and peaceful as a child's.

A little later he journeyed to Annotok, the most northerly Eskimo settlement in the world, where the members of the Highland tribe assemble their families in the autumn to remain throughout the winter. Besides, it would provide Mr. Whitney with a more central point for his own hunting expeditions. As, in keeping with his determination, he speedily got into close touch with the Eskimos, it was not long before he discovered a curious affliction to which they are subject:

It was upon our return to Etah on the evening of the 16th that I observed for the first time a case of *problokto* among the natives. *Problokto* is a form of temporary insanity to which the Highland Eskimos are subject, and which comes upon them very suddenly and unexpectedly. They are liable to have these attacks more particularly at the beginning or during the period of darkness. Tukshu began suddenly to rave upon leaving the boat. He tore off every stitch of clothing he had on, and would have thrown himself into the water of the Sound, but for the restraint of the Eskimos. He seemed possessed of supernatural strength, and it was all our men could do to hold him. With the knowledge that his madness was temporary and he would shortly be himself again, with no serious consequences to follow, I cheerfully watched his astonishing contortions. It would have been a very serious matter, however, had Tukshu been attacked while in the boat; and it is very serious indeed when *problokto* attacks one, as it sometimes does, when on the trail, or at a time when there are insufficient men to care for the afflicted one.

For his own use Mr. Whitney built at Annotok a quantity of packing cases, but during his brief absence at Etah the winds had reduced the structure to a wreck. It was cold work rebuilding it, and at the same time the natives were fully occupied in attending to their own needs:

The weather was so cold that all the Eskimos of the settlement moved now into their winter homes in stone igloos. These igloos, covered with snowdrift, were very snug and warm. A low tunnel, some fifty feet in length, led to them, and to enter an igloo one was compelled, by the low roof of the tunnel, to crawl upon hands and knees. A very strong and oppressive odor permeated the igloos, but in close, continuous contact with Eskimos one readily becomes accustomed to that.

The abandonment of the summer tupeks for winter igloos is the occasion for a kind of religious celebration. I spent a few hours at this ceremony, which was conducted in Kudlar's igloo. In the weird light shed by two stone lamps in which oil and narwhal oil was burned, it was very impressive. As it, however, I had not obtained sufficient grasp upon the language to understand the import of these exercises well enough to describe them adequately or clearly. They were, of course, heathen rites, as no Christianizing influence has yet been brought to bear upon the Highland Eskimos. Nevertheless, they are kindly, honest, upright in their dealings, considerate of the comfort of others, self-sacrificing, and most hospitable.

At this season of the year—late in September—the nights were glorious. "The stars shone with unusual stre. The moon, in its last quarter, cast an uncanny glow, lighting the thousand fantastically formed icebergs, which spread out before us over Smith Sound, in such a manner that the prismatic, crystal masses were transformed into brilliant, sparkling gems of huge

proportions, scintillating with every color of the spectrum." But the long, dismal night of the Arctic was not far away:

On October 9 all the Eskimos in camp turned out in new winter fur clothes. In these costumes nearly every variety of fur and skins found in the country was presented—fox, bear, musk-ox, deer, seal, and hare, with birdskin shirts next the body. This day apparently marked a period in the course of seasons—the advent of real winter.

We were on the threshold of the long dismal night at last. Over the world there came a new and fearful stillness that seemed to speak of impending doom—something intangible, indescribable, uncanny. The gloom that settled upon all of us was particularly noticeable amongst the Eskimo women. They were affected not only by the natural depression that impresses itself upon all with the vanishing of day, but an increasing apprehension had sprung up for the safety of the hunters. A rapid driving of the ice pack to the southward had raised a fear that the men had gone adrift on it—a haunting, ever-present fear when a sudden shifting of the ice occurs while hunters are abroad.

I dropped into Kulutinguah's igloo one evening and amused the kooner by making cigarettes, which she gave her three-year-old pickaniny. The little one puffed them with a relish which diverted and pleased the mother for a time, but presently Kudlar's kooner came in and the two women began to cry and moan, "*Pea me nodoo isickey! Pea me nodoo isickey!*" (Give me my man! Give me my man!). I felt exceedingly sorry for the poor things, but there was nothing I could do to help them! They were very short of food, and that day had killed three of their dogs to eat. This was an additional cause for worry.

At half-past one that night I was awakened from a sound sleep by a woman shouting at the top of her voice—shrill and startling, like one gone mad. I knew at once what it meant—some one had gone *problokto*. I tumbled into my clothes and rushed out. Far away on the driving ice of the Sound a lone figure was running and raving. The boatswain and Billy joined me, and as fast as we could struggle through three feet of snow, with drifts often to the waist, we gave pursuit. At length I reached her, and to my astonishment discovered it was Tongwe, Kulutinguah's kooner. She struggled desperately, and it required the combined strength of the three of us to get her back to the shack, where she was found to be in bad shape—one hand was frozen slightly, and part of one breast. After a half-hour of quiet she became rational again, but the attack left her very weak.

Apart from their hunting and the preparation of their winter stores, the Eskimos have little to occupy their time. Hence their skill in carving—that supreme recreation of primitive man:

In the short interval between the return of the men and their next hunting expedition, in which I was to take part, Oxpudysheu carved for me a miniature sledge and dogs out of ivory. The skill displayed in this direction by the Eskimos was wonderful. Later I attempted it myself, and had some success carving dogs, seals, and the like, out of walrus teeth; but it had to be done with a jack-knife, and was very tedious work. My ambition in this line started a carving epidemic, and every one, even the young boys, tried a hand at it.

Some of the Eskimos displayed a remarkable artistic instinct. One of them drew for me several excellent presentations of animals, and reproduced incidents of the hunt. I had but to suggest an idea for a sketch, supply pencil and paper, and in a few minutes a very well executed drawing would be produced. One man particularly had an excellent eye for proportion and perspective, and though entirely without previous practice, handled the pencil with skill.

Before undertaking a hunting expedition the Eskimos are in the habit of thoroughly overhauling their packs of dogs, for each animal consumes a large quantity of flesh. The incapable dogs are killed and their meat cached as a future food supply. There are many interesting references to these useful animals, and one of Mr. Whitney's most exciting adventures was when a pack rebelled against his authority and would have badly mauled him had their traces not kept them prisoners:

The Eskimo dogs were a source of great interest to me. They would break into seemingly impossible places, and devour every imaginable thing that fell within their reach. "A bottle of whisky that I was reserving in a box, packed in straw, was found two hundred yards from camp by Kudlar's kooner, and returned to me. The dogs had broken into the box and carried the bottle away. It seems hard to believe, but I discovered that they would actually open tin cans to get at the contents.

I do not know of any other animal that could withstand and live through hardships to which these dogs are subjected. They are beaten, kicked, and starved continually. The Eskimos claim they are the better workers for it, and that kindness makes them lazy. Some of the dogs were addicted to chewing their traces, and I saw the Eskimo masters hammer out the back teeth as a preventative. The poor dogs bled so profusely that I thought they would die, but they came through the ordeal with apparently little injury, save the loss of teeth and lacerated lips. This is only an instance of the extreme cruelty to which dogs are subjected by their native masters.

No matter how great the white visitor's inclination to interfere and stop these cruelties, he is powerless to prevent them. The Eskimos consider such interference an unwarranted intrusion into their personal affairs to be resented. They have always treated dogs in this way, and can see nothing wrong in it. It is entirely a matter of education. They have never been educated to feel compassion for dumb brutes, though they are strongly imbued with sympathy for human kind.

Uncanny as were the effects of the approach of the Arctic night, the final going of the sun was a unique experience:

No words can adequately describe the awful pall of the Arctic night. It is unreal and terrible. Even the moonlight is unnatural, casting upon the snow and ice, the wind-swept rocks and the people themselves a shade of ghastly, indefinable, greenish-yellow. Shifting shadows flit among moving ice masses like wraiths of departed spirits. A deathlike silence prevails, to be broken only by the startling and unexpected cracking of a glacier with sound of mighty thunder-clap, or the smashing together of great ice floes with a report like heavy cannon.

In spite of one, depression takes possession of the soul—a hopeless kind of unreasoning depression. Intent and severe as the cold may be, any active man can stand it without serious suffering, when a little experience teaches how, for that acts only upon the physical being, and can be guarded against; but the prolonged, sunless night has a dire effect upon the human mind which only exercise and diversion can counteract.

Under such conditions man becomes the proper study of man to an emphatic degree. Scattered through Mr. Whitney's pages are many references to the conclusions he reached with reference to the Eskimo character, as well as many notes on their habits of life:

Through my close association with the Eskimos, I was beginning to learn a great deal about them and their habits of life. I had held many preconceived and erroneous ideas concerning them now to be revised. My own impression, and I believe it is one generally held, had been that they lived an inactive life during the winter night, and that they were inclined to slothfulness and laziness during the summer. Nothing can be farther from the fact. While it is true that in the summer period life can be sustained with comparatively little exertion, they are constantly waging a fight for existence. During the winter it may be said that they never allow themselves even the amount of rest that civilized people deem requisite to health. One hunting expedition is scarcely ended when active preparations are under way for another, and when the moonlight is at all sufficient to permit them to be abroad, they never tarry idly in their igloos.

Referring to the igloos, each of the Eskimos had now, as a further protection against the cold, built a large snow igloo at the entrance to the tunnel leading to his stone igloo, and had covered the stone hut with thick blocks of snow. With this further shutting out of air circulation the offensive odor in the igloos had increased proportionately. This odor was now so terrible that it is beyond the power of pen to describe it. One may, however, appreciate it to some extent by likening it to a slaughter-house, where refuse is permitted to decay with never an attempt at cleansing or renovation.

Upon entering an igloo one sees spread about the floor indiscriminately great pieces of walrus, seal, and bear meat or blubber—hundreds of pounds of it—in various degrees of decomposition. Suspended from the ceiling are fox, hare, seal, and other skins stretched out to dry. On the side of the igloo opposite the entrance is the bed upon which all of the inhabitants of the igloo sleep. It is a platform raised slightly above the floor, and spread thickly with musk-ox, deer, dog, and bear skins.

On either side of the platform are native lamps burning seal, walrus, and narwhal oil. These lamps are blocks of stone hollowed out to receive the oil. The hollow is cut with one straight and one curved side. Moss or other available material answers for the wick, which is distributed along the straight side. The lamps vary in size from small lamps with the straight sides ten inches in length to larger ones where it may be fifteen inches long. If well cared for, the light is fair, and gives out considerable heat, with little smoke; but if not carefully watched it smokes badly, and becomes very offensive.

While Eskimos eat much of their meat raw and relish it so, they prefer it cooked when conditions permit of cooking. It can be understood how difficult it is to cook it, when it is remembered that the only fire they possess is the meagre one supplied by the stone lamp. Over this lamp ice and snow must be melted to supply water for the household.

If one happens into an igloo at meal time, the host or hostess will wipe carefully, with the feathered side of a bird-skin, a tin can or plate, if the igloo boasts such a dish, and in it serve the visitor with such food as may be prepared. When I called upon Kulutinguah, the day following our return from Cape Russell, I dined with him. The menu consisted of boiled walrus meat, which was not at all bad, though of a strong fishy flavor.

While so cruel to their dogs, the Eskimos have a deep affection for their children. Mr. Whitney is convinced that they will do and sacrifice more for their offspring than any other people. It is rarely the Eskimos inflict physical punishment upon a child, and everything is made to give place to the needs of the young. They marry, or mate, at an early age, fourteen years being the average, but a woman before taking a husband must be able to sew and competent to make his clothing, while the man must have killed a seal, a bear, and a walrus.

Several curious results of living in the Arctic regions were noted by Mr. Whitney. Owing to his wearing the kuletat hood continuously his hair came out in great bunches. Again, the absence of the sun turned his complexion a sickly shade of yellowish green. It was no wonder, then, that he was on the alert for the return of the light-bearer. As the hour drew near for that event he took up his station on a high island of ice in Smith Sound:

Here we watched for half an hour, when suddenly the good old sun appeared through a gap in the mountains, and both of us shouted together, "There he is! There he is!" It was glorious! It thrilled me and made my heart beat faster. It inspired us with new ambition and made life seem a good deal more worth while. In a few minutes he dropped again from view, but that one glimpse swept away the gloom that had unconsciously settled upon our souls during the long months since he left us. This was March 11. We made our way back to camp and drank "to the return of the sun."

During this period we were favored with gorgeous sky colorings. Some of the effects were beautiful beyond description, and often every color of the spectrum might be seen reaching up from horizon to zenith, awe-inspiring and wonderful. Usually, too, they were of longer duration than any I had ever before observed. Add to this the maze of icebergs and rafted ice which mighty powers had piled in hills hundreds of feet high stretching out over Smith Sound; the towering Greenland mountains behind; endless reaches of white, everywhere encrusted with prismatic frost flakes and sparkling in the light of coming day—a wilderness rugged and repellent, and at the same time possessing a unique, transcendent beauty that attracted and fascinated.

In spite of many difficulties, Mr. Whitney secured a series of remarkable photographs of the scenes of his exile, which have been drawn upon liberally for the illustration of this fascinating book. Its only defect is that it lacks an index, an omission which should be supplied when—as will certainly be the case—a new edition is demanded.

HUNTING WITH THE ESKIMOS. By Harry Whitney. New York: The Century Company; \$3.50 net.

Judges Hand, Hough, and Holt, of the New York courts, announce that hereafter tourists who smuggle goods into the country will be punished by imprisonment as well as by fines.

GRAND OPERA IN ENGLAND.

Thomas Beecham's Achievements and Plans for the Future.

"Worth a guinea a box" is an advertisement exceedingly familiar to British eyes. And as it is inseparably associated with the name of Beecham how is it possible to avoid being reminded of the phrase in connection with the Thomas Beecham, who purveys opera instead of pills? For boxes are no more alien to opera than to pills, and Mr. Beecham's programme for this new season is ample warrant that his boxes will be honestly worth a guinea apiece.

But it is the distinction of Mr. Beecham that he is after the shillings of the people rather than the guineas of society. The usual grand opera season at Covent Garden makes its appeal almost exclusively to Society with a capital S. It depends upon subscriptions rather than window sales; the prices rule high and are practically prohibitive to people of moderate means; and the environments are such that even were the seats less costly, a night at the opera is too heavy a financial burden for most shoulders. For the getting there, and the adornment necessary for being there, and the going hence are all so many more factors in the expense. One must drive both ways, for the simple reason that opera toilettes are not of the kind which can be displayed in the lowly tram or the humble 'bus. That's the reason why hitherto, and save for the three months of the grand opera season, Covent Garden is so often "dark," or else devoted to the less elevating uses of fancy dress balls.

Nor is that all. Generally speaking, the grand opera season at Covent Garden is run in a rut. The same operas are given year after year, with the result that the performances have degenerated into social functions and are uninteresting to lovers or students of music. In justice, however, it should be recalled that the last season was distinguished for one novelty—the first production in England of Raoul Laparra's lyric drama, "La Habanera." Laparra is a young Spaniard from the Basque provinces who has studied music in Paris and won the coveted Prix de Rome, that award which enables the winner to reside in Italy at government expense on the condition that he composes certain musical works in a stated time. "La Habanera"—so named after the somewhat lascivious dance of Spain—is by far the most important work Laparra has produced, and is remarkable for the poignant manner in which it reproduces the sombre melancholy of the Basque people. The opera tells the story of the love of two brothers, Pedro and Ramon, for a Castilian girl named Pilar, whose choice falls upon the first-named. Maddened by jealousy, Ramon stabs Pedro, who, as he dies, threatens to return to the earth a year hence if his brother has not confessed within that time. In the second act the ghost of Pedro appears to Ramon, and warns the murderer that on the morrow he will take Pilar to his grave. So the third act passes in a country churchyard at the close of the day, and in the climax Pilar, to whom Ramon has vainly tried to confess his guilt, falls and dies on her lover's grave. A sad story, as the stories of operas are wont to be, yet grandly redeemed by the brooding melancholy of its music. The general effect was that of a tale told in a low voice with an appeal to the heart, and the impression left by the performance was that the composer has broken new ground in the realm of the supernatural. One of the chief merits of the opera is that it does not sacrifice dramatic necessities to vocal considerations, thus confirming the composer's belief that "song and declamation must form one body."

Perhaps it is not necessary to insist that the production of "La Habanera" may have been due to Mr. Beecham's wholesome competition, but there can be no question that his activity in musical matters is having notable results. Within the space of a single year he has planned and successfully carried out three seasons of grand opera in London, which is in itself a remarkable achievement for a man who but a year ago was known merely as an orchestra leader. Today he is England's most promising impresario, having a keen perception of what the public wants and a rare skill in operatic conducting. His all-round musical knowledge has contributed not a little to this result. He has few rivals in reading and mastering a score, is a consummate pianist, and a director of enormous resource. Perhaps no greater tribute was ever paid to a conductor than the remark of Richard Strauss after a rehearsal of his "Elektra" last autumn: "I came here expecting to devote the entire day to my opera. We went through it once and I found absolutely nothing to change. The whole thing is wonderful."

What Mr. Beecham wishes to achieve for England is the permanent institution of grand opera. To this end he follows a twofold policy; on the one hand he restricts his performances as far as possible to the English language, and, on the other, he relies to the utmost on native talent. His ambition is to reach the hearts of the people, and to attain that result on the widest possible scale he is working for the establishment of small opera houses in the chief provincial cities of England. So far as his experiments have gone, Mr. Beecham has proved that there is a vast and profitable public for opera given on artistic lines at moderate prices and in language understood by the masses. His new season opened auspiciously at Covent Garden last night with "Hamlet," and the operas

already announced include "Elektra," "Tales of Hoffman," "Tannhauser," and "Tristan und Isolde." The performance of "Hamlet" was specially notable for the triumph of the Ophelia, Mignon Nevada, the daughter of California's celebrated prima donna. Miss Nevada sang with ease and great expression, and acted with fine restraint. If Mr. Beecham can hold his own for a few more years it looks as though the Englishman's musical taste may soon aspire higher than "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road" or "Sally in Our Alley."

LONDON, October 4, 1910.

PICCADILLY.

THE LATEST DOOLEY BOOK.

Extracts from a New Volume of Philosophy from Archey Road.

Among the few luxuriant patches in the field of American humor, sadly neglected of late or unfertile, that kept green by Finley Peter Dunne is one of the most cheering. In the recent volume issued by the Scribners, and entitled "Mr. Dooley Says," there are conversations with Hennessy on a score of topics, all in the best vein of the philosopher of Archey Road. Some of them have been printed in periodicals, but even those are worthy of a more permanent abiding-place. There is a shrewd wit in the genial criticisms of passing events and prominent figures, and genuine impulses to laughter in every paragraph. This from the experience of the man who believes he is ill:

But ye know ye are goin' to die an' ye're not sure whether ye'll send fr' Father Kelly fr' th' doctor. Ye finally decide to save up Father Kelly fr' th' last an' ye sind fr' th' Dock. Havin' rescued ye fr'm th' jaws iv death two or three times before whin ye had a sick headache th' Dock takes his time about comin', but just as ye are beginnin' to throw ye'er boots at th' clock an' show other signs iv what he calls rigem mortar, he rides up in his fine horse an' buggy. He gets out slowly, one foot at a time, hitches his horse an' ties a nose hag on his head. Thin he chats fr' two hundred years with th' polisman on th' beat. He tells him a good story an' they laugh harshly.

Whin th' polisman goes his way th' Dock meets th' good woman at th' dure an' they exchange a few wurruds about th' weather, th' bad condition iv th' streets, th' health iv Mary Ann since she had th' croup an' ye'er self. Ye catch th' wurruds, "Grape Pie," "Canned salmon," "Cast-iron digestion." Still be doesn't come up. He tells a few stories to th' childer. He weighs th' youngest in his hands an' says: "That's a fine hoy ye have, Mrs. Hinnessy. I make no doubt he'll grow up to be a polisman." He examines th' phottygraft album an' asks if that isn't so-an'-so. An' all this time ye lay writhin' in mortal agony an' sayin' to ye'er self: "Inhuman monsther, to lave me perish here while he chats with a callous woman that I haven't said annything but 'What?' to fr' twenty years."

Ye begin to think there's a conspiracy against ye to get ye'er money beure he saunters into th' room an' says in a gay tone: "Well, what d'ys mane he tyin' up wan iv th' gr-rat industrees iv our nation he stayin' away fr'm wurrud fr' a day?" "Dock," says ye in a feeble voice, "I have a turble pain in me ahumdum. It reaches fr'm here to here," makin' a rough sketch iv th' burned district under th' blanket. "I felt it comin' on last night but I didn't say annything fr' fear iv alarmin' me wife, so I simply groaned," says ye.

While ye ar-re describin' ye'er pangs, he walks around th' room lookin' at th' pictures. After ye've got through he comes over an' says: "Lave me look at ye'er tougue. Hum," he says, holdin' ye'er wrist an' bowin' through th' window to a frind iv his on a street car. "Does that hurt?" he says, stabbin' ye with his thumbs in the suburbs iv th' pain. "Ye' know it does," says ye with a groan. "Don't do that again. Ye scratched me." He hurls ye'er wrist hack at ye an' stands at th' window lookin' out at th' firemen acrost th' street playin' dominoes. He says nawthin' to ye, an' ye feel like th' prisoner while th' foreman iv th' jury is fumlhin' in his inside pocket fr' th' verdict. Ye can stand it no longer. "Dock," says ye, "is it annything fatal? I'm not fit to die, but tell me th' worst an' I will thry to hear it." "Well," says he, "ye have a slight interioritis iv th' semicolon. But this perscription ought to fix ye up all right. Ye'd hether take it over to th' drug store an' have it filled ye'er self. In th' manetime I'd advise ye to be careful iv ye'er diet. I wudden't ate annything with glass or a large percentage iv plaster iv Paris in it." An' he goes away to write his bill.

Mr. Dooley speaks with gentle sarcasm of a devotion to literature, but there is a serious meaning in his burlesque:

Well, sir, it must be a grand thing to injye good books, but it must be grander still to injye anny kind iv hooks. Hogan can read annything. He aint a bit particklar. He's tur-rhly addicted to th' habit. Long years ago I decided that I wudden't read annything but th' lightest newspapers with me meals. I seldom read between meals exceipt now an' thin fr' sociability's sake. If I am with people that are readin' I'm very apt to jine thim so's not to appear to be had company. But Hogan is always at it. I wudden't mind if he went out holdly to readin'-rooms an' thin let it alone. But he reads whin he is he himself. He reads in hed. He reads with his meals. He is a secret reader. He nips in second-hand hook stores. He can't go on a thrain an' have anny fun lookin' at th' other passengers or invyin' th' farmers their fields an' not invyin' their houses. Not a bit iv it. He has to put a hook in his pocket. He'll tell ye that th' on'y readin' is Doctor Eliot's cillyhrated old blent an' he'll talk larnedly about th' varyous vintages. But I've seen him read hooks that wud kill a truckman. Th' result iv it is that Hogan is always wrong about ivrything. He sees th' wurruld upside down. Some men are affected diff'rent. Readin' makes thim weep. But it makes Hogan believe in fairies while he's at it. He's irresponsible. There aint annything in th' wurruld fr' him but dark villians an' blond heroes. An' he's always fightin' these here imaginary inimites an' frinds, wantin' to destroy a poor, tired, scared villian, an' losin' his good money to a hero. I've thried to stop him. "Use ye'er will-power," says I. "Limit ye'er self to a hook or two a day," says I. "Stay in th' open air. Take soft readin'." How d'ye expect to get on in th' wurruld th' way ye are goin'? Who wud make a confirmed reader th' cashier iv a bank? Ye'd divide ye'er customers into villians an' heroes an' ye wudden't lend money to th' villians. An' thin ye'd be wrong even if ye were right. Fr' th' villians wud be more apt to have th' money to bring back thin th' heroes," says I. "Ye may be right," says he. "But tis too late to do annything with me. An' I don't care. It may hurt me in th' eyes iv me fellow counthymen, but look at th' fun I get out iv it. I wudden't thradé th' injanyous wicked people an' th' saints that I see

fr' all th' poor, dull, half-an'-half crathers that ye find in th' wurruld," says he.

The talk about the Japanese scare is a little aged but it is too funny to be thrown away without another reading:

A few years ago I didn't think anny more about a Jap thin about anny other man that'd been kept in th' oven too long. They were all alike to me. But today, whiniver I see wan I turn pale an' take off me hat an' make a low bow. A few years ago au' I'd het I was good fr' a dozen iv thim. But I didn't know how tur-rhly a people they are. Their ships are th' best in th' wurruld. We think we've got good ships. Th' Lord knows I'm told they cost us enough, though, I don't remember iver payin' a cent fr' wan. But a Jap's rowhau cud knock to pieces th' whole Atlantic squadron. I cud so. They're marvellous sailors. They use guns tha shoot around th' corner. They fire these here injines iv destruction with a mysterrious powder made iv a substance on'y known to thim. It is called saltpetber. These guns hurl projectiles weighin' eighty tons two thousand miles. Or land they ar-re even more tur-rhly. A Japnese sojer can march three hundred miles a day an' subsist on a small piece iv chwin' gum. Their ar-rmy have arrived at such a perfection at th' difficult manoeuvre known as th' goose step that they have made this awful instrument iv carnage th' terror iv th' armies iv Europe. As cav'rymen they ar-re unexcelled. There is on'y wan horse in Japan, but ivry Japnese sojer has larned to ride him. To see wan iv their magnificer cav'ry rigments goin' into action mounted on Joko is a sight long to be raymimered. Above all, th' Japnese is most to be feared because iv his love iv home an' his almost akel love iv death. He is so happy in Japan that he wud rather die somewhere's else. Most sojers don't like to be kilt. A Japnese sojer prefers it. It was hard to convince th' nation that they hadn't lost th' war with Rooshya because not so many Rooshyans had been kilt as Japs. Faith wought to be scared iv thim. I niver see wan without wondhrin' whether me cellar is bomb-proof.

An' I sigh fr' th' good old days beure we become wha Hogan calls a wurruld power. In thim days our fav'rith spoort was playin' solyrate, winnin' money fr'm each other an' no wan th' worse off. Ivrybody was invious iv us. We didn't care fr' th' hig game goin' on in th' corner. Whin I broke up in a row we said: "Gintlemen, gintlemen!" an' maybe wint over an' grahed somebody's stake. But w cudden't stand it anny longer. We had to give up our simple little gamé iv patience an' cut into th' other deal. An' now, he Hivens, we have no peace iv mind. Wan han we have wan partner; another hand he's again us. Thim minyt th' Jap an' me ar-re playin' together an' I'm tellin him what a fine lead that was; th' next an' he's again me askin' me kindly not to look at his hand. There ar-re no frinds at cards or wurruld pollyticks. Th' deal changes an' what started as a frindly game iv rob ye'er neighbor wint up with an old ally catchin' me pullin' an ace out iv me boot an' denouncin' me.

Mr. Dooley is not driven to expression in recent days, but it would be well if he were. He should be obliged to furnish a column or more weekly, on the interesting developments of the time. There is a distinct loss to the people in his luxurious ease.

On the afternoon of Saturday, October 1, some fifteen wrecked and abandoned automobiles might have been seen beside the Long Island roads within four miles of Garden City, the supply of bandages had run short in the Mineola and the Belmont Memorial hospitals, and the newspapers were printing the names of four men who had been killed and over a score of men and women who had been seriously injured that morning at the "bloodiest motor-car speed event ever run in this country." If this is what the Vanderbilt Cup Race means, declares the New York American, the Vanderbilt Cup Race must go, and if this is what motor-racing means, such racing "will certainly have to be given up." The same protest is voiced by the Evening Post, the Evening Mail, the Times, the Tribune and other metropolitan dailies, and in deference to public opinion the Grand Prize race scheduled to be run over the Vanderbilt Cup course on October 15 has been called off by its promoters. The press are now seriously asking whether such sport "is worth the candle," and the Chicago Record-Herald speaks for many of its contemporaries in replying emphatically that it is not, for "what is there in the gain of a minute to excuse the appalling waste of life?" Joseph Dawson lost the race to Grant by twenty-eight seconds, entirely through a three-minute stop which he made after running down a man whom he thought he had killed, declares his manager.

St. Helena, 1000 miles off the west coast of Africa is famous as the last abiding-place of Napoleon and a the island prison of Cronje and the expatriated Boer in 1900. There are few relics of Napoleon remaining on the island, aside from the house in which he lived—Longwood, as it is called. It is a one-story bungalow, built in part of stone and partly of wood. There were trees around the house in Napoleon's time, but the farmstead is denuded now. There is no furniture within; there is only a bust of the emperor in the bedroom he once occupied. At government house may be seen Napoleon's bookcase and his billiard table. He used to play with his hands instead of a cue. He wearied of the amusement within a year, and gave the table to his jailer. Thereafter the billiard room was converted into a maproom, where the distinguished captive would pace to and fro with flags in his hands, refighting his campaigns—not sparing himself even when it came to the black memory of Waterloo. The island is but forty-seven miles in extent, and contains 3509 people. There are golf links, tennis courts, race courses, and the population is enthusiastic over cricket.

It is said that the city of Houston, Texas, has more automobiles in proportion to its population than any other city in the United States. There are 1300 machines, with a total population of less than 100,000.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Mr. Ingleside.

"If ever I should take to writing stories they should be stories not of life as I know it, but of life as I wish it to be. That is the story-teller's opportunity and privilege: to invent a better state of things than he lives in." The ostensible speaker is Mr. Ingleside, but it is doing Mr. Lucas no injustice to take the words as his own confession of faith. They represent, obviously, the ideal he has kept in view in this winsome and enjoyable story, which depicts an imaginary world of the type dear to its author's bookish tastes. Not, of course, that Mr. Lucas would wish all men to be unable to live with their wives—the fate of Mr. Ingleside—but really the separation of this couple contributed so much to the happiness of each that the incident is no law in the story. The fact is, Mr. Ingleside is a bachelor who happened to be married, and possessed in addition a fatherly heart. That is all. There are many such men, and it is gain to have this delightful picture of the type. For the rest the story is replete with that gentle humor for which Mr. Lucas is so distinguished, makes an adroit and always pleasing use of literary knowledge, and introduces the reader to a large gallery of nimbly drawn minor characters. It is all sheer story of a particularly refreshing kind.

MR. INGLESIDE. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

The Creators.

Almost will the reader be inclined to agree with Nina: "Doesn't it look, Jinny, as if genius were the biggest curse a woman can be saddled with? It's giving you another sex inside you, and a stronger one, to plague you. When we want a thing we can't sit still like a woman and wait till it comes to us, or doesn't come. We go after it like a man." In a sense Jane Holland, one of the many literary "creators" of this story, goes after no other of the "creators," George Tanqueray o-wit, and he, in turn, as if to even the account and show that a male genius is still a fool where women are concerned, goes after her unlettered little Rose and has many unhappy days in consequence. There are many more of these "creators," all huddled with the problem whether it is possible for men and women to wed without making any sacrifice of genius. Their mental and passionate struggles are finely depicted by Miss Sinclair, who has attained in this novel a surer touch and a more distinguished manner than in either of her previous books. She has bestowed great pains in making her characters live up to their postulated reputations, and her reader will not be disturbed by any sense of incongruity between those characters as they are and as they are supposed to be; yet so far the majority will doubtless agree that the most arresting person in the story is the commonplace little Rose, a lover of home and of service to those she adores. And it is odd to know that the wayward George at last appreciates his treasure.

THE CREATORS. By May Sinclair. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

A Man's Man.

Enjoyable as it may be as a separate study, the second book of this new novel by Ian Hay is an unnecessary interruption of the story. All that was needful in the way of demonstrating to the reader that Hugh Marable was a young fellow of grit and physical courage had been given in the spirited account of his college days at Cambridge, and to add to that was a mistake. It delays the story for no reason at all, and to that extent anticlimaxes Mr. Hay in holding his reader's interest. For the rest, the novel will be welcomed by those who enjoyed its forerunner—"The Right Stuff"—even though Hugh is to some extent little more than an English version of Robert Fordyce. The real charm of the story, however, centres in the wayward boy, an admirable embodiment of the intractable feminine temperament as it is viewed by the male's puzzled mind. For all her willfulness, Joey, whether as a child of eleven or a woman of twenty, is entirely adorable and a prize worth winning even at the cost of all Hugh's pains and strategy. The uncle of the hero is also a sharply drawn character, and is skillfully managed as the good fairy of the story. Once more Mr. Hay writes in a delightfully breezy manner, his dialogue being always crisp and his asides all of humor.

A MAN'S MAN. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net.

History of Ethics within Organized Christianity.

Broadly speaking, this scholarly and exhaustive history is related to the "back to Jesus" movement. Dr. Hall is convinced that the simplicity of the teaching of Jesus has been materially obscured by ecclesiastical traditions, and insists upon "putting in the foreground what Jesus put in the foreground, and relegating even true traditions to the background if they are of secondary importance."

Hence the candor with which Dr. Hall speaks of the Gospel records. For the biogra-

phy of Jesus, he points out, we "must depend upon the imperfect memories of loving interpreters, whose materials are given in such a way as to preclude accurate chronological rearrangement." It is indeed, he admits, impossible to say how far we have the words of Jesus and how far the commentary of the disciples. Yet he argues that independently of the accuracy of the Gospel records, the fact remains that the significance of the life of Jesus is overwhelming. In attempting to decide what was the ethical idea of Jesus, Dr. Hall thinks it is necessary to exclude the interpretation of Paul, and also the witness of the Fourth Gospel. This reduces the student to the first three Gospels—"the three first" Dr. Hall writes—and even these have to be examined with great care. From those records, carefully considered, the ethical teaching of Jesus is argued to include the following: morality is not outward conduct but inward motive; such morality is of supreme importance; its character is deeply compassionate; it is non-ascetic; it has an idealistic foundation.

When he comes to penning the history of the ethics of the early church Dr. Hall shows how speedily the doctrine of Jesus was distorted. "The main quarrel of Jesus with the religious life of his day was with the pharisaic conception of God as law-giver, and of the religious life as obedience to an outward legalism, and of the kingdom of God as the success of a selfish temporal and ecclesiastical organization. And now before three centuries have passed away these three misconceptions are seemingly firmly implanted in the fighting ecclesiastical organization." Dr. Hall pursues his theme through the centuries with great thoroughness, and brings his history to a close with a brief discussion of the merging of churchly with philosophical ethics.

HISTORY OF ETHICS WITHIN ORGANIZED CHRISTIANITY. By Thomas Cuming Hall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3 net.

Hero-Myths and Legends.

As the author notes, the task of those who would gain a clear idea of those legends and stories of heroes which were the delight of thirteenth-century people is exceedingly formidable. He does, indeed, become lost in the mazes of an enchanted land, where mystical figures hearken him in every direction. Hence the present volume, which aims to provide a clue to guide the modern reader through the labyrinth of mediæval story. It is admirably done. The stories have been changed but little, save to make them more understandable to the modern mind, and all through the object has ever been kept in view to exhibit the ideal hero of the British mind. That ideal has changed from age to age, but there always abides a substratum of resolute character, and it is a wholesome mission to depict for the present age a race of men who at least possessed grit and blood. The gallery is naturally opened with Beowulf, who embodies the ideal of English heroism. "Bold to rashness for himself, prudent for his comrades, daring, resourceful, knowing no fear, loyal to his king and his kinsmen, generous in war and peace, self-sacrificing, Beowulf stands for all that is best in manhood in an age of strife." The other heroes include Havelock the Dane, Roland, Cuchulain, Robin Hood, and Hereward the Wake, and all their stories are retold with zest and much dramatic force. The volume is copiously illustrated from drawings by well-known artists.

HERO-MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE BRITISH RACE. By M. I. Ebbutt. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2 net.

Studies in Spiritism.

In the flood of books about psychic phenomena it is an infinite relief to come upon such a volume as the present—a volume penned by a competent student, and embodying the fearless conclusions of investigations which were originally undertaken in "a spirit of doubt that inclined toward belief." Dr. Tanner well deserves the tribute paid her by Dr. Stanley Hall in his introduction, in which he appraises her volume as the sanest and best of the many that have been published of late, giving as it does a searching, impartial, and critical estimate of the chief works of the English Psychic Research Society.

By far the greater bulk of the volume is devoted to an examination of the case of Mrs. Piper, with whom, in conjunction with Dr. Hall, Dr. Tanner had six sittings. Never before have the phenomena presented by that famous medium been so carefully recorded and investigated. The results justify the conclusion that the two theories of telepathy and spirit communication are unsupported by any valid evidence. But Dr. Tanner does not leave her subject at that negative conclusion. She attempts to explain the unprecedented spread of spiritism in this country and England since 1848, and finds that people turn to spiritism when they feel the present life to be too overpowering. "But," she adds, "the vicious outcome of this particular form of other-worldliness consists in this, that the person who takes refuge in spiritism from life is not healed and made strong, and sent back with fresh courage, but is made more and more dependent upon the medium. Instead of being made to realize the beauty and value

of the present life and its ties, he is taught to yearn for those who are irrevocably dead and gone. He is brought back again and again for business advice, for health diagnoses, and for any pretext that will secure more sittings." And the remedy? Well, it is not sufficient to discredit spiritism intellectually. It flourishes because large numbers of people have no one to whom they can confide their secrets and sins, because so many have today no adequate object on which to expend love, reverence, and worship.

STUDIES IN SPIRITISM. By Amy E. Tanner. With an introduction by Dr. G. Stanley Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Boys who are enamored of football will revel in Alden Arthur Knipe's "Captain of the Eleven" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.25), which depicts in a stirring manner the many contests for leadership which are common in school life. There is an unusually vivid description of a school match.

Quaint pictures and ridiculous text combine to make De Witt Clinton Falls's "The Journey Book" (the Century Company; \$1) an enviable possession for young or old. It tells in a humorous way something about the sights encountered on a journey through the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, France, Germany, and other European lands.

Robert Demachy has long been known to students of the camera art as a leader in pictorial photography, and his sun pictures of Normandy in the new edition of Anna Bowman Dodd's "Three Normandy Inns" (Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50 net) give that volume a unique distinction among books of travel. It is too late to praise Mrs. Dodd's sprightly text.

Here and there in "Sun-Ways of Song" (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net) Alonzo L. Rice comes exceedingly near writing a perfect poem, and especially is this the case with "A Dead Bee," "Love's Rose," and several more, but in most of the poems there are faulty lines or prosaic elements that rob them of complete success. Still, Mr. Rice shows distinct promise and may yet perfect his muse.

Although somewhat amateurish in its construction and dialogue, Marjorie Benton Cooke's "The Girl Who Lived in the Woods" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50) is a story of wholesome influence and has a valuable lesson for ill-mated couples. It is true the strength of Anne Barrett's character as revealed when her husband loses his fortune is somewhat of a surprise, but on the other hand Judge Peter may be intended to supply the missing factor. There are many admirable outdoor scenes, and happiness reigns supreme at the close.

John Harrington Cox's "Knighthood in Germ and Flower" (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25) tells in an exceedingly attractive form the old stories of Beowulf and Sir Gawain and the Green Knight of the Arthurian romance. The stories have been translated from the original sources and are presented in a spirited manner, devoid of that archaism which makes most versions so difficult to read. It is an admirable little book for young readers, who can not fail to benefit from making the acquaintance of heroes representing the best types of manhood.

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Gossip of Books and Authors.

Heine is generally supposed to have been indifferent to the exile which was forced upon him by his satire of things Teutonic, but a letter written from Paris, which is given in the new biography of the writer, contradicts that view. "Whoever has lived out his days," he wrote, "the damp, cold days, and the long black nights, in exile, whoever has gone up and down the hard stairs of a strange land, will understand why I repudiate the aspersions upon my patriotism more angrily and at greater length than all the other calumnies which have been preferred against me for so many years, and which I have borne proudly and patiently." He was told in one of those last days spent upon his "mattress-grave" that the first European book to be published in Japanese was a translation of his poems.

Another study of Poe is promised, this time from the pen of Arthur Ransome, who will include in his volume what is described as the first exhaustive account in English of the French view of the author of "The Raven."

Jane Addams's intimate biographical record of "Twenty Years at Hull House" will be published early next month by the Macmillan Company. The founder of the famous Chicago settlement was referred to recently by an English writer as "easily the foremost woman in America. To say that a woman, and that this woman, is one of the greatest influences affecting American life is the highest praise that can be spoken of it and of her."

A "Life of the Late Empress Dowager of China," written by J. O. P. Bland, who was for many years in the service of the Chinese government under Sir Robert Hart, is announced by the Lippincotts. The volume has been compiled from state papers and the private diary of the comptroller of the empress's household.

William Morris's works are to be published in a uniform edition of twenty-four volumes, the editorship of which has been undertaken by the poet-craftsman's daughter. Each volume will be illustrated, and there are to be critical introductions and copious biographical notes.

Owen Brown, the father of John Brown, as appears from the life of the latter written by Oswald Garrison Villard, held quaint views about what he called "women's wrights." He wrote: "There is much said about women's wrights in these days, and it is true they have these wrights and what are they but the love and care of a faithful husband, with a share in all his honors joys and comforts of every kind."

Ian Hay, as might have been expected, is a pseudonym, the real name of the author of "The Right Stuff" being I. H. Beith. He is a Scotsman and a master in Fettes College, Edinburgh.

A fine flavor of old New England classical scholarship is imparted by Alice Brown to her new novel, "John Winterbourne's Family," whose hero is sadly disturbed at an intended reading of the Idyls of Theocritus with his friend Lovell. Some readers will be disappointed that the reading never gets any further than suggestion.

According to M. J. Lhéon, nearly all Dutch writers today, "men and women both, writers of fiction or poets, are, in one direction or another, revolutionists or innovators." The country is being flooded with works "overcharged with all sorts of proselyting intentions."

New Books Received.

NOVELS.

CLAYFANGER. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An extended study—698 pages—of a man of the commercial class whose environment is that of "The Five Towns."

WHIRLIGIGS. By O. Henry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20 net.

Twenty-four short stories by that inimitable writer whose recent death was so great a loss to American letters. They were selected by Mr. Henry but a short time before he died.

MR. INGLESIDE. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

Notable for that delicate humor which distinguishes all Mr. Lucas's work. The hero is a man of attractive individuality.

BURNING DAYLIGHT. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Described as presenting "a new phase of the love of man for woman."

BELLCROFT PRIORY. By W. Bourne Cooke. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A romance of English life centring around the ruins of an ancient priory.

PRINCESS SAYRANE. By Edith Ogden Harrison. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Egypt in the days when Prester John was overlaid is the scene of this romance of Mohammedan intrigue.

HARMEN POLS. By Maarten Maartens. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35 net.

Depicts the crisis hours of the life of a young

Dutch peasant and gives an intimate picture of the spirit of Holland.

ONCE. By John Matter. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.20 net.

An idyl of boy and girl life in a small town of the Middle West a generation ago.

PAN'S MOUNTAIN. By Amelie Rives. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

An English poet is the hero of this story, and a girl half Italian and half Slav is the heroine. She is of a Pagan spirit, a worshiper of Pan.

THE WAY TO PEACE. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

An exquisite little idyl written in Mrs. Deland's most poetic vein and charmingly illustrated and decorated.

THE MISTRESS OF SEENSTONE. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

Another delightful love story by the gifted author of "The Rosary," reintroducing some of the characters of that novel.

ANNE KEMPURN, TRUTHSEER. By Marguerite Bryant. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.30 net.

By the author of "Christopher Hibbault: Road-maker," and said to be equal to that highly praised story.

THE GETTING OF WISDOM. By Henry Handel Richardson. New York: Duffield & Co.

A charming study of the elevating influence of children.

JUVENILE.

THE CHILD'S HARVEST OF VERSE. Selected by Mary Wilder Tilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

An anthology of nearly two hundred poems suitable for children between the ages of six and thirteen. Old favorites have not been overlooked, but Mrs. Tilton has been successful in garnering many new poems of high merit.

OLD MOTHER WEST WIND. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.

Delightful tales personifying the winds and various small animals, such as the frog, the fox, field mice, rabbit, etc. There are many charming illustrations.

FIGHTING WITH FREMONT. By Everett McNeill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

A stirring tale of the winning of California for the Union, with a young lad who accompanied Fremont for its hero. The hardships and adventures of the period are vividly depicted.

CAPTAIN PETE IN ALASKA. By James Cooper Wheeler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

Further adventures of the redoubtable captain who is already a prime favorite with boy readers. The story is educational as well as thrilling.

THE HUMP TREE STORIES. By Mary Joss Jones. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$1.

Mr. High-Hopper Grasshopper, Humper, Black Hawk, and Dickey Swift the squirrel are among the attractive characters of this charming child's book. The pictures and decorations by R. L. Hudson are admirable.

CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN. By Sarah Gertrude Pomeroy. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

An interesting account for children of the manner in which the chief festival of the Christian year is celebrated in Spain.

THE TWINS IN CEYLON. By Bella Sidney Woolf. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; 75 cents.

Adventures of two children in the lovely island of Ceylon, based upon personal experiences. Many excellent pictures by A. E. Jackson.

PRINCE PIMPERNEL. By Herbert Ricks. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.

A delightful fairy story of a poor little drudge who longed for life in the country. The illustrations in color and monochrome are numerous and attractive.

IVANHOE, QUENTIN DURWARD, THE TALISMAN. By Sir Walter Scott. Abridged by Herbert P. Williams. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 each.

Another attempt to condense three of Scott's novels for the special benefit of young readers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By A. Aulard. Translated from the French of the third edition by Bernard Miall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 4 vols. \$8 net.

An admirable version in English of M. Aulard's classical study of the political aspects of the French Revolution. The usefulness of the present edition is materially enhanced by the chronological summaries, notes, and biographical sketches supplied by the translator.

HISTORY OF ETHICS WITHIN ORGANIZED CHRISTIANITY. By Thomas Cuming Hall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3 net.

One of the main purposes of this exhaustive study is to clarify the teaching of Christ, the author holding that the simplicity of that teaching has been overlaid and obscured by intruding elements.

ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING THE LIFETIME OF SHAKESPEARE. By Felix E. Schelling. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.50 net.

While embracing the whole story of Elizabethan literature, this volume devotes special attention to the work accomplished in the lifetime of Shakespeare.

THEOLOGY AND HUMAN PROBLEMS. By Eugene William Lyman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

Described as "a comparative study of absolute idealism and pragmatism as interpreters of religion."

THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL. By Oscar Wilde. New York: Duffield & Co.

An attractive edition of Oscar Wilde's well-known poem of repentance.

STORIES OF THE SPANISH ARTISTS UNTIL COYA. By Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, selected and arranged by Luis Carreno. New York: Duffield & Co.

A volume of biography and anecdote beginning with Luis Morales and ending with Cean Ber-

mudez. The illustrations include eight plates in color and twenty-four in monochrome.

MR. DOOLEY SAYS. By the author of "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

Characteristic deliverances on divorce, woman suffrage, the bachelor tax, panics, ocean travel, and many other topics.

LEADERS OF SOCIALISM PAST AND PRESENT. By G. R. S. Taylor. New York: Duffield & Co.

Brief studies of Robert Owen, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Lassalle, Marx, and others.

THE BEAUTY OF EVERY DAY. By J. R. Miller. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 65 cents net.

Simple chapters intended to teach how common days may be made beautiful.

THE NEW BIBLE-COUNTRY. By Thomas Franklin Day. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

An earnest address designed to reassure those whose faith has been unsettled by the new criticism.

THE COLLEGE FRESHMAN'S DON'T BOOK. By G. F. E. (a sympathizer). San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

Humorous advice on dress, dining, lectures, and studies, college organizations, and things in general appertaining to student life.

EASY STANDARD FRENCH. By Victor E. Francois. Chicago: American Book Company; 40 cents.

Selections from the best French prose arranged and annotated for second-year reading.

ERNSTES AND HEITERES. Edited by Josefa Schrakamp. Chicago: American Book Company; 35 cents.

Short stories from the German designed for first and second year study of that language.

SPEAKING AND WRITING. By W. H. Maxwell, E. L. Johnston, and M. D. Barnum. Chicago: American Book Company; 23 cents.

Instruction in oral and written language for the fourth year.

PASSAGES FROM THE PHILOSOPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER. Chosen by Clara Sherwood Stevens. Portland: Thomas B. Mosher; \$1.50 net.

Selections designed to give a bird's-eye view of Spencer's philosophy. Daintily printed in a limited edition.

IN VARIOUS MOODS. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

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VIOLA ALLEN AND COMPANY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Miss Allen is, of course, lovely and romantic as the whiteclad nun in "The White Sister." It is something of an anomaly to see her in the theatrical atmosphere—for "The White Sister" is entirely theatrical; and as we are accustomed to associate nuns with measured pacing, folded hands, and prayerful reverie, the effect gained by seeing a lovely young nun go through the demonstrations, first of girlish pleasure while receiving a visit from her old governess, and later of violent anguish, was proportionately strong. Nevertheless, there is to the simple, natural human—for there is certainly something of an abnormalism in choosing the cloistered life—a difficulty in following the mental processes of a woman, who, with every sign of unquenchable love, and of mental agony, rests the anguished pleading of her lover, and postpones her earthly happiness to an otherworldly essence in that vague limbo called eternity. One must either be a fanatic or a fervent Roman Catholic to understand.

Thus, in the terrific struggle made by Sister Giovanni in the face of her lover's pleadings, we were with her when she seemed to yield, and unconsciously chilled when she summoned all the strength of her will to drag her back to the shelter of the cross.

Miss Allen does not belong to the highly modernized school of acting. Like James Neill, she, too, went wrong. "In the Palace of the King," and plays of that type, led her from the path of true art to that of theatrical effects. When we see her in Shakespearean plays she recovers, in the eyes of those she has estranged, her delightful, romantic charm. But "The White Sister" belongs to the same class as "In the Palace of the King," though it is far more interesting.

I noticed in "The White Sister" that Miss Allen has retained that mannerism, so arrant to a beautiful voice, of playing with words; letting it die away in meaningless swells, and allowing it to die away in inexpressive ebbs. One of those devices of purely theatrical effect which move and excite the more primitive auditors, but which is not inspired by any motive for intelligent expression.

The Countess Chiaramonte is a character without subtlety or depth; merely an old-fashioned villainess, charged with gratuitous venom. Miss Gale, however, imagined for her a certain investiture of manner and personality, and adhered to it consistently. Her countess is low-voiced, deliberate in speech and movement. She says things more by inference than by assertion, and when she is defeated in a battle of wits she hears the defeat unflinchingly; but we feel her mental processes, as she plans her next manoeuvre. Cordially invite some Eastern theatrical agnate to send Minna Gale out here with company and hacking and see if she will not make good—as much as her numerous seniors, and perhaps more so. I heard more of one commenting on her the other night, speaking with appreciation of her work in the past, and expressing a desire to have a taste of her quality in the future; something of a better line of work.

Memories of James O'Neill are also pleasantly entwined in our fervent recollections of past pleasures at the theatre. He was the matinee idol of San Francisco for many and any a day at the Baldwin Theatre, and a most valuable leading man. Handsome, romantic, magnetic, talented, he stood firm in the affections of his devotees for several years.

But the rôle of Monte Cristo has left its mark upon him. In "The White Sister" he is a Roman dignitary of the church; clad in his ecclesiastical robes, with his well-atured face and white hair set off by his rich man's scarlet headgear, he is a striking figure. With Mr. O'Neill's long experience in the stage in leading rôles, the manner and habit of authority appropriate to Monsignore Saracinesca sit well upon him, and his voice has the unctuous richness and fullness so often observable in men of the cloth. But Monte Cristo has left its mark upon his acting, in which there is no effect of suggestion. Almost everything he does is over-emphasized. A start of surprise becomes too violent, an expression of the features too marked. And he has acquired the trick of drawing his brows over his eyes to over-

intensify their gaze, common to players of the old school in rôles of villainy or machination, although Monsignore Saracinesca is a good man. But one can not take the name of art in vain by playing Monte Cristo continuously, even although profitably, through the years.

Viola Allen, therefore, was not obliged to contend against surpassing art, in that quarter at least, in spite of the dignified support afforded by Mr. O'Neill's trained ability and striking presence.

Henry Stanford, the leading man, is an earnest actor of considerable emotional abandon, and gives excellent support, of the kind required, to Miss Allen. It is a pity that Mr. Stanford, who, by the way, plays the rôle of a young officer, has not a more soldierly carriage of the body. Captain Severi, indeed, droops like the lily maid of Astolat, and a manly man should never be droopy, even when fate is against him.

Fanny Addison Pitt has proved her quality to us enough times for us to welcome the sight of her name on the programme. She gave an excellent impersonation, on strictly natural lines, of Sister Giovanni's governess.

Edwin Brandt's Lieutenant Basili was also satisfactorily played, the actor carrying himself so well in Basili's little contest of wits with the countess that it was evident a little more frivolity in his lines would have been adaptable to the actor, and acceptable to the audience.

Other minor rôles were suitably filled and the scenes were architecturally appropriate to an ancient convent. Particularly was this the case in the second act, which represented the garden inclosure of the convent, hacked by walls and towers of picturesque beauty. White-habited nuns, pacing to and fro, and religious music from the chapel hard by gave a sense of atmosphere very appropriate to the scene of the story.

The adapters of the play, whose names are not given, have been careful to offend neither the religious sensibilities of the Catholics—who, indeed, are well pleased with the principles laid down—nor the antagonisms of the ultra Protestants. Romance pure and simple is the key-note of the play.

The Gadski Concerts.

Mme. Johanna Gadski, the greatest living Wagnerian soprano, and an interpreter of *Reder* whose work is beyond compare, is announced by Will Greenbaum for three concerts, the dates being Sunday afternoon, November 6, at the Columbia Theatre, Thursday night, November 10, at the Novelty Theatre, and Sunday afternoon, November 13, at the Columbia. At each concert this artist will sing two groups, consisting of from twelve to sixteen masterpieces of song, besides excerpts from the Wagnerian music dramas.

At the first concert numbers will be given from "Die Walküre," at the second from "Siegfried," and at the third from "Der Götterdämmerung." The entire repertory of works to be given by Mme. Gadski is entirely new, and out of perhaps sixty numbers she is to give here there are not more than two or three that have appeared on her previous programmes in this city.

Mr. Edwin Schneider, the American composer-pianist, will be the assisting artist.

The prices will be \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, and \$1, and mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum, care of Sherman, Clay & Co. Special attention given to out-of-town orders.

Complete programmes may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the box-office opens Wednesday, November 2.

On Friday afternoon, November 11, Mme. Gadski will appear in Oakland at the Liberty Playhouse. Mail orders for this event should be sent direct to that theatre.

Violet Romer Will Dance Again

The announcement is made that the young San Franciscan, Miss Violet Romer, whose inspirational dancing was highly praised when she made her professional début at the Columbia Theatre at a special matinee, will dance once more before leaving for abroad. The great success which attended her former appearance has induced her to make another appearance in a series of dances. The former programme included a list of numbers which proved the art of Miss Romer, and she is to offer, at the coming Friday matinee, October 28, the best of her former programme, and some numbers in which she has not yet appeared. Seats for next Friday's matinee are now on sale. The prices are to be \$1, 75c, and 50c. Tickets can be secured at the box-office of the theatre.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has completed her play for Mrs. Fiske. It is entitled "Julia France." Mrs. Atherton says that her object in writing this play is to make it a sort of dramatic pioneer, as "A Doll's House" was in its day. "The rapidly developing woman," she writes to Mrs. Fiske, "has not been formulated before, but no doubt this is what she is coming to. There will be plenty of the others left!"

"Polly of the Circus" is to play a return engagement here early next month.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Pretty girls, and a small army of them at that; clever comedians, unusually gorgeous electrical effects, and magnificent costuming are a few of the features which go to make up the fine production of "Three Twins," now at the Columbia Theatre. The engagement of this musical comedy hit is to extend throughout this and next week, Sundays included. Matinees are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Victor Morley, Bessie Clifford, and other clever people appear in the leading rôles of this production, which is seen to infinitely better advantage this year than when last offered here. Bessie Clifford, as the Yama Yama girl, sings and dances her way into the hearts of all. She is dainty, ably voiced, and an agile dancer. Victor Morley is excruciatingly funny in the leading male rôle. The chorus has plenty to keep it busy during the two acts of the piece, and what it does is well done.

There is plenty of fun and much good music in "Three Twins." Of the songs the leading gems are "Cuddle Up a Little Closer, Lovey Mine," "The Girl Up There," and "The Yama Yama Man."

The performance of this Saturday afternoon and evening will mark the close of the first week of the engagement of Viola Allen, James O'Neill, and the associate players in "The White Sister," at the Savoy Theatre. On Sunday night Raymond Duncan and a company of Grecian dramatic artists will produce the "Elektra" of Sophocles, and on Monday evening Miss Allen will begin her second and last week. The play and company are reviewed at length in another column. The production is by Liebler & Co., who have given us "The Christian," "The Man from Home," "The Melting Pot," "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," "The Battle," "The Fourth Estate," "Alias Jimmie Valentine," and a score of other successful productions, and the high standard of their stage offerings has been maintained to the minutest detail in Miss Allen's latest drama. The last performance of "The White Sister" will be given Saturday evening, October 29.

The list of artists who contribute to the Orpheum programme next week indicates an entertainment of rare merit and great enjoyment. Miss Augusta Glosé will present her pianologue, spoken songs, and imitations of types which have been applauded to the echo wherever they have been given. Miss Glosé is young, pretty, and her performance is one of the most delightful in vaudeville. Spissell Bros. and company will introduce their original pantomime comedy, "The Continental Waiter," the idea of which was conceived by Frank Spissell in Europe seven years ago and was suggested by the antics of a waiter in a Bohemian restaurant in Vienna. The waiter was a novice of the Handy Andy order and his finish came with his first evening, for by closing time it was discovered that the property he had destroyed exceeded in value the receipts of the café. Frank Spissell plays the waiter, and the setting is European to the smallest detail. Leona Thurber and Harry Madison will present an unconventional skit called "On a Shopping Tour," which consists of dialogue, song, and dance. William Flemen and his company are expected to score heavily in a sketch by Victor Smalley called "Back to Boston." It is a romantic little thing set to slang, and concerns the short love affair of a pugilist, mistaken identity forming the reason for his disappointment at the close. Next week will be the last of John P. Wade and company in "Marse Shelby's Chicken Dinner," Quinn and Mitchell, the Flying Martins, and of the gifted Spanish vocalist, actress, and danseuse, La Tortajada.

On Sunday, October 30, "The City," Clyde Fitch's last and most remarkable play, will begin an engagement limited to one week at the Savoy Theatre.

Cohan & Harris's production of Winchell Smith's comedy triumph, "The Fortune Hunter," will be offered at the Columbia Theatre following "Three Twins." Frank Bacon is a member of the cast, and Alma Smith, of this city, is also with the company. Bacon is said to have made a great hit in the character rôle of the old druggist and inventor.

Lillian Russell will be here in the near future and will present Charlotte Thompson's new farce, called "In Search of a Sinner." The fair Lillian is said to have been very successful in her selection of this play.

Blanche Bates has a new play for this season, entitled "Nobody's Widow," written by Avery Haggood. Bruce McRae will be leading man in Miss Bates's company.

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Starting Monday Evening, Oct. 24 SECOND AND LAST WEEK OF

VIOLA ALLEN Accompanied by JAMES O'NEIL and the greatest supporting company ever organized, including Minna Gale and Henry Stanford, in

"THE WHITE SISTER" By F. Marion Crawford Sunday, Oct. 30—Clyde Fitch's Last & Best Play, "The City."

VANITY FAIR.

How autumn appealed to Keats we all know; it has quite another aspect for the poet of human foibles:

The winter at our window knocks,
The "record hours of sunshine" fade,
The wind in swirling eddies mocks
The chill, deserted esplanade.
No more do gloomy trippers wade,
And salt their unaccustomed hocks,
Gone are the bucket and the spade—
It is the autumn equinox.

Huddled and crumpled in her box,
No longer to the world displayed,
Are Ethel's scant, expressive frocks,
Her joy and hobble on parade.
And Percy, now no more arrayed
Like Solomon, in startling socks,
Rejoins the office-stool brigade—
It is the autumn equinox.

Panama was a Pandemonium and is now a Paradise. The honor of having effected the transformation belongs to Helen Boswell, special commissioner to the canal zone. By all accounts, her services were sadly needed. Stretching along the canal from Cristobal to Ancon is a line of seventeen little towns, comprising the pretty little white and green mission-furnished cottages erected by the government for the exile homes of the men in charge of the canal works. In those homes there presided more than a thousand wives sharing the temporary banishment of their husbands, but out of the strange conditions there developed a state of social caste which put Newport in the shade. The "sets" became so pronounced in their hostility to each other, and life became so clogged along the zone, that the actual work of digging the canal suffered. It was at this juncture Miss Boswell was dispatched to the seat of feminine war, and she reports that she had not paid many visits before she realized that the lack of social fellowship and something to do was at the root of the trouble. Gradually the lines of exclusiveness had been drawn so tightly that the Panama "sets" were able to give points to the "smart" ditto of New York. There were the "ladies of the army," and the "ladies of the judiciary," and the "other ladies," all striving for the lead and making the lives of the men unendurable. Miss Boswell claims to have left the rivals in peace as members of women's clubs, but how long will it be ere those clubs are set by the ears? A more certain remedy would have been to inspire the "ladies of the army" with an ambition to challenge the "ladies of the judiciary" to a little actual spade work on the canal.

No up-to-date dinner will be complete this winter if the menu cards do not pay tribute to the air craze of the hour. The very latest menu stands are dainty paper models of flying machines, while name cards are to be held aloft by tiny airships attached to the wine-glasses. For the shooting season of course the proper thing is a menu card with a raised figure of a bird made out of real feathers, while a yachting dinner party must be a failure unless the deck-chair menu is in evidence. What is described as an artistic novelty is the plain card which has in one corner a design of a plate in the pattern of the dinner service, while another fashionable scheme is to have the card painted with flowers to match the table decorations.

As the guest of the Misses Stallo at Cincinnati during the Episcopal convention J. Pierpont Morgan has had the use of a bedroom the like of which might be sought in vain in royal palaces. It cost the late owner, Alexander McDowell, fully one hundred thousand dollars, and is as large as an ordinary flat. The furniture throughout is of the genuine Louis XVI style, the room is hung with rose pink damask tapestry, and includes among its decorations three gold cabinets, each filled with antique jewelry and rare bric-a-brac. It is trustful of the Misses Stallo to assign to their guest such an apartment, but they probably decided that if he took a fancy to the gold cabinets or their contents as souvenirs he is competent to pay the bill. But what did the Episcopal bishops think of Mr. Morgan's preparations to entertain and dine them—his retinue of two dozen servants, with the head waiter of Sherry's at their head? Things have progressed amazingly since the days of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

Now that England's hundred and ninety-nine religions are decreasing in number it is only right an attempt shall be made to add to that country's solitary sauce. This seems to be the opinion of the London County Council, which has established within the past few days a school of cookery for Englishmen. The first hatch of would-be chefs, fifteen in number, has got to work on its three years' course, which is to include all the mysteries of the art and the acquisition of the French language. It seems, too, that the principal professor is to be a French chef! All of which looks as though the "foreigner" is still to rule the Englishman's dinner-table. This may be to the comfort of the tourist, and especially such as agree with Daudet, who

thought English cooking "abominable," but the stolid Briton, faced with his shortcomings in the kitchen department, takes refuge in the thought that "the indifference of many exalted Englishmen to the triumphs of the chef may be another explanation of the charges against British cuisine. Felix, the chef who for some time deigned to tend the great Duke of Wellington's table, left him with the bitter remark: 'I serve him with a dinner which would make Ude or Francatelli hurt with envy, and he says nothing. I go out and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by the kitchenmaid, and again he says nothing.'"

Talking of dinners, here is the menu of a Buckingham Palace repast to a foreign monarch:

Tortue Claire.
Blanchailles au Naturel et à la Diable.
Filets de Truites froids à l'Andalouse.
Zephires de Canetons aux Petits Pois.
Selles d'Agneau aux Légumes à la Printanière.
Poulardes flanquées de Cailles.
Asperges de Lauris, Sauce Mousseline.
Chateaufort de Fraises à la Léopold.
Pâtisseries Fondantes.
Biscuits Glacés à la Maltaise.
Maitre Chef, M. J. Ménager, G. C. A.

Mme. Waddington's story of how she once introduced an American girl to the late King Edward when he was Prince of Wales shows that the American girl was a master of manners equally with the prince. When asked at a large, crowded party whether she would undertake the introduction, Mme. Waddington was dubious of succeeding. The prince was not well, for he had hurt his knee and was walking with a cane. He was, besides, sitting with a group of royalties and ambassadors, and it did not seem a propitious moment for an introduction. "However," Mme. Waddington continues, "I was willing to try, particularly as the young lady was a granddaughter of President Lincoln. I said to the United States minister: 'Show me your young lady—tell her to stand a little forward and I will see what I can do.' I went back to my place near the royal group and asked one of the English ladies what she thought. I must say she was most discouraging, but while we were talking Princess Christian heard a little of what we were saying and asked me what I wanted. I stated my case, and said I could not make up my mind to ask the prince, as he looked so tired. 'I will see what I can do,' she said, and a few minutes later she left her place and went to speak to the prince. Almost instantly he got up, walking with his cane, and came over to me. 'What do you want me to do, Mme. Waddington? Who is your protégée?' 'Not mine, sir. A godchild of President Lincoln, who is in London for a day or two, and whose great desire is to see the Prince of Wales.' 'Pray bring her to me.' I made a little sign to the young lady, who was standing on the outskirts of the 'circle'—not in the least shy. She came forward. I named her, saying she was the godchild of Mr. Lincoln. The prince shook hands with her—talked a few minutes—said she ought to be proud of her godfather, and then added: 'Now that you are here, you ought to walk about a little and see some of the rooms and the people.' 'Thank you very much,' she replied, looking straight at him with her big blue eyes, 'but I don't want to see anything else. I only wanted to see the Prince of Wales, and now that I have seen you and talked to you, I don't want to see anything more.'"

"Woman is soon to wear the hat which most becomes her, without regard to the foolish and unbecoming article which style dictates." Such is the authoritative announcement of the head of the millinery department in the household arts division of Columbia University. It prompts the New York *Evening Post* to remark that such a startling reversal of one of the primal instincts of the sex will not only have a revolutionary effect upon commercial and æsthetic conditions and ideals in this country, but will also be disturbing to that part of the Orient which has begun to look westward for its political and social fashions. The Baroness Mitui has been telling an interviewer how thoroughly at home she felt in New York. "We women do not wear the native costume any more in our country," the baroness is reported to have said. "We dress on the American plan." And now the American plan has changed with characteristic suddenness from a fixed fashion to one of which nothing is certain except that whatever is stylish will not be in style. It will be very confusing, we are sure, although it will not be absolutely unprecedented for even the new idea to prove temporary. That, in any event, the Japanese women are utterly incapable of setting a sensible fashion is shown by the concluding words of the baroness: "But we don't put on false hair. Somehow we like that better natural and without a hat."

Experienced novel readers whose memories go back two or three decades can hardly fail to notice how the heroine of today differs from the heroine of the past. In the days that are gone the heroine of most novels had

golden hair and big blue eyes. She wore white muslin dresses and blue sashes, and was always pretty and demure. She had not much to say for herself, but she always sank gracefully and with great propriety into the outstretched arms of the handsome, dark, mysterious stranger at the psychological moment, and her age generally varied from sixteen to twenty. If at the mature age of twenty-one she was still unmarried, she was considered on the shelf, and consequently in disgrace, a fit subject for the finger of ridicule to be pointed at, and a jest for all the comic papers. But today it is the woman of thirty and even older who holds the heroine limelight. She has no delusions as to men or life. She has had many men friends and imagines she understands the sex. She chafes the men on an equality, encourages them to tell her their troubles, is innocent of the gaucherie of youth, and is not so easily scandalized or shocked as the heroine she has supplanted. So the novelists will have it, and presumably they believe their readers want it so. Yet how many there still are who agree with the wit that the only use of a wife of forty was to change her for two of twenty. Whatever may be the present status in fiction of the golden-haired girl of nineteen or twenty, it's highly probable that actually she is as formidable as ever. But of course the novelists must be "up to date."

With the advent of the girl from the Land of the West—notes an English writer on social matters—usually rich, often charming, there came into vogue the paid chaperon. She arranges terms, often through some agency, and introduces her to society under a thin veil of pretense that the young woman is merely on a visit, loves dancing, and has come to town for the season to have a good time. The English chaperon, after she has overcome her astonishment at the number of things her youthful charge can teach her, at the independent manner in which she settles the conditions, and at her sharpness in money matters, takes her into her house and incidentally finds herself speaking with an American accent at the end of the week. Her duties have been clearly defined: she is to supply the young lady with a circle of acquaintance, plenty of amusement, and is to introduce for her inspection some men whose eligibility consists in being wealthy rather than possessing a title. The daughters of democracy insist on this. Undue supervision is even less in the rôle of the paid chaperon than in that of the unpaid. American girls are accustomed to a freedom which renders them absolutely capable of taking care of themselves.

A paragraph from the *Figaro* of Paris ought to be started on the round of the American press. It can so easily be adapted to local conditions and inter-city rivalry. San Francisco can change Dieppe into New Orleans, Boston can substitute New York, and New York can pass on the compliment to Philadelphia. This is the paragraph: "Mme. X was determined to make an end of her existence, and drank a dose of prussic acid. But she was found in time and cured. Next day she threw herself into the Seine, but was rescued by a boatman. On Sunday she attempted to commit suicide with a revolver, but the revolver missed fire. This morning Mme. X went to the Gare Saint Lazare, took a ticket for Dieppe, and left by the eleven o'clock train. No flowers, by request."

A rose by any other name is now to be as fatal to the hacilli of "cold in the head" as to smell as sweet. For rich red roses, prefer-

ably of the fragrant variety known as the Duke of Edinburgh, are named as the very latest cure for colds. At a medical exhibition in London one of the specifics on view consisted of a small aromatic lozenge made from the rose in question, and it was claimed that when dissolved in the mouth this new essence of roses wages furious war on the cold in the head hacilli. The fragrant antiseptic has also been tested against the hacilli of diphtheria, pneumonia, typhoid, and other diseases, with equally triumphant results. Apparently it not absolutely necessary to dissolve the lozenge in the mouth: the mere inhalation of its fragrance is said to afford relief to the sufferer from a cold.

Women Inspectors on Railroads.

Every railroad that makes a specialty of fine trains and caters to wealthy patronage must take great care that a high standard of service be maintained. The best of everything in parlor and dining-car must be provided for a class of travelers who have the money to pay for luxuries. In order to do this a close supervision is required, and the officials of such roads have learned that women make the very best inspectors for the class of work. In speaking of the requirements of such a position the *Workers' Magazine* says:

"The type of woman that makes the greatest success is the one who is used to good things herself, and so can order the most expensive meal and know if it is served correctly. But these women are hard to find. Once found, they have the 'softest' job going. Three times a day they are required to enter the dining-car and order a repast that will tax the waiter's ability to serve correctly and the pantry to supply."

"All through the dinner the inspector notes the tablecloth, whether it be white or soiled. She makes a note of the fact if the waiter is impudent or surly, taking his number. If the food is insufficient or poorly served, she nicks dishes her feminine mind makes a mental notation of it. If the silver is not clean, the carpet dusty, the water warm, or a hundred other things, she is supposed to corral them all in her memory until she enters bodies them in a written report. The same rigid inspection of the parlor-car is another of her duties, and incidentally while doing both she must look out for grafting on the part of the employees, waiters in particular."

"The woman who does this kind of work may be either young or old, but she must be refined and have the appearance of being an old traveler. A woman who is traveling for pleasure is usually the pose adopted. Each trip she makes an inspection of as many tables and as many waiters as she can without arousing suspicion."

Mischa Elman, the boy violinist, told of his last visit to New York, a story of his early childhood. "When I was very small indeed," he said, "I played at a reception at a Russian prince's, and, for an urchin, seven, I flatter myself I rattled off Beethoven's 'Kreutzer Sonata' finely. This sonata, you know, has in it several long and impressive rests. Well, in one of these rests a mother old lady leaned forward, patted my shoulder, and said: 'Play something you know, dear.' The tale would be more impressive if it were not quite so old (observes the *Music Courier*), it was first told by Liszt who Wieniawski in 1850 at Weimar."

Housewife—Are you willing to chop sorwood for your dinner? Plodding Pete Sorry, mum, but I am a Pinchot man.—*Boston Transcript*.

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The very young traveling salesman was registering at the village hotel. "I want a room with running water in it," he remarked. "Runnin' water?" cackled the landlord; "what o' you want to do, mister—practice indoor out fishin'?"

A very small hoy was trying to lead a big t. Bernard dog up the road. "Where are ou going to take the dog, my little man?" quired a passer-by. "I—I'm going to see here—where he wants to go first," was the reathless reply.

In a storm at sea the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any anger. "Why," replied the sailor, "if this continues we shall all be in heaven tomorrow morning." The chaplain, horrified, cried at, "The Lord forbid!"

A street singer was singing in front of a 16th Avenue department store when the angar came out and asked how much he ade. "About 10 cents a block," replied the nger. "Well," said the manager, "here's a ollar; move up ten blocks."

A cynic had returned from a party in oronto, given by some "new rich" citizens ho were rather ostentatious hut not given the use of correct English. "I suppose," id an inquiring friend, "that everything is very swell." "It was," said the cynical uth with a yawn, "everything was observed cept the rules of syntax."

The tourist from Chicago usually makes rself seen and heard. One lady of such uencies announced to a surprised audience a London hoarding-house that her husd had written to say that he was going to y an automobile. "I don't know whether 'll go in for a towering-car, or a running-ound," said the voluble lady. "But one ing is certain, we'll have our own garhage."

A genial looking gentleman wanted an npty hottle in which to mix a solution, and ent to a chemist's to purchase one. Selectg one that answered his purpose he asked e shopman how much it would cost. "Well," as the reply, "if you want the empty hottle will be a penny, hut if you want anything it you can have it for nothing." "Well, at's fair," said the customer; "put in a rk."

Not long ago a London preacher indulged a little hit of sarcasm over a small collection. And he did it very neatly in a eface to his sermon on the following Sun-y. "Brethren," he said, "our collection last nday was a very small one. When I looked the congregation I said to myself, Where e the poor? But as I looked at the collecn when we counted it, I exclaimed, Where e the rich?"

A dispute about precedence once arose upr a circuit between a hishop and a judge, d after some altercation the latter thought should quite confound his opponent by oting the following passage: "For on these o hang all the law and the prophets." "Do u not see," said the judge, in triumph, hat even in this passage we are mentioned st?" "I grant you," replied the hishop; ou hang first."

A magazine editor to whom O. Henry had omised a story many times without deliverg it, sat down one day and wrote him thus: ly Dear O. Henry: If I do not receive at story from you by noon today, I am ing to put on my number eleven shoes and me down and kick you down your own urs. I never fail to keep my promises," hereupon O. Henry replied: "I, too, would ep my promises if I could do all my work th my feet."

The minister found the alleged typical Keny colonel and told him he must give up usky or it would land him in the grave. hink so?" asked the colonel. "I am sure it, colonel; and what is more, if you will p drinking, I am certain it will prolong ur days," added the minister. "Come to nk about it, I believe you are right about it, parson," said the colonel. "I went enty-four hours without a drink about six onths ago, and I never put in such an inally long day in my life, sah."

Artemus Ward was once making a railroad rney, dreading to be hored and feeling serahle, when a man approached him, sat wn and said, "Did you hear the last thing Horace Greeley?" "Greeley? Greeley?" d Artemus. "Horace Greeley? Who is?" The man was quiet about five minutes. etty soon he said, "George Francis Train kicking up a good deal of a row over in gland; do you think they will put him in a stile?" "Train? Train? George Francis

Train?" said Artemus solemnly; "I never heard of him." This ignorance kept the man quiet for about fifteen minutes; then he said: "What do you think about General Grant's chances for the presidency? Do you think they will run him?" "Grant? Grant? Hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw." The man was furious. He walked up the car, hut at last came back and said, "You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?" Artemus looked up and said, "What was his other name?"

A distinguished novelist recently found himself traveling in a train with two very talkative women. Having recognized him from his published portraits, they opened fire upon him in regard to his novels, praising them in a manner which was unendurable to the sensitive author. Presently the train entered a tunnel, and in the darkness the novelist raised the back of his hand to his lips and kissed it soundingly. When light returned he found the two women regarding one another in icy silence. Addressing them with great suavity, he said, "Ah, ladies, the one great regret of my life will be that I shall never know which of you it was that kissed me!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Natural History.
The clove it is a startling thing—
Exciting, anyway:
It don't exactly scare you,
But it takes your breath away!—*Puck.*

Ode to a Collar.
A collar with an Injun name,
Low, rakish, à la Byron,
A collar all knew how to maim,
And none knew how to iron.

A collar by a laundry done
And through a mangle sent—
Fair as a star when only one
Is in the firmament.

Erst was it smooth and clean and low,
It knew nor crack nor split;
The laundry's had it now, and oh!
The difference to it! —*Life.*

With a \$10 Bill.
He lit his cigar with a ten-dollar bill
Was his pocket depleted?
Not through losing this bill, for its value was nil—
It was still unreceipted.—*Kansas City Journal.*

The Reason.
Do you ever feel down in the dumps
As cranky and cross as two sticks,
When life seems a road full of humps,
And your spirits are all in a mix?
Would you know why you're in such a fix?
Why with inward forebodings you're gnawed?
The reason, five times out of six,
Is called Gladys, or Phoebe, or Maude.

Did you ever feel light as an elf?
As free and as blithe as the air?
As pleased as old Punch with yourself,
Without e'er a trouble or care?
Would you know why the world seems so fair,
And life's way so smooth and so broad:
The reason (exceptions are rare)
Is called Gladys, or Phoebe, or Maude.

In short, if you feel sad or blue,
Or your spirits with joy overrun;
When you feel that with life you'd be through,
And with the gray world you'd be done;
When you're bubbling all over with fun,
When from coldness your attitude's thawed,
The reason, ten chances to one,
Is called Gladys, or Phoebe, or Maude.
—*N. Salisbury, in Puck.*

The Golfer.
Like Man With Hoe he leans upon his club,
And gazes groundward with a vacant air;
A wretched, brainless, golf-besotted duf—
A brother to the Hatter and the Hare.

Ah, what to him the "swing of Pleiades"
Whose mind is fixed on swinging on the pill,
Whose only mental processes are these:
"I must grip better, and keep my head quite still."

Ah, what to him the pull of Jupiter—
This muddy-headed clod, this witless wight—
Who fears that he may "pull," or, commoner,
Slice off into the bushes on the right.

For aught he knows whom golf hath so besot,
The sky has fall'n, or is about to fall;
For heaven and earth, and time and space are not
To him whose gaze is glued upon the ball.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,"
May all have bumped th' inevitable hour,
For aught he knows, infatuated slave!

So come away and leave him to his club,
His rubber pill, his fixed and vacant stare.
'Tis but a brainless, golf-besotted duf,
A brother to the Hatter and the Hare.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

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SAN FRANCISCO

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Society in town this week has had its interest stimulated by the weddings and engagements that have filled the calendar and claimed precedence over the other affairs of importance.

The Josselyn-Avenali wedding at Woodside was the most brilliant event of the week, and although it was simple of appointment and the guest list included only the most intimate friends of the two families, the prominence of the contracting parties in the social world made the affair of much importance.

The wedding of Miss Florence Ives and Mr. Othello Scribner took place at the town house of the bride's mother on Wednesday and served to assemble a large number of the friends of the bride and bridegroom.

The St. Francis Musical Art concert was the incentive for a number of large dinner parties which preceded the music on Tuesday night.

The departure of Captain and Mrs. McMillan furnished a motif for a number of dinners and luncheons, and the receptions through the medium of which engagements were announced helped to make the week one of unusual gaiety.

Mr. and Mrs. John Maillard have announced the engagement of their daughter, Anita, to Mr. Temple Bridgman. No date has been set for the wedding.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Elsa Hinz, daughter of Mrs. A. C. Hinz of Mill Valley, and Lieutenant Bruce Bradford Butler, U. S. A., who is stationed with his regiment, the Thirtieth Infantry, at Fort Mason. No date has been set for the wedding, but it will probably take place in the early spring.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Bessie Foley of Chicago and Mr. Joseph Carrigan, and is of interest to society here because of social affiliations of the Carrigan family in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kauffman announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Saidee S. Kauffman, to Mr. William H. Lowenthal. They will be at home to their friends on Sunday, October 23, and Wednesday, October 26.

An engagement which is of local interest is that of Miss Christine Patten and Mr. Robert Reed, which was announced this week in New York. Miss Patten is the daughter of Colonel William Patten, who was for years quartermaster of the Department of California. Her fiancé is the son of the late Colin Mac F. Reed of Pittsburg and a grandson of the late Dr. Robert P. Reed of Washington, D. C. The wedding will take place this winter in New York.

The wedding of Miss Mary Josselyn and Mr. Ettore Avenali, which took place at the country home of the bride at Woodside on Saturday, was a small family affair, participated in only by the relatives and intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom. The bridal party included Miss Linda Cadwalader as maid of honor, Miss Myra Josselyn and Miss Marjorie Josselyn as bridesmaids, and Mr. Lorenzo Avenali as best man. A small reception followed the wedding ceremony. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Mamie McNutt Potter, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mrs. Edgar Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mr. Frederick Sharon, Mr. Robert Eyre, Mr. Gayle Anderton, Mr. Prescott Scott, and Mr. Raymond Armshy.

The wedding of Miss Della Evangel Jones and

Lieutenant Halsted Powell Councilman took place Saturday night at the chapel at the Presidio. The ceremony was performed by Chaplain Jones, the father of the bride. Miss Ruth Brooks was the bridesmaid and Lieutenant Guthrie of Fort Barry acted as best man. The home for the present of Lieutenant and Mrs. Councilman will be at Fort Baker, where his regiment is stationed.

The wedding of Miss Rosalind Fish and Mr. John Cutler will take place next Saturday at St. Philip's Church, Garrison-on-the-Hudson, New York, and a number of the bride's San Francisco friends and relatives will attend the ceremony. Among those who received cards here are Mr. and Mrs. William Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Beedy, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, and Miss Jennie Crocker.

Invitations to the wedding of Miss Christine Pomeroy and Mr. Thomas Scott Brooke of Portland have been sent out by the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pitcairn Pomeroy. The marriage will take place Thursday afternoon, November 3, at four o'clock at Trinity Episcopal Church. The maid of honor will be Miss Harriett Pomeroy and the bridesmaids who will attend the bride are Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Natalie Coffin, Miss Helen Chesbrough, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Margaretta Brooke, and Miss Margaret Roosevelt. A reception at the Pomeroy home will follow the church ceremony.

Mrs. A. C. Hinz and Miss Elsa Hinz were hostesses at an elaborate tea at their Mill Valley home on Sunday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Grattan English (formerly Miss Miriam Reeves). They were assisted in receiving their guests by Mrs. William C. Butler, Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan, Mrs. Henry Hinz, Mrs. Coleridge Ertz, and Miss Gertrude Hinz. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. James Sexton Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Thompson, Mrs. Ralston White, Miss Dorothy Boericke, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Elena Brewer, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Dorothy Bridge, Miss Grace Whittell, Miss Laura Benet, Miss Elsa Draper, Miss Clarita Blair, Mr. Frank de Lisle, Mr. Franklin Bahcock, Mr. Albert Whittle, Mr. Albert Fulton, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Wallace Wright, Mr. James Thompson, Mr. Edgar Field, Mr. Louis Brewer, Dr. Sumner Hardy, and Mr. William Benet.

Mr. Harry P. Scott was host at a dinner which he gave in the green room at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday, at which his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Fields, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Marion Newhall, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Osbourn, and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott.

Mrs. Squire Varriek Mooney was hostess at a bridge party on Monday at which the guests were Princess Kawanakoa, Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. Frank Somers, Mrs. Bush Finnell, Mrs. Charles Plum, Mrs. Julius Reis, Mrs. S. V. Braverman, Mrs. Rodolph, Mrs. Irving Moulton, Mrs. Hirsch, Mrs. James McNah, Mrs. Gerritt Livingston, Mrs. E. L. Hunt, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. Charles Warren, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. W. P. Hammon, Miss Georgia Hammon, Mrs. Marshall Hale, Mrs. Robert Wallace, Mrs. George Gale, Mrs. James Shea, Mrs. Anna Farrell, Mrs. F. W. Henshaw, Mrs. Huffman, Mrs. Sewall Dooliver, Miss Laura Farnsworth, Mrs. Samuel Gardner, Mrs. Robert Devlin, Mrs. W. A. Dorn, Mrs. Charles Wilson, Mrs. Manfield Garoutte, Mrs. Walter Kaufmann, Mrs. William Waldron, and Mrs. Pierre Olney.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship entertained at an elaborately appointed dinner at the Palace Hotel on Saturday night in honor of Miss Florence Ives and Mr. Othello Scribner. Among those present were Major H. P. Young, U. S. A., and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. John Drumm, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Spalding Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breedon, Mrs. A. F. Hotaling, Jr., Miss Lutie Collier, and Mr. Knox Maddox.

Miss Augusta Foute entertained at a debutante tea at the Palace Hotel on Monday in honor of Miss Ethel Crocker. Her guests included Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Hilda Stedman, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Ysabel Chase, Miss Louise Bullock of New York, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Elizabeth Brice, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Gertrude Thomas, and Miss Martha Foster.

Mrs. Jeremiah Sullivan was hostess at a tea on Saturday in honor of Miss Edith Rucker, one of the winter's debutantes. Among the guests were Miss Marie Tyson, Miss Gladys Pennell, Miss Marianna Mathews, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Louise Wallach, Miss Anna Olney, and Miss Helen Leavitt.

Miss Leslie Page entertained a group of debutantes at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Saturday. Among her guests were Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Anika Mailard, and the Misses Otis.

Miss Amalia Simpson was one of the bride hostesses of the week, having entertained informally at her home on Pacific Avenue on Monday afternoon.

A pretty tea was given on Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Frederick Malcolm Eaton in honor of Miss Eloise Valentine of New York. Those who assisted the hostess in receiving her guests were Mrs. John J. Valentine, Mrs. St. George Holden, Mrs. Edwin Otis, Mrs. Frank LaRue, Mrs. George Theobald, Miss Nina Blow, Miss Christine Judah, Miss Elizabeth Brigham, Miss Alice Theobald, Miss Margery Gardiner, Miss McCoy, Miss Ermelita Mayhew, and Miss Minerva Livermore.

Mrs. William S. Porter gave one of the elaborate dinners of the week on Monday evening in honor of Miss Florence Ives and her fiancé, Mr. Othello Scribner.

Mrs. Charles Weller and her daughter, Miss Anna Weller, entertained at a tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Frank Lusk of Montana, who was Miss Louise Findley before her marriage and a favorite in society here. Among those present were Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. William Ashe, Mrs. W. W. Young, Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mrs. Victor Blue, Mrs.

Gaillard Stoney, Miss Edith Young, and Miss McDonald.

Mrs. John McGaw was hostess at an informal tea on Friday, at which her guests were Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Walter Mansfield, Mrs. William Brewer, and Mrs. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening at their home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Charles Gibson was hostess at a pretty tea on Monday complimentary to Miss Ada Rhodes, who has been the guest of Princess Kawanakoa during her visit here from Honolulu.

Mrs. Harry Holbrook was a luncheon hostess on Friday at her Pacific Avenue home, when she entertained in honor of Mrs. Robert McMillan.

Mrs. Douglas Fry gave an informal tea on Saturday at her home on Van Ness Avenue, at which she entertained a dozen girls of the younger set.

Mrs. L. B. Doe was hostess at a luncheon at the Francesca Club on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Peter Dunne, who left the next day for New York and Europe. The luncheon was followed by a box party at the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Winnifred Mears was hostess at a tea at her home on Pierce Street on Monday afternoon, which she gave in honor of Mr. Henry Miller. Among her guests were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Peter Martin, Miss Alice Hager, Mrs. J. S. Jackson, Mrs. E. A. Bucknall, Mrs. Elizabeth Mears, Mrs. Marie L. Walton, Mr. Harry Francis, Mr. Marshall Darrach, Mr. Henry Miller, and Mr. James K. Hackett.

Mrs. Robert McMillan entertained at a luncheon Friday at the Bellevue. Her guests were Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Augustus Costigan, Mrs. John Rogers Clark, Mrs. T. Z. Blake, Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mrs. Roy Pike, Mrs. Alfred Baker Spaulding, Mrs. James Bishop, Mrs. Thomas W. Bishop, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Earl Brownell, and Mrs. Silas Palmer.

Mrs. Sidney Pringle was hostess at a tea on Saturday in honor of Miss Mira Pringle, who has just returned from the East. The affair took place at the Pringle home at San Mateo.

Emmanuel Frémiet, the celebrated French sculptor, has passed away. Those who have occasion to go through the Place des Pyramides may sometimes look up at the statue to Jeanne d'Arc and remember how Frémiet worked long and silently upon this evocation of France's deliverer and heroine (writes the Paris correspondent of the *Musical Courier*). Some have criticized the proportions of the horse upon which La Pucelle is mounted, but all must agree that Frémiet attained to a perfect mastery in sculpturing movement and life. His elephant, in the Trocadéro Gardens, places him in the same rank as the great sculptor Barye, whose hull impresses even the most casual observer. Harmony, strength, and precision are the most prominent traits of Frémiet's art, qualities which might be expected from the nephew and favorite pupil of Rude, the creator of the "Marsellaise" of the Arc de Triomphe. The funeral of Emmanuel Frémiet, who was a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, took place September 15, being conducted by MM. Gahriel Fauré, director of the Conservatoire, and Paul Levasseur, chief of the Suez Company, sons-in-law of the deceased. Among those in attendance were M. Saint-Saëns, Baron Edmond de Rothschild, and Adolph Brissin.

Oherammegau had fifty-nine performances of the Passion Play this year, attended by 225,000 persons, about 3700 at each performance. The American attendance constituted the largest number. The next Passion Play will not take place until 1920. The statement of the daily press, asserting that the play was to be taken to the United States was, of course, not true.

Camille Saint-Saëns, who composed the two historical operas, "Samson and Delilah" and "Henry VIII," celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on Sunday, October 9. At that time scores of musicians, authors, composers and other distinguished men gathered at his home in France to offer their congratulations. Several seasons ago Saint-Saëns made his only tour of this country.

The Royal Opera at Stockholm is deservedly advertised as Continental. The director is a Swede, the stage manager is from Germany, one maestro from Italy, the other from Finland, one soprano from Norway, one tenor from Austria, the other from Hungary. Strange to say, no American sopranos with Italian names are noted in the list.

Hazel, aged seven, while feeding the cat at the dinner-table, was reproved by her father, who told her that the cat must wait until later, whereupon the small girl wept and said: "I think it is a shame, just because she is a poor dumb animal, to treat her just like a hired girl."

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill will return soon to New York, after a pleasant visit here which has extended through the summer months.

Miss Julia Langhorne, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Richard Hammond, at Colorado Springs, is expected home this week.

Miss Flora Low will leave shortly for New York, where she will remain indefinitely.

Judge and Mrs. Z. T. Blakeman have returned to the city for the winter from their ranch in Sonoma County and have taken apartments at the Bellevue.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham, Mrs. James Clifford, and Miss Elsie Clifford, mother and sister of Mrs. Farnham, have closed their Fruitvale home and taken apartments at the Normandie for the winter.

Lieutenant William B. Graham has arrived from the east and will spend two months in California prior to his departure for Honolulu. He is at present at Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. George de la Tour will make their home in San Francisco this winter.

Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols have deferred their European trip for two or three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Smith are expected here from Manila this week and will spend the winter with Mrs. Smith's mother, Mrs. H. Abbott, at Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Macfarlane are making a brief visit here before leaving for New York, where they will spend the winter. They reached here on the last steamer from Honolulu.

Mrs. Tasker L. Bliss and Miss Eleanor Bliss have returned from Paso Robles and are at their home at Fort Mason. General Bliss has also returned from Atascadero.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker and Miss Hilda Stedman have returned from an enjoyable motor trip in the southern part of the State.

Miss Marie Brewer spent a few days last week in town as the guest of Mrs. George Ashton and her daughters at the St. Xavier.

Mr. Jerry Landfield has been visiting here since his arrival from his home in Bymington, New York. He will return East in a few days.

The Misses Krauthoff, who have been visiting Colonel and Mrs. Charles Krauthoff in Manila, returned here on the last transport.

Quartermaster-General James B. Aleshire, U. S. A., has been the guest of General and Mrs. Tasker Bliss at Fort Mason during his stay in the city.

Mrs. Lane Leonard left Monday for New York, where she will visit relatives for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike departed Sunday for the East, and after a brief visit in New York will make their home in Detroit.

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller has returned from New York, after having placed her daughter, Leslie, in school there.

Miss Mildred Lansing has returned from a visit to Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship left Monday for their winter home in Georgia.

Miss Helen Carlisle has returned from Mexico and will be at the Francesca Club during her stay here.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Anderson Chanslor have returned from their European travels and will spend the winter in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, accompanied by their daughters, Kathleen and Phyllis, have returned from Europe, after having spent the summer abroad.

Major and Mrs. Frederick Day have returned from Atascadero, where Major Day participated in the army maneuvers.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve have decided to remain in Utica for the winter and return to California in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Gillespie, whose recent wedding was a brilliant affair at Newport, are at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Walter of New York are till at Del Monte. Mr. Walter's "St. George and the Dragon," which has been on exhibition at Shreve's, has been greatly admired and highly praised by critics.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Walter, Mr. and Mrs. Ehrman, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker have been at Del Monte during the week.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, last week were Mr. J. I. O'Brien, Mr. J. H. O'Brien, Jr., Mr. M. M. O'Shaughnessy, Mr. H. G. Martell, Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mr. Barbour Lathrop, Mr. H. I. Scott.

Mme. Liza Lehmann, the English composer whose vocal quartet "In a Persian Garden" would have made her world-famous even if he had not two score or more other successful compositions to her credit, will visit San Francisco during the week of November 13, accompanied by four eminent London singers with whom she has been concertizing during her past year abroad. While our music lovers have occasional opportunities of hearing ensemble work in the form of the string quartet, the visit of a vocal quartet of eminence is a novelty. The artists accompanying Mme. Lehmann are Miss Blanche Tomlin, soprano; Miss Palgrave-Turner, contralto; Mr. Herbert Eysdell, tenor, and Mr. Julian Henry, baritone.

Stocks—I've broken my typewriter. Bonds—Mine's broken me.—*Town Topics.*

Give a Hallowe'en Party on Oct. 31st.

Your friends will enjoy the jolly time. All kinds of appropriate candy boxes and dinner favors at Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

CURRENT VERSE.

Oh, Gray and Tender Is the Rain.
Oh, gray and tender is the rain,
That drips, drips on the pane!
A hundred things come in the door,
The scent of herbs, the thought of yore.

I see the pool out in the grass,
A bit of broken glass;
The red flags running wet and straight,
Down to the little flapping gate.

Lombardy poplars tall and three,
Across the road I see;
There is no loveliness so plain
As a tall poplar in the rain.

But oh, the hundred things and more,
That come in at the door!—
The smack of mint, old joy, old pain,
Caught in the gray and tender rain.

—*Licette Woodward Reese.*

The White Peril.

Peril is here! is here! Here in the Childless Land
Life sits high in the Chair of Fools, twisting her
ropes of sand;
Here the lisping of babies and cooing of mothers
cease;
Here the Man and the Woman fail, and only the
flocks increase.

Axes may hite in the forest, Science harness the
streams,
Railway and dock he buildd—all in a Land of
Dreams!
Sunk in spiritual torpor ye flout these words of
the wise:
"Only to music of children's songs shall the walls
of a Nation rise."
—*Edward Tregear, in New Zealand Times.*

A Poet and a Woman.

You hent above the grave and read the stone
Where long ago—I saw your quick tears start—
Some singer, unremembered and unknown,
Had woven into song his broken heart.

And then you asked if only loss and death
Moved man to truer song and brought the need
Of music's halm and that assuaging breath
Which falls so poignantly from lips that bleed.

You asked how I, who knew and mourned no
dead,
Could hope for music, since its chords must
spring
From death and sorrow—and I only said:
"Have I not my dead selves of which to sing?"
—*Arthur Stringer, in Smart Set.*

Of Those Who Walk Alone.

Women there are on earth, most sweet and high,
Who lose their own, and walk hereft and
lonely,
Loving that one lost heart until they die,
Loving it only.

And so they never see beside them grow
Children, whose coming is like hreath of
flowers;
Consoled by subtler loves the angels knew
Through childless hours.

Good deeds they do; they comfort and they bless
In duties others put off till the morrow;
Their look is halm, their touch is tenderness
To all in sorrow.

Betimes the world smiles at them, as 'twere shame,
This maiden guise, long after youth's departed;
But in God's Book they hear another name—
"The faithful-hearted."

Faithful in life, and faithful unto death,
Such souls, in sooth, illum with lustre splendid
That glimpsed, glad land wherein, the Vision saith,
Earth's wrongs are ended.

—*From "From the Book of Life," by Richard Burton.*

Something New in Theatrical Advertising.

The palm for advertising has generally been conceded to America, but a Berlin theatre manager can claim that he is "facile princeps," and dispute America's right to be considered even "proxime accessit." Recently the following advertisement appeared in all the newspapers in the German capital just at the time when a new piece was to be produced:

YOUNG LADY ORPHAN, with £10,000 at her disposal and proprietress of one of the most important retail businesses in Prussia, wishes to meet a young man capable of managing her business, with a view to matrimony. No special business training necessary, nor need he be possessed of means. Write M. W. B., guardian No agents.

On the morning of the representation each of those who replied to the advertisement received a beautifully lithographed note in these terms:

SIR: It is a most important matter to know whether my niece will please you. This evening she will be with me at — Theatre in box No. —.

M. W. B.

The theatre was crowded with young men, and during the play the lognettes were all turned on box No. —, but it was empty, the only vacant place in the theatre.

Tactful and delicate, even for a Frenchman, was the reply made by a Parisian who had not found "life on the ocean wave" all for which one could wish. He was sinking, pale and haggard, into his steamer chair when his neighbor cheerily asked: "Have you breakfasted, monsieur?" "No, m'sieur," answered the Frenchman with a wan smile. "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"

The Scotti-De Pasqualli Farewell Concert Sunday.

At every luncheon, dinner, and club meeting this week the principal topic of conversation has been the glorious art of Scotti and De Pasqualli. Rarely has a concert caused so much stir as the one given last Sunday by these stars at the Columbia Theatre. The singers were recalled again and again until the programme was trebled in length.

The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon at the Columbia Theatre, with a programme that will tempt the most jaded of musical appetites. Scotti will sing the "Credo" from Verdi's "Otello," one of the finest things he does, and also the rarely heard haritone aria from Bellini's "La Sonnambula." By special request he will repeat the Romanza from Massenet's "Il Re di Lahore," which was the sensation of Thursday night's concert. Mme. de Pasqualli's offerings will be the mad scene from the opera "Hamlet," by Thomas, the grand aria from the Brazilian opera, "Il Guarany," by Gomez, and songs by Tito Mattei and George Henschel. Owing to the demand for them the duets from "Barber of Seville" and "Don Giovanni" will be repeated.

Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until Saturday evening at five, and on Sunday the box-office will open at the theatre at ten a. m. Phone orders will receive courteous attention after that hour.

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Hewitt—Does the climate agree with your wife? *Jewett*—That's more than I'd expect of any climate.—*Smart Set*.

He—So she's a business woman? What business is she interested in? *She*—Oh, everybody's.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Lody—Did that last nickel I gave you go for beer? *Weary Walter*—Not alone, mum. I went for the beer and took it along.—*Puck*.

"He married her for her title." "You mean the other way about, don't you?" "No; her title to a lot of valuable real estate."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Blasé—Have you begun your suit for divorce? *Mrs. Highupp*—No, but I've begun the suit I'm going to wear when I get my divorce!—*Puck*.

"So you are an automobile drummer?" "The automobile business doesn't require drummers, my friend. I'm a distributor."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I don't like that woman." "Why not?" "She's the woman who is all the time teaching my wife a new way of serving up cold meat."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Do you have much trouble with your automobile?" "Trouble? Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Friend—I don't see how you can drink so much! It's shocking! *Another Friend*—It shocks me, too—it surprises me. I s'pose it's just luck!—*Cleveland Leader*.

Nell—Miss Antique likes to give the impression that she has a vivid past. *Belle*—I don't imagine it has been so vivid as it has been long.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Caller (viewing the baby)—Do you think he is going to resemble father? *Mother*—I shouldn't be surprised. He keeps me up nights even now.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Serve the champagne in tin cups, Oscar," directed the owner of the hungaloo. "Very good, sir." "These hunting parties like to rough it a trifle."—*Washington Herald*.

Motartón, Sr.—You kept the car out rather late last evening, son. What delayed you? *Motartón, Jr.*—Had a blowout, dad. *Motartón, Sr.*—H'm! Tire or roadhouse?—*Puck*.

"Hightower, the big centre, doesn't play with the 'varsity team this season." "Hurt?" "No. He's got a weak memory, and can't learn the rules."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"My husband is awfully good-natured. I gave him a beautiful box of cigars for his birthday, and he only smoked one himself, and gave all the rest away to his friends!"—*London Opinion*.

One of the Strikers—I've lost me hest hatpin, Lizzie! *Another*—Where did you leave it last? *The First*—Oh, I remember, now! I left it sticking in that scab, Rachel Liskinsky!—*Puck*.

"I have difficulty in satisfying my wife. She has a thousand wants." "I have difficulty in satisfying mine, and she has only one want." "What is it?" "Money."—*Baltimore American*.

Wife (at breakfast)—I want to do some shopping today, dear, if the weather is favorable. What does the paper say? *Husband*—Rain, hail, thunder, thunder, and lightning.—*Boston Transcript*.

"That man Pufferton has a very supercilious manner." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "He can't even say 'it's a pleasant day' without seeming to patronize the climate."—*Washington Star*.

"What a blessing civilization has been to the world! Consider for a moment the bloody sports of ancient Rome—" "Why, what's the matter with an automobile cup race?"—*Baltimore American*.

"I take lots of pleasure out of horses. I enjoy them more and more." "Thought you preferred an auto?" "I do. But it's such hully sport seeing horses shy, rear, run away, and all that sort of thing."—*Puck*.

"My uncle used to smoke his pipe and blow smoke rings that would float across the room and ring the door knob." "My uncle," said the other liar, dreamily, "used to blow some that would ring the doorknob."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Take it from me, old chap," urged the seller, "if you once live in the suburbs, you'll never live anywhere else." "I believe you, old top," replied the almost-buyer. "I'd never be able to sell the house!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

"What has happened to Mr. White, who used to be such a joker?" "Well, he proposed to his present wife as a joke. She accepted him, and he has given up making jokes ever since."—*Dorfbartier*.

"What was King Solomon renowned for, above all things else?" asked the elderly visitor who was making a little talk to the children of the Sunday-school. "He was related by marriage to more people than any

other man that ever lived," promptly spoke up the fair-haired little girl in the front row of seats.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Smith is the swiftest proposition I ever saw." "Is he? Did he ever owe you any money?"—*Toledo Blade*.

Teacher—Why, Jennie, what is the matter? Why is your hair cut off? *Jennie*—Mother's going to wear puffs!—*Puck*.

Milly—Do you think widowers make the best husbands? *Billy*—Sure. They know what's coming to them.—*New York Times*.

He—Why does the maid decline to clean my coat with benzine? *She*—Since the chauffeur jilted her she can't stand the smell of it.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"I can't pay this taxicab bill." "Then I'll take you to a police station." "I'll pay it. But take me to the poorhouse and leave me there."—*Houston Chronicle*.

"I suppose you would like to have a customer with a figure like the Apollo Belvedere." "No," answered the tailor. "Hand-

some men aren't always the best pay. I'd rather have one with a figure like Croesus."—*Washington Star*.

"He takes a cold bath every morning—a very remarkable man." "Plenty of men do that." "But I knew him for five years before he ever mentioned the fact."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

He—I never can remember what this plant is called. (*Considering*.) Oh, sarsaparilla! *She*—Alois, you really shouldn't use such bad words when things don't come to you quite readily.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mother—I gave you a nickel yesterday to be good, and today you are just as bad as you can be. *Willie*—Yes, ma: I'm trying to show you that you got your money's worth yesterday.—*Boston Transcript*.

Miss Gushwell—I like grand opera in Italian so much better than in English! Don't you? *Musical Critic*—Oh, yes; unless you understand Italian, or follow the translation in the libretto closely, you don't need to find out what awful rot it is.—*Chicago Tribune*.



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Guaranteed Brand.	Actual Size	Regular Price.	Sale Price.	Guaranteed Brand.	Actual Size	Regular Price.	Sale Price.
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Khiva Rug.....	9:10x 7: 6	\$150.00	\$ 85.00	Ispahan Rug.....	13: 6x10: 6	\$800.00	\$475.00
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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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"Old Market Street."

Charles Tenney Jackson, in what his publisher styles "powerful novel," treats intimately of the life of old San Francisco. By way of whetting the appetite for the forthcoming story, extracts from it have been printed in advance, one among them dealing with the afternoon aspects of Market Street before the fire. It speaks of the "great open-front cigar shops" as having something of the atmosphere of the club," proceeding in detail to describe the thronging swarms of fashionably dressed young men watching the shoppers and matinee goers and gossiping over the form bulletins, etc." Before this description is taken too seriously, and before we accept idealized versions of old Market Street, it would be well to remember that the crowds of idlers so pleasingly described were then as now largely composed of waiters, barbers, and bar-keepers off duty, sure-thing gamblers, and impudent podlums, whose main occupation in life was and is to use in showy "suitings" of the latest Guggenheimer

cut, and ogle women as they pass by. Just what Mr. Jackson's opportunities for studying "club atmosphere" may have been, we are not informed. But the clubs with which some of us are familiar have an atmosphere as different from that of the Market Street cigar stores as can easily be conceived. Possibly Mr. Jackson had in mind the "clubs" maintained behind guarded doors for criminal forms of gambling and those other "clubs" whose purposes may not even be named in the hearing of innocent and polite ears.

Character in the Presidency.

The course of President Taft during the past half-year has given the country a new illustration of the value of self-control. Mr. Taft's position six months ago was truly a trying one. Having entered upon the presidency under conditions tending to stimulate expectancy in every faction, he had come to the end of his first year without really pleasing any faction. The conservatives, the Rooseveltians, the standpatters, the tariff revisionists, the Pinchot conservators, the State conservators, the furious reformers, and the old guards—all were in a measure disappointed. The President seemed to be in irreconcilable conflict with a divided Congress, and at the same time he was subjected to a raking back-fire from the country, where discontent was rife on the basis of the generally increased cost of living. Even within his own administration there was disaffection and open rebellion, coupled with secret efforts to obstruct and destroy him. It appeared rather more than doubtful if any single measure of his legislative programme would be carried through. His administration, viewed from the outside, seemed to be in the first stage of a general breakdown. Mr. Taft had in truth made some serious mistakes. He had too hastily and too positively accepted an inadequate tariff bill, inferentially taking to himself a censure which properly belonged to Congress. He had too closely followed the practice of his predecessor in coöperating with Aldrich, Cannon, *et al.*, apparently not discovering that their very names had become anathema to the great mass of the American people. He had failed to avoid appearances which quite falsely but none the less quite emphatically seemed to identify him with reactionary policies. A man uncertain of himself, a man lacking the guidance of fixed principles and of faith in their operation, would, in the position in which the President found himself, have fallen into a panic. Mr. Taft met the situation with a resolute front. If he had made mistakes, if he lacked propensity and capacity for the game of politics, he still knew where he was going. And in the period between the fourth of March, when his administration appeared on the brink of failure, and the adjournment of Congress, when he stood before the country almost as a hero on the score of his legislative achievements, he exhibited not the least tremor under criticism nor the smallest degree of exhilaration under success. In the phrase of the day, he had made good; he had expected all along to make good, and therefore saw no reason for getting excited about it.

The past half-year has witnessed an extraordinary series of political sensations and excitements besides those connected with the factional divisions in Congress, and therefore related to the working out of the President's legislative plans. The Pinchot incident, with its collateral entanglement of Secretary Ballinger, has been especially notable. Pinchot, under the wide license granted him by President Roosevelt, had not only wasted millions of public money in whimsical and extravagant schemes, but had acted the part of an autocrat in carrying forward his ideas in utter disregard of the Constitution and the laws. Counsel was wasted upon him; admonition aroused his resentment; reproof made him a traitor. There came a time when the President could endure Pinchot's abuses of authority

and his impertinences no longer. His responsibility was to the country under the law, and there was in him no capacity for the kind of casuistry which evades or defies the law. The instrument of his policy in dealing with the extravagances and usurpations of Mr. Pinchot was Secretary Ballinger. The course which the President defined was carried out by Mr. Ballinger, and when the storm of resentment and misrepresentation burst it was upon Ballinger that it fell in its main fury. A weak man, a man lacking in moral hardihood, a man lacking in poise and self-control, would have shielded himself by discrediting Ballinger. Friends of the President appealed to him to placate an element of discontent by throwing Ballinger over—and the thing might indeed have been done with a certain political effect. Mr. Taft's course was that of a man who felt the full responsibility of his agent when that agent has acted in accordance with his instructions. He has stood by Ballinger, not indeed with the stolid arrogance of one who asks, "What are you going to do about it?" nor with the amazing moral effrontery with which President Roosevelt "whitewashed" Secretary Morton. He has stood by him in the sense of assuming full responsibility for things done in obedience to the spirit and letter of his own instructions, to the end of substituting lawful for lawless methods in the forestry and other bureaus of the government. He has acted not indeed like a politician who sacrifices anybody or anything to his own interest; he has acted like a straightforward man, one who will not consent under any stress of pressure to dishonor an agent who has acted in good faith and under authorized procedures. There are still those, misinformed concerning matters of which they prate, who decry Ballinger, but there is not a thoughtful and intelligent man in the country who does not regard Taft the more highly because of the courage and loyalty with which he has sustained a maligned and widely misjudged associate.

Thoughtful men the country over saw very clearly an unfriendly purpose towards the President in Mr. Roosevelt's famous Western tour. The trip was not begun until after the legislative and other achievements of Mr. Taft had marked a notable advance upon those of Mr. Roosevelt's own period in the presidency. There was not a Republican in close observation of the course of events who did not know that Taft had indeed made good; that he had placed the standard even of the so-called Roosevelt policies far beyond any point to which it had been carried by Mr. Roosevelt himself. There was no man in the country under so many and such positive motives of obligation to Mr. Taft as Mr. Roosevelt. Yet from the very beginning of the Western tour it became the special study of Roosevelt inferentially to belittle and discredit the administration. Nowhere in the much too much of this extraordinary tour was the name of Taft mentioned with approval; everywhere there was manifested a purpose not indeed of decrying him openly, but of weakening his respect with the country, of augmenting the difficulties of his situation. The assumption embodied in all Mr. Roosevelt's addresses was that of moral condemnation.

That under this covert and negative assault Mr. Taft did not feel deeply injured, nobody can believe, although he has uttered no word with respect to it. Friends urged him to speak as he might have spoken with the force of an overwhelming resentment. The country at large, grown accustomed in recent years to furious wieldings of the presidential big stick, looked for a righteous explosion. But no explosion came. Explosions are not in Mr. Taft's line. He lacks the fighter's vulgar joy in controversy; he has what is infinitely finer, a gentleman's poise under grievous usage. He might, indeed, with telling effect have exposed the fallacies, legal and moral, of Mr. Roosevelt's extravagant talk at Osawatimie and el

where. He might, by a few ringing phrases, have rallied the red blood of the country to himself as a "fighter." A little later he might with the influences under his hand in the State of New York have put upon Mr. Roosevelt a crushing humiliation, for the issue of the Saratoga convention was clearly in his rather than in Mr. Roosevelt's hands. But, with a gentleman's reserve, with the fine manliness which has marked his whole course, he gave the victory to the cause of political integrity, even though his false friend stood in a position to command credit for it before the country. We venture to say that in the whole history of American politics there has not been exhibited a more patriotic, a more impersonal, or a finer example of manly self-control.

It is a circumstance of infinite value to the country that amid the confusions and provocations of this period of singular uncertainty in the political sphere we have in the presidency a man who, while in the truest sense a political moralist, is at the same time a man of sanity, of clear vision, and of unyielding self-control. It is most fortunate, too, that we have in the presidency a man who knows and who respects the law, a man whose enthusiasms for the higher good of the country are not alloyed with conceit and the spirit of self-seeking, a man whose scheme of policy involves no cure-alls calculated through their radicalism, their ignorance of fixed principles, their defiance of the Constitution and the laws, to revolutionize our system—to substitute a government of personalism for a government of law.

Mr. Taft's attitude towards renomination and reelection is precisely that of a self-respecting, self-confident, and self-controlled man. It has been the rule for the party in power to nominate for a second term a President who deserves the commendation of his party and of the country. It is the natural and the expected thing. Mr. Taft with good reason expects it. At the same time there is no precipitancy, no assumption, no assertiveness, in Mr. Taft's position. He wishes the approval of his party and he thinks he deserves it, but he demands no formal indorsements of a candidacy which in its propriety must rest upon the course of time and events. Even when he might have commanded anything at the hands of Roosevelt when he (Roosevelt) came to New Haven to sue for help at Saratoga, he demanded nothing. He is content to wait; he is content to leave the issue to its appropriate time and place; he wants no favor, he seeks no advantage under any kind of a big stick. The big stick scheme of politics is a thing foreign to his nature, hateful to his every propensity. And he has the self-control where his personal and political fortunes are concerned, as in other things, to live by his principles.

David B. Hill.

The late David B. Hill came into national view with Grover Cleveland on the Democratic State ticket of New York in 1882. That was a year of Republican insurgency and of a Democratic tidal wave; and Cleveland and Hill were elected by nearly 200,000 majority, Hill getting the most votes. Thence, for over twenty years, both were national figures, representing opposite and hostile schools of party politics.

David B. Hill was a lawyer of Elmira, New York, early known for his shrewdness in counsel and for an active concern in the Democratic politics of the judicial district in which he lived. Ten years before the time when he was made a candidate for lieutenant-governor, he entered the New York legislature and came under the eye of William M. Tweed, then a senator, who tried to make use of him as a go-between. But Hill was too wary for the Tammany chief, and when the downfall of Tweed came the young Elmira legislator had nothing to explain. Still, as the affair had left the New York Democracy with no immediate hope of success, Hill returned to his law practice, and such small identification as he had with politics for the rest of the decade was with Samuel J. Tilden.

The troubles which befell the Republican party after the election of Garfield gave the New York Democracy another chance and brought Hill again into the wider field of affairs. Named on the State ticket as the running mate of Grover Cleveland, he looked after the campaign closely and succeeded in rolling up a majority of 196,000 for himself as contrasted with 192,000 for his chief. And from then on he did his best, but always without success, to supplant Mr. Cleveland in the affections and leadership of his party.

Nevertheless his promotion was eminent. When Cleveland retired from the governorship, before the end of his term, to become President, Hill filled out the unexpired period. He was a competent governor and was believed to be an honest one. His election and reelection followed, and the Republicans of New York could make little headway against his machine. Finally he exchanged the governorship for the United States Senate and became, without the usual apprenticeship, an influential figure there.

People went in from the lobbies and filled the galleries when David B. Hill took the floor. It was not merely that he might be, one day, a candidate for President and was, at all times, a formidable leader, but because he had something to say, that gathered the crowd. Keen, analytic, intrepid, ready and cool in debate, quick at repartee and aggressive in action, Hill became a legislator worthy of his State; but the presidency was a prize he could not grasp. Admired as he was, he was distrusted as a politician. He regarded politics as an unscrupulous game in which the best trickster should win; and where Cleveland had easily gone ahead, merely from practicing the faith he had taught that public office was a public trust, Hill fell short of the prize because of the studied indirection of his methods of trying to secure it.

After leaving Washington, Senator Hill made one more effort to be governor of New York, and secured the nomination of his party. But he was beaten at the polls by Levi P. Morton. Then he returned to the practice of the law, and if he kept any ambition for politics he was soon made aware of its futility by the exposure of his relations, as an unemployed attorney, with the Eastern life insurance companies whom an investigating committee of which Charles E. Hughes was counsel brought to book.

Politico-Laborism in England.

Appeals from Ireland to the United States for home rule funds are of such frequent occurrence that no one is ignorant as to how the Nationalist Irish members in the British House of Commons are supported. But few are aware of the methods which have been used to secure the election and presence in the same chamber of that other group known as the Labor party. Unlike the practice which obtains in this country, members of Parliament in Great Britain are not paid by the state, and yet in the present House of Commons there are no fewer than thirty-three who could not have been elected and would be unable to attend the legislative chamber unless their expenses were paid and an annual salary assured. That money is obtained from the funds of the various trade unions of the country by means of a compulsory levy on all members, irrespective of their political opinions.

Up to a short time ago this position was accepted as within the legal rights of trade unions. But not unanimously accepted. Not a few members of trade unions have felt that it was no part of the functions of such unions to compel their members to subscribe to a parliamentary fund. It should be remembered that the British trade unions are largely benevolent in their character, and that thousands join them for the sake of the sick pay, or out-of-work pay, or the strike pay which thus becomes theirs of right. This being the case, it is not surprising that the members of trade unions include men of all shades of political opinion, and gradually it has dawned upon some of these men that it is tyranny of the worst sort to compel them to contribute toward the maintenance of members of Parliament with whose political principles they have no sympathy. At last, some three years ago, Mr. Walter Osborne, a railway porter, determined single-handed to contest this tyranny as it was exercised in his own particular union. In his branch of his union he proposed and carried a resolution refusing any longer to pay the levy in support of members of Parliament, especially in view of the fact that that levy was being handed to the Labor party and used in support of a socialistic policy. This is the question which had finally to be taken to the courts of law. The case was argued in the court of appeal in 1908, and resulted in a unanimous verdict for Mr. Osborne. The decision was based upon the principle that as trade unions comprise members of every shade of political opinion, it is not competent for them to compel a minority to support by votes or subscriptions men committed to political opinions they may abhor. Of course there was an appeal from this judgment, and the case finally came before five judges of the House of Lords, three

of whom were formerly Radical members of Parliament. Without any reservation whatever these judges dismissed the appeal and sustained the verdict in favor of Mr. Osborne. That decision has established the principle that trade unions have no power to levy money from unwilling persons to be spent in maintaining members of Parliament. It is already known and quoted in England as "the Osborne judgment," and has created a political situation beside which the question of House of Lords reform may speedily become an insignificant issue.

What has to be remembered in appreciating the importance of the situation is that about ten years ago the Socialists and the Labor party—in other words, the political element in labor organization—obtained complete control of the trade unions of England. How they did it is a secret, but the fact that they have achieved that important end is beyond question. Had it not been so the world would never have heard of Mr. Osborne and his plucky fight. Having captured the trade unions, and secured control of their funds, the Labor party adopted a resolution making it compulsory for all their candidates for Parliament to sign a pledge binding themselves to vote solely with that party. Hence the situation resolved itself into this: Every member of a trade union, no matter whether he were in politics a Liberal, a Conservative, or a confirmed anti-socialist, was compelled to pay for the support of members of Parliament of one shade of opinion only, that is, militantly socialistic. With a frankness which is exceedingly illuminating at the present juncture, one leader of the Labor party declared several years ago that the end he and his like had in view was "not trade unionism, but socialism." Nothing could illustrate more cogently the despotic tyranny of labor policy. Members of trade unions who join those organizations for trade benefits, and in order to better their industrial position, are to be compelled to pay for politicians with whom they may hold not a single principle in common. It is not a question of voluntary contributions; Mr. Osborne would gladly accept such a condition in his own union; but when it comes to compulsion, and when the fruits of the compulsion are to be enjoyed by socialists alone, it is obvious that not even the dark ages produced a more outrageous tyranny.

Of course the Labor party is opposed to the Osborne judgment. It will deprive it of its main source of revenue. And so in the coming Parliament a determined effort is to be made to secure the reversal of the judgment. If the Liberal government had an independent majority that effort would no doubt be stoutly resisted, but as it depends upon the votes of the Labor party it may be willing to barter even its own principles for a few more months of office. There is, however, some hope in the fact that so sturdy a Radical as Harold Cox protests in advance against any reversal of the judgment, which would create, he declares, "political tyranny of the worst kind." The socialist Labor party is keenly aware that if it is made to rely like the Nationalists of Ireland, on voluntary contributions, its days are numbered.

The Mayor in Gentler Aspects.

Mayor McCarthy is really most engaging when he thrusts his official duties to one side and lends himself to the softer offices of life. The mayor, it should be understood, is not letting himself be overshadowed by the previous administration, even in the domain of literature and the arts. It is not alone in politics that he can give that administration cards and spades; and while he has not yet attempted verse, his appreciation of those who write it is a promising sign.

Many who heard the mayor's touching address from his private box at the opening of the Columbia Theatre—the one in which his conceptions of poesy and dramatic art were deftly blended with his appreciation of union labor impulses in mural decoration—will feel regret if they did not hear his later deliverance at the assembly of San Francisco women where the memory of Julia Ward Howe was honored. The mayor was there by invitation to make a personal estimate of the influence for national unity and culture which Mr. Howe's life had revealed. Accounts of this affair vary, as there were no reporters present, and some of the stories told of it are undoubtedly tinged with prejudice. We reject the version which makes his honor say that the late venerable author "was a writer who for fancy expressions, I make bold to put up again any in her class, bar none." but there can be no doubt

that his tribute to Mrs. "Julia Ward Howard" was in every way worthy and affecting. Indeed, it deserves to be published under a union label. Mrs. "Howard" had, he said, "gone to join the angels," though here again a malicious commentator inserts the surely apocryphal quotation "that they can sing and recite pomes no better than her." Further on, the mayor expressed the devout hope that Mrs. "Howard" was in heaven, wishing, naturally, to show without particularizing the kind of angels he had meant. Can it be true that he added the opinion that "her hymns is known there already and in other parts of the world"? This may well be doubted; the mayor is too familiar with the literary and musical clientele of the late Mrs. "Howard" to repeat a thing so well understood by all. At the close his honor graciously thanked the ladies for their kind attention.

But the obligation was surely the other way, for no public man has less need of feeling under obligation for a hearing than the mayor of San Francisco, who may feel assured that no future occasion of sentiment in San Francisco will be quite the same without him.

The Coming Millennium.

It is the modest ambition of Professor Woodworth of the University of California to reorganize the human race. His plan is embraced in a forthcoming book, an advance review of which is current; and while but few details are yet revealed, it is broadly stated that the professor would classify the human family into workers, drones, and queens, and, apparently, keep each element free from disturbing exterior ambitions. Thus the workers will go on working, gaining in efficiency; the drones will go on, droning, and thus eliminating themselves; and the queens will reign without fear of political upheavals, the world becoming in the end a veritable beehive where there is honey enough for all.

While this plan is similar to the one which nature has wrought upon so imperfectly, Professor Woodworth finds nothing in the present order of humanity which shows a really scientific use of material. What we need, as he points out, is a working caste as distinguished from the working class we now have; a type of human beings dedicated to work in the way that race horses are dedicated to speed. These favored people, it is held, must be celibates, especially celibate women, from whom the author expects results which can not be had from those given over to the distractions of married life. For the married woman Professor Woodworth finds a distinctly lower place than good-natured sage now accords her. He even expresses doubts of her productivity. She is essentially a consumer, a creature of waste and extravagance, an anachronism, economically speaking, in this workaday age. She has her uses, of course; she wards off the peril of race suicide, but beyond that is a hindrance to progress in the arts and sciences. When compared with the highly organized celibate woman devoted to making more and better utilities, she is hardly worth a serious moment. One knows this even by insect analogy. In the most advanced forms of lower animal life, the bee and the ant, the real producers do not bring back their kind. With them the celibate is the accepted figure of industry. The thinking, the contriving, the fabricating, is done by the bee and ant bachelors and maids, particularly the maids; hence, from men and women similarly set apart, why not expect corresponding results? Of course it has to be admitted that a form of racial suicide would follow the development of Professor Woodworth's plan; for the more celibates the fewer children. But we are overpopulating now. In only 10 years, at the present rate of human increase, hunger will press upon the common means of subsistence. The evil Malthus foresaw is already looming; but surely there is a way to meet it. Nothing could be simpler. Increase producers and decrease reproducers! It is like taking two from three and leaving one; the practical value of it shows in its face.

Coupled with some system of eugenics, the Woodworth system might not only create a super-efficient working class, but enable married folk to add to it through scientific breeding in such a way as to cut down the progeny of drones and non-producers and increase the numbers of the fittest. Humanity, by loss of the mass, would become intellectually select. In the long run the highbrows would have a majority far greater than that allotted to them even in the ant and bee families; and it may easily come about that they would so perfect all the instrumentalities of social life

as to really usher in the millenium which the race has been ceaselessly groping for. By the old way of living mankind may be close to the end of its achievement. It has given up the problem of perpetual motion. There is still that vain struggle with the fourth dimension. The sixth sense eludes the necessary control. There seems to be no way to communicate with Mars. No virus can be found to make politicians honest. Even yet one can not eat his cake and have it. Is it not time, therefore, to cease striving in our haphazard way and organize society, largely on a celibate basis, until by sheer intellect and cultivated genius we shall surmount all obstacles and find in Woodworthism a panacea for all crimes and ills?

The Americans at Oxford.

We gave last week an English version of the so-called failure of the Rhodes scholarship idea. There are, it appears, Americans who share in this opinion. The *New York Times* quotes an American student studying at Oxford at his own expense, sufficiently angloized "to speak with a pronounced English accent." This young man is quoted by the *Times* as saying:

"It is felt over there that the Rhodes idea has failed. It was hoped to bring from America and from the British colonies young men who would get to know the English, so that in each country there would be a growing colony of men so educated as a basis of sympathy between the two countries. Now, if it was Cecil Rhodes's idea to have American gentlemen go to Oxford for three years to play with and get to know English gentlemen the idea has failed.

"Just how it has failed it is frightfully hard to explain. The Rhodes men go over with the wrong attitude to begin with. They don't understand the purpose of the Rhodes plan; they aren't sympathetic and they haven't any notion of lending themselves to any plans for cosmopolitanism. They go over in a body with a chip on their shoulder. They find things far different from the colleges they have just left in America, and that seems to offend them, so that all flock together instead of mixing, as it was hoped they would.

"Now, if a Rhodes scholar meets an English undergraduate at tea, and when they meet on the street a half-hour later the Englishman passes him with a curt nod, the American is huffy for a month about it, not for a minute realizing that no offense was intended and that Oxford men never hail each other unless they have something they want to talk about.

"The Rhodes men miss the 'Rah! Rah! Hello, old man' business that they left at home. Another thing is with the dons. The American fellows are used to being made to work at certain periods and report at certain times, and they totally misconstrue the colossal indifference of the dons.

"The real trouble is that, for the most part, the Rhodes scholarships bring over every year a lot of grinds, unsocial and unsympathetic, and that isn't what Oxford wants, and it makes the Rhodes Foundation miss its mark. The fellows return with much accumulated erudition, but they could have found that as well, if not better, at some American university, and had a better time doing it."

It appears to be a common opinion of Oxford that the method of selection of the Rhodes scholars in America is mistaken, in that it sends "chronic grinds" rather than men of more social spirit. The opinion there is that instead of selecting through academic competition, the Rhodes scholars should be selected arbitrarily by competent college authorities, the idea being to get not merely men of academic ambition, but men of all-round qualification.

Perhaps it is well to bear in mind that the success or failure of the Rhodes idea rests not upon collegiate opinion, but upon final results. If the Rhodes scholarship men shall turn out to be capable factors in society—if they shall in any sense promote the international spirit—then the plan will stand justified by its fruits. It is too soon now to render judgment one way or the other.

Editorial Notes.

It is not easy to see why there should have been objection when Professor E. H. Woodruff, of Cornell University, in an address at Ithaca last week, referred to Theodore Roosevelt as an "unmitigated liar." This is Mr. Roosevelt's own method; he resorts to it whenever his feelings are ruffled. Whoever opposes him in anything is not only a "liar," but likely as not in addition a "jackass" and a "crook." Now it is a positive demonstration that Mr. Roosevelt does not always speak the truth. He did not speak the truth when he said that he had never been an applicant for public office. Again he did not speak the truth when he said that he did not instruct the American minister at Rome to ask the Pope to appoint Archbishop Ireland a cardinal. Again, and again, and again, as the record shows, he has prevaricated—in other words, lied. Public and private records prove it; men of undoubted character will testify to it. Even his apologists and champions admit it. Then, since Mr. Roosevelt does

lie, why not call him a liar? Why should he or any friend of his object when the weapons which he uses so handily are turned against him? He professes to be a champion of the square deal. Is it a square deal to berate every man who crosses his path with foul and vulgar epithets and at the same time claim immunity against libel? Speaking for itself, the *Argonaut* entirely approves of Professor Woodruff's method. It is indeed a bit coarse and brutal, but coarseness and brutality are not more unbecoming in a college professor than in a President and ex-President of the United States.

The movement started by Mrs. John B. Underwood of Chicago in the Federation of Women's Clubs for the "teaching of children that the human form unadorned is pure and not something to be ashamed of" would seem to be hardly necessary in view of the strides being made in this sort of study under the opportunities afforded by the newest feminine fashions. The peek-a-boo waist, the open-work stocking, and the hobble skirt are, we think, giving to this inquiry about as much promotion as the immediate generation can stand without reverting to those ideals which prevailed in the fig-leaf era. The newer fashions have pretty well broken down any mysteries or doubts about the human form which may have lingered in old-fashioned minds. And from the attention which feminine exponents of up-to-date models get from street loungers, we gather that popular education is making rapid if not satisfactory progress. If the *Argonaut* is not in entire sympathy with the reactionary movement inspired by the W. C. T. U., it nevertheless is of the opinion that there is no great need for promoting exhibitions of the human form divine either in art or out of it.

A truly worthy man was William F. Pierce, of San Francisco, who has just been laid in his grave. His walk in life was quiet, yet in a way distinguished, for he was associated closely and effectively with all that was best in the civilization of California. He was a good man who never thought it necessary to make a clamor about his virtues or a trade of their exploitation. He was a cultivated man, but one who never seemed to regard personal accomplishments as a title to any kind of preferment or privilege. He was a man of an eminently social nature without mixing with or much respecting the social game. He was possessed of very considerable wealth, but never paraded it or thought of it as in any sense marking him off from affiliation or sympathy with his fellow-men. Mr. Pierce was attentive to all the duties of citizenship without ever seeking or desiring public dignities. And when distinctions came to him, as they did come to him in notable measure through the Masonic fraternity and in other ways, they contributed nothing to his self-esteem. He was what grace of mind and grace of heart had made him at all times and under all conditions. The passing out of such a citizen, of such a man, of such a neighbor, leaves a void in the life of the generation in which he was an ornament and an inspiration.

The California campaign for the governorship takes on new motives of chagrin and disgust as it draws to its close. It has degenerated into a trivial contest of personal vituperation between the candidates. Johnson berates Bell for not laying on harder in denunciation of William F. Herrin; Bell berates Johnson for having accepted a fee for saving J. Dalzell Brown from the penalty of his crimes. Neither has anything to say about the vital interests of California, neither apparently knows or cares anything about the important issues involved in State administration. Observing the furious and unworthy aspects of this campaign, the conservative voter continues in a quandary—whether to vote for a violent and destructive demagogue who has repudiated his party, including its high-minded and honorable head, the President of the United States, or for a man so enamored of the political game as to make it a profession without apparently any adequate conception of the great forces for good or evil involved in it. The choice truly is a hard one.

Monaco, with the population of an American country village, has got an organic law. Hitherto it had been run by a benevolent despot, Prince Albert, who collected Monaco's part of the gaming-house revenues and devoted them to public and royal use, not without intelligence and probity, but equally without the popular consent or participation. Of late an

rising was mooted, for the purpose of deposing the ruler and substituting the heir apparent, Prince Louis, who adhered to the constitutional party. But there was no occasion for violence. Prince Albert, seeing that his subjects were in earnest, gave in, and now the finances and government of Monaco will be vested in representative hands. The prince will reign, but not rule.

Mr. Roosevelt goes to Indiana to help the campaign of his friend Beveridge for reelection to the national Senate. Beveridge is one of the original insurgents, and he is conspicuously a tariff reformer. Mr. Roosevelt applauds him in unmeasured terms, declaring that where he stands very soon the whole country will stand. Then the versatile Mr. Roosevelt goes straightway to Massachusetts to help the campaign of his friend Lodge for reelection. Lodge is the political antithesis of Beveridge. He is the stiffest of stand-patters; he is second only to Aldrich in conservative and reactionary steadfastness. He is, in truth, little more in the Senate than the representative of the New England manufacturing interests. Again the President gives assurance that Mr. Lodge is a true American, a friend of all good things, worthy of every honor. The inconsistency of these two espousals is rank, and it can only be explained by one theory. This theory is that Mr. Roosevelt regards as virtuous and worthy any and every man of any and every political faith or practice who has "stood by me." This is the secret. Whoever "stood by me" may have Mr. Roosevelt's support. When the rub comes he cares little for principle, nothing for consistency. This curious mental quality—unless it may be better called a moral defect—was illustrated at Saratoga, where for the sake of "beating 'em to a frazzle"—for a mere personal triumph—Mr. Roosevelt allowed his critics and opponents to write the platform. In other words, he traded off his principles for votes in support of a cause which he had made personal to himself. And this is the man whom the country is asked by an element which esteems itself a good deal better than other elements to accept as a moral guide and prophet!

It could be wished that the hunt for the Los Angeles dynamiters might be less noisy and less inspired by the wish to smirch somebody. The latest report, to the effect that a group of persons "suspected" of knowledge of the crime are to be indicted, is not edifying. We have had in recent times far too much indicting upon the basis of suspicion and presumption. The indictment of a miscellaneous lot of mere "suspects" in connection with the Los Angeles incident will not accomplish anything, but will tend rather to confuse the main search. It will not in any degree mitigate the desire of the country to run down the really guilty parties. What is wanted in this case is the apprehension of those who did or counseled this infamous business with the production of absolute proofs of guilt. All else is child's play or something less important.

It is gratifying to know that the inspectors of the census have found the returns from San Francisco correct and regular. While some other coast cities, it appears, thought it necessary to "work up" the figures, San Francisco was content to let the officers pursue regular methods of inquiry without anxiety about the result. At the same time it is proper to add that the final return, whatever it may be, can not in the nature of things do justice to San Francisco because of the large elements of population really attached here but technically resident elsewhere. An adequate enumeration of the population of San Francisco should include those communities which in a social and commercial sense are part and parcel of the city. The transbay communities, the peninsula district, the Marin county suburban district—all are as much part of San Francisco as if they were included within the municipal lines. San Francisco, therefore, as a metropolitan district contains a population almost double that of San Francisco as a strictly defined municipal district. However, it matters nothing at all practically. San Francisco is content to let the figures of population be what they may, so long as she continues in all practical respects to more than double the size and importance of any other Pacific Coast community.

Uncle Sam's printing-office in Washington uses twenty-four tons of printing ink yearly.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

After an absence in Europe of nearly a generation, Timothy Cole has returned to his native land to continue his life-work on American soil. During his sojourn across the seas he has engraved on wood for the pages of the *Century Magazine* nearly three hundred of the masterpieces of the European galleries, and thus has placed to his credit a distinction enjoyed by no other master of the graver in our generation. Those who possess a full set of Mr. Cole's works, whether in the files of the *Century* or as separate pulls, are to be greatly envied, for, apart from the actual originals in their colors, it is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Cole's faithful interpretations give a more truthful representation of the great pictures of the world than is possible by any other process. Half-tone work is now so common, and holds the field so exclusively, that the present generation is unaware of the artistic loss the world has suffered by the invention of photography. In many respects, of course, the camera has been a real boon to civilization, and its value for scientific records is beyond dispute, but the fact that it has all but killed the art of engraving on wood seriously discounts all photography's advantages. What we have lost is pertinently illustrated by the work of Mr. Cole, who has clung so faithful to the old medium and is its ablest living exponent. Year by year he has triumphantly shown how, in competent hands, the graver and the boxwood surface are fully equal to the severest task which can be imposed upon an artist who would translate into monotone the most subtle effects of color. His Corot pictures are an example; in their silvery effects they give the very atmosphere of those poetic originals. And even when he takes a photographic portrait, such as that of Thomas Carlyle, he produces a result which transforms the original into a work of art. And now Mr. Cole is home again, but not to rest. He will, it is stated, devote himself to the masterpieces in American galleries. This is good news, but better still would it be if Mr. Cole were to give the old masters a rest and apply his rare interpretative gifts to the works of American painters. There is a real need to familiarize the people of the United States with the best achievements of American art.

All who take the Hall of Fame seriously will be relieved that the name of Edgar Allan Poe has at last invaded the sacred portals of that building. It has been a tough fight, the necessity for which has probably amazed Europeans more than Americans. As people on the further shores of the Atlantic have been rather hazy about Hall of Fame conditions, regarding that temple as, in the main, America's substitute for Westminster Abbey, it has naturally been a scandal in their eyes that an author of Poe's reputation should have had to wait so long for recognition, and been preceded by so many lesser lights. This has always been a strong card with the Poe-ites, for there are still sufficient Americans who harbor that deference to European opinion which was so amazing to Thackeray. And now the battle is won, and it is difficult to see what Poe's supporters will find to do unless they resolve to read his works. If Poe is conscious of the verdict he must be a little chagrined that he had five fewer votes than Harriet Beecher Stowe, but on the other hand he may be pleased to learn that he has been elected in the company of Roger Williams, that virile and lively founder of Rhode Island who was such a thorn in the flesh of the austere New Englanders.

Bournemouth by the sea, a fashionable English watering-place which is notable for its sandy shores, its pines, and its winter sunshine, is coming under the dominance of American ideas. A member of the town council has been arguing that the ratepayers of a town of such size and importance ought not to expect the mayor, in addition to giving his time to the service of the town, to place his banking account on the altar of such service. By paying a salary to the mayor the council would be widening the field of choice, instead of as at present selecting those who were willing and able to accept the office through the power of the purse. In a council of thirty-four, there were ten of this innovator's way of thinking, but the opinion of the majority was voiced indignantly by councilors who declared it would be "pauperizing and degrading and almost an insult" to offer a salary to a mayor of an important town like Bournemouth. Even if they gave a salary, a mayor would be considered a shabby man who did not supplement the amount by an equal contribution out of his own pocket. "How strange it seems, and new."

No finer compliment was ever paid to American scholarship than the invitation of the editors of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" to Professor Albert S. Cook of Yale to write for that work the chapter on the Authorized Version of the Bible. It might have been supposed that that was a subject on which the insular British mind would hardly defer to the opinions of a transatlantic scholar, but the invitation was given and accepted and the task discharged with rare ability. That incident will make many curious as to what extent America is to be represented at the celebration, next year, of the tercentenary of the publication of the Authorized Version of the Bible. It is an event in which Americans are as keenly interested as Englishmen, for, as Dr. Cook wrote, "the English Bible is the chief bond which holds united, in a common loyalty and a common endeavor, the various branches of the English race." Besides, was not Lincoln, the supreme embodiment of the American spirit, largely a man of the Bible? It is well known that he built up his entire reading upon his early study of the Bible, and that he mastered its simple diction in no better illustration than in his incomparable oration at Gettysburg. Perhaps the most remarkable proof of the hold of the Authorized Version

on the English-speaking race is furnished by the fact that the demand for it has doubled in the twenty-five years which have elapsed since the Revised Version was published, and that it is printed to the number of three million copies a year. This, no doubt, is partly due to the fact that the Authorized Version was produced at an age when the English language had reached a condition of vigorous adolescence, and when the superlative prose of Shakespeare, Bacon, Johnson, and Spenser was being written. As American scholars bore so honorable a part in the making of the Revised Version their claim to share in the three hundredth birthday of its predecessor is beyond question.

Travelers who know Berlin will hardly have been surprised at the savage assaults of the city police on those American and English newspaper correspondents who were present at the recent riots in the service of their journals. It is rarely that the hated Prussian constable has so specious an excuse for hacking at somebody with his ever-ready sabre, for as a rule he is too slow of foot to overtake any citizen actually guilty of a violation of the law. As recorders of news, the journalists naturally stood their ground, and so became easy marks for police cowardice and brutality. The incident will not have happened in vain should it warn tourists to avoid Berlin as a plague spot. There is no capital in Europe where individual liberty counts for so little, where the ways of the visitor are hedged about by so many absurd restrictions, and where the supposed guardians of the public peace are so overhearing and insulting in their manner. Even the storekeepers of Berlin are tainted with the autocratic spirit, and the clerks, instead of expressing gratitude for custom, are as likely as not to ask with a sneer, "Is that all you're going to buy?" The German in authority is nowhere a more intolerable despot than in Berlin, and that fact can not be too widely advertised. Conditions have improved but little, if at all, since George Ticknor, more than fifty years ago, was obliged, when staying late in booksellers' shops, to obtain permission from the police to remain or to go home!

As regrettable as the premature death of O. Henry is the untimely demise of William Vaughn Moody, the playwright whose "The Great Divide" was so distinct an addition to the native drama of America. Perhaps it was hardly wise on the part of Henry Miller to put Mr. Moody's genius to the test of European opinion by taking that play to London, for its theme is so peculiarly American that it could hardly fail to puzzle the English playgoer. For the matter of that, however, its essential meaning was missed by many of the "dramatic critics" of the author's native land, some of whom gathered the impression that Mr. Moody's masterly study of clashing temperament had more to do with a mountain range than with men. Because of its capture of the untrammelled spirit of the West, and its vivid exposition of the conflict of that spirit with the conventions of the East, "The Great Divide" will always remain a classic of the American stage. But "The Faith Healer," with its valiant attempt to give dramatic form to the nebulous notions of Christian Science, is already forgotten, and it is a sad travesty on Mr. Moody's faith that his life has ended in his forty-first year. He was a man of singular charm, high ideals, and wide knowledge, and possessed poetic gifts which make his death a serious loss to American letters.

The Brennan gyroscopic railroad will be given an experimental trial, several cars and other equipment having been recently ordered by a Seattle company which designs to operate such a line from Fairbank to Matinska, Alaska. This line will be about 10 miles, and to construct such a line with the double track and roadbed required would cost about \$20.00 per mile, while that required for the monorail will be about \$3000. Besides this, the latter can be laid with much more expedition and the road will be ready for operation in less than half the time required for the construction of the other.

The finest scenic highway in western America for automobilists, drivers, equestrians, and all other classes of tourists who scorn the railway's rattle, haste, and smoke is now under construction by the British Columbia government. By this time next year it will be completed, at a cost of—for new links of connecting roads, new bridges, and extensive repairs to established trunk roads—approximately \$1,000,000 or \$1,250,000. This new road system is to continue for 1200 miles with single unavoidable interruption, where ferry is taken across the Gulf of Georgia from Campbell River, far up Vancouver Island, to Crow's Nest Pass, at the summit of the Rockies.

The use of the automobile in scattering violent mobs was successfully demonstrated in Atlanta, Georgia, recently, after the police on foot had failed to disperse the crowd or to stop the fighting. Several motor-cars were secured, and with these the mob was repeatedly charged until it fled in terror. This is a hint which the authorities in all large cities may well note for future use. The destructive power of a large and irresponsible machine manned by the police is recognized to even the most ignorant and lawless, and it may furnish the means of accomplishing what officers on foot would fail at.

One of the oddest domiciles on earth is that erected at Yokohama by Dr. Van der Heyden, the noted bacteriologist of Japan. This is a dustproof, airtight, microbeproof building of glass, which stands in the open, unshaded grounds of the hospital of Yokohama.

A VERY FRENCH PLAY.

New York Does Not Find "The Scandal" Diverting.

The audience that assembled at the Garrick Theatre to see "The Scandal," by Henri Bataille, was neither pleased nor displeased. It was simply bored, and if it contained any impecunious ones to whom the theatre is an event they probably wished that they had gone somewhere else and so made a better investment. For "The Scandal" makes no appeal to an American audience that looks a little perplexedly at situations with which it has no familiarity and that are outside its experience. The play contains none of those broad generalizations of human nature that we have a right to expect in wholesome drama. It suggests no unsuspected possibilities in ourselves, either good or evil, and there was probably no one in the audience, man or woman, of American or English birth, who could imagine himself or herself acting in real life as did any of the characters upon the stage. They may do this kind of thing in France, but not here. When we were invited to admire some act of a supposedly sublime magnanimity we felt like yawning and saying, "What of it?" And when we watched the vicious antics of an erring wife we were equally inclined to quote the immortal Betsy Prig and to express the opinion that "there aint no such person." And yet "The Scandal" has run for a year in Paris, and it is written by a dramatist of renown. That is all true enough, and doubtless the recollection of it caused more than one spectator to reflect upon French peculiarities and tastes, or to wonder how far the translator has allowed the effervescence to escape him.

The play has only three characters that command attention, a man, a woman, and another man. It is an ordinary conventional domestic life to which we are introduced. M. Feriual is a provincial Frenchman, wealthy, clean living, and meritorious enough as men go. His wife seems to be just such a woman as her husband is a man. They have two nice children, and there is no reason why a humdrum kind of bliss should not be theirs. There are no surface indications of the erotic volcano that is about to carry madame off her feet.

But it comes just the same. She visits a watering-place and there she meets her fate in the person of a darkly beautiful Spaniard, in fact just the sort of Don Desperando who used to be described for the benefit of love-lorn nursemaids in certain weekly periodicals of the family type. No doubt Artanezzo is a very fascinating person, but he ought to have a colored sash and sail the seas as a pirate on the Spanish main. That is where he belongs. Of course the moment madame looks into his black and piercing eyes her fate is sealed. Husband and children are forgotten, and she is his and his alone in the old-fashioned and highly approved way.

Now Don Artanezzo is a pirate all right, but of the modern and improved type. Instead of scuttling ships he forges checks, which is really less laborious and more profitable until you are caught. Madame's infatuation for her lover is so great that she aids and abets him in his villainies, and of course does all those other reprehensible things that vulgar dramatists portray and polite ones indicate. Then comes one of those revulsions upon which the play may be said to hinge. First madame loved her husband, then she loved the Spaniard, and now she suddenly finds that her husband still has charms, and so she throws the Spaniard overboard, metaphorically speaking, and returns to "home and duty." She can not be said to repent, but the spasm for the moment has passed.

But madame has not finished as yet. She is only just getting into her stride, so to speak. You have only to listen closely enough and you can hear her changing her mind in each act. She is immeasurably disgusted when the pirate calls upon her after the breach, but no sooner does she find that he has come only to return her compromising letters than she looks once more into those dark and unfathomable eyes and straightway succumbs again. The attack is not quite so bad this time, but there is no knowing what might have happened if he had gone on looking at her. Fortunately he removes his shining eyes in good time, but she feels so kindly that when she is invited to give evidence against him in a criminal prosecution she seriously debates with herself as to what her evidence shall be. Perjury is a mere trifle anyway for a woman, and how can she bring herself to convict a man with eyes like that and whose manners are so ingratiating?

But now the husband takes a hand in the game. Husbands usually do if they get time enough. A kindly friend has "put him wise," and he devises a revenge so delightfully Gallic that we forget to be thrilled. In the novel the injured husband usually waits until the wife has retired to her "dressing-room," and then after knocking discreetly on the door he begins his interrogations or voices his suspicions. But not so in "The Scandal." M. Feriual summons a family meeting, which is quite an institution in France. Relatives, children, servants, they are all there, for in their united presence the accusation is to be made and the guilty wife driven into outer darkness. Was there ever anything so delightfully ridiculous? Then *Monsieur le Mari* sends for his spouse, and somehow we wish that the earth would open and swallow the whole amazing crowd. Madame enters, and we hold our breath. We know that her conscience must be

troubling her, because we quite incorrectly believe that our consciences would trouble us in like circumstances. Sure enough she looks perturbed, even terrified. We can all see it for ourselves, even from the cheap seats at the back of the theatre. And of course the husband sees it. There is a moment of hesitation and then his noble countenance is overspread with pity. How can he do such a thing to the woman he still loves? Perish the thought, and so he announces that the family meeting has been called to emphasize the disgrace of his son, who has been by no means a good boy in school. Tableau! But it seems distinctly rough on the boy.

And so we have all witnessed a divine act of magnanimity. Think of it. An erring wife has been forgiven, and the canons of precedent have been set at defiance. By all the rules that are supposed to govern such cases, but that do not, madame ought to have been driven into the arms of her guilty lover, and we ought to have seen her die deserted in a garret or in jail, with moral platitudes upon her trembling lips, and all to the sound of slow orchestral music. Was such a thing ever heard of before, was the quality of mercy ever less strained? Evidently we are expected to gasp at this innovation, at this affront to the law and the prophets of melodrama. But not a gasp was there. Erring wives are as thick as blackberries everywhere, and they are usually forgiven in spite of the divorce court. We should all do it ourselves, or think we should, given the right amount of penitence, and so we are not impressed. But we are impressed with the moral idiocy of this wife and with the general ridiculousness of this husband. There never was such a couple on land or sea. Even Kyrle Bellow can not save his part as M. Feriual. No actor could atone for the crime of such a conception, but it would be interesting to know how it comes that such a play is brought to America. In real human interest it falls far short of Punch and Judy. Gladys Hansen and Victor Serano took the other two parts, and that is about all that can be said of them. SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, October 20, 1910.

Pigtails, which are threatened with extinction in China, survived in the British army until well into the nineteenth century, the Welsh Fusiliers being the last to abandon them (says the *London Chronicle*). Sir Algernon West relates how he heard an argument once as to whether the Blues did or did not wear pig-tails at Waterloo. One of the disputants, who had seen them on their way to Dover, was convinced that they did. The other, who had been a midshipman on the transport which conveyed them to Ostend, was equally certain that their hair was short. The giver of the dinner at which the dispute arose referred the matter on the following day to a friend who had served in the Blues at Waterloo. "Both your friends were right," he said. "We were reviewed at Windsor by the king on our departure with our pig-tails on, and at Dover we had them cut off before our embarkation."

North America has counted as a gold-producing continent only since the late forties. But it might well have done so for nearly 200 years. According to the history searchers, in the voyage round the world which began in 1719 the privateer, Captain Shelvocke, found in certain California valleys "a rich black mold which, as you turn it fresh up to the sun, appears as if intermingled with gold-dust." "Though we were a little prejudiced," he adds, "against the thought that it could be possible that this metal should be so promiscuously and universally mingled with common earth, yet we endeavored to cleanse and wash the earth from some of it, and the more we did the more it appeared like gold. In order to be further satisfied I brought away some of it, which we lost in our confusion in China."

It is said that the British admiralty has decided to build an experimental, motor-driven battleship, propelled by an internal-combustion engine. Naval engineers have long had their eyes on this type of engine as the ultimate form of power for naval vessels, and experiments have been carried on with the gunboat *Rattler* with satisfactory results. A battleship, equipped with such a motor, would have no boilers, stokers, nor smokestacks, except such vents as are necessary to carry off the products of combustion, and it is asserted that such a vessel, if successful, would, by the economies effected in weight, space, and cost of working, and by the additional speed due to the absence of smokestacks, render all vessels of the present Dreadnought type obsolete.

There is an odd provision in the English law on wrecks. It used to be that wrecks, like pretty nearly everything else, belonged to the king. Sometimes, if a vessel were only partly wrecked and it could be raised, an owner was averse to surrendering it; but it was generally seized for the king in accordance with the law, until the question came up as to just what was a wreck. It was generally admitted that when all hands were lost, that was a wreck; but as they wanted to get as narrow a definition as they could, they got Parliament to establish this law, that in future nothing shall be considered a wreck out of which a cat or a dog escapes alive; and from that time until the present day no vessel coasts about England without carrying a cat or dog.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Maurice of Battenberg was recently fined £5 for fast driving in his motor-car at Camberley, England. Royalty did not set this fashion, however.

M. Fernand Forest of Paris, who has recently been awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor, was the first inventor to construct an explosive motor. He exhibited one as far back as 1886.

In spite of the fact that the Kaiser always rides a white charger at reviews, white horses have been barred from the German army because they could be too easily seen by an enemy in the field.

Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, is the most fluent Spanish scholar in the Senate. In his younger days he was a United States district attorney in New Mexico, and at that time Spanish was the official language of the courts.

Sir Tatton Sykes is an English gentleman who still finds the restoration of churches a most interesting pursuit, although he is in his eighty-fifth year. He has spent more than seven million dollars building and restoring churches, the parish church of Sherburn, near York, being the most recent object of his beneficence.

Lady Laura Ridding is the president of the Women's Union in England, which held its annual parliament a few days ago with five hundred delegates in attendance from all parts of the United Kingdom. An effort to teach men sewing and one to revive the Greek method of education and physical culture were prominent among the topics brought up for discussion.

New photographs of Adelina Patti and the Dowager Queen Alexandra of England have just been published. Patti is sixty-seven and Alexandra is sixty-six. Her majesty, in speaking with the famous prima donna, is reported to have said: "We are two of the youngest women in England." Both pictures look as if the subjects were women about thirty or thirty-five.

Henry Tomlinson, of Holme Bank, Tarvin, near Chester, England, a few days ago celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birthday. Mr. Tomlinson has lived in six reigns and under three Marquises of Cholmondeley. He has lived on the Cholmondeley Castle estate for over half a century, and was an enthusiastic follower of the hounds up to his eightieth year.

Dr. Gertrude Halley, who graduated in medicine in the Melbourne University, has been appointed medical officer to the public schools of Tasmania. It is found that a woman is much better adapted to this work than a man. Dr. Halley's services are highly praised, and have been of great benefit to the children of Tasmania. In her visits she gives valuable addresses to the elder girls.

Professor Louis Lindsay Dyche, the zoölogist of the University of Kansas, has attracted good-natured attention by his advocacy of a plan to establish well-stocked fishponds on the farms of the Sunflower State. He has figured out their cost, estimated their productiveness, and concludes that the success of the idea would materially affect the problem of food supply and the cost of living on the inland prairies.

John H. Cook, editor and owner of the *Red Bank* (New Jersey) *Register* has arranged with six of his young men to become partners in the business of the *Register*, and a one-quarter interest in the paper will be distributed among them. Some of the young men who are thus admitted to partnership in the paper and its business have been with the *Register* several years, and some are of more recent connection with the paper.

Lord Halsbury, former lord chancellor of England, was the chief guest at a recent Authors' Club dinner. In a brief address he said it was delightful to him to see so many persons engaged in literature, and he could remember, and remember with gratitude, that he owed to his own father, who was the editor of the *Standard* for a number of years, all the education that he ever received. Speaking confidentially, he would tell his hearers that he was never at school at all. The education he received was that from his own father, who was himself, no doubt, a very good scholar.

Edward H. R. Green, son of Hetty Green, lives in Texas, where, to use his own language, he "has a finger in everything that is going on." Regardless of any interest he may have in his mother's affairs, he owns and manages an extensive railroad system, is president of one bank and director in three others, and owns and conducts cattle ranches and cotton plantations. He even raises flowers, and has the best greenhouse, with one exception, in America. This is not conducted for his personal pleasure, but as an investment which has become very profitable. Last year he sold \$160,000 worth of American beauty roses, wholesale selling price. When he went into Texas twenty years ago it was to look after his father's interests. Now his attention is devoted almost exclusively to his own. At first he lived on a ranch, the headquarters of a railroad, but he got tired of country life and moved into Dallas, where he now lives. Mr. Green recently returned from New York, where he went to see about his mother's affairs, and on his journey bought fifteen thousand postal picture-cards to announce his homecoming to friends.

THE MARSHAL OF DONNER FLAT.

At the Celebration and After.

Little Nims, who was riding down the Red Rock trail, pursued his way oblivious to the mountain scene idealized by softening lights and shadows into a titanic fairyland. His chubby face beamed as he rode into Donner Flat, for he had news—great news. With the completion of the Feather River section of the "Transcontinental," Donner Flat had been threatened with extinction, for the few lumber camps on the river would not support the town. After Nims unsaddled, the business men gathered upon the benches in front of the Mohawk, and in low tones planned for the flush times coming. A truthful chronicle would describe them as dealers in the various games of chance provided for the woovers of the fickle goddess.

"Where did you get the news, and is it straight, Nims?" inquired Nat Boole, the handsome dealer of the Mohawk.

"From the gen'ral sup'rintendent. Clifford's surveying party is on the way, and the graders will be here Monday to start the work. The branch is to run north from Donner Flat—that's settled."

A few minutes later the meeting dispersed, and with a rattling of shutters and barring of doors Donner Flat went to sleep. Nims and Boole were left alone.

"There's goin' to be a celebration when the new road opens," remarked Nims. "What can we get up to amuse the crowd, Nat?"

"Why, there'll be games, greased pole, wrestling matches, and lots of things," replied Boole vaguely.

"What about a dance, Nat?"

"It won't do," and the gambler pointed significantly over to the low frame buildings east of town. From the dance-halls came the strains of fast rag-time on piano and violin. The shrill laughter of women rang out over the music floating down the wind.

"It's a pity we aint respectable," sighed Nims regretfully, as they parted for the night.

In August the mountain country had taken on its usual pall of haze and smoke drift from distant brush fires. In Donner Flat the men were busy arranging for a holiday that would be described in the county paper as a hummer. The Mohawk sported a new sign, gorgeous and awe-inspiring in the size and brilliancy of its gold lettering, which read: "Alfred Nims, Friend and Successor to Poker Jack." Nims pointed to it with pride. "It's a bit of a memoriam like to Poker's memory." Nims's eulogy of the late Poker Jack was interrupted by the arrival of a lumberman from Red Rock with disturbing news.

"There's going to be trouble at the celebration. Red Kelly is coming down with a gang to run the town," said the messenger.

"Come with me, Nimsy, and we'll talk over what's to be done," cried Boole. Nims followed the gambler, who led the way down the river trail towards the cañon. Through aisles of fragrant pines Boole strode along until the men came out to a small clearing. On a stump Nat tacked up a small paper, and stepped off twenty paces. Marking the spot carefully, he whirled around and emptied his revolver, firing six shots rapidly at the target. Four of the bullets struck well within the circle.

Nims watched him interestedly. "You aint thinking of killing Kelly an' his gang, air you, Nat?" queried the little man.

"I'm thinking of scaring them pretty nigh to death, Nimsy. You see it's this way, most of these tearing fist-fighters, who would stand being beaten to death without a whimper, are deathly afraid of a gun. It's funny, but it's a different kind of courage—that's all. I happen to know Kelly is one of that kind, though he's a bulldog to fight. We're going to run a Western bluff."

"Let me try the revolver, Nat, maybe I can help you."

The gambler smiled, as Nims was reputed a harmless little man, but he replaced the perforated target with a new one and stepped out of range. Nims emptied the gun, firing apparently with little aim. The gambler stepped forward to examine the target, then eyed the little man curiously. "Six shots, thrown in without aim, and all in a centre circle of about an inch—pretty good."

"I could allus shoot a little," replied Nims modestly. With a new target the little man repeated the feat at thirty paces.

"Great Scott, man! let's look at your eyes. Gray as a badger's, and straight as if they had been plumbd into you." Nat's pale face showed more excitement than if he had been risking thousands on the turn of a card.

"I just sort of point at the target like the gun was part of my hand," explained Nims calmly.

Nat nodded approvingly. "They all did it that way. All the great gun-fighters of the roaring West shot by instinct—just tossed a bullet at a man. Nims, you're a wonder. We'll scare Red Kelly into being good."

Late that evening, when Boole came off shift, he walked up the trail to the little schoolhouse, which stood in the pine grove by the forks of the road. From the porch the lights of Donner Flat could be seen twinkling faintly through the trees.

A girl standing in the shelter of the grove ran forward with a low cry of greeting. "How you startled

me, Nat! I came up for a book, and was just going home."

"I'll walk home with you, Lucy," replied the gambler, with easy assurance.

The teacher was blue-eyed and fair, with a slight, girlish figure. Her face showed more gentleness than determination, and she walked by the gambler's side with a tremulous delight, not unmixed with apprehension. Boole's dark, handsome face had the peculiar pallor of men of his trade; of graceful athletic figure, it was not hard for a romantic girl to idealize such a man.

"You'll be down for the holiday, Lucy?" he inquired, as they neared the teacher's boarding-house.

"Won't there be fights and roughness?" she asked timidly.

"We are going to keep order until the women leave. Good-night." He held the girl's soft warm hand within his own, and bent towards her. For a second she wavered, then slowly turned up her face to meet the caress. From her window she watched him walk down the dust-laden trail. A flash of a match in the dark, and the aroma of a cigar floated back on the breeze.

Behind the curtain the girl sobbed quietly. "Oh, dear! he's a gambler, and I must give him up, but I love him—he's mine—he's mine."

When the first train had roared through the town and disappeared into the pass, little Nims walked around rubbing his hands in glee. Rosy-cheeked mountain girls in white dresses stood in groups, openly appreciative of the admiring glances bestowed on them.

"It seems a bit respectable—quite homelike to have the women 'round," murmured Nims.

But when the delegation from Red Rock, headed by the gigantic Kelly, swung off the narrow-gauge train, Nims became uneasy. The tunnel foreman, who was the disturbing factor, was a man whose size and strength gave him an ascendancy over a rough crew, which was worth money to the contractors. But even his employers disliked and feared the man who got more work out of his men than any foreman on the road.

Nims looked at the girls chatting merrily upon the benches, and a look of determination settled on his face. "By holy! he aint goin' to be rough 'round the women if I have to shoot a graveyard full." The sex instinct of the male protecting the female dominated Nims, and in that instant was born a hero.

"This way, boys," shouted Boole. "the shooting contest is going to begin."

The men started undecidedly, casting longing eyes at the open doors where bartenders in white aprons lounged carelessly.

"Who's runnin' this cel'bration, and who's trying to run my crowd," roared Kelly belligerently. Already well in liquor, the man's bulldog face reddened with anger as he stared fiercely at the gambler.

"See here, Kelly, no one's trying to run you." The gambler spoke soothingly. "But this is a great contest. I'm going to shoot first, then I'll introduce you to the man who's going to run the town today." Nat looked squarely into the bully's eyes, and significantly tapped the butt of his revolver. "You aint afraid of the sound of a gun, are you, Kelly?"

"Come on, men, what are you hanging back for; we want to see this man who's going to run us today. Give me a drink!" And the foreman snatched a bottle from the nearest man, swigging down a mighty dram.

Nat stepped into the shooting-range railed off from the crowd, and fired six times at the target nailed to the stump of a sugar pine. A roar of applause greeted his feat; every shot struck inside the six-inch circle, and two were bullseyes. The women on the benches craned forward to see the marksman, and Red Kelly looked at him with more respect.

"Can you beat it, Kelly?" inquired Nat pleasantly.

"I'm no gun man," growled the foreman; "this is my game," and he stretched out an arm corded with immense muscles.

"There's a man here can beat it, and he's terribly set against drinking on holidays; it's best to humor him," replied Nat.

A laugh interrupted Kelly's retort. Little Nims had climbed into the space reserved for contestants. His reputation for inoffensiveness amused the brawny lumbermen.

"Got any more guns, Nat?" asked the little man quietly. Boole handed over his own set, and Nims loaded the four revolvers. The spectators watched him in quizzical frame of mind.

The little man looked proudly around. Nature had denied him strength, grace, or even the personality to escape the gibes of the boorish, but had compensated with an absolute straightness of vision, and steadiness of hand. He thrilled at the coming triumph.

"Plunk 'em in hot, Nimsy," yelled a river driver.

Before the laugh died down, Nims emptied one gun at the target. In quick succession the reports rang out, the smoke drifting back into the faces of the spectators. The last gun he held at the hip, not aiming apparently, for he looked straight at the mark, with never a glance at the smoking weapon.

In the centre of the target the smudge of the first bullet grew steadily until visible as a black circle one inch in diameter. In all, the twenty-four shots had but a variation of half an inch from the centre. Nims faced the astounded crowd, and Nat jumped into the marksman's box.

"I introduce Alfred Nims, the world's greatest revolver shot, as marshal of the day." Nat Boole's voice rang out over the square and the crowd thundered its applause.

Kelly watched this startling feat of marksmanship with amazement, and the gambler eyed him satirically, as Nims walked towards the two men.

"For God's sake, don't cross him, Kelly. That little shrimp has fourteen notches on his gun, and a man bit the dust for every notch," whispered the gambler. The foreman looked uneasily around for his men; wild yells from distant saloons proclaimed the orgy had begun.

"Mr. Kelly, that's your men a-making all that noise. The peace of Donner Flat is being broken, and we aint goin' to stand for it—now stop it." Nims looked at him severely.

For a minute the giant wavered under the public rebuke; never had man spoken like that, and gone unscathed. Irresolute he glanced at Boole. A warning look flashed from the gambler's face, and Nims's cold gray eyes stared steadily at him, as one hand toyed with a gun.

"I'll make 'em behave," he roared. In ten minutes Kelly's gang were seated upon the back benches quietly watching the sports. A few black eyes and bruises impartially bestowed testified to the arguments Kelly used to preserve the peace of Donner Flat.

"For the love av life, man, don't anger him. I've heard only last week he killed a man." Nims had beckoned to the foreman, and Kelly left his seat with this grewsome warning ringing in his ears.

"The pig aint greased yet, Kelly; make it a good job, as it will be great fun fer the women to watch." The little man handed a can of axle-grease to the foreman.

"All right, Mr. Nims; glad to help a bit," but Kelly's scowling face told that fury was raging in his heart.

"Look at Nimsy doing it so well, Lucy. Kelly thinks he's a murderous border desperado." For an hour Boole and the pretty teacher had reclined in the shade of a tree apart from the throng.

The girl looked at her lover radiantly. "How clever of you, Nat. But remember, I have your promise that you gamble no more. However much I love a man, he must live so that I shall not be ashamed." The girl spoke passionately, and the lover answered by stooping under the cover of her fan, and pressing his lips to the soft, warm hand.

The humiliation of Kelly awed his turbulent crew into good behavior, and they left on the narrow-gauge train sober and orderly, but when the little engine puffed noisily up the grade and out on the desert Kelly was not on the train. At sunset the women and girls left for their homes on ranch or in lumber camps, and Donner Flat resumed the normal aspect of a wide-open town. In the Mohawk alone, strangely, the games were closed.

"Nat's quit gambling," said Nims gravely, in answer to inquiries, and the men wondered greatly.

Up the dusty trail Boole walked with Lucy, the girl's face aglow, and eyes dewy with lovelight. Merrily they talked of Nims's marvelous shooting, and the plan to tame Kelly and his crew. Lucy listened fondly; this was her first love, and she felt that her influence would make Nat morally great as he was courageous.

The lovers passed into the grove by the house, and from the chaparral behind them crept a man. Huge and beastlike he towered in the moonlight, raging out savage oaths, and shaking his great arm in the direction taken by the lovers. Leaving the road, he plunged down the path leading to the cañon.

"Good-night, Nat, dear! I must write home, for mother loves me, and she will love you too, boy." The girl whispered her parting to Boole, passionately returning his caresses.

As the lovers parted Nims buckled on his revolver, and went quietly out of the Mohawk. "I aint goin' to introod on Nat an' Lucy," he murmured, as he neared the boarding-house. At the sound of footsteps he backed off the road as Boole brushed by, turning to the river road. A hundred yards ahead, with a devilish thirst for vengeance seething through his brain, was Kelly. Nims followed fifty yards behind.

A few heat clouds drifted across the heavens, but plain as day Nims saw the gambler walk out to the edge of the headland marking the turn of the river. For a second Nims saw his figure silhouetted against the flood of light, then the manzanita bushes behind him parted, and out rushed Kelly. The foreman's eyes, bloodshot and gleaming with hate, rested on Boole, and he lurched forward as Nims shot twice. Dying, Kelly grappled with the gambler as he fell. Nims covered his eyes with his hands—when he looked again he was alone. A thousand feet below the river threaded through the pass, shining as a streak of silver foaming over blocks of marble.

"Oh, God!" cried Nims. "I've only had two friends, Poker an' Nat. Both went out when better lives an' happiness was coming to 'em. It must be we've got to deserve happiness." The little man bowed his face to the ground, sobbing his grief.

In the boarding-house, with her heart aglow Lucy wrote to her mother: "Under the stars there is room for happiness for all of us, mother mine. Nat is going to lead a good life; you'll love him too, won't you?"

As she sealed her letter a passing cloud shadowed the amber flood of light, and the night wind of the Sierra moaned through the trees.

PERCY WALTON WHITAKER.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1910.

THE ISLAND OF STONE MONEY.

Curious Manners and Customs of the Natives of Uap.

Uap, or Yap, is the most westerly of the Caroline Islands. The natives number about six thousand, and belong to the type generally known as Micronesian. Prior to the Spanish-American war they were the subjects of Spain, but at the conclusion of that conflict they, with the other islanders of the group, passed into the possession of Germany. Although Uap and the other Carolines have been known to the civilized world since 1527, little definite information about the natives and their ways has been gathered, a fact which makes William Henry Furness's "The Island of Stone Money" a volume of many attractions. It is the record of a two months' sojourn on the island—two months of amazing industry on the part of the author. As the guest of a German trader named Friedlander, who was always ready to act as interpreter, he was in a position to study the natives at close quarters and learn many interesting details of their lives.

As the title of the book indicates, the natives of Uap have a political economy of their own, and have arrived at the conclusion that labor is the medium of exchange, and the standard of value. As their island yields no metal, they have had recourse to stone as the material of their money:

This medium of exchange they call *fei*, and it consists of large, solid, thick, stone wheels, ranging in diameter from a foot to twelve feet, having in the centre a hole varying in size with the diameter of the stone, wherein a pole may be inserted sufficiently large and strong to bear the weight and facilitate transportation. These stone "coins," if I may so call them, are not made on the Island of Uap, but were originally quarried and shaped in Babelthup, one of the Pelao Islands, four hundred miles to the southward, and brought up to Uap by some venturesome native navigators, in canoes and on rafts, over the ocean by no means as pacific as its name implies; and, with the stones safely landed, these navigators turned speculators, and, with arguments as persuasive as those of the most glib book-agent, induced their countrymen to believe that these "novelties" were the most desirable things to have about the house. Of course, the larger the stone the greater its worth, but it is not size alone that is prized; the limestone, of which *fei* is composed, to be of the highest value, must be fine and white and of close grain. It is by no means any large stone, however skillfully fashioned, from The Pelao that will be accepted as *fei*; it is essential that a *fei* be made of this particular variety and quality of limestone.

After having been stored in houses, out of sun, wind, and rain, the *fei* present a white, opaque appearance, somewhat like quartz, but not so translucent nor of so fine a grain; when by luck it happens that a man's wealth outgrows the capacity of his house, his money is then stored outside, and, thus exposed to tropical weather, its color changes to a dirty gray, somewhat like sandstone, and the surface becomes rough and covered with moss and lichen. As far as purchasing power goes, this does not, however, detract from its value; his "unearned increment" can be readily scraped off and the quality of the stone and its diameter, on which depends its value, he no whit diminished. I saw several aesthetic possessors of stone money polishing their wealth and cheerfully hipping away at their riches, thereby plainly evincing that they did not deem the acquisition of moss desirable for rolling tones.

Fei are cut as nearly circular as primitive resources permit, and through their centre a hole is cut whereof the diameter is, roughly speaking, about one-sixth of the total diameter; his hole is, as I have said, for the insertion of a pole sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the wealth upon the shoulders of men when passed as currency. The smaller, more portable "coins," used for the purchase of fish from the *niu*, or of pigs from the wealthy chiefs, slope from the centre in one or two step-like gradations; therefore, if at the centre they are six or eight inches thick, they are but an inch and a half, or two inches thick at the periphery. Their diameter, and therefore their value, is measured in spans, which in Uap means the stretch of the index finger and thumb.

In front of a *faifu* there are always many *fei*, which are thus displayed as evidence of the industry and wealth of the inmates; they are acquired by the hard work of members either on fishing expeditions or by their labor in building houses for the villagers.

Another noteworthy feature of this stone currency, which also an equally noteworthy tribute to Uap honesty, is that it is not necessary for its owner to reduce it to possession. After concluding a bargain which involves the price of a *fei* so large to be conveniently moved, its new owner is quite content to accept the bare acknowledgment of ownership and without so much as a mark to indicate the exchange, the coin remains undisturbed on the former owner's premises.

According to Dr. Furness, the natives of Uap furnish an exception to that group system of life which is so often insisted upon, for he says there is nothing answering to what we should call village life. The houses are scattered indiscriminately in small bunches. Apart from these houses which are in general use, there is another type of dwelling in Uap which Dr. Furness names "Bachelors' Houses":

One of the most noteworthy features of Uap life are the *ghe* houses known as *faifu*, when situated on the coast, and *bai*, when built inland beyond the belt of coconut groves. These houses are found in all Uap villages, and pertain exclusively to the men, be they married or single; herein counsels are held, and the affairs of the community are discussed, as from all intervention of women; and here, too, men and boys entertain themselves with song and dance, in which, under the plea that it would not be decorous for women to be in, a desire may be detected to escape feminine criticism. *Faifu* or *pabai* is frequently years in building; the men do not wait, however, for its final completion and ceremonial ending before occupying it, but often make it their home even should no more than the framework and roof be finished. Every post, every beam, is selected with extreme care, so that all its natural curves and angles may be used without further shaping. No nails, and, indeed, very few pegs are used to hold the beams together; each beam is attached to another mortising, and then literally thousands of yards of cord, made from the fibre of coconut husks, are used to bind the joints. The lashings of this brown *kava* cord furnish excellent opportunities for ornamentation; wherefore with tropical idleness and Oriental contempt for the expenditure of time, the main posts, for four or five feet below the cross beams, are often with cords interlaced into beautiful basket patterns

and complicated knots; where the slanting supports of the thatched roof meet the side walls there is a continuous, graceful band of interwoven cords, where each knot has its own peculiar designation and invariable position.

When, after years of fitful labor, one of these club-houses is finally complete, a feast is spread and dances are performed in front of the structure, to which all, including even the women, for the nonce, are invited: the house is then and there given a name, and new fire is started in the fireplace by means of the fire drill, the most primitive method of obtaining fire known in Uap. Thereafter this *faifu* or *pabai* belongs exclusively to the men, and no women, with but one exception, dare set foot within its precincts.

Communal life is carried to extreme lengths in the *faifu*, for not only does the labor of the members and its rewards belong to the whole house, but there is one mistress common to all the members of the family, who is known as a *mispi*:

In every *faifu* and *pabai* there lives a young woman, or sometimes two young women, who are the companions without preference to all the men of the house; I was assured repeatedly, moreover, that this possession of a wife in common never awakens any jealous animosity among themselves in the breasts of the numerous husbands. A *mispi* must always be stolen by force or cunning, from a district at some distance from that wherein her captors reside. After she has been fairly, or unfairly, captured and installed in her new home, she loses no shade of respect among her own people; on the contrary, have not her beauty and her worth received the highest proof of her exalted perfection, in the devotion, not of one, but of a whole community of lovers? Unlike a prophet, it is in her own country and among her own kith and kin that she is held in honor. But in the community where she is an alien, her social rank is gone. None of the matrons in the district of her *faifu*, who live at home with their husbands and children, will have any social intercourse with her. By the men, whether in her *faifu* or out of it, the *mispi* is invariably treated with every consideration and respect; no unseemly actions may take place in her presence, and all coarse language is scrupulously avoided when she is within hearing; nevertheless, owing to her station, she is permitted to hear and see the songs and dances, from which other women are barred.

If, by chance, a preference of one lover over another become observable, no blame whatever is attached to her, but the favorite is quietly told that, in the opinion of the whole house, he must retire, or possibly leave the *faifu* for a while and live with friends in another district.

The *mispi*'s food, and her luxuries, such as tobacco and betel nut, are supplied by the men, and she is never required to work in the *taro* fields, as are the wives and daughters of the district. At quite a distance, in the bush behind the *faifu*, a little house is built for her sole use when she wishes to be secluded; here she occupies her time in making new skirts for herself of leaves, and during her sojourn in her little home, known as *tapal*, the men sedulously place her food near by, but dare not so much as take one step within the inclosure around her house.

The men of the *faifu* treat their *mispi*s with far more respect and devotion than is generally shown by the men outside to the wives of their own household. The *mispi*s are absolutely faithful to the men of their *faifu* or *pabai*, regarding themselves as questionable property, having been sought and captured at the risk of men's lives, and paid for withal in costly pieces of stone money.

They are by no means kept as prisoners; as soon as the excitement over their capture has abated in their own village, they are at full liberty to return home and visit their family and friends, and they always return willingly and voluntarily to the *faifu*.

Age controls the extent of the Uap native's wardrobe. Boys are not allowed to wear more than one loin-cloth; but as they grow older two are in order, and the adult man adorns himself with a long rope made from leaves and grasses. A freeman wears an ornamental comb on the top of his head.

Other male ornaments consist of earrings, necklaces, bracelets, and armlets. Mutilations of nose or of lips are not in fashion; earlobes, however, being appendages not ornamental and by no means useful, are always, the world over, responsive to improvement at the hehest of beauty. They are not neglected in Uap. Both boys and girls have the earlobes pierced and stretched at an early age—at about the tenth or twelfth year—but this mutilation is never stretched to the extent that it is in the island of Ruk (in the central Carolines), nor as it is in Borneo, where the lobe is so elongated that it becomes a mere loop of skin drooping below the shoulders. The Uap men and women are satisfied with a simple hole through the lobe, about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, just about large enough for the insertion of bright leaves or flowers or a tuft of cotton. After an incision is made with a piece of sharpened coconut shell, a roll of leaves of a plant, which they call *maluck*, is at once inserted. This leaf, and this leaf only, must be used; to it is ascribed peculiar properties both of stretching and healing; it must be first warmed over the fire, then soaked and softened in coconut oil, rolled up tightly and pushed through the wound. As soon as this plug becomes loose, it is renewed, and an additional leaf added until the hole is of sufficient size and is healed. The boys grin and bear the suffering without any protection for their poor swollen and inflamed ears, which, after the fourth or fifth day, certainly look exceedingly painful; but the girls are allowed to wear protectors made of the halves of a coconut shell, held in place by strings attached to the upper edges, passing over the head, and strings from the lower edges, tied under the chin. These shells are stained a bright yellow with a turmeric, already mentioned, known as *reng*. Another and a smaller hole, just about large enough for the stem of a flower, is often made in the rim of the ear a little above the larger hole in the lobe; this is designed for no particular ornament, but merely supplements the larger one when the latter is completely filled with earrings and bouquets; a white and yellow flower of Frangipanni, or the spray of a delicate little orchid, growing on coconut trees, greatly enhances the charm when waving above red and green crotons and a pendant of pink shell. Women do not in general affect manufactured earrings; they cling more to natural effects of leaves and flowers. The men's ear ornaments consist of short loops of small glass beads, whereto is attached a piece of pink or white shell usually cut in a triangular shape, with each edge about an inch in length; this is pendant from the loop of beads about three inches below the ear. The triangular shape is, in general, obligatory, inasmuch as the shell from which it is cut has this one sole patch of rosy pink near the umbo. This shell is exceedingly rare on the shores of Uap; consequently, these pink pendants are highly valued and owned only by the wealthy families, who part with them reluctantly, and only at an exorbitant price. Other pendants of less value are made from any fine white shell, or of tortoise-shell; any man may wear these who has patience enough to scrape the shells to the proper shape. Still another variety of ear ornament is a piece of thin tortoise-shell, about a third of an inch wide, bent into the shape of a U; this is hooked in the lobe of the

ear, and from the outer open ends are suspended little strings of beads. In default of other ornament the men will insert anything with gay colors; my cinematograph film, whenever I happened to discard it, was sure to be seen for the next two or three days either fluttering from combs or passed through loops and coiled about the ears.

In another place Dr. Furness enters into particulars as to the female fashions of Uap, noting with wonder that the victims are so rarely burned to death:

In the first place, their skirts are composed of four or five layers of dried leaves and strips of bast, and are so voluminous and distended that they stand out all round the body, outrivaling the old-fashioned hoopskirts; even when sitting down, the women are surrounded by a mound of veritable tinder. In the second place, they are forever striking matches to light their cigarettes, nay, worse even, they carry about with them for the sake of economy the glowing husk of a coconut, and neither to matches nor husk do they give the slightest heed, striking the one recklessly over their own skirts or absent-mindedly resting the other against the skirts of their neighbor. Yet in spite of this utter recklessness never did I see a skirt catch fire, although I confidently awaited it every time they assembled to hear the phonograph. When the female audiences had dispersed after these exhibitions, Friedlander's neatly swept little compound was wont to look like a threshing-floor, so covered was it with fragments of pandanus leaves, the relics of female attire. One month at longest is the life of a woman's dress; then the old skirt is burned and a brand-new one plaited, with no tedious fittings at the dressmaker's, nor depressing hills to pay.

When dressed in their best for visits or feast days, the women don skirts prettily decorated with wide strips of pandanus leaves bleached for the purpose and stained a bright yellow with *reng*, and about the waistband are inserted brightly variegated leaves of croton. The effect is, indeed, extremely pretty on the background of their smooth, brown skin. The women do not, as a rule, adorn themselves with necklaces or other ornaments; some, who do not work very hard in the *taro* patches, wear bracelets of coconut shell or tortoise-shell, and sometimes finger rings of the same material. The long strips of hibiscus bast, stained black, which they all wear knotted about their necks after they have come to maturity, seem to take the place of all other finery. This cord, known as *marafa*, must be always worn by a woman, young or old, when she is away from her home; to be seen in the open air without it would be as immodest and disgraceful as to appear without any clothes at all. Within the dwelling house, however, it may be discarded with perfect propriety.

That he might secure permanent records of the native songs and incantations, Dr. Furness had included in his outfit a large phonograph, but was rather taken aback when the instrument failed to make the impression he had anticipated:

In order to introduce them to it with due paralyzing effect, I made a selection of band music and several songs in English; with these I intended to charm them before requesting them to speak or sing into that embarrassing, expressionless metal horn. Experience had taught me, however, the impossibility of foretelling the fashion in which untutored minds will accept such miracles, and I was not altogether unprepared to have their bewilderment find expression in a shower of well-directed cocoanuts at the first bars of "Lead, Kindly Light," or other soothing, peaceful hymns. But what was my unexpected amazement and infinite chagrin, when the audience I had gathered displayed not the faintest interest in the performance beyond the sight of the revolution of the little wax cylinder. A living, human voice, singing a sweet English love-song, and issuing from a brass horn attached to a machine, was, to them, not half as awesome as the whirling wheels and the buzz of clock-work; some of the audience actually turned away in indifference, if not in disgust, and went off to resume their work of husking cocoanuts.

Completely crestfallen, I ventured to ask one man when the tune was finished what he thought of it. "An all right sort of *tom-tom*," was his careless and patronizing reply. (*Tom-tom* is an adopted word which they apply to cheap musical boxes—in fact to any variety of musical instrument—introduced many years ago by whalers and copra traders.) Friedlander himself was astonished at their mortifying indifference, and suggested very justly that it was probably because the words meant nothing to them, and that the phonograph was to them only another form of hurdy-gurdy. A human voice uttering incomprehensible sounds had to them no more meaning than the beating of a tin pan.

Cast down, but not utterly discouraged, I tried a second song by a melodious female voice, but this fell just as absolutely flat as the former. As a final and desperate resource, I put on a blank roll and the recording needle, and then induced one of the youths to speak a few native words into the horn, and immediately ground off a reproduction of his very words. The effect was magical! The audience forgot to breathe in awed silence! Their eyes dilated! Their jaws fell! And they began repeating after the instrument the words of their very own language, in the boy's very own voice, now issuing from the bottom of the horn! Was the boy himself imprisoned there? For five or six seconds after the voice ceased they remained silent, looking from one to another, and then—they burst into peals of screaming laughter, clamorously and vehemently imploring me to repeat it. Of course I complied. The coconut huskers dropped their work and hurried back helter-skelter, to hear a little machine that after only a minute's acquaintance could talk as well as they could themselves! The conquest was complete! Thereafter I had no difficulty whatever in finding volunteers to sing or repeat set speeches. The miracle of a "*tom-tom*" that talked and sung" was assured, and its success unbounded!

So far as Dr. Furness was able to ascertain, there are no set forms of religious observance in Uap, but the natives do believe that in the sky overhead there is an abode of departed spirits. Tattooing is still largely indulged in, but the older men declare the practice is on the wane. It appears that there is a special pattern of tattooing for the *mispi*s.

Having equipped himself with a camera, Dr. Furness is able to adorn his book with many photographs, all of unique interest from an ethnological point of view. They add materially to the completeness of a fascinating volume.

THE ISLAND OF STONE MONEY. By William Henry Furness, 3d. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company: \$3.50 net.

Victoria, the Australian province, has often been compared with California, and, indeed, is almost a duplicate in nearly every respect of this State, the Murray Valley, which contains the bulk of the irrigable country, being remarkably similar to the Sacramento Valley.

PAINS AND PENALTIES OF A DRAMATIST.

Pecuniary Royalties Not to Be Earned by Portraying Personal Royalties in London.

Unless the lord chamberlain's inscrutable department should execute another *volte face* akin to that which tabooed "The Mikado" and then as suddenly removed the ban, Laurence Housman's new play with the alliterative title of "Pains and Penalties" will not be seen on the stage just yet.

For the censor has been at it again. And the royalties which Mr. Housman had already begun to count must remain as intangible assets. His fault is that he has laid hands on royalties to gain other royalties. "Pains and Penalties" has been on the stocks for some months past. The title gives a clue to its theme. In those unsavory days of George IV, when Lord Liverpool racked his wits to devise a method of dissolving the marriage of "the first gentleman of Europe" with Queen Caroline, there was drafted a measure known as the "Bill of Pains and Penalties." Mr. Housman has dropped "Bill of" and retained the rest.

But of course he could not drop George IV or Queen Caroline. These were the royalties who were to earn him royalties. However, he did eliminate the first as much as possible. In the original draft of the play "the first gentleman of Europe" was an actual member of the cast, but the warning voice of a London manager who was willing to produce the play convinced Mr. Housman there was danger ahead. So George IV went by the board so far as direct impersonation was concerned, remaining merely as "atmosphere" to give point to the story.

In its final form "Pains and Penalties" appears to have sacrificed many telling situations. There is Mr. Housman's authority for this list of things the play does not contain:

It makes no reference whatever to the FitzHerbert episode, or to the alleged bigamous nature of George IV's marriage to Caroline, beyond one single sentence of a dozen words, which is historically recorded.

It contains no love-making between Queen Caroline and her reputed lover, Bergami.

It contains no unpleasant details of a divorce court character.

It contains no intended application to circumstances or events in the present day, beyond an exposition of the unequal treatment which, under the law of England, is still meted out to women, both in the divorce court and in Parliament.

It contains no attack on religion, on morals, or on the institution of monarchy.

It contains no detailed reference to the character and conduct of George IV, except in one passage of the first act, and throughout the trial scene in the House of Lords, where the words are taken literally and without addition from the published records of the time.

With all these thin-ice episodes avoided, it might have been concluded that Mr. Housman's application for a license was certain of success. He had, one would have thought, been cautious to the verge of excessive prudence. Goodness knows there is enough on record about that miserable phase in the inglorious career of George IV. Thackeray's pages teem with details and unbridled sarcasm; the volumes of the "Annual Register," which may be found upon the shelves of any public library, preserve copious reports of all the unsavory particulars; and it is but a few years since permission was given to publish from the royal archives at Windsor an exhaustive study of the FitzHerbert affair. All this can be no more obliterated than forgotten; it is open to the reading of whoever wishes, and to the rewriting of whoever desires. And that Mr. Housman should have seized upon this material for stage purposes is no more reprehensible than that Shakespeare should have gone to history for his "Henry VIII." Mr. Housman feels that the play is the best he has ever written, and it may be granted that it is a sincere treatment of a big subject to which the historical facts of the time are absolutely necessary. His object has not been to rake up old scandals about a sufficiently notorious debaucher, but to deal dramatically with a typical example of man's inhumanity to woman.

Then why is the license refused? No one knows. For once the censor himself, the unlucky and unhappy Mr. Redford, declares that the fault is not his. He submitted the play to the lord chamberlain, and that official declined the license. There is a suspicion that the decision of the lord chamberlain is based upon the fear that the theme of the play may be interpreted as bearing some relation to the stories which have been told about the supposed morganatic marriage of George V, or that the name of the present king may suffer by association with the last to bear his title. Such an argument is rightly characterized as ludicrous. No good can possibly be done to the monarchy by trying to shelter it behind a popular ignorance of history.

Queen Caroline might throw some light on the dark mystery. Not, of course, the lady who had the misfortune to call George IV husband, but Gertrude Kingston, who was to have played the queen in "Pains and Penalties." With commendable chivalry, and perhaps is some amends to the shade of Caroline herself, Mr. Redford has addressed several letters to Miss Kingston on the subject, but as he thoughtfully marked them "private and confidential" their contents are the property of the writer and receiver alone. They will shine,

no doubt, on a page of British stage history in the distant future, when the censor is a thing of the past, but in the meantime bewilderment is the order of the hour.

However, eighteen of Mr. Housman's fellow-dramatists have gallantly rallied to his side. They have signed a manifesto asserting the "imperative advisability that the judgment of the lord chamberlain, in his capacity as censor of plays, should be made subject to appeal." Two distinguished names are missing from the list—those of Arthur W. Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. The former keeps silence; he is a "sir" now, and hence somewhat handicapped by court influence; but Mr. Jones explains why he does not sign. With the protest against the lord chamberlain's action he is in full agreement; with the establishment of a committee of appeal he has no sympathy. The only court of appeal in which he has any faith is the verdict of the play-going public. And he chuckles over the latest nail which the censor has driven into his rapidly completing coffin. For no enemy of the censorship, he says, could wish to see it engaged in a more suitable or congenial occupation than that of trying to establish the character of George IV on a firm and moral basis.

LONDON, October 8, 1910.

OLD FAVORITES.

Gloucester Moors.

A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the howler's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the buckelberry boughs.
In barberry hells the gray moths sup.
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossom late,
By cove and cliff the swallows rove,
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the seagulls go,
And the land-birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnacle frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, hut on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To hazen and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed:
She were better captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her hattered hatch I leaned and caught
Sounds from the noisome hold,—
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, "Thou art not of us!"
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be;
Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder-clump where the brook comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To he out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its snail!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing hanks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the end,—
O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outboard ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the hanks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard, ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?

—William Vaughn Moody.

A WILDE BIOGRAPHY.

Scenes in a Tragic History and Criticism of Its Philosophy.

In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* there is a thoughtful and just review of a recent biography of Oscar Wilde, with a searching examination of influences and tendencies that marked a melancholy career. From Mr. Esdaile's article the following excerpts are made, as examples of his critical ability and spirit:

When, in 1895, disaster overtook the brilliant man of letters and fashion whose works are now at last collected, the English public put its hand over its eyes; a stop was incontinently put to the sale of his books and the performance of his plays. Soon, however, the tide of morality began to abate, and the public peeped between its fingers at expensive and anonymously printed editions of his books and of hooks pretending to be his, such as that sheep in wolf's clothing, "The Priest and the Acolyte." The appearance of "De Profundis" with the imprint of Messrs. Methuen marked a third, and we hope the last, stage. The public hands have been dropped from the public eyes. The same publishing house has since produced two editions of the works, and Mr. R. H. Sherard has published a biography of the late Oscar Wilde.

Of Mr. Sherard's book there is not much to say, except that it does more credit to its author's heart than to his head. He has, indeed, taken a vast deal of pains, and presents us with some new and some true facts of importance. But he has little judgment.

Undoubtedly the popular contempt for the personal Wilde, which was carried on to his writings for a time, will be forgotten eventually. The reviewer is interested in causes as well as effects:

Wilde was a notorious person, greatly loved and greatly hated. The result was that when he was held up as the central figure in a peculiarly painful *cause célèbre*, he drew upon himself the fury of the world; and when his reputation fell, great was the fall thereof. As a natural consequence (for every ebb is followed by a flow), many young men, full of generous enthusiasm for letters and a hatred for the vulgar English confusion between literary and moral excellence, erected Wilde upon a pedestal of perfection. There are signs that both ebb and flow are slackening, and that a careful estimate of the man and his work may be heard in the same spirit in which it is put forward. But only by the use of understanding and sympathy can we hope to judge rightly one of the most tragic and significant figures of our time.

Of his early poems and self-advertising rôle as the master-aesthete, the critic speaks briefly, passing on to more significant episodes:

Having lectured first in America on the artistic sins of England, and then in England on those of America, he tried his hand at drama. "Vera," his first attempt, a crude melodrama, was, and deserved to be, a failure; but "The Duchess of Padua," a blank-verse tragedy, written about the same time and acted in America, shows great power.

He soon went to Paris, and shed for good and all his eccentricities of dress. From an extraordinary he became an ordinary dandy. Dandyism, in the many cases, such as those of Wilde, Browning, Disraeli, and others, where it is not merely an indication of a vacant mind, seems to be a safety valve or outlet for the joy of living. Wilde was brimful of this joy: young, happy in his friends, his ambitions, his love of beauty and of wit, it is neither strange nor worthy of worse than a tolerant smile that he should have loved to show amazingly. He was, in fact, the last to practice an art dear to an earlier generation of literary Parisians, *l'art d'être les bourgeois*. Perhaps in his case this innocent foppishness was also part of his outward imitation of Balzac. In any case, for two or three years he lived in Paris, reading a great deal and writing a little ("The Sphinx" and "The Harlot's House" date from this period); but the student's life never drew him very strongly, and it may be said of him that then more than ever he mixed, forever talking, with the world and its pleasures.

The Paris life ended with his return to London and his marriage. Like many others before him, he discovered that marriage brings responsibilities, and after a year or two of somewhat aimless journalism, he took the position of editor of *The Woman's World*, which he held for two years. His permanent work of this period consists in fairy stories which were printed in "The Happy Prince" and "The House of Pomegranates," and in the essays on criticism, some of which were collected in the volume called "Intentions."

Mr. Esdaile says that Wilde's tales in "The Happy Prince" are the simplest and purest of his writings. In fact, he puts Wilde's work in prose, rhythmical prose as it is, at the top. This, of one of his much-talked-of stories:

His novel "Dorian Gray" was written for *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1890, and puffed out by feeble additions into a volume in 1891, and of which Pater wrote a laudatory review. The story is that of a young man who, partly owing to a wonderful portrait, which miraculously takes upon itself the outward changes resulting from the course of his life, and leaves him always young and beautiful, partly to the influence of a cynical friend, and partly (but less convincingly) to that of a morbid hood, "eats the fruit of all the trees in the garden of the world," with the end of shame and ruin to himself. "He sought to elaborate some new scheme of life that would have its reasoned philosophy and its ordered principles, and find in the spiritualizing of the senses its highest realization."

There was to be a new hedonism that was to re-create life. It was to teach man to concentrate himself upon the moments of a life that is itself but a moment. Such is the creed known as the New Hellenism, named inappropriately enough, since it is full of what the Greeks of the best period hardly knew, self-consciousness, the dominant note in the discord which we call the modern spirit. And whether Hellenic or not, it is no solution of our problems.

It is said that Wilde was offered a large amount of money by an American newspaper for an account of his prison experiences, and that the poet said, "Sir, I cannot understand how such a proposal can be made to a gentleman." The sum of all the paradoxes in his play is in his life and its end:

Shining promise brought to nothing by weakness of purpose easy success preferred to difficult failure, the brain turned by sudden fame, madness and ruin, the vain rally, the lonely and dishonored death—on the way of tragic life these are familiar milestones. *Requiescat*. Let his shame and sorrow lie buried with his body in the poor grave at Bagneux; this edition of his writings will preserve to us all that is ours in that high but unhappy spirit.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Anne Kempburn, Truthseeker.

Labor troubles, and socialism, and garden cities, and social reform in general are the chief interests of the principal characters of this story—characters who include two somewhat sentimental daughters of a clergyman, an aristocrat who has "no leisure" to accept the invitations of Society, an enthusiast in social economics, and a sinister Italian rogue. Anne is on the hunt for truth all through the story, and declines an offer of marriage because she has got her eye on one or other of those will-o'-the-wisps much affected by the modern woman. In the end, however, she discovers that "a true brotherhood of men consists not in a State governed by set rules laid down by men for a particular end, but rather in an honorable freedom of the individual to reach the highest self-fulfillment through the law of his own individuality." This leaves open the garden gate for the final entrance of the faithful Max, and—"she laid her hand in" his. And Naomi, too, her much-tried sister, reaches the same haven. So all's well, and truth-seeking becomes its own reward. The story is rather in the air, owing to the hazy notions of Anne, but it has moments of real interest and is on the whole well told.

ANNE KEMPBURN, TRUTHSEEKER. By Marguerite Bryant. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.30 net.

Dixie Hart.

Life in a Georgia village is the background against which Mr. Harben depicts the growing over of his storekeeper hero, Alfred Henley, for the unselfish and lovable Dixie. It is rather a handicap that Alfred should be already married, and it is hardly explained why he overlooked Dixie's attractions before he contrived to induce his early love, now a widow, to marry him. Dixie must always have been attractive, and there is nothing about the widow to account for Alfred's early passion. However, if that defect is excused by the reader he will follow Alfred's affection for Dixie with interest, especially when Dixie herself is on the scene. She is an unsophisticated maiden of rural ways, has a quaint turn of speech, and is adorable for the courage with which she fights the battle of life for her helpless mother and aunt. Perhaps the most individual character in the book is Alfred's talkative and fault-finding father-in-law. For the comfort of the reader the supposed dead husband of the widow is brought to life again, and the path opened for Alfred and Dixie to mate. It is a somewhat old-fashioned story, or a story with an old-fashioned flavor, but just the kind of story Mr. Harben's admirers enjoy.

DIXIE HART. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

The Mirage of the Many.

With every propagandist in these days turning to fiction as a vehicle for campaign purposes, it is hardly surprising that Mr. Walsh has devoted his attention to Socialism as it might affect a given community. He places his story in Chicago in the year 1952, when a Socialist has been elected President of the United States and the principles for which he stands applied to all departments of life. One of the characters voices the changes. "A girl is no more protected than under the old system—indeed, often less. . . . That was a wicked law which prohibits any lecturer or minister from receiving money by gift or subscription. Think of it, all the churches, all the private schools, all the great endowed universities confiscated by the state, along with our homes." And so on. Until at length a revolution arises, to which that of France was child's play. To sustain the interest of the reader, and win his sympathy, Mr. Walsh has for hero a young man who elects for Socialism in preference to the girl he loves, only to find in the end how grave a mistake he made. While it is possible to applaud Mr. Walsh's purpose, his manner of accomplishment leaves much to be desired. The gravest defect of the book is that the characters refuse to take on life; they are little more than automatons, uttering laudable sentiments or the reverse, but failing to convince the reader that they are living, breathing personalities.

THE MIRAGE OF THE MANY. By W. T. Walsh. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

Grover Cleveland.

Partly because of its subject, and partly because of its Boswellian method, this little biography will probably outlast all Mr. Gilder's writings. It was a fortunate event both for Mr. Cleveland and for the author that they became acquainted in 1887, and it was a wise resolve on the part of Mr. Gilder which prompted him to at once begin setting down notes of conversation, etc. This was continued during the years of greater intimacy, with the result that Mr. Gilder was able, shortly before his death, to complete this affectionate little study of the illustrious President. In its total effect it is an intimate and delightful portrait of a remarkable and high-minded man, picturing him now in the retirement of his happy home, now engaged with unflinching enthusiasm in his favorite sport of fishing, and anon as bearing manfully

the burdens of state. Mr. Cleveland, we read, "was immoderate in only two things—his desk-work and his fishing. Over and over again he sat up till near morning at his desk in the White House; and he was always eager to begin fishing, and never appeared to be quite willing to stop. Often when we would be out all day fishing for bottom-fish and bluefish, he would plead, after we started for home, for 'one more turn' that he knew, like a naughty boy, would make us late for dinner; and Captain Ryder would put the *Allie* about, our lines out again for 'fisherman's luck.'" Not too much insistence is laid upon politics in Mr. Gilder's record, but one of his notes of conversations, dated 1901, reads: "Bryanism he considered as a sort of disease in the body politic. What he dreaded was the coming of an abler man than Bryan, who might take advantage of the situation and produce a frightful condition of affairs." It should be added that the book is fully illustrated from photographs, many of that informal kind which help so much to the realization of a public man's unofficial life.

GROVER CLEVELAND: A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Company; \$1.80 net.

Japanese Color-Prints.

As thirteen years have elapsed since the publication of the first edition of this book, it was time it was made available in a new and greatly revised form. There is now a whole library devoted to its theme, but for those who must restrict themselves to one volume Von Seidlitz's history is as complete as any, especially in its present state.

It will always be an open question how far the rage for Japanese color-prints is based upon genuine appreciation and how far it is a mere fashionable fad. Certainly few of those who profess to see so much to admire in those prints have that cosmopolitan knowledge of art which such admiration postulates, for Japanese art differs so fundamentally from western art, especially in that it, of choice, foregoes all means of producing an immediate illusion. "It knows nothing of the third dimension, but confines itself to decorative effects in one plane." Hence something more than a love of art as it is understood in the West is necessary for the appreciation of the Japanese color-print. One of the chief merits of the present volume is that it indicates the qualities that are to be looked for. It is also exceedingly useful for its correction of that wrong point of view from which the Japanese color-print has so long been regarded. Accepting the teaching of Penollosa, it is insisted that the chief centre of interest is not the work of Hokusai and the accomplishments of the last century, but the development of the eighteenth century studied in relation to the work of the seventeenth century. Looking back to origins, it is found that in Japan, as in Europe, "the technique of wood-engraving grew out of the necessity of producing, in large quantity and with little effort, devotional pictures for the pious pilgrims to holy shrines."

Of course such a history as this would lose more than half its value were it devoid of illustration. Hence the attention which has been paid to reproductions of numerous examples of the color-print, sixteen of which are given in color. Those, and the pictures in half-tone, which are many in number, have been printed with the utmost care.

A HISTORY OF JAPANESE COLOR-PRINTS. By W. Von Seidlitz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$6.50 net.

The Vanished Ruin Era.

As a record of the many artistic ruin vistas which were left in the wake of San Francisco's great fire this handsome volume is of unique interest and value. There are twenty-seven photographs tastefully mounted on brown card, the tone of which harmonizes admirably with the sepia tint of the pictures. Among the subjects represented are the broken columns of the Strawberry Hill Observatory, a wonderful vista through a brick arch on Powell and Bush Streets, and another classical aspect through an archway to a Nob Hill residence. Rarely have the picturesque qualities of ruins been more artistically depicted by the camera. Mr. Stellmann has accompanied his photographs with verse descriptions, and also pens an interesting introduction.

THE VANISHED RUIN ERA: SAN FRANCISCO'S CLASSIC ARTISTRY OF RUIN. By Louis J. Stellmann. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Design in Theory and Practice.

Although intended primarily for those whose lifework is connected with the art of designing, Mr. Batchelder writes in so interesting a manner and touches upon so many general principles that his book may be also warmly commended to the general reader. He takes a praiseworthy attitude in insisting that the teacher of design in America must meet with conditions wholly different from those found in the Old World, and that "our salvation is to be sought not in borrowing from Europe, but in boldly striking for an elementary basis on which to build." His plea is, in short, that due attention be paid to American life and character.

Adopting the suggestive method of discuss-

ing a number of problems in design, which have been tackled in actual teaching, Mr. Batchelder points out at the start that the first interest, and, in the final analysis, the true strength of a design is to be found in the structural relation of its various elements. From that position he proceeds to deal with the utilitarian basis of design, with elementary aesthetic principles, constructive designing, the play impulse, and other related topics. At every stage the text is profusely and admirably illustrated. In the end it is insisted that one of the most important things is to know where to stop, to ascertain when just enough has been said. The worker should question the reason for every element that enters into his work, and make each detail render a consistent service.

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Ernest A. Batchelder. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Tales of Irish Life and Character" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75 net) has never been available in a more satisfactory edition than the present. The book is not only handsomely printed and bound, but is rendered exceedingly attractive by the inclusion of sixteen exquisite reproductions in color of paintings by Erskine Nicol.

All who enjoy spirited tales of the plains may be commended to Edgar Beecher Bronson's "The Red-Blooded" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50). The volume contains some sixteen sketches based upon the personal experiences of the author, each notable for humor, adventure, and startling climaxes. The stories of Kit Joy, the train-robber, and Mauro and the lovely Sofia are particularly well told. But all the chapters are thoroughly readable.

More of conflict than usually enters into Myrtle Reed's stories is depicted in "Master of the Vineyard" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net), which is, in addition, notable for its refreshing open-air pictures. The breath of the vineyards is in the story, amid which the idyllic love of the delightful Rosemary grows to its fruition. Humor and wit radiate from Miss Reed's pages as of yore, and there is a strain of wistfulness here and there which provides a fitting contrast.

In "Harper's Book of Little Plays" (Harper & Brothers; \$1) Madeline D. Barnum has kept in view the capabilities of children from the ages of ten to twelve. The selections have been made for home and school entertainments, but something more than mere amusement has guided the choice. The plays include "The Frog Fairy," "The Revolt of the Holidays," "The Ninepin Club," "Familiar Quotations," "The Tables Turned," and "A Thanksgiving Dream."

As an introduction to the study of "The Early Religion of Israel" (Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net) it would be difficult to imagine how the salient facts could be more tersely or suggestively expressed than by Lewis Bayles Paton in this latest addition to the extremely useful series dealing with modern religious problems. The periods surveyed include the primitive Semitic, the patriarchal, the Mosaic, the conquest of Canaan, and the early monarchy, and in each case the reader is presented in the clearest manner with the latest conclusions of Biblical scholarship.

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THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An unusually attractive edition of Goldsmith's ever delightful story, with numerous excellent photographs from original designs by Frederick Simpson Coburn.

VANITAS. By Vernon Lee. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

Another volume in the charming collected edition of Vernon Lee's works, which includes a hitherto unpublished story, "A Frivolous Conversation."

JEHANNE OF THE GOLDEN LIPS. By Frances G. Knowles-Foster. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A historical romance of Queen Jehanne based upon Neapolitan and Provençal documents.

WIND ALONG THE WASTE. By Maude Annesley. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

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A CHRISTMAS MYSTERY. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company; 75 cents net.

In small compass Mr. Locke, in his characteristic vein, tells a winning story of Christmas sentiment.

A CHARIOT OF FIRE. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net.

A pathetic little story in the author's best style.

DIXIE HART. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

With its scene laid in a little Georgia village, this story reverts to Mr. Harben's earlier manner and is distinguished for its shrewd humor.

DEEPHEAVEN. THE LIFE OF NANCY. TALES OF NEW ENGLAND. A NATIVE OF WINBY. THE QUEEN'S TWIN. A COUNTRY DOCTOR. COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

This new edition of Miss Jewett's delicate and graceful stories will be welcome to a large audience. The volumes are handy in size, admirably printed, daintily bound, and adorned with delightful frontispieces. Altogether an ideal set of the works of a writer surely established in popular favor and the praise of exacting critics.

HIS HOUR. By Elinor Glyn. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

A story of Russian life with a man for its principal character.

THE REST CURE. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

Another husband who is so absorbed in his business that he neglects his wife, or, rather, regards her as a mere housekeeper.

IN AND OUT OF A FRENCH COUNTRY-HOUSE. By Anna Bowman Dodd. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.25 net.

Another happy blend of foreign life impression and a story of love. There are many dainty illustrations.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME. By Weymer Jay Mills. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.00 net.

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SONNY'S FATHER. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

An admirable sequel to "Sonny," consisting of inimitable monologues by the father of that attractive child.

THE SOCIAL BUCANEER. By Frederic S. Isham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

New York of the present day is the scene of this story, which is concerned with the finding of some lost pearls.

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FUN AT THE ORPHEUM.

By George L. Shoals.

It is a laughing festival at the Orpheum this week, as has happened many times before; but it is not often that every number on the long programme is a lure for laughter or a snare for smiles. Sometimes there are xylophonists there, and other laborers who change their coats and wigs and pose as prominent people. They are hired by the asute manager to produce the necessary contrasts. Just an ordinary singer or comedian seems mighty clever when he comes after one of those double-blanks in vaudeville dominoes. Even the dog circus is tolerated, as a relief.

Once in a blue moon there are enough good acts to complete the bill, and the last quarter of this October moon is dark blue. To avoid the possibility of being misunderstood, it must be said that there is at the Orpheum always one very good thing which does not come under the head of comedy relief, though it certainly lends joy to every occasion. E. M. Rosner's orchestra, even before it was augmented by the barp and another violin, and other instruments, was really the biggest feature in the playhouse which for more than fifteen years has made thirty thousand people happy every week. Director Rosner himself is a delight to all who frequent the theatre, and to those who are able to appreciate him is a worker of magic. He can put a dash of color into the most colorless of popular elections, and the airs which have some light claim to musicianly favor he gives with a spirit that accents every significant expression. In the Spanish music of La Tortajada's "protean operetta" this week, under his guidance his players find and keep the rhythm of the dances, the rise and fall of the passionate cadences in the songs, as surely, as fluently, as characteristically, as the singer and dancer who has practiced them a thousand times. If Herr Rosner had long air and performed complex genuflections standing at a music desk, instead of being bald, and unexcitable, and fingering marvelously the keys of an organ as he directs, he could have been a musical wonder to the multitude long ago.

Daintiest and most artistic of all the stage umbers is that offered by Augusta Glosé. Miss Glosé is an attractive young woman whose charms are genuine. Her face is richly expressive, with big eyes, her hair is unrisbed golden brown, her figure is neither lender nor voluptuous, but well rounded, and her voice almost reconciles her bearers to that misdemeanor, the spoken song. Her dress agent says she "gives imitations of vases," but he should amend the phrase or have his fountain pen taken away from him. Miss Glosé does not imitate, she acts, and with intelligence and adequate equipment. With draperies skillfully manipulated she poses as a wax figure in a show-window, and accompanies her changes with an artistic de-

scription. She ties the ribbon strings of a little girl's bat under her chin, and at the piano tells of her old rag doll, in a childlike voice that shrills and bubbles with delight and mischief. The sorrows of the lassie who wishes she had been a boy are told in verse, with the refrain, "Gee, it's fierce to be a girl." Then she is an athletic girl, a mincing miss, an emotional young woman who wants to be an actress, and a comely German frau-lein. If Miss Glosé could sing she could name her own salary.

Real values are given in John P. Wade's playlet, "Marse Shelby's Chicken Dinner," a sketch of Southern life, with a faithful and resourceful ducky as the serio-comic star. Judge Shelby has come up to Washington hoping to obtain payment on a claim against the government, the only remnant of his fortune. With Jefferson Jackson Monroe, his loyal servant, he lingers on, put off and humiliated, until hunger faces the two. The judge has lost his sight, in answer, he has come to think, of his prayer that he might never again see the face of his only daughter, who ran away to marry a Northern officer. Monroe, the loyal retainer, has sold everything salable the judge had, down to the last three books in the library and an engraving of Washington hanging on the wall, and is finally forced to admit that something providential must happen or his struggles are over. Then the daughter comes in, willing and anxious to help, but fearful that she is still unforgiven. Monroe's trials in the sudden prosperity are no less excruciating, and his prevarications, each accompanied, as before, with a mute appeal for suspended judgment to the pictured great man who could not tell a lie, become more and more involved. It is a condensed and inverted version of Boucicault's "Kerry," with unctuous ducky humor instead of Irish wit. Mr. Wade, the author, plays the part of, the faithful servant, and with excellent methods. He is subdued and slow in speech, but he brings the laughter of bappy sympathy with every innocent ruse and every exclamation of anxiety and confusion. It is legitimate comedy throughout. His aids, Miss Jane Herbert and Charles W. King, are in harmony with the motive of the sketch.

For the second time Willard Simms has come with his rough-house farce, "Flinders's Furnished Flat"—a title more alliterative than enlightening. Flinders does not recognize his surroundings, and makes a vain pretense at amateur paper-banging in a lady's apartment on another floor. He tears up innumerable lengths of wallpaper, spills the paste all over himself and the furniture, and when discovered hides under a rug. It is almost Ibsene realism, and is what is known in the profession as "a scream from start to finish." But Mr. Simms is capable of better things, and even in vaudeville better things will bring home the broiled quail and bacon. Twenty odd years ago Mr. Simms was "just the plain comedian" with a repertory company, and he was efficient as a fun-maker, with a better technic. Long afterward he came to the Tivoli Opera House here and made good in comic opera. Now—well, he is progressing the wrong way, even if his salary is three times what it was in the old days. After the farce, when a curtain has fallen to bide the scene of destruction, with his support, Miss Marguerite Lucier, he burlesques grand opera close to the footlights, but the edge of his humor is jagged and not keen.

There is a lot of fun in "The Land Agent," a conversational contest by Paul Quinn and Joe Mitchell. The agent for lots in Lemon City sells the man from Chicago a site on Vanderbilt Avenue, in spite of the fact that the customer bails from the place where "all

the bot-air schemes start." But when he sees the lot he laughs sorrowfully, for it is under water. "Well," he says, "I bought it by the foot, but I'll have to sell it by the gallon. If I had a bucket I could take my lot home with me." And then the Chicago man simply talks the money he has given up back into his own pocket. There is more than one side to the real estate business, but there is no funny side that these two experts in memorized repartee do not show.

La Tortajada is a Spanish actress, singer, and dancer, though her dancing is neither the principal feature of her entertainment nor the most attractive. She is a handsome woman, in a tigerish way, and her voice is not unmusical. In action she is full of passion, and her face expresses every emotion except feminine tenderness. She impersonates in her operetta a Spanish girl, a tореador, and a music-hall artist, and her costumes are splendid and the stage settings elaborate. The music of her act is particularly pleasing, and it is well done, as has been said. And there is a laugh or two in one of the scenes, showing the flight of the flirtatious tореador by means of a moving picture.

In a high-grade acrobatic stunt the Flying Martins prove their agility and quickness, and interpolate some comedy. Leona Thurber and Harry Madison, in "On a Shopping Tour," demonstrate that speed is necessary when one is in swift company. They are last under the wire, metaphorically though not literally. Spissell Brothers and company give a tumbling and dish-breaking exhibition with restaurant furnishing. The tumbling is clever, the comedy creaks at the joints. It is asking too much when good acting is required of acrobats, though the order is filled occasionally. There were several people in every row who thought this act the most irresistibly humorous thing in the show. Which is an indication that for some time to come there will be close contests in popular elections. Other voters would favor Augusta Glosé or John P. Wade.

Countess de Swirsky in Classic Dances.

At the Valencia Theatre three evenings of next week, with a matinee on Saturday, the Countess de Swirsky, most famous of Russian barefoot dancers, will be seen in programmes of classic dancing, assisted by Herman Perlet and grand symphony orchestra. The dates are Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, November 3, 4, and 5.

The countess danced at the Casino in Newport, before society's elect, and made a sensation. Later she headed the bill at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre in New York, and took the house by storm. Of her classic dance, "Tanagra," the *Evening Journal* said:

"As the curtain rises, the countess is seen in the pose of an ancient statue of 'Tanagra.' The notes of Gluck's 'Orpheus' seem to awaken her, and she begins slowly to move in the beautiful movements of the ancient dances. Her attention is attracted by a piano. Fascinated by the new and strange instrument, she approaches it as if hypnotized, strikes a few chords and then plays the Rachmaninoff Prelude. In this the countess displays remarkable skill, and shows wonderful execution. Following the exhibition at the piano, the countess dances 'The Bat,' then the exquisite 'Pizzicato' of Delibes, and finally the 'Bacchanal of Glazounoff.'

"At her opening performance, in response to repeated calls for an encore, the countess graciously consented to dance the 'Vision of Salomé,' the valse Orientale by Archibald Joyce. The performance given by the countess is charming, beautiful, and refined."

The seat sale for the four appearances of the countess begins at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Tuesday morning.

Mme Liza Lehmann Coming.

Mme. Liza Lehmann, the famous English composer, will give a series of concerts here immediately following the Gadski engagement. The programme will consist of Mme. Lehmann's own compositions. Mme. Lehmann will preside at the piano and direct the singing of a quartet of famous English soloists, which she has trained and with which she has given several hundred concerts. Each of the singers will offer solos by the composer. The artists are Miss Blanche Tomlin, soprano; Miss Palgrave Turner, contralto; Mr. Hubert Eisdell, tenor; and Mr. Julien Henry, baritone.

In Oakland this organization will appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, November 18.

Eugene Blanchard, who for three years was a pupil of Emil Sauer, will give a piano recital at the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoon, October 30, at three o'clock. His programme includes selections from Beethoven, Liszt, Sauer, and Wagner. Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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LIONEL BARRYMORE and McKEE RANKIN, assisted by Doris Rankin, presenting "The White Slave"; THE OLD SOLDIER FIDDLERS, Veterans of the Civil War; FRANK MORRELL, "the California Boy"; GUS ONLAW TRIO; WILLARD SIMMS and Company; SPISSELL BROS., and Company; THURBER and MADISON, New Orpheum Motion Pictures; Last Week, Great Artistic Success, AUGUSTA GLOSE, in her pianologue, spoken songs, and imitations of types. Coming—IMPERIAL RUSSIAN DANCERS. Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home 3 1570.

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VANITY FAIR.

Baltimore is plunged in unutterable grief. Not the common section of Baltimore; no, the choicest flower of its society. In the very "hest circles" there is dejection, mourning, moaning, anguish, woe, tribulation, and all the rest. (For "the rest" please consult the funeral section of Roget or any self-respecting hook of synonyms.) No string of adjectives, no matter how numerous or tenebrous, could possibly measure the sombire depths of Baltimore's misery.

And why? Ah, the cause is sufficient. The fell spectre that hears the shears has severed the mortal thread of Emile Caye, the tonsorial artist of the Maryland Club. But he was more than a mere barber; in fact he was, for all the hucks of Baltimore's "hest circles," the "glass of fashion and the mold of form." Sportsmen hailed him as one of themselves; his presence at an entertainment was a "guarantee" of its faultless quality; no wedding was perfect for which he did not make the arrangements and draft the list of guests; matters of precedence and pedigree were his forte. And, to cap all, "scandals swept under his all-embracing vision, and he could have told much that might have turned good families into enemies—but his tact was always with him." Who can wonder, then, that the "hest circles" of Baltimore are in mourning? And a wave of sympathy will go out to the Maryland city from many other communities, for the sad demise of Emile must remind them on how slender a thread hangs their own connection with matters of refined taste. Then let us cherish our adored leaders of fashion with tender regard; at any moment they may cease tending their flocks for coarse commercial interests, and leave us as helpless and as aimless as a ship without its rudder.

At last the eternal feminine quest has been rewarded. From the day the first four-poster was put in use the daughters of Eve have been exploring its hidden recesses night after night. What was the use of raising the head a foot or so from the ground if the vacant space were not to be properly utilized? It was a shameful waste of area if it had no ulterior use. To thrust the sleeper so much nearer the ceiling, to endanger her bones by making her lie where she could fall, was an outrage unless some compensation were in view. And thus has grown the legend of the man under the bed. It is as sacrosanct an article of faith in the feminine mind as the man in the moon in the imagination of the child. If all efforts to find a man anywhere else failed, there was always the bed left as a haven of unflinching hope. 'Tis true faith has been sorely tested all these centuries, but at last a maid has reaped the reward of belief. For years she has sought the man under the bed, and the other night she found him. However, the shock was too great. Instead of accepting the situation in the philosophic spirit of one who had long expected such elysium she "screamed and retreated to her mistress's room." Perhaps, however, the scream was merely of delight, and she may have sought the room of her mistress to triumph over that lady's manless plight. Anyway, ladies, it is obvious you need not give up hope.

We all know what Richard Strauss has accomplished in his "Domestic Symphony." In addition to the usual strings, that masterpiece demands for its performance "two harps, four flutes, two oboes, one oboe d'amore, four clarinets, one bass clarinet, four bassoons, one double bassoon, four saxophones, eight horns, four trumpets, three trombones, one bass tuba, four kettledrums, triangle, tamhourine, glockenspiel, cymbals, and big drum." And from that medley of instruments there is to emerge a tone picture of a baby's bath!

Then why not music and hats? No reason in the world, thought a London milliner, who has consequently blended harmony with his creations. The music, like the hats, was sweet. Languorous waltzes suggested the curves of ostrich feathers. Gounod's "Ave Maria" heralded a Quakerish confection; a mass of autumn foliage was shown to the strains of "Septembre"; to the sensuous rhythm of a Habanera was revealed a remarkable creation—a huge sombrero—and underneath it a little lace cap covering the whole head. The sensation of the exhibition was a Niagara Falls hat, with immense white feathery arches that rose high and cascaded down in front, but for this triumph the arts of symbolical music failed.

Among the little things which are a drawback to the delights of a visit to France is the miserable inefficiency of the native match. It is not only that this indispensable article is extraordinarily expensive, but that seven times out of nine it refuses to light at all. Possibly the French *allumette* is intended to stimulate the minor virtues, such as patience, hope, and the control of the tongue; otherwise it is difficult to see why a match, manufactured by the state and taxed exorbitantly, should be of such infamous quality. And every year the French match becomes more ineffective and higher in price, so that to call Paris *La Ville Lumiere* will soon sound so

ironical as to make the most thoughtless pause before they utter the phrase. There are those who put their faith in tisons or fuses, for certainly they do light; but, as a drawback, usually refuse to be extinguished except by a cascade of cold water. One of the consequences of this purely fictitious price is that a box of matches is looked upon as a treasure not to be lightly parted with. Its progress round a table after dinner—more often a single match suffices—is watched with anxious eyes, and the possessor of half a dozen English wax vestas is regarded as a capitalist.

Sour milk has been having another innings as an aid to health and longevity, but a medical authority reminds us that sour milk is no use if we cherish sour thoughts. As a member of the Order of the Golden Age this mentor assures us that the avoidance of premature death is merely a matter of a regular diet of two meals a day with an interval of seven hours between. But the horrid thought will crop up that perhaps the doctor has been subsidized by a trust of hoarding-house keepers anxious to extenuate their Sunday meal schedule.

Professor W. S. Davis is in danger of being endowed for life by the "smart set," for by a diligent study of classical writers he has been able to show that New York's four hundred are living simple and abstemious lives compared with the exclusive sets of Rome in the early days of the empire. Not only were immense sums expended for villas (of which Cicero had eight) with their surrounding parks and gardens; for personal adornment and the pleasures of the table; but traveling was almost as universal as it is today for the "idle rich." Whole families appear to have gone on long pleasure trips together, if not to "Europe," at least to "Egypt." Some idea of the lavish expenditure of the day may be gained from the fact that the son of Marcus Cicero was given an annual allowance of 100,000 sesterces (about \$12,000 a year) for expenses while he was attending the university at Athens. All sorts of spectacular schemes were devised for the spending of money—Clodius dissolved in vinegar a pearl worth \$40,000 and drank it. Seneca, in visiting the baths of Scipio the Elder, and observing their plainness, exclaimed: "Now who would not feel himself a heggar if the bathing chamber does not sparkle with costly stones?"

How rarely is the praise of the family lumber-room sung, or its possible treasures sought for! Yet who can tell what neglected thing of beauty or use or value may not lie buried under the dust and the cobwebs of the lumber-room? The glass of a picture breaks, and the picture is banished—to take it to be reglazed is tiresome, and everybody is tired of the picture. But let that picture be brought out in twenty years' time, and very possibly it is then found to be, if not an old master, yet a work most desirable. There is nothing like a long sleep in the lumber-room, amid dust and cobwebs, to add fresh heauty to old things. A little chest is replaced by a big chest, and the little chest goes to the lumber-room to sleep for a generation. In that time new ideas of beauty come into vogue, the spurned and rejected of furniture comes again into its own. The collector rejoices to find that the little old chest still wears its ancient key plates and handles; drawers are broken, but may be mended; elbow-grease is a certain polish. So it happens that in the lumber-room there is always the chance of a rare find—of a fortune buried in the dust. Perhaps among the rafters is stuffed a bundle of old letters with faded paper and ink; there may be an envelope bearing the penny red or the twopenny blue postoffice Mauritius stamp, worth more than twelve thousand dollars. Or there may be autographs for which fortunes would be garnered. Who knows what odd corner may not yield the missing copy of Byron's autobiography, unique and priceless? Or another original copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress," dated 1678—only five copies are known to exist, and one was sold for over seven thousand dollars. Think of the wealth which Washington's widow sent up in smoke when she consigned to the flames all the letters she had received from him—a collection which today might be worth half a million dollars.

Parents who have welcomed to their loving bosoms fair daughters for whom finishing-school and college have done their best will appreciate the catechism of the modern girl as set forth by Mr. E. V. Lucas in the form of a conversation between Mr. Ingleside and his daughter Ann. The father suggested that she ought to do something; it would make her independent.

"I should love to do something," said Ann. "Well," said Mr. Ingleside, "what can you do? Can you sing?" Ann said she couldn't sing. "Can you play the piano well enough to be a professional?" Ann laughed. "Can you act?"

Ann couldn't act for, I believe she said, nuts.

"Can you dance in bare feet?"

Ann laughed again.

"Can you paint?"

Ann couldn't paint—also for nuts.

"Do you want to write?"

Ann didn't want to write.

"Well," said Mr. Ingleside, "you are abnormal. A freak. You must make your income by exhibiting yourself. The girl who doesn't want to write. But," he added, "that's the end. We have exhausted the arts. Now we come to the lower walks of life open to women. Can you trim hats?"

Ann did not want to trim hats.

"Can you devise creations?"

Ann didn't want to do that.

"Can you teach?"

Ann shuddered.

"Can you read aloud to old ladies?"

Ann thought not.

"You are very limited," said her father. "I seem to have wasted a great deal of money at Millais House. You can't drive, can you? They have lady cochers in Paris. It is very clear that whatever you decide to do must be preceded by more lessons."

"My husband has had only one had stroke of luck all his life." "Well, why didn't get a divorce?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Temporary Heat Quickly

Did you ever stop to think of the many ways in which a perfect oil heater is of value? If you want to sleep with your window open in winter, you can get sufficient heat from an oil heater while you undress at night, and then turn it off. Apply a match in the morning, when you get out of bed, and you have heat while you dress.

Those who have to eat an early breakfast before the stove is radiating heat can get immediate warmth from an oil heater, and then turn it off.

The girl who practices on the piano in a cold room in the morning can have warmth from an oil heater while she plays, and then turn it off.

The member of the family who has to walk the floor on a cold winter's night with a restless baby can get temporary heat with an oil heater, and then turn it off. The



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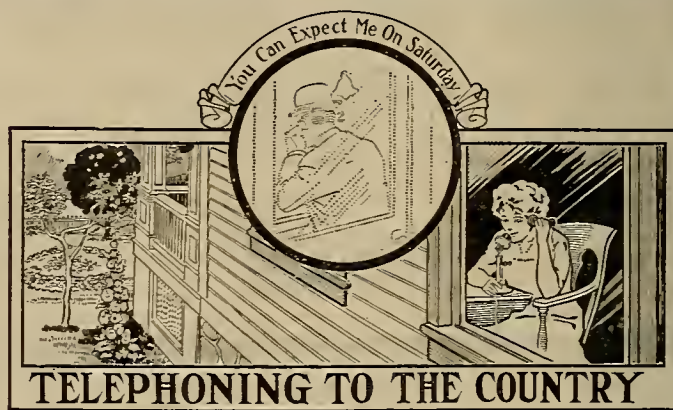
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The farmer himself may travel far and still talk home over the Long Distance Lines of the Bell System.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A party of East Indian natives were found sitting in a row on the platform of a station after the train had left, and being asked the reason, one of the men replied: "Oh, sahbi, we are waiting till the tickets are cheaper."

Attorney-General Wickersham is being raised in Washington for a witticism at a doubtful politician's expense. Mr. Wickersham, in a recent discussion, said: "What sort of a man is McGurk?" "McGurk?" was his response. "Oh, McGurk is as honest as the day is long." "Yes," said Mr. Wickersham, cautiously, "but the days are getting shorter now."

A wizened little man charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. His better half, or in this case better two-thirds, was a big, square-jawed woman with a determined eye. The judge listened to the plaintiff's recital of wrongs with interest. "Where did you meet his woman who, according to your story, was treated you so dreadfully?" his honor asked. "Well, judge," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife, "I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

Little Lawrence's grandfather was very ill and a trained nurse had been employed to care for him. When he became convalescent, a young woman, who had studied in a hospital for a short time, was secured in her place. A sympathetic neighbor meeting Lawrence, the following conversation took place: "How is your dear grandpa this morning, Lawrence?" "He is better." "Have you the trained nurse still?" "No, the trained nurse has gone away and the one we have now is half trained and half wild."

The self-made millionaire who had endowed the school had been invited to make his opening speech at the commencement exercises. He had not often had a chance of speaking before the public and he was resolved to make the most of it. He dragged his address out most tiresomely, repeating the same thought over and over. Unable to stand any longer a couple of boys in the rear of the room slipped out. A coachman who was waiting outside asked them if the millionaire had finished his speech. "Gee, yes," replied the boys, "but he won't stop."

It was a shy young curate who was once asked to take a class of girls about fifteen or sixteen which had formerly been taken by a lady. The young clergyman consented, but insisted upon being properly introduced to the class. The superintendent accordingly took him to the class for this purpose, and said, "Young ladies, I introduce to you Mr. Chirp, who will in future be your teacher. I would like you to tell him what your former teacher did, so that he can go on in the same way." A miss of sixteen rose and said, "The first thing teacher did was to kiss us all round!"

A good solid type of Western Ontario gentleman not long ago told of the only time when he had been guilty of profanity. He and a friend had gone fishing, and for some time luck was dead against them. At last, however, they seemed to be about to get at the one time the reward for their patience. Both corks were hobbling beautifully, and it was in the excitement of the moment that the man who was very careful of his language was trapped into a lapse. "I've got a good hite," said the friend eagerly, and with fully as much eagerness the man who never had indulged in unprintable talk whispered, "So have I."

This dates back some time, but is still of application. President Cleveland's colored man and Secretary Hoke Smith's colored man were exercising their masters' horses out on a country road, and got into a dispute as to what is the best thing in the world. Finally they made a bet of a dollar on it. "Well, what is de hes' thing in the world?" asked Cleveland's man. "Roas' possum and sweet 'taters," said Hoke Smith's moke. "Whoa," said Cleveland's man, dragging at the bridle. He jumped to the ground, seized Hoke Smith's man by the leg and dragged him to the dust. "Take that," says he, lamming him on the neck. "You misible black rascal! Ye' aint leave me nuffin' to guess at."

Xaver Scharwenka loves to remember the trip when he and H. H. Myer, a hutter merchant of Philadelphia, crossed the ocean on the same steamer. There were few passengers on board and Scharwenka was glad of the quiet, so that he could compose. Often he would sit down at a table by himself in the smoking-room and busy himself for six or seven hours at a stretch with pen and manuscript paper. The hutter dealer watched Scharwenka's doings with great interest, and one day tried to coax the musician to take a

walk on deck. Scharwenka declined courteously, offering the excuse that he had a great deal more music to write. "But, my dear man," said the man of butter, "what are you doing that for? Economy is all right, but one must not go to extremes. Why don't you buy the pieces instead of copying them off this way? Music is so cheap nowadays!"

A noted Philadelphia lawyer left his native town in Tennessee some years ago and came to the city to practice law. He had been uniformly successful. His brother, upon the other hand, remained behind at the family homestead. Returning to his native town recently, the attorney met an old darky in the road. "Hello, uncle," he said, but the old man did not recognize the boy he used to know in the prosperous looking citizen who addressed him. "Well," asked the lawyer, "how are the Blank family?" "Oh, they're all right," said the old darky. "Jim Blank has gone to Philadelphia, and done made a lot of money. He's a lawyer, sah." "Is that so?" answered the attorney. "And his brother, Tom, how is he; has he made a fortune, too?" "Lawdy no," answered the old darky, shaking his head, "he aint no lawyer. Marse Tom wouldn't take a dishonest penny from nobody."

THE MERRY MUSE.

My Hobbie.

I love my new hobbie,
It clings to my form;
And if I am careful
'Twill do me no harm.

It hangs in my closet
Stretched over a broom;
For one thing I'm thankful,
It takes up no room.

I hush it, and press it,
And tend it with love;
And if I grow stouter
'Twill fit like a glove.

I love my new hobbie,
Its cling is so warm;
And if I don't wear it,
'Twill do me no harm!

—Chicago Tribune.

The Aviator's Love Song.

Oh, fly with me o'er the dimpled sea.
Oh, fly o'er the mountain height;
My airship true but waits for you
And longs to wing its flight.
I've trained its course to the south wind's source,
I'll dip in the summer sea;
To the spicy isles where nature smiles,
Oh, come and fly with me.

With love's bright chain I'll bind each plane;
We'll ride on the passing breeze;
I'll trace our chart with Cupid's dart
And steer for the Pleiades.
Then come, my love, the stars above
Are bending low to thee;
To the south sea isles where nature smiles,
Oh, come and fly with me.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Stronger Sex.

Poor Algernon made bold to eat
A piece of ordinary pie;
He brought him misery complete,
He almost thought that he would die.

Clarinda, on the other hand,
When it was ninety in the shade,
Ate chocolates which she said were "grand,"
And washed them down with lemonade.

She took ice-cream with syrup pink
Until there was no keeping count;
She quite exhausted, people think,
The menu at the soda fount.

With salted almonds she made free,
She swallowed pickles by the score.
A salad she effaced with glee,
And then serenely ordered more.

Now why does nature thus contrive
The boasted strength of man to flout?
Why does Clarinda thus survive,
While Algernon is down and out?

—Washington Star.

Happy Mr. Brown.

"Mr. Brown's in good spirits," they said, and we knew
There was cause for his not feeling down;
'Twould have been rather queer if he hadn't felt glad
When the best of good spirits were in Mr. Brown.

—Canadian Courier.

No, He Can Not.

A man can grow forests both deep and wide,
Luxurious birches and pines;
He can grow oak trees with the greatest of ease,
And acres of shrubs and vines.
He can grow choice fruits on the topmost boughs,
On which the nations are fed;
But he can't grow thatch on the little bald patch
On the top of his well-tilled head.

—Mt. Tom Herald.

Whoever Wins.

No matter which side wins the big football game on Nov. 12th, send her an appropriately decorated box of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies. If her side wins it will be a beautiful souvenir. If the other side wins it will serve as a consolation offering. Four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Bridge parties have quite overshadowed debutante affairs in social importance this week, and several of the larger affairs were the most brilliant of their nature since the opening of the season.

The popularity of the bridge party as a medium for entertaining on an elaborate scale continues unabated, and this season promises an unprecedented number which have already been dated on the social calendar and which will claim the attention of the feminine portion of society until after the holidays.

The two large debutante teas of the week at which Miss Dora Winn and the Misses Otis were formally presented to society were of interest to the younger set and served to bring together several hundred guests on each occasion.

Several large dinners, among them being that of the Frank Griffins in honor of Mr. Clarence Folliis, and a number of debutante luncheons planned by the girls of last season as a complimentary courtesy to those who are entering society this winter, served to round out a week of particular gaiety in the social world.

Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon announced the engagement of her daughter, Georgia, to Mr. Scott Hendricks. The announcement was made at a large tea on Wednesday. No date has been set for the wedding.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Carolyn Curtis Fowle and Ensign F. A. Vossler, U. S. N. The wedding will take place the first of the year.

The engagement of Miss Helen Smythe and Mr. Alexander Rutherford, which was announced in New York this week, was of much local interest, as San Francisco was Mr. Rutherford's former home. He is the son of the late Mrs. George Crocker, a brother of Mrs. Philip Kearney, and a nephew of Dr. Lewis Hanchett. The bride-elect is a prominent New York society girl.

The wedding of Miss Florence Ives and Mr. Othello Scribner took place on the afternoon of October 19 at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Jane Eunice Ives, on Washington Street. The bridal party included Mrs. Henry J. Crocker as matron of honor, the two small nieces of the bride, Miss Kate Crocker and Miss Mary Crocker, who were the flower girls, and Mr. Joseph Chanslor, who acted as best man. Among the guests were Judge and Mrs. D. C. Van Fleet, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckhee, Mrs. Fannie McCreary, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden, Mrs. S. McLaine, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor, Mrs. Ella P. Hotaling, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Mary Huntington, Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. William Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Edith Chesbrough, Miss Jennie Hooker, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Edward Greenway, Mr. Frank Owen, and Mr. Samuel Buckhee.

The date of the wedding of Miss Elsa Draper and Midshipman Laurence Kauffman will take place at Christ Church, Sausalito, on November 5. The bridal attendants will include Mrs. Kirkwood Donovan, Mrs. Samuel Pierce, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Frances Stewart, and Miss Kathleen de Young.

Miss Dora Winn, the granddaughter of Mrs. George C. Boardman, was formally introduced to

society at a tea at the Boardman home on California Street. The receiving party included Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Muriel Williams, Miss Cora Smith, and Miss Dorothy Woodworth.

Mrs. Squire Varrick Mooney was hostess at a bridge party on Tuesday afternoon which was one of the large affairs of the week. Among those present were Princess Kawanakoa, Mrs. Julius C. Reis, Mrs. James McNah, Mrs. W. P. Hammon, Mrs. James Farrell, Mrs. Robert Devlin, Mrs. Pierre Olney, Mrs. William Waldron, Mrs. Manfred Garouette, Mrs. Noble Eaton, Mrs. Charles Wilson, Mrs. N. A. Dorn, Mrs. Samuel Gardiner, Mrs. Sewall Dolliver, Mrs. F. W. Henshaw, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. George Gale, Mrs. James Shea, Mrs. Robert Wallace, Mrs. Marshall Hale, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. Charles Warren, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. E. L. Hunt, Mrs. Garrett Lansing, Mrs. Irving Moulton, Mrs. Charles Plum, Mrs. Bush Finnell, Mrs. Frank Somers, Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry.

Mrs. George Bell, Jr., was hostess at a luncheon at the Richelieu on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. William S. Wood, wife of Lieutenant W. S. Wood, U. S. A. Among those invited to meet the guest of honor were Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, Mrs. Walter J. Benet, Mrs. Eugene Ladd, Mrs. William Elliott, Mrs. Arthur Cranston, Mrs. Eberle, Miss Eleanor Bliss, and Miss Laura Benet.

Mrs. J. L. Martel entertained at a large bridge party at her home for the pleasure of her son, Mr. Louis Martel. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Joseph M. Masten and Mrs. Charles J. Stovel. Among those present were Miss Laura Farnsworth, Miss Maizie Coyle, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Miss Alyse Warner, Miss Anna Kenyon, Miss Marian Lally, Miss Mary Bates, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Mary Jones, Miss Lucile Levy, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Gertrude Mills, Miss Rhoda Nichling, Miss Marcia Fee, Miss Georgia Hammon, Miss Freda Smith, and Miss Elyse Schultze.

Miss Alyse Warner was hostess at a tea on Wednesday afternoon, at which she entertained Mrs. Roy Somers, Mrs. Adelbert Blackburn, Mrs. Ralston White, Mrs. George Chase, Mrs. Charles Suydam, Miss Lalla Wenzelberger, Miss Edith Cutter, Miss Helen Ashton, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Elaine Brewer, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Ysabel Chase, Miss Dorothy Boericke, Miss Erna Herman, and Miss Jane Rawlings.

Mrs. Prentiss Cohn Hale was hostess at a luncheon on Monday in honor of Mrs. Stanton Coit of London, who was her house guest during her visit to San Francisco. Among the guests were Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Charles F. Slack, Mrs. Charles S. Fee, Mrs. Austin Sperry, Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. James Gale, Mrs. Washington Dodge, Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, Mrs. Edgar C. Bradley, and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hannigan entertained at a supper party on Tuesday evening at the Hotel St. Francis. Their guests were Miss Olga Atherton, Miss Josephine Hannigan, Miss Edith Pennell, Mr. C. G. Barclay, Mr. Arthur Benton, Lieutenant Henry Mullen, U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Commander A. A. Pratt, U. S. N., was host at a dance at the Army and Navy Club on Wednesday evening in honor of the visiting officers of the Argentine navy, who accompanied the Pacific fleet from South America.

Dr. and Mrs. James Black entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday evening, at which their guests were Miss Helen Oliver, Miss Jean Oliver, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, Miss Elaine Hancock, Miss Alexandra Shields, Miss Elizabeth Darcie, Miss Helen Goodwin, Miss Frances Ramsey, Miss Edith Rucker, Mr. Harold Casey, Mr. George Wood, Mr. Walter Bentley, Mr. Cutbert Fleissner, Mrs. Allan Hamilton, Mr. Howard Allen, Mr. Herbert Bryant, Mr. Fred Casey, and Mr. Harold Bailey.

The officers of the second division of the Pacific fleet were hosts at a masquerade ball at Mare Island on Friday night. Among those from San Francisco who went up for the affair were Miss Edith Metcalfe, Miss Mildred Lansing, Miss Laura Farnsworth, Miss Nina Blow, Miss Elsa Draper, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Frances Stewart, Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham, Miss Elsie Clifford, Miss Genevieve Pattiani, Miss Erna Herman, Miss Amalia Simpson, and Mrs. Kelleher.

Miss Augusta Foute entertained at a debutante tea at the Palace Hotel on Thursday in honor of Miss Ethel Crocker. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Robert Chester Foute. Among those sharing the pleasure of the occasion were Miss Cora Smith, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Grace Bullock, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Hilda Stedman, and Miss Constance McLaren.

Mrs. S. L. Braverman entertained one hundred guests at a bridge party at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Arthur Crissy was a bridge hostess at her quarters at the Presidio on Tuesday afternoon, at which she entertained Mrs. John A. Lundeen, Mrs. Frederick Stopford, Mrs. James Wheeler, Mrs. T. B. Steele, Mrs. James Brooke, Mrs. Louis Chappale, Mrs. C. C. Billingsley, Mrs. Carleton, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Earle, Mrs. Furnival, Mrs. Gihner, and Miss Wheeler.

Mrs. George Converse was hostess at a tea on Thursday at her home on Laurel Street, at which she entertained fifty guests. She was assisted in receiving her friends by Mrs. George Herrick, Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald, Mrs. Hugh Owens, Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood, Mrs. Guido Musto, Mrs. Henry Campbell, Mrs. Fred Blackburn, Mrs. George Holden, Mrs. Edward Torney, Miss Christine Judah, and Miss Johanna Volkman.

Miss Dorothy Baker was hostess at a debutante luncheon on Thursday which she gave in honor of Miss Helen Bertheau. Among those invited to

meet Miss Bertheau were Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Myra Josselyn, and Miss Dorothy Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wood Griffen entertained at a dinner Saturday night at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mr. Clarence Folliis, who has been visiting relatives here for several weeks. Among those invited to meet him were Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis, Mr. and Mrs. James Folliis, Mrs. Eleavor Martin, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Mr. Clarence Folliis, Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Lorenzo Avenali, and Mr. William O'Connor.

Miss Fanny Friedlander entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss Frederika and Miss Cora Otis, at which the guests were the young girls of this season's debutante set.

Mrs. Edward Barron has sent out cards for a tea to be given on the afternoon of November 7, at which she will formally present her daughter Evelyn to society. The Barrons are occupying the home of Bishop Nichols this winter.

Miss Agnes Tillman was a luncheon hostess on Saturday at her home on Washington Street. Her guests were Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Helen Ashton, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Clara Allen, Miss Dorothy Baker, and Miss Olive Wheeler.

Miss Bessie Ashton was hostess at an evening party at her apartments at the St. Xavier on Friday. Among the young people present were Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Alyse Warner, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Florida Hunt, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Virginia Newhall, and Miss Helen Ashton.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Greer entertained at dinner on Saturday evening in commemoration of their wedding anniversary. The affair took place at the home of Mrs. Greer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, on Washington Street. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Albert Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Elmore Leffingwell, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick V. Stott, Miss Erna Hermann, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Marian Lally, Mr. Louis Durkee, Mr. Jack Plover, and Mr. H. Morgan.

Mrs. I. Walton Thorne was hostess at a bridge party on Friday afternoon at her home on Scott Street, at which she entertained the following guests: Mrs. John R. Clark, Mrs. Joseph Chanslor, Mrs. Harry S. Bates, Mrs. Fred Rimbale, Mrs. Robert Bolton, Mrs. Arthur Watson, Mrs. Charles Farquharson, Mrs. W. Crellin, Mrs. Henry Lund, Mrs. Allison Weeks, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. Charles Plum, Mrs. Harry Jenkins, Mrs. Leonard Chenev, Mrs. F. McWilliams, Mrs. H. Kugeler, Mrs. Lombard, Mrs. R. Lindsay, Mrs. Rudolph, Mrs. Stopford, Mrs. Colby, Mrs. W. Perkins, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. E. Van Bergen, Mrs. W. McDonald, Mrs. Castle, Mrs. Joseph Sisson, and Mrs. S. Monsarrat.

The Gadski Concerts

Manager Will Greenbaum's second offering will be Mme. Johanna Gadski, the famous Wagnerian soprano, who is announced for three concerts. The Gadski tour will be a very short one, as the artist is to be one of the principal attractions at the Metropolitan, Chicago, and Philadelphia opera seasons. The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, November 6, at the Columbia Theatre. In addition to songs by Robert Franz, Brahms, Rummel, Lang, Schneider, and others, Mme. Gadski will give two scenes from "Die Walküre." Mr. Edwin Schneider will play the accompaniments and piano selections also.

The second concert will be given at the Novelty Theatre on Thursday night, November 10, when six Schubert works, songs by Strauss, Homer, Hadley, and others will be given, and scenes from "Siegfried."

The farewell concert is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, November 13, at the Columbia Theatre, when works by Schumann, Brahms, Liebling, MacDowell, and Schneider will be given and the Wagnerian selections will be from "Götterdämmerung."

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may now be obtained. Mail orders will receive careful attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

The Oakland concert will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse Friday afternoon, November 11, with a special programme which will include scenes from "Tristan und Isolde." The programme will be entirely different from the San Francisco offerings.

Prices for this engagement are \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, and \$1.

Miss Agnes Tohin's readings from masterpieces of Gaelic and Celtic literature, with accompanying critical comment, on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Caedman Club, delighted as large an audience as the assembly-room of the Century Club could contain. Miss Tohin is eminent among the best authorities on Irish poetry and legends.

People desirous of speaking French and Spanish in shortest time should see Prof. De Filipe, located at 1212 Geary Street.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. F. W. Van Sicken, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, and Miss Marian Marvin are now in New York, after a pleasant visit in Washington, and are contemplating a motor trip to Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan are in Brussels and have as their guest Miss Harriet Alexander. Miss Alexander will be joined shortly by her mother, Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, and will return with her to San Francisco.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon sailed from England Friday and will come directly to San Francisco, where she will spend part of the winter.

Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, and Mr. Duane Hopkins are en route home from New York in the Crocker private car. They are accompanied by Mrs. Alexander, the mother of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who will make a brief visit with her son-in-law and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick King and their niece, Miss Edith Jones, left Monday for Annapolis, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Bernard Faymonville is in New York, where she will remain for the next month.

Captain and Mrs. Alfred Bjornstad spent last week at Mountain View, where they were the guests of Mrs. I. W. Sahin.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have returned, after a six months' trip to Europe.

Mrs. Earl Cummings and her children have returned from Santa Cruz, where they spent the summer.

Miss Cora Jane Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard left Tuesday for New York, where they will spend the next six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Holton and Miss Wilmet Holton left Monday for Canada, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Maillard and Miss Anita Maillard have closed their home at Belvedere and have come to San Francisco for the winter.

Miss Julia Langhorne returned Monday from Colorado Springs, where she visited Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond.

Miss Mary Eyre and Miss Jane Selby are en route home from Europe, having sailed from Paris on Wednesday.

Miss Belle Duke Phister, daughter of Colonel A. P. Phister and Mrs. Phister, is in the East, where she will remain until after the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. A. N. Burke and Miss Burke are spending two weeks at Del Monte, where they have as their guest Miss Florence Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman have returned from their trip through the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell have returned from Honolulu and will spend the winter at the Hillcrest.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bothin will remain in New York until the middle of next month.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry are enjoying a trip at their country home at Alta, prior to their departure for New York, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Helen Sidney-Smith and Miss Foster are visiting at West Point, where they are the guests of Captain and Mrs. Pillsbury.

Miss Emily Carolan, who accompanied Mrs. Henry Kierstedt to New York, will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Timlow, at her home in New Jersey.

Mrs. Drummond MacGavin will leave next week for Klamath, where she and Mr. MacGavin will spend the winter.

Mrs. Richard Sprague and Miss Isabel Sprague have closed their Menlo Park home and will spend a short time in town prior to their departure for New Orleans, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss spent several days last week in San Francisco.

Mrs. M. A. Huntington, accompanied by Miss Vinona Derby, left last week for Washington, where Mrs. Huntington will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Perkins, and Miss Derby will make her debut under the chaperonage of her aunt, Mrs. H. E. Palmer.

Miss Stacia Ryder has gone to Seattle for a visit of several weeks.

Miss Ella Morgan and Miss Flora Low have returned from Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. William E. Hopkins, who spent the summer in Europe, are en route home, having reached New York a few days ago.

Mrs. Selby Hanna is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles Huse, in Chicago.

Mrs. William Cathart Buttler, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel William C. Buttler, who is stationed at Fort Sam Houston, is the guest of her son, Lieutenant Bruce Bradford Buttler, who is with the Thirtieth Infantry at Fort Mason.

Mrs. Mary Irvine, accompanied by her son, Mr. John Byrne, has returned from Europe and will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Helen Hecht has returned from a six months' visit abroad and is now in Boston. She expects to reach San Francisco late in the coming month. Mr. Bert R. Hecht has gone East to meet his sister.

The list of arrivals at Del Monte during the past week included Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Leo V. Ierle.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week past are Mr. E. H. Adams, Mr. R. S. Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. A. Haines, Captain and Mrs. G. W. Auer, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. O'Brien, Mr. C. J. Wetmore, Mrs. R. Greenbaum and maid, Mr. G. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. D. Franklin Oliver, Miss Indie Thomas (Oakland).

The public library of San Francisco is slowly regaining its former usefulness. It gained 2,832 volumes during the year ending June 30, and then had 98,499 volumes on its shelves.

Ellen Terry will appear in San Francisco late in November, once only.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Delightful in its humor and natively American is "The Fortune Hunter," by Winchell Smith, which comes to the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday, October 31, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. Not only did it outlast all the other season's productions in Chicago and New York, but it made new records for a play without music. In its long run the Winchell Smith comedy had many special events, notable among which was the matinee for ministers, and bankers' night, when the most noted men of finance in and near Chicago attended in a body. One of the highest events of the year was "druggists' night," when the entire theatre was taken by druggists and others associated with the trade. Fred Nihlo, as Nat Duncan, the fortune hunter, is ably supported by the same members of the cast that opened in Chicago in December. Mr. Nihlo has won great personal success in the title-role of this play. Frank Bacon, as the delightful old druggist; Francis X. Conlin, the rural sheriff; Edward Saxon, the hanker whose fortune is the attraction; and Harry Gibbs, the young broker whose scheme is the basis of the play, are the principal men in the supporting cast. Alma Belwin, the druggist's daughter, whose love transforms the fortune-hunter; Lento Fulwell, the hanker's daughter, and Regina Connelly, the country town girl, have the principal women's parts.

Next Sunday night local theatre-goers will have an opportunity at the Savoy Theatre of seeing here for the first time Clyde Fitch's last and most powerful play, "The City," which will begin an engagement limited to eight nights and two matinees. Coming as it does direct from a year's sensational run at the Lyric Theatre, New York, and interpreted by an all-around excellent company, this attraction promises to be one of the events of the season. None of Fitch's plays—and he left behind more than fifty, most of which were great successes—shows the seriousness of purpose and emotional power of this work. The author takes a well-to-do, ambitious, rather unprincipled family from a small up-State town and sets them down in New York City. There disaster overwhelms them, and one by one they go down in defeat and dishonor. The chief moving cause of their misfortunes is Hannoek, a "dope fiend" and degenerate, the illegitimate son of the head of the family who, as the incarnation of the father's early sin, comes to crush all their careers and wreck all their hopes. Hannoek typifies the dark side of city life; George Rand, Jr., in his atonement and reformation, represents the moral uplift, the bright side of the picture. The exceptional cast of players includes Norman Hackett, Geoffrey C. Stein, M. H. Harriman, Arthur S. Hull, Marie Majeroni, Josephine Florence Shepherd, Ethel Martin, Suzanne Willa, Dora Booth, and other capable people.

The Orpheum programme for next week sustains the highest standard of vaudeville. Lionel Barrymore and McKee Rankin, who are making a special tour of the Orpheum Circuit, will appear in a sketch based upon a timely topic called "The White Slaver," written by Mr. Barrymore. Rankin's name will live long in the history of the American stage, and Barrymore is recognized as one of the cleverest of the present-day leading men and a worthy descendant of his illustrious father, Maurice Barrymore. They are assisted by Miss Doris Rankin, a clever little actress and a daughter of McKee Rankin. "The White Slaver" is a virile, human, and

extremely interesting story well acted. The Old Soldier Fiddlers, who are genuine veterans of the Civil War, will be an interesting incident of the coming bill. These old men wish to impress upon the public that they are not violinists, but simply fiddlers, playing the same fiddles they saved at long before the Civil War—still they get some genuine music out of their old-time instruments. Frank Morrell, who is now called "The California Boy," will appear in a single act called "The Singing Minstrel." In New York he has won fame as a tenor. The Gus Onlaw Trio, including Mlle. Fifi, Parisian wire performers, have a world-wide reputation, and the offering they will present will be entirely new. Next week terminates the engagement of Willard Simms and Company in "Flinder's Furnished Flat," Spissell Brothers and Company, Thurber and Madison, and Augusta Glosé in her pianologue and spoken songs.

Viola Allen and her company of associate players, in "The White Sister," will make their last appearance at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening.

The final performance of "Three Twins" is scheduled for this Sunday night. The musical comedy success has been playing to big business at the Columbia Theatre, and its two weeks will be noteworthy at the point of receipts.

That distinguished actress, Mme. Nazimova, will follow "The City" at the Savoy Theatre, presenting for one week a repertory of her greatest successes.

CURRENT VERSE.

Rose and Leaf.

All the roses now are gone,
All their glories shed;
Here's a rose that grows not wan,
Rose of love to wear upon
Your fair breast instead.

Everywhere where leaves are seen,
Golden, red, and gray;
Here's a leaf forever green,
Leaf of truth to hold between
Your white hands always.

Here's my leaf and here's my rose,
Take them! They are yours.
In my garden nothing grows,
Garden of my heart, God knows,
That as long endures.

—Madison Cowein, in Metropolitan Magazine.

Sanctity.

The days have all been Sabbath since you came,
And I have kept them, oh, how reverently!
The things you said have been my litany;
Your touch a sacrament. I speak your name,
And kneel before a shrine whereat the blame
Of all unworthy of your thought of me
Is purged to loving's utter purity.
No lightness lives in that refining flame.
A book you mark is like some Holy Word;
A flower you give me, or a gown you praise,
Is tender with the memory of caress
Or smile. Your voice becomes an anthem heard
While I was walking Love's cathedral ways.
All life takes on a new-born sacredness.

—Frank A. Marshall, in Century Magazine.

"My wife and myself had another foolish quarrel." "About what?" "About where we would go if we had money enough to travel."

—Washington Herald.

To Pay the Wager.

Of course you'll bet her a box of candy on the football game, Nov. 12th. When you pay the wager select one of Geo. Haas & Sons' football boxes appropriately decorated with football colors and emblems. Four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

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Knicker—How many will your motor-car hold? *Bocker*—Five and a cop.—*New York Sun*.

"What's the matter with Willoughby?" "Recovering from a hard case of cider."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Judge—Will you tell the jury all you know about the case? *Miss Tabber*—Yes, if they can spare the time.—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Are you going to your card club this afternoon?" "No; it's my turn to stay away and be talked about."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Dibbs is an up-to-date person." "Why so." "He doesn't know today who he will owe tomorrow."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Knobby—What makes you so sure that the old Roman senators were bonest? *Lobby*—Simple enough, Togas didn't have pockets.—*Puck*.

Mr. Flubb—This affair is horribly dull. I guess I'll go home. *Miss Clip*—That would remove some of the dullness, Mr. Flubb.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Terrified Rider (in hired motor-car)—I say—you're going much too fast. *Chauffeur*—Oh, you're all right, sir. We always insures our passengers.—*Punch*.

Blobbs—Scribbler has had no less than nine plays rejected. *Slobbs*—What is he doing now? *Blobbs*—Writing essays on the decline of the drama.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Justin," said Mrs. Wyss. "Yes," replied Mr. Wyss. "Will you speak a kind word to Fido, and make him wag his tail? He hasn't had one hit of exercise all day."—*Scraps*.

"What's the matter with him? Has he got rheumatism?" "No, the girl he is engaged to wears a hohble skirt, and he got that walk from trying to keep step with her."—*Houston Post*.

"The directors of the road were a precious lot of grafters." "You don't say so!" "Yes, every last man of them had his appendix removed, and charged the cost to operating expenses."—*Puck*.

Dix—His wife is away, and I'm going over this evening to cheer him up a bit. *Mrs. Dix*—Why not bring him here? *Dix*—Well—er—I need a little cheering up myself.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Why didn't your boy enter college?" "He couldn't pass the examination." "Do they have to pass an examination? I thought all a college boy needed was some funny clothes."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Wuz yew guarded in yore conduct while yew wuz in teown, son?" asked the old man. "Shore thing, dad," replied the boy. "I wuz guarded by two pellicemen most uv th' time."—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Do you forgive your enemies?" "I try to," replied Senator Sorghum. "I can't exactly forgive them, but I do my best to put them in a position where I can sympathize with them."—*Washington Star*.

"Our candidate," said the politician, confidentially, "will sweep the city." "Well," rejoined the skeptical citizen, "when I see him on the street pushing a broom he'll get my vote."—*Chicago Daily News*.

Mrs. Hubbubs—I see you still have your cook. I thought she was going to leave. *Mrs. Subbubs*—She was, but I bought a new set of dishes and I don't think she'll go till they are all broken.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Here's ten dollars. When I finish my speech I want your gang to raise pandemonium." "Ten dollars won't hire but ten men, boss. You can't expect much pandemonium from that many."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Have you ever noticed how a bum actor can get laughter and applause by using a cuss word?" "Oh, yes. What's the reason?" "I've found out, I think. The audience has been wanting to swear, but is too polite!"—*Toledo Blade*.

"That was a pretty hard note Mr. Clincher sent you." "Yes," answered the debonnaire debtor. "But he didn't mean most of it. He has just employed a new typewriter. When he dictated that letter he was showing off."—*Stray Stories*.

"I'm afraid we'll have to cut that man's acquaintance," said the woman of strictly correct ideas. "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "He uses the same sort of language that we pay two or three dollars a seat to hear at a theatre."—*Washington Star*.

"One of the advanced women says it will be a disgrace, ten years from now, to be the father of ten or twelve children." "I don't know how that may be, but if the cost of living keeps on increasing it will be impossible."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"What is a standpatter?" asked the student of politics. "A standpatter," replied Senator Sorghum, "is a man who doesn't want

a new deal." "And why do people desire a new deal?" "In the hope that some of them will get a chance to stand pat."—*Washington Star*.

Chappie—I say, old cock, let's go shooting, eh, what? *Cholly*—Nothing in it, old chap. We shouldn't bag anything but our trousers, y' know.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Landlord—Here, now, you needn't be afraid you will oversleep. And if the alarm clock should by any chance fail to awaken you, just give the little hammer a poke with your finger, then she'll go off.—*Heitere Welt*.

"I think you said, 'Rastus, that you had a brother in the mining business in the West?'" "Yeh, boss, that's right." "What kind of mining—gold mining, silver mining, copper mining?" "No, sah, none o' those; kalso-mining."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

"No man can be bigger than his party," said the experienced campaigner. "I suppose that must be true," replied the young man who is learning politics. "But it is also impossible for a party to be as big as a man occasionally feels."—*Washington Star*.

The lesson and significance of an experience incorporated by Maurice Baring in his recent book, "Russian Essays and Stories," are undoubtedly the mistake of underrating one's wares. One is likely to be taken at one's word. Once when Mr. Baring was competing in a civil service examination, and appeared as a candidate in the German *viva voce*, the German examiner asked him if he could speak German. "Yes, a little," he answered modestly. "Oh," said the examiner, "I will then wish you good-morning. I will no doubt have the pleasure of seeing you again the next time there is an examination." The next time there was an examination Mr. Baring presented himself again. The German examiner, who happened to be a different man, asked Mr. Baring if he could speak German. He replied: "Yes, I speak it as well as Bismarck spoke it, and my written style combines the solidity of Lessing's, the limpidity of Goethe's, and the lightness of touch of Heine's, as you have no doubt observed from my written papers." "Then I need not trouble you any further," said the examiner. That time Mr. Baring got full marks.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Wanted, a Publicity Expert.

One of the qualities in President Taft which especially commands the approval of the better sort of citizenship throughout the country is the lack of propensity for and of trickery in the political game. We have had in the presidency in recent years so much of artifice that it is intellectually and morally refreshing to find in this great office a man above the political game—one who couldn't play it if he would and who wouldn't play it if he could. At the same time it is to be regretted that Mr. Taft has not a keener instinct for seeing and meeting the public mind in its larger and higher phases. The mistakes he has made have largely been mistakes of appearance. He has done things essentially good in ways essentially artless. Take, for example, the letter of Secretary Norton, written presumably with the President's approval, declaring the executive policy with respect to executive appointments. It is entirely right that the president should treat regulars and insurgents precisely alike in the matter of patronage, since both are republicans and therefore entitled to consideration in the hands of the head of the party. But no possible good was accomplished by Mr. Norton's tactlessly frank

letter. In the nature of things it was subject to misunderstanding. Interpreted by the politician, it had a very different meaning—or many different kinds of meanings—from its simple and straightforward intent. The President needs in his innermost councils an advisor acquainted with the forces and procedures which lie back of public understanding; and if Mr. Norton has undertaken, as it is commonly supposed, this office of friendship, counsel, and guidance, he has manifestly got beyond the limits of his competence. The merest tyro in the art of publicity should have known that this letter could not carry the very simple meaning which was intended, because in such matters the public, and particularly the political public, does not look for simple meanings. In dealing with the public there is always need of a practical skill in the forms and turns of expression; and the President is entitled in his utterances to the help of this kind of skill. Indeed, the importance of whatever he says and the proprieties of his great position make it a necessity.

Next Tuesday's Election.

All eyes are turned to next Tuesday. The national fight is for control of the House of Representatives. The total membership of that body is 391, and the Republicans now hold 223 seats, the Democrats 168. Under normal circumstances, to turn the Democratic minority into a majority would be thought hopeless. But the circumstances are not normal. There is hope on the part of the Democrats; there is fear on the part of the Republicans.

In New York the contest is national in its interests. The issue is Roosevelt, who has made himself master of the Republican organization. Other issues are subordinated. Shall Roosevelt control the party in New York and inferentially the country over, or shall he be rebuked and sent to the rear? This is the whole fight, and it is being desperately fought. In the gubernatorial election of two years ago the Republican nominee received 864,651 votes, the Democratic nominee 735,189 votes, 52,796 votes being given to minor candidates. In the presidential election of the same year Taft carried the State by a plurality of 212,602.

In Ohio the contest is largely personal. If Judge Harmon shall be reelected governor his nomination for the presidency by the Democrats is almost an assurance. He was elected governor two years ago by a plurality of 19,372 in a total of 1,123,198 votes. In the same election Taft had a plurality of 69,591.

In New Jersey a contest of otherwise minor interest claims attention because the Democratic nominee for the governorship is Woodrow Wilson, a distinguished scholar. If Mr. Wilson should be elected it will put him up next to Judge Harmon as a possible Democratic nominee for the presidency. In the presidential election of 1908 New Jersey gave Taft 265,298 votes, Bryan 182,522 votes, the Socialistic candidate 10,249 votes, and the Prohibitionist 4930 votes—Taft carrying the State by a plurality of 82,776. In the last gubernatorial election, in 1907, the Republican candidate received 194,313 votes, the Democratic candidate 186,300.

In our own State of California the situation is mixed to the point of confusion. We have a Republican nominee running on a Bryan platform, at the same time refusing indorsement to the official head of the party, the President of the United States. Under these conditions many Republicans deem themselves relieved from party obligation in so far as the governorship is concerned. Mr. Johnson will undoubtedly be cut heavily by Republican voters; at the same time he will possibly get a good deal of support from nominal Democrats. Nobody can do more than guess what the result will be. In the election of 1908 California gave Taft 214,398, Bryan 127,492, Debs, the Socialist nominee, 28,659, and Chafin, the Prohibitionist, 11,770. In the gubernatorial election of 1906 Gillett (Republican) re-

ceived 125,887 votes, Bell (Democratic) 117,645 votes, Langdon (Independence Leaguer) 45,908 votes, with 23,435 votes divided between the Socialistic and Prohibition nominees.

Teaching an Artless Mayor.

The mayor of Tokio in his study of American civilization has, of course, met the mayor of San Francisco and profited by the experience. Like most Japanese of the official class, he is a scholastic, highly conventionalized man, immaculate in speech as well as in dress, but altruistic in dealing with municipal and sociological problems. That rapid fad, improvement of civic morals, is one of Mayor Ozaki's urgent causes, and it has been his custom in the United States to question his American confrères on the progress of reform in city government, hoping to get pointers for home use. Obviously he needs them.

While here Mayor Ozaki no doubt had a chance to learn that the first obligation of a civilized mayor, as interpreted by our local executive, is to the "boys" who elected him, the second to himself and his friends, and the third to the city over which he presides. It is doubtless known to Mr. Ozaki how well the mayor of San Francisco has underscored these principles. At the outset of his administration the latter declared that he owed his first allegiance to organized labor, a pledge which has been so well kept that the city has become practically cleared already of its noise-producing manufacturing plants. Time was when San Francisco was in an uproar, building ships and competing with the great industrial enterprises of the East, but that is the case no longer. The emollient rules of organized labor here, by establishing higher wages, shorter working hours, and setting labor at enmity with its employers and its tasks have closed some of our manufactories down and driven others to points where the conditions are less advanced. Nowhere, in this field of political economy, can Mayor Ozaki find more profitable instruction, and if he wants to rid Tokio of its objectionable activities and send them to Kyoto or Osaka, Mayor McCarthy was precisely the man to tell him how.

The Japanese executive, in his quest of the latest thing in civilized progress, must have also got useful ideas for the treatment of the social evil. Years ago it was the practice in Japanese cities to maintain a licensed red light district called the yoshawara and to exclude prostitutes from all other localities; but in fullness of time the municipal officials ignorantly closed the yoshawara and allowed no substitute places to open. The police did their duty so well that there was an instant and large increase in domesticity. But consultation with Mayor McCarthy must have shown his friend from Tokio that the system is all wrong. Japan was nearer right when it had its yoshawara; and the thing for the mayor to do when he returns home, if he wants to keep in touch with the latest and best efforts of civilization, is to reopen this popular scraggio. Not the least of its advantages is the aid it would give to a municipal machine in making good such pecuniary losses as may have grown out of the higher cost of living. This consideration may never have occurred to the mind of Mayor Ozaki, which is one of those points by which, aside from those of color and education, the essential differences between a practical official like McCarthy and a theoretical one like Ozaki may be desiered.

In Japan they have the singular habit of choosing educated and moralized citizens for the posts of high civic responsibility. Nothing, as we all know, could be more destructive of the democratic spirit, more productive of caste, more depressing to the men whose standards of life have not included moral and intellectual milk and water. Mayor Ozaki must have been able, in the light which Mayor McCarthy threw upon the Japanese system from the San Francisco example, to see how antiquated it was. Here he discovered

"a premier among all good citizens" may be raised to high place from behind the bar of a saloon; that gentlemen from the prize-ring and the slums are quite capable of carrying on the police and the schools and all other branches of the local government, and that whatever may be lost in efficiency or in revenues is more than made up for by the encouragement given even the humblest classes to share the burdens and cares, to say nothing of the emoluments, of office. The *Argonaut* ventures to believe that the saloons of Tokio never had a representative mayor or alderman; and that the lower classes there are utterly without influence upon public affairs except to the extent that they pay fines. Mayor McCarthy was, of course, able to point out the unfairness of the Japanese practice, and if Mayor Ozaki was able to profit by the lesson, we should see a marked change in the out-of-date methods of governing Tokio. Perhaps, that everything may be in keeping, the mayor may even signalize his new departure by subscribing himself not Ozaki but O'Zaki.

Americans at Oxford.

It is English testimony that American students of the Rhodes scholarship at Oxford are not generally liked, but that some of them are enjoyed as spectacles. Conspicuous in the latter class, says a writer in the *Daily Mail*, is a youth from one of "the less sophisticated States," who is wont to "unfurl his American squash hat as the banner of his nationality." He would be ordinary in a mortarboard or a striped tennis cap, but the "squash" hat gives him a spotlight prominence. He also wears baggy trousers, a slouch—whether of gear or gait is not revealed—and is accused of keeping a revolver in his room with which to persuade his "scout" into more obsequious service. All this tends to make the young American picturesque and diverting. But the majority of the strangers from beyond the sea are merely non-conformists who have no saving grace of costume or method of life to arouse the interest of their English cousins and thus justify preconceived notions of the American type. These, Oxford men who are to the manner born, confess that they could comfortably do without. Americans of this class are too ordinary to be interesting. Their faults are not spectacular.

One trouble with the Americans, it appears, is that they came to Oxford to get rather than to give. A man enters that university to help it and its colleges and only to acquire what may be called decorative benefits for himself. Mere instruction and intellectual drill, the grubbing and the plodding are the work of the preparatory schools. The university is a finishing school; it is supposed to polish the undergraduate, to determine his career, and to give him the chance to make useful friendships in or above his station of life. These, Lord Rosebery has said, are among the most valuable lessons Oxford has to teach. But it must be clear that the American, who is trying to fit himself for the major tasks of his own land, finds them more or less negligible, and being a frank and free-spoken person, does not hesitate to say so. He does not care so much for the graces of society or for friendships which he is not likely to need or for the glories of an alien school as he does for training in his life work. This work, in the present era of American progress, needs few embellishments. The young man wants to make the most of his native power to do things; he means to identify himself with the material growth of the United States and share in its rewards. If Oxford can help, so much the better for him; if not, what it offers in the way of polish is no substitute. The American student is not generally eager to fit himself for diplomatic life, for the church, or for scholarly leisure, and thus his attitude finds scant sympathy among the young gentry with whom he associates in an English university.

It is also a standing offense that he does not conform in the matter of speech; that he seriously objects to a kind of pronunciation which departs from a reasonable interpretation of the spelling. To him Derby should not be rendered "Darby," or schedule "shed'l." He does not think that Sevenoaks should be pronounced "Snooks" or Cholmondeley "Chumleigh." Wemyss hardly goes with him as "Weems." Of course proper names may have an arbitrary pronunciation, but he finds in common English nouns a usage which does not seem to him either sensible or scientific; for instance, he prefers golf to "gawf"; and when he is called to account for himself misusing the king's English he is irritated that his equal claim as a descendant of the English of the Elizabethan age and an inheritor of

their tongue upon the rights of its interpretation, is flouted or denied. In brief, to use the American vernacular, he doesn't "fit in."

While the value of foreign study and travel are undeniable, the schools of any country are successful only as they interpret its life and spirit and serve its needs; and one may well doubt that an American can be as good an American or an Englishman can be as good an Englishman if educated and trained away from home. Certainly this rule applies to Frenchmen and Germans and Italians, and must apply to others. The Rhodes idea was to help inculcate the cosmopolitan spirit, but, after all, is it best that a man should be a cosmopolitan? That is to say, the average man. Would an English boy at Oxford qualify himself the better for English service under the conditions that will meet him through life by becoming less English? And would an American boy who expects to do his work in and for the United States be the better in any degree for taking on foreign ideas?

The cosmopolitan is a charming fellow; he talks well and often writes readable books; he is personally alluring as a type. But the nation-makers of the world have been trained at home and saturated with belief in their own country and its institutions. Bismarck, Gladstone, Cavour, Gotschakoff, Lincoln! One never thinks of either one as less than distinctively national and the better for that. Each of these great men of the nineteenth century was in exact harmony with his environment; had he divided his mental allegiance with any other he could not have been the power he was in his own land. There are useful cosmopolitans in the world of science and art and society; but, outside the realm of diplomacy, few in the world of affairs. Nations have not yet felt other need of them, and until they do, cosmopolitanism can not be called a qualifying possession for many. It is not good for nations or for the makers of nations; and the history of the United States for the first fifty years of its existence, when it was, despite a certain flamboyant patriotism, a slave to English traditions, English manufactures, and the contemporary literature of England, made but slow and halting progress. When the country became indubitably American it grew politically and industrially great, which was about the time that Webster, Clay, and Calhoun voiced the spirit of its nationality; and it is not a violent assumption that anything of the cosmopolitan motive in its organic life would tend to weaken the faith with which it performs its separate political and social mission. Is there not here food for the thinking of the young American who is tempted by an Oxford degree, and to whom the thought of being a citizen of the world comes with an especial unction? Let him ask himself first where his future lies. If in literature, diplomacy, or in the "still air of delightful studies," he may find that the foreign university will help; but if he hopes to do an active part in building the fabric of the American empire the only inspiration he can get from British schools is to be found in the example of the young Englishmen who prefer to get their own education at home.

Another Colossal Restoration.

San Francisco is not unjustifiably proud of her achievements in reconstruction during the past four and a half years. Nevertheless she is not the only nor the first city to "come back" after a colossal and overwhelming misfortune. It is ten years since a combination of hurricane and tidal wave devastated Galveston, and today there is not a more beautifully ordered city in the length and breadth of the United States. Not only has Galveston been completely rebuilt, better and handsomer than before, but the whole devastated area has been "jacked up" to an elevation ranging from two to fourteen feet above the natural level. Not only have multitudes of buildings been raised, but the public streets everywhere, and, what is far more notable, many fine trees, and in one instance a whole city park. More than five hundred city blocks have been filled to an average depth of six and a half feet. The process by which all this has been accomplished is that of pumping sand from the gulf, this work being done by dredgers stationed about six miles from the shore line. The wall which has been erected around the Galveston sea-front as a barricade against future storms is one of the wonders of modern engineering. It is six and a half miles long and seventeen feet high, and upon the top is a smooth promenade boulevard fifty feet wide. The cost of erecting the wall was something over \$2,000,000, and the cost of

lifting the foundation of the city was about \$2,200,000. The cost upon the whole has been enormous for a city of less than 60,000 population.

Constitutional Amendment Number One.

The most important of a series of constitutional amendments to be submitted to the voters of California at next Tuesday's election is that styled "Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 1," relative to assessment and taxation of property. This proposed amendment represents an effort actively sustained for some six or seven years to substitute a more scientific scheme for the raising of revenues for that which has prevailed since the organization of the State. The rule has been to levy taxes upon all property under the *ad valorem* principle subject to varying practices of estimate by the several county assessors. This system has fallen far short of logical or ideal equity and has been the occasion since time out of mind of justified criticism. Before Governor Pardee came into office he made a serious study of the problems of assessment and taxation and had become convinced that the time had arrived for the substitution of new methods in levying and collecting taxes. In his inaugural address he announced his purpose to undertake a recast of the system upon modern and scientific lines. In pursuance of his suggestions a commission was appointed to draw a new system, this commission being composed of Senator J. B. Curtin, Professor Carl C. Plehn of the State University, Senator H. S. G. McCartney, Senator M. L. Ward, Assemblyman (afterwards Senator) E. J. Treadwell, with Governor Pardee as an *ex-officio* member. An elaborate plan submitted by this commission failed of acceptance. But the idea was again submitted to another commission, of which Senator Curtin and Professor Plehn were the active members, the measure now before the voters of the State being the result of their studies embodied in a formal constitutional amendment.

This amendment proposes to set apart for the purposes of State revenue all taxes levied on public service corporations other than water companies, the exception being made because many of the water supply systems of the State are owned by municipalities. The whole revenues of the State treasury are to be derived from this special classification of property, all other kinds of property (except under circumstances to be hereafter set forth) being relieved of taxation for State purposes, but subject to assessment and taxation under the *ad valorem* principle for county and municipal purposes only. The amendment fixes the percentages upon gross income which must be paid into the State treasury by the several classes of public service corporation. In fixing these percentages the commission took as a basis the amounts which would be secured by a 1 per cent tax on the value of the physical property involved. The amendment prescribes a 4 per cent gross revenue tax upon railroads and street railways; 3 per cent gross on private car systems (Pullman cars, fruit cars, etc.); 2 per cent on express companies; 3½ per cent on telephone and telegraph companies; 4 per cent on electric and power companies. All other corporations are to be taxed 1 per cent on the value of corporation franchises, such values to be established by the State board of equalization. Against the gross premiums of insurance companies, less returns and reinsurance, a tax of 1½ per cent is placed. Banks are to be taxed practically upon "book value" of their stock subject to certain deductions for taxes paid on real estate, etc.

The merits of this system, if it be regarded apart from questions relating to the percentages as fixed in the amendment, are many. It is logically a fair system, since it taxes the earnings of public service corporations rather than their physical properties. It automatically makes the State a sharer in increases of revenues. It takes out of the affairs of the State vexatious and persistent controversy as to whether the property in a particular county is fairly assessed with reference to other counties. It eliminates dependence upon the judgment of assessors who may be under many temptations to estimate values upon other than logical and equitable considerations. It nullifies the motives which have too often promoted activities on the part of corporations of all kinds, particularly large taxpayers like railroad companies, in the political sphere, especially at the point of choosing assessors. The scheme has been arranged with the idea of getting from the public service corporations of Cal

fornia a gross sum equal or greater than that which they now pay, and at the same time by its automatic operation to keep them out of politics. It has been further arranged with the idea of getting out of the public service corporations a sum sufficient to support the whole cost of the State government—something like \$8,000,000 per year gross—leaving other forms of property to be taxed only for county, school, and municipal purposes.

Probably no single subject vital to the State system of California has ever been so laboriously wrought out as has that involved in this amendment. Senator Curtin and Professor Plehn have given to it a world of time and labor, working with conscientious devotion to the end of providing a system scientifically, logically, and morally efficient and sound. And until very recently there has been but one opinion with respect to their work. Governor Gillett has earnestly supported them and went to the extent a month ago of calling a special session of the legislature to correct a verbal defect so that the measure might be submitted at this time. The public service corporations, including the railroad companies, have approved the new plan, although those who speak for them maintain that it will to some small extent increase their tax bills. The explanation has been that it would relieve them of vexatious problems of local assessment, that it would protect them against "hold-ups," and that while in fat years their taxes would be high, in lean years they would be low. Others have supported the proposition on the theory that it is in line with modern ideas, tending to a greater equity than the old system of taxation of corporations upon the valuation of physical property as distinct from earning power. There has been more or less question as to the fairness of the rates prescribed by the commission, but the answer to this has been that the amendment provides for the modification of these rates by a two-thirds vote of the legislative body.

But within the past few days there has developed a very positive protest against the amendment based on studies of it which had not been made in the earlier stages of its consideration. It is represented in opposition that the State income under the new system, which has been calculated at approximately \$8,000,000 per annum, is subject under the law to deductions which will reduce the income from the corporation taxes by approximately 25 per cent of the estimates. It is further pointed out that the amendment provides that losses which any county may suffer through the withdrawal of the corporations from their spheres of assessment shall be made good from the State treasury. This provision it is declared is certain to cost the State heavily, since in many counties a large proportion of the annual income has been derived from assessment of railroad tracks and other forms of corporation property.

It is found, too, and strongly urged as an objection to the proposed amendment, that it shakes loose the educational system as it stands related to State support, from fixed and comfortable moorings. There is allotted from State funds under our present system for the support of elementary public education a very considerable sum, amounting to \$550 per teacher, each teacher being presumed to represent seventy children of school age. It is argued that under the new system this arrangement will fall to the ground and that in one form or another it will have to be reestablished by legislative action. This, it is urged, would not be easy, as the allotments will have to be made by each legislature, therefore involving the schools even more deeply in the game of politics than they are now. Again, the State University, under the present system, receives a fixed percentage of all taxes; and this it is argued will fall to the ground under the new system, the university therefore being placed under the necessity every two years of presenting its claims to the legislature. This is declared to be a serious consideration, since if the university shall be deprived of its automatically provided income, it can sustain no fixed schemes of development, including building projects, etc.

Those who present these considerations are of the opinion that from the very beginning the amount used under the amendment will fall short of the requirements of the State treasury, and that recourse will have to be had to that provision of the amendment which authorizes a special levy upon all the property

of the State, including public service corporations, to make up the deficit. Here, they say, is a condition tending to nullify every advantage proposed by the new law. For if there must be a general taxation under the *ad valorem* principle of all property, including public service corporations, to make up a deficit in State revenue, all the mischiefs which the new system proposes to correct must continue to exist.

Another protest against the amendment comes from the banking interest. It is claimed that the proposed tax on bank stocks will tempt if not force the banks to reduce their capital stock, surplus, and undivided profits to avoid the onerous requirements of the law. This, they argue, will lessen the available supply of money and raise the rate of interest. And as the tax of 1 per cent on the banks is, in lieu of all other taxes, assessable against bank capital, other than real property, they will invest in foreign securities, for which there is always a market, and escape taxation on such investments in this State.

Consideration of these various arguments for and against illustrates the inherent difficulties of the whole business of assessment and taxation. It is a problem old as civilization. No way has been found, or ever will be found, at once to tax and to please. The scheme involved in the proposed amendment has, it is plain to see, several, perhaps many, weak points. Some considerations were overlooked by those who drafted the amendment. The working effect of some forces they probably have failed to estimate accurately. At the same time it remains to be said for this measure, as it goes to popular vote, that it represents a principle in assessment and taxation far in advance of that upon which our present system of *ad valorem* assessment is based. It deserves consideration as a step towards a working system under which public service corporations shall have fewer motives for mixing in the political game. If it can be so arranged that the public service corporations can be assessed automatically, a great and positive gain will have been made economically and politically. The *Argonaut* sees the force in some of the arguments presented in protest against the amendment. Possibly, probably, mistakes have been made in the prescribed percentages, but they are mistakes not difficult to correct through legislative action, under the provision which authorizes the legislature to change specific rates by a two-thirds vote.

It is in one sense unfortunate that the amendment affects the automatic continuity of the school appropriations; yet this may not be wholly a misfortune. Our educational system is by no means perfect; it may possibly help it to have at the hands of the legislature now and again a critical overhauling. There are tendencies in our school system when left wholly to the hands of professional "educators" which might well be checked through occasional submission to public scrutiny. It is possible, we think, that the percentage fixed upon bank capital is higher than is consistent with equity or with the free circulation of money; but surely, if in this respect the amendment shall be found to work a hardship, common sense enough and liberality enough will be found to enforce the necessary modifications through legislative action. On the whole, we think the advantages to be gained through the substitution of a modern and scientific system of assessment for the cumbersome and inequitable *ad valorem* system are so great that we should not lose the chance to gain them because of certain minor defects in the immediate plan. There will, we think, on the whole be less injustice in the new system than in the old; and we believe that there will be less difficulty in so supplementing the new system as to make it what it ought to be than to begin again at the beginning.

Other Proposed Amendments.

Amendments to the State Constitution, other than Amendment No. 1, relating to assessment and taxation and treated in the preceding article, are as follows:

Senate Constitutional Amendment Number 11: This proposed amendment is nothing more than a readjustment of the State Constitution to make it conform to a previous readjustment exempting mortgages from taxation. Under the Constitution as it stood for many years taxes upon mortgages were paid by the mortgagee, but under action of two or three years back the rule was reversed. The proposed amendment is a readjustment of the situation to the new arrangement, there being some confusion as the Constitution now stands. There are good reasons for this amendment. What-

ever objections there may be to it in principle were practically disposed of several years ago.

Senate Constitutional Amendment Number 36: This amendment proposes that in counties having crowded calendars judges may be called in from other counties to hold court. The present rule authorizes the calling in of outside judges in the absence or disability of local judges, but the practical effect in such cases is suspension of the activities of the regular or local judges. This amendment is designed to expedite the business of the courts by a definite authorization of an increased number of sessions with the aid of outside judges serving (a) at the request of local judges, or (b) by order of the governor, or (c) by agreement between litigants. It appears in every way an unobjectionable and proper amendment.

Senate Constitutional Amendment Number 44: This amendment relates to the power of the legislature to provide for the classification of cities and towns according to population and to regulate the business of banking in conformity therewith. Its central idea is to fix a definite and proper financial foundation for the banking business, proportionate to the size of the community in which such business is carried on. This seems an entirely proper amendment; indeed, it is essential to the sound financial organization of the banking business. There can be no objection to it, unless it be on the part of banking firms seeking to do business on the basis of insufficient capital.

Senate Constitutional Amendment Number 38: This bill proposes to make more difficult the organization of new counties. It is practically a local measure proposed in behalf of Santa Barbara County whose interest has been menaced by proposals to cut off parts of its territory. Under the Constitution as it now stands the creation of a new county must not reduce the population of any old county below 8000 and there must not be in the new county less than 5000 population. The amendment reduces the limit of population in an old county to 20,000, and makes a requirement of 8000 in the new county. The amendment is in a way trivial, but not harmful. It is perhaps just as well to interpose restrictions upon the organization of new counties, such proposals often being made for no other purpose than the multiplication of local offices.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment Number 14: This amendment provides that citizens of the State subject to legislative regulations as to seasons shall have the right to fish in streams which pass through State-owned lands and that in any sales of State lands this right shall be reserved. This amendment appears trivial in its purpose and questionable in principle. It is one of the efforts constantly being made by "sportsmen" to reserve game rights against limitation by private land owners. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* the amendment is ridiculous.

Senate Constitutional Amendment Number 42 and Assembly Constitutional Amendment Number 333: These two amendments are to one purpose, and are in support of the Panama-Pacific fair project. The first levies a special State tax in aid of the exposition of \$5,000,000, collectable in five annual installments. The second authorizes the City of San Francisco to bond itself likewise in aid of the exposition for \$5,000,000. There is no objection to these proposals excepting on the part of persons, if there be any such, who wish to defeat the fair project.

Besides these proposed amendments to the Constitution there are four proposed bills upon which it is necessary that the electorate of the State should pass, as follows:

Senate Bill Number 485 provides for the issue of State bonds in the sum of \$9,000,000 for the improvement of the San Francisco water-front. These bonds are to be a charge upon the revenues of San Francisco harbor and therefore will not affect the taxes of the State. The money proposed to be raised is to be spent for new docks, extension of the sea-wall, and for other proper and necessary developments of San Francisco harbor. The measure has the approval of Governor Gillett, who during his term of office has been especially solicitous in the manner of creating harbor facilities at San Francisco.

Senate Bill Number 464: This bill authorizes the issue of \$1,500,000 in State bonds for the improvement of San Diego harbor for purposes practically identical with those supporting the San Francisco bill above referred to (Senate Bill 845). In this case, too, the bonds are to be a charge against the revenues of the

local harbor. The San Diego harbor facilities are in need of development and the bill appears in every way a proper one.

Senate Bill Number 227: This bill authorizes State bonds in the sum of \$1,000,000 in promotion of the Islais Creek project. Islais Creek is a local unnavigable water-course which sets into the San Francisco peninsula south of the city, its western end running close up to the Mission district. If San Francisco had 2,000,000 inhabitants and if its harbor facilities were overcrowded it would be a project of great merit. But practically the need of facilities beyond those possible to be developed within the present harbor limits is remote. If this money shall be appropriated it will mean the acquisition of rights which will probably lie undeveloped, or at least unused, for an indefinite period. The project is supported primarily by those interests which are anxious to increase the value of property in the Mission region by providing a possible future harbor. We have heard no argument in support of this proposal which seems to justify the expenditure at this time.

Senate Bill Number 900: This bill authorizes an issue of \$18,000,000 in State bonds to be expended in the creation of State roads. The State is to build the roads and maintain them, the several counties being required to pay interest on the amounts expended in road work within their limits. This is a measure concerning which there are wide differences of opinion. Governor Gillett is earnestly for it. Automobileists who want fine through roads up and down the State are likewise for it. Other elements of population, which make comparatively little use of such highways, look askance at it. If there could be assurance that the money raised by this proposed bond issue would be economically and wisely expended there would be no serious objection to it. The danger in all such wholesale projects is in schemes of extravagance.

Editorial Note.

Certain daily newspapers of San Francisco, eager to maintain their circulation among labor-unionite and other radical elements, have found it expedient to maintain a clamor against the administration of the office of the United States immigration inspector at San Francisco. As a matter of "policy" the immigration inspector has been regularly "roasted," whether affairs in his office have gone right or wrong. Naturally, this policy has precisely suited the purposes of whoever inside or outside the immigration office has cherished jealousies or grudges against the commissioner. Mr. Hart North, who has held the office of commissioner since 1898, has had a troubled time of it, especially this past half-dozen years. Hardly a week has passed since the organization of the Asiatic Exclusion League that one newspaper or another has not raised a hue and cry against him, while the fire of complaints and "charges" made to the department at Washington has been constant. That under these circumstances nobody has ever been able to make a case against Mr. North, and that within the period of his service he has twice been reappointed and confirmed, is of itself pretty good testimony to the intelligence and integrity of his administration. Last week, however, the matter took a sudden and serious turn, for Mr. North's suspension was ordered pending investigation. What the charges are and the method of investigation are not yet made public. Mr. North, who is credited by everybody who knows him with the strictest official and personal integrity, will no doubt welcome the opportunity to make thorough work of a vexation which he has long borne with admirable patience, although at times the annoyance must have been very great.

FALL LITERARY NUMBER.

The next issue of the Argonaut will be a special Publishers' Announcement Number. It will be largely devoted to announcements of forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, half-tones of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. It will also contain a number of special articles, literary letters from London and Paris, and general correspondence from New York and the East. In addition it will contain the usual departments and miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy tinted paper and will consist of 32 pages. Price, ten cents. Newsdealers will do well to send their orders in advance.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Among the many celebrities of bygone generations who live again in the fascinating paper published in the *Atlantic Monthly* over the signature of Goldwin Smith, Macaulay occupies the place of honor. Every new glimpse of that consummate master of the art of conversation confirms the legends associated with his name, even if, also, it lends support to Carlyle's somewhat envious, "Flow on, thou shining river!" Goldwin Smith, who knew so many remarkable men, declares that his first meeting with Macaulay marked an epoch in his social life:

Macaulay talked essays and engrossed the talking-conversation it could not be called. One could understand how he was a bore to other talkers. He evidently was to a great talker who sat next to me. He would seize upon a theme and dilate, with copious illustrations, from a marvelous memory. Mention of the exclusive respect of the Ritualists for churches in the Gothic style led to an enumeration of the fathers in the early church who had ministered in churches which were not Gothic. A question about the rules of equestrian statuary led to a copious dissertation proving that nature was the only rule. I have seen a whole evening party kept listening in a ring to an essay on final causes and the limits of their recognition, with numerous illustrations. But it seemed to me all exuberance, not assumption or ostentation.

Once, however, even I thought Macaulay a bore. It was at a breakfast at Lord Stanhope's. Lord Russell was beginning an account of the trial of Queen Caroline, which he had witnessed. Macaulay broke in with an essay, and Lord Russell was swept away by its tide. Of all English talkers that I ever heard, Macaulay seemed to me the first in brilliancy. He is the first in brilliancy of English writers, though not always the most sober or just. Of all his writings the least just, while it is perhaps the most brilliant, is the essay on Warren Hastings.

How admirably this impression accords with the little vignettes of Macaulay given by George Ticknor, who met the historian so frequently in London in 1856. Everybody seemed more willing to listen to him than talk themselves, and Ticknor paid his tribute to the "fabulous" resources of his memory. And there is some likeness between Carlyle's river metaphor and that used by the American historian: "The first rush, as he comes down upon you, is like a shower-bath, or rather like a water-spout."

Monckton Milnes is also in Goldwin Smith's delightful little gallery. He was an insatiable collector of autographs, and when General Grant breakfasted with him astonished him by a present of a round-robin which he had signed as a cadet at West Point. Perhaps the last appearance of Monckton Milnes, then Lord Houghton, in public, was at a function where James Russell Lowell was the principal figure. The scene was the ancient Chapter House of Westminster Abbey and the occasion was the unveiling of that bust to Coleridge which owes its presence in poets' corner to American generosity. Lowell read his address—and read it with a musical eloquence which is one of memory's choicest possessions—from half sheets of note-paper edged with mourning, and he had no more absorbed listeners than Robert Browning and Monckton Milnes, the latter conspicuous by his black skull-cap and the tearful interest with which he followed Lowell's moving tribute to the great poet.

Gradually the truth is leaking out about the revolution in Portugal, and when the tale is complete it seems as though the Lisbon incident may prove a formidable rival to South American comic-opera plots. Here is the testimony of a tourist who happened upon the city by the Tagus when the revolution was in full swing:

I was a passenger in the *Asturias*, and went ashore last Wednesday at Lisbon for a few hours and lunched at the Avenida Hotel. We walked through two or three miles of streets, saw much excitement and cheering; soldiers, sailors, and citizens bearing arms; children marching about with the new flag of the new republic; evidences of shooting, such as broken glass, doors and windows smashed in, branches and leaves cut from the trees; a few motor-cars and other vehicles being driven rapidly, on business bent; heard a few shots fired in the air by accident or natural exuberance of spirits—and that was about all.

It did not occur to me that I had been a hero until this morning (Sunday), when I read the papers in Paris.

I found to my amazement that some of my fellow-passengers were heroes, certifying to the fact over their own signatures. They had gone to the Avenida Hotel, where the fighting was fiercest, at the risk of their lives; they had seen the Red Cross people attending the wounded and dying; they had heard volleys of musketry; and by a process of imaginative imputation had seen the warships firing upon the palace the day before the *Asturias* had arrived; one gentleman blazoned on a front page, who did not go ashore at all until most of us had returned to the ship, announcing that the revolution was over, the republic proclaimed, and the fun and the fair at an end, apparently took a personal part in the formation of the new government, describes the appearance of the new members, remarks upon the make of the guns carried by the revolutionaries, though he was on shore for an hour, tells how a friend had been prevented from going ashore by the fears of his family, and hints darkly that his dangerous mission had been successful.

So far as my knowledge of these gentlemen goes, the only hero on this sanguinary expedition was General Garcia, one of Cuba's liberators and a man whose experience of prisons and real fighting entitled him to stroll through the streets with his constant companion, a cigar, rather bored by this ladylike revolution.

If only the Gilbert and Sullivan partnership were still in existence, what might we not expect? Still, there are enough librettists and facile rhymers in New York to utilize the Lisbon revolution for the gayety of nations.

Canada is to be given power to legislate for itself on the copyright question, and advantage will, it is said, be taken of the opportunity to dispense with giving the Canadian market to the publishers of the United States by virtue of British copyright. This copyright question is as persistent as the head of King Charles, but it does not appear to have

been noted that as between America and England the matter is practically settling itself by reliance upon principles of commercial honesty. In this way: Hardly a week passes that the *Argonaut* does not receive several volumes which their light feeling in the hands proclaims them to be books of British production, even though the title-pages may bear the names of American publishers. They are books of all kinds, including novels which may reasonably be expected to appeal to a large audience. But so far as copyright in this country is concerned, they are absolutely without any protection. An examination of the reverse of the title-page or the last leaf of the book will reveal that they have been printed in Great Britain, and consequently have not complied with the condition of being set in the United States. As a matter of fact, these books are liable to become the prey of any pirate and could be reprinted with impunity. Yet that is not done. The publishers of America and England seem to have come to a tacit agreement with each other to respect their books, and in this way there is being created an international copyright of a higher and perhaps more effective kind than could be secured by law.

One of the things which New York does better than London is to take proper care for its Egyptian obelisk. In the English capital grave fears are being entertained as to the perishing condition of the shaft which is the chief adornment of the Thames Embankment. That ancient plinth, it will be remembered, has a somewhat romantic history, for its journey to England in a specially constructed vessel was attended by shipwreck and disaster. For some years, however, it has been one of the sights of London, the corroding atmosphere of which is now thought to be threatening it with destruction. A similar fear was entertained for the majestic obelisk which is so conspicuous an object of Central Park, but since it was treated with a preservative solution twenty-five years ago it has successfully defied a climate of far more violent extremes than that of London. The curious hieroglyphics are as legible as ever, and the stability of the stone unimpaired. No doubt there are numerous other Egyptian obelisks in existence, probably nearly two hundred in all, but that does not lessen the responsibility of the present generation to do its utmost for the preservation of such unique survivals of long buried ages. And as factors in the imaginative education of the greater number it is incontestable that their most suitable place is not inside a museum with the mummy or the stuffed bird, but under that open sky which was their original canopy.

Save, perhaps, for the irritating example of Junius, a literary secret ever aroused so much curiosity or was so faithfully guarded as that of William Sharp's authorship of the "Fiona Macleod" writings. Naturally, then, every other interest in Mrs. Sharp's biography of her husband is overshadowed by what she has to say on that matter. By birth William Sharp was partly Celt, by spirit wholly so. Yet was not until 1893, when he had reached his thirty-eight year, that he wrote the first of the books he gave to the world under the pseudonym of "Fiona Macleod." By that time he had become oppressed by a desire to find some adequate method for the expression of the subjective side of his nature, and he found the method in Celtic romance. Mrs. Sharp writes:

From then till the end of his life there was a continual play of the two forces in him, or of the two sides of his nature; of the intellectually observant, reasoning mind—the actor, and of the intuitively observant, spiritual mind—the dreamer, which differentiated more and more from the other and required different conditions, different environment, different stimuli, until he seemed to be two personalities in one.

His adoption of a feminine pseudonym was prompted by the feeling that he was often tempted to believe he was a woman. Hence the tenacity with which he guarded the secret, which was shared in his lifetime by but a few close friends. "Should the secret be found out," he said, "Fiona dies." He did not write or sign his "Fiona Macleod" letters himself; when not typed by him, they were copied and signed for him by his sister Mary.

Owing to the dominance which the "Fiona Macleod" creations exercised over his spirit, he seemed to exhale an uncanny, a haunted atmosphere, in which his wife found it difficult to live. One startling illustration of this dual life is recorded by Mrs. Sharp:

A telegram had come for him, and I took it to his study. I could get no answer. I knocked, louder, then louder—last he opened the door with a curiously dazed look in his face. I explained. He answered, "Ah, I could not hear you for the sound of the waves!"

In the light of such an incident it is not surprising to learn that Sharp's dual work told seriously on his health:

The production of the Fiona Macleod work was accomplished at a heavy cost to the author as that side of his nature deepened and became dominant. The strain upon his energies was excessive: not only from the necessity of giving expression to the two sides of his nature; but because of his desire that, while under the cloak of secrecy, F. M. should develop and grow, the reputation of William Sharp should at the same time be maintained. Moreover, each of the two natures had its own needs and desires, interests, and friend. The needs of each were not always harmonious one with the other, but created a complex condition that led to a severe nervous collapse.

Altogether this is perhaps the most weird chapter in literary history, the strangeness of which is hardly lessened by the fact that there were one or two who penetrated Sharp's disguise almost from the first. One of these was Mr. I. Galliene, and the other, who was still more confident, was Sir George Douglas. The latter made a careful comparative study, and wrote that he was finally convinced from internal evidence that William Sharp and Fiona Macleod were one and the same. Yet the mystery of how Sharp managed to subdivide his soul remains.

"GIVE US TRAINS."

Some Incidents of the Railroad Strike in Paris.

Forty years ago the cry of Paris was "Give us bread!" Two years back it was "Give us letters!" Last year it was "Give us boats!" Today one can still hear the echo of "Give us trains!" For last week the centre of life in Paris shifted from hotel and cafés, from temples of art and the shrines of the drama, from boulevards and places of business, to the railway stations. All classes of Parisians, from the little milliner girls who live out in the suburbs to the merchant princes who have their homes still further afield, united in the one cry, "Give us trains!"

But the appeal was in vain. For the railroad workers had struck. Such an event has long been hovering in the background of Parisian life. It has been one possibility of the city's social unrest. For it must be remembered that recent strikes in the French capital are more related to the social war than to economic questions. No doubt the battle-cry in the present instance has been "a minimum wage of five francs a day," but that figure is greatly in excess of the average wage in France, and the railroad worker has the further advantage of having no periods of unemployment or half-time, while, in addition, he has a pension and numerous advantages. Besides, the leading railway companies have not contested the five-franc-a-day demand. As a matter of fact, then, the strike is not the result of the discontent of those employees having the lowest wage, but is the outcome of the jealousy of those who, having the highest wages, have desired to seize an opportunity to obtain still more. In fact, as M. Briand, the premier, stated at the outset, the movement was "purely an insurrectionary one."

Conscious as they are of these facts, Parisians in the bulk have bitterly resented the dislocation of their social and business life. This was obvious during all the untoward scenes which were witnessed at the chief railroad stations last week. Those buildings were as in a state of siege. Everywhere one found soldiers in possession. Neither in ticket office nor in baggage room was there a vestige of the usual attendants; one or two weary and much-questioned officials wandered aimlessly hither and thither; but in the main at St. Lazare, at the Gare du Nord, at the Gare de l'Est, and the Gare de Lyon it was soldiers, soldiers everywhere. And little could they do to help the train-hungry crowds. Now and then, after long hours of waiting, a train would be made up in some sort of fashion, and the unhappy passengers would take their seats in ignorance of what was to follow. It was a journey out into the unknown, for anything might happen, and in any event there was a strong probability that it would not reach its supposed destination. One train, for example, was duly made up and dispatched for Havre, but it had an inglorious career. It got as far as Poissy, some dozen miles from Paris, but there—owing to the signals having been dismantled and the line obstructed by the strikers—the journey came to an end and the passengers were glad to return to Paris by another train which happened to be in the station.

If desolation and paralysis reigned inside the stations, there was plenty of excitement outside. There were thousands in Paris, Americans homeward bound and English people under imperative necessity to return to London, who had to get away somehow. This fact was not lost on the automobile companies, who consequently marshaled their machines in great force outside the railroad stations. It was a rare harvest for them. Masters of the situation, they could demand practically any price. And each day the demand grew higher. At first it was possible to secure transportation to Calais for a hundred and fifty dollars; then the price to Boulogne rose to three hundred dollars; and by and by an American who needed a fast car to Havre had to pay six hundred dollars for his ride. Short journeys from Paris had to be bought at still higher rates, and even bicycles were in furious demand at exorbitant figures. One other method of escape from the trainless city was known to but few, yet in a short time the news spread that it was possible to reach London by the little cargo steamers which start from the Louvre, reverse the Seine, past Havre, and so on to London.

After a day or two of the cry "Give us trains!" there arose another appeal—"Give us light!" For in sympathy with the railroad men, the electricians destroyed one important circuit, and left in darkness the Latin Quarter, the Boulevards St. Michel and St. German, and the Champ de Mars. There were some exciting moments in the cafés when the lights failed and pleasant meals were suddenly interrupted. Diners, both ladies and gentlemen, hastily left the tables and scrambled in the dark for cloaks and coats. In the streets there were scenes almost approaching a panic, and swiftly upon a realization of the situation there came a frantic rush to the shops where candles and lamps were obtainable. Millions of candles could have been sold at any price, but the supply soon gave out, and the helplessness of their situation fanned still further the fury of the Parisians against the strikers.

None of these things were lost upon M. Briand. From the start the French premier seems never to have lost his head. As soon as he saw that the leaders of the men were intent upon carrying out their programme, he met them with an adroit checkmate. As the government owns several of the French railroads and has a controlling interest in the others, all the

employees are servants of the government, and as such are liable to be called upon at any moment for military service. That law placed in M. Briand's hands a powerful weapon. And he did not hesitate to use it. He at once issued an order calling all the railroad employees to mobilize for the service of the state. The leaders of the men were quick to see what this meant. As soon as the employees answered the call, they were to be told that the duty required of them by the state was to return to their work in running the state's property, that is, the railroads they had deserted! At first the men and their leaders treated the order with scorn: "We shall see," they boasted, "if M. Briand will dare to attempt to put 400,000 of us in prison." But the premier did not flinch. As an earnest of his determination, warrants were quickly issued for the arrest of the leaders, and as quickly executed. The boisterous M. Jaures grandiloquently protested "in the name of the republic," but he was reminded by the head of the Paris police that he was continuing a speech which he had had to stop a few months ago at Pere Lachaise cemetery. So the leaders were bundled off to prison, and a few days' reflection on that summary action brought their followers to a more thoughtful and obedient mood. And all this is the work of that statesman who, but a year ago, introduced himself to the Chamber of Deputies as "the first socialist prime minister of modern times"! But Parisians merely shrug their shoulders and smile. They can forgive that melodramatic moment out of gratitude to the man who as soon as possible answered their cry of "Give us trains!"

PARIS, October 19, 1910. ST. MARTIN.

OLD FAVORITES.

Reveille.

Wake: the silver dusk returning
Up the heath of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake: the vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

Up, lad, up, 'tis late for lying:
Hear the drums of morning play;
Hark, the empty highways crying
"Who'll heyond the hills away?"

Towns and countries woo together,
Forelands heacon, helfires call;
Never land that trod on leather
Lived to feast his heart with all.

Up, lad: thews that lie and cumber
Sunlit pallets never thrive;
Morns ached and daylight slumber
Were not meant for man alive.

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover:
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad, when the journey's over
There'll be time enough for sleep.

—A. E. Housman.

Earth for Its Own Sake.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake;
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear?

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture: I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life;
I look upon the peopled desert past,
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring.
Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wings,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

And when, at length, the mind shall he all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existence happier in the fly and worm,—
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot?
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot?

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not stem
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?

—Lord Byron.

Certain passages in the "Iliad" of Homer would lead to the inference that coins of brass were struck as early as 1184 B. C. Tradition affirms that the Chinese had bronze coins as early as 1120 B. C. But Herodotus, "the father of history," ascribes the "invention" of coins to the Lydians, about nine centuries B. C., and there is no satisfactory evidence that coins were known prior to that date.

NEW YORK'S DEGENERATE STAGE.

A Review of Present Theatrical Attractions.

About fifty plays are now being presented in the regular theatres of New York, and their line advertisements occupy a column and a half in the morning newspapers. And they seem to be doing a fairly good business. The usual points on Forty-Second Street and on Broadway are nearly impassable at admission and exit times, and the subway trains present their usual sardine box appearance toward the wee small hours of the morning. Those who profess to cater to the amusement-loving public seem to be doing it successfully, so of what use is it for the solitary misanthrope to complain that there is no play worth seeing or to mourn the degeneracy of the theatrical age. Apparently the people are getting what they want, or want what they are getting, so there is nothing to be done except to bear our ills with what grace we may.

Of course there are some plays that are worth seeing, but they are pitifully few and far between. Here and there can be found a green oasis in a dry land, but the man of decent dramatic instinct who likes to go to the play once a week must either see the same play two or three times over or else descend into a perfect inferno of silliness, or indecency, or both. Of course there is the "Blue Bird" that is still holding its own at the New Theatre, and it will bear seeing two or three times, and even by those upon whom its meaning is lost, and so far as comedy is concerned no one has serious cause for complaint if he finds himself forced back upon "Charley's Aunt." But as for most of the remainder there is no adequate vocabulary of contempt that can be applied to them. How can any man with self-respect allow himself to be drawn to a theatre that promises him a "continuous lusty laugh"? The very thought of such a thing is enough to make him weep rather than laugh. And what is to be said of those plays that are so titled as to recall the "Girl from Rector's"? There are two or more of such plays here now. At the Globe we have the "Girl in the Train," and now at Astor's we have the "Girl in the Taxi." Every one knows, or thinks he knows, just what is being offered to him when the word girl appears in the title, and it is just that one word that is counted upon to draw the morally unwashed. We all know that girl, and we don't like her.

The "Girl in the Taxi" began last Monday, and it really was not so nasty as some of its patrons expected, and they were correspondingly disappointed and felt that their money had been obtained under false pretensions. This can hardly be called fulsome praise, but it is the best that can be done. Of course the play belongs to the "night out" variety, and it is therefore as old as sin, although by a daring flight of genius the author has modernized it by introducing an automobile. We have the usual crowd of country respectables, town roués and divorcees who recognize each other at the all-night restaurant and indulge in the usual horseplay of slamming doors and falling down that is supposed to represent an embarrassed surprise and to be so very funny. Of course there are one or two places where a contemptuous smile is permissible, but to describe the play as humorous would be a piece of self-reflection. The worst of this kind of play is that it makes you feel so old. You search your memory for the first time you saw the "night out" idea, and it is all just the same as it was then, except for the taxi and added touch of viciousness. Of course Jessie Milward is always worth seeing, but we shall not yearn for Carter De Haven, who was specially billed, for some inscrutable reason, and who seemed to have authority to stop the play whenever it occurred to him that he would like to do a little song-and-dance interlude.

But there is a good play at the Knickerbocker, where a hospitable American welcome was extended to Alice Neilson and her husband, Fred Terry, who have brought their English company to play "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Curiously enough, Ellen Terry, who is Mr. Terry's sister, is now on her way to New York and will be here in a few days, and possibly this gave a special interest to the visitors. Miss Neilson was nearly buried in violets, and nothing but a speech from Mr. Terry could quiet the tumult of applause that followed the last curtain. How far the tribute was due to the play and how far to the players remains to be seen.

"The Scarlet Pimpernel" is a play of the French Revolution, and naturally enough some of the critics say that it is "out of date." Well, if it comes to that, the Ten Commandments are out of date, and Napoleon, and lots of other interesting and important things. Presumably the critics mean that there are no automobiles in the play, nor company promoters, and no one is divorced nor wants to be. These of course are fatal defects for those who go to the theatre for incidents rather than sentiments. Those who want the latter will find considerable satisfaction at the Knickerbocker.

At the same time the play seems hardly strong enough to call forth the full capacity either of Miss Neilson or of Mr. Terry, and moreover the plot is involved and likely to be puzzling in parts to those who have not read the story. As is usual with English companies, there was a precise and rigid attention to detail that might advantageously be imitated on this side of the Atlantic. There is no trace of the "good enough" way of doing small things that often mars the illusion of the American stage.

SIDNEY G. P. CORY.

NEW YORK, October 26, 1910.

JACQUES'S WIFE.

Having given the maid-servant permission to go out for the evening, Jacques shut himself up in his study, where a bright wood-fire was burning, and he slightly lowered the wick of the lamp, the strong light of which hurt his near-sighted eyes. Then he became absorbed in a book. The clock struck ten, and in the silence which followed, the ringing of the bell sounded through the apartment. As he expected nobody, he did not stir. The bell was rung a second time, and then he rose, took his lamp, and went to open the door.

A dark form was waiting for him upon the landing. In the light thrown downward by the shade Jacques recognized his wife.

"You!" he faltered.

She did not move, she said nothing, still waiting. Below them yawned the stairway, where the gas had the dim light of a sick-room lamp. The sound of voices rose from the lower floors.

"Come in," he said.

He led her to the study, motioned her to be seated in an arm-chair, and they looked at each other. It was five years since he had seen her. One evening she had left him to follow a lover, and, upon coming home, he had found the house empty, and on the table a letter, scrawled in pencil, containing a few lines of farewell. Today, after five years of absence, here she was, back again, sitting in front of him, still beautiful, but looking faint, sad, almost faded, showing lassitude and suffering. She wore a very simple black gown, so old that it shone at the elbows, and that the seams were white. There was a lock of white hair above her left temple. It seemed to Jacques as if something had closed within him, for he was not moved.

Then, as he did not question her, she told in short phrases, without embarrassment, how her lover had left her the day before, how she had spent the day in weeping, had eaten nothing, had gone out at night, and wandered aimlessly; how she had found herself before his door, and had gone up.

He still said nothing, and in the silence, a thrilling silence, five years of their lives passed before them, his and hers. When she went away, when he found the house empty, his happiness had crumbled, his life had been laid waste, he had thought that he could never be consoled, and he had felt that his reason was in danger. This had lasted for six months, for a year. No tidings of her had come to him, and the hope which still kept watch in his ruined life had died. Then he stopped thinking, and let himself drift, like a wreck. His home, a dainty place, once more interested him, and in the familiar rooms he resumed his old hobbies. Forgetfulness came to him, as it comes after great sorrows, as it always comes, at last. And so Jacques had gone back to the commonplace life of a quiet and contented old bachelor.

She who had forsaken him to seek what she had thought happiness had believed herself happy for a year—just the time during which he had mourned for her, and had suffered. But her awakening had been terrible. Her sober judgment of the man whom she had chosen, for whom she had braved the laws of society and become false to her duties—her sober judgment showed him to be small, mean, inferior to her husband; and that existence which she had dreamed would be serene and joyous became a protracted torture. For five years, bound to this man, she had lived a life without love, without faith, without brightness. Then the money gave out, poverty came, and the tie between them was broken. She, in her turn, found herself abandoned, and wept from distress and loneliness. And now life brought them together again, the husband and wife; he, become commonplace, fat, and peaceable; she, wounded, tired, conquered, miserable.

Still, as they sat silently together, the noises of the street rose up to them; a cab jolted along, a shopkeeper put up his shutters, a passer-by whistled, and the sound went on and faded away in the distance. Jacques moved his keys in his pocket, and their rattling made him start: he remembered his wife's last words.

"You are hungry," he said.

And he went into the kitchen. There was soup, still warm, and the wing of a fowl, which he brought to her. He served her upon a corner of the table where he spread a napkin, and while she was eating he made another journey to the kitchen, brought back a glass, and some wine, and poured for her to drink. He watched her and saw her cheeks grow rosy. He understood that a sense of comfort was gradually taking possession of her in this warm atmosphere, and with her hunger satisfied. When she had finished, they talked together.

"I have met you twice," she said, almost at her ease. "The first time was three years ago, in a variety shop; you passed so close to me that you brushed against me; I must have been as pale as that napkin, but you went away without seeing me."

He seemed surprised, and she continued: "Another time you saw me. It was raining; I was in an omnibus office, and you came in behind me; then I suddenly went away, and you followed me. I walked very fast, and I heard your step behind me. Then you must have lost my track, for I turned round and you were no longer there."

He did not remember it; he was sure that he had never seen her. She told him, still farther, that she lived quite near him, in the same quarter, and he was surprised that they should have lived so close to each

other, and that he should have been so completely ignorant of it.

Now she settled herself luxuriously in her arm-chair, feeling herself refreshed and softened. She had found again the arm-chair to which she had been accustomed, just as she found everything else. Nothing was changed; the hangings were the same, the furniture, the ornaments; everything had a friendly look, an air of welcome. It was peaceful in this home of which she had taken possession again after five years of absence—for did not this dinner upon the corner of the table bear witness to their reconciliation, to her return home? The lamp upon the table was the same which had lighted them in the old days. Now it was all over, that equivocal life was ended forever, with all her troubles. She would resume her place at the fireside, with a husband who pardoned her. She would again live happy days after this torn page in her life.

Jacques considered her, very calmly, without any tenderness, without any anger. Not a word of reproach came from his lips, and not a word of pity. That woman who was seated there was a stranger so far as he was concerned. The other woman, the woman whom he had loved, his wife, was no more; their love was dead, and with his fingers, which he moved, he seemed to shake off the ashes. Without a word he went into an adjoining room and came back with a note for one hundred francs, which he handed to her.

"You need money," he said. "And when you are in trouble again, let me know."

He made her rise, he took the lamp. Scarcely knowing what she did, she looked at him, followed him. At the door, as he opened it, she understood that her dream was over; she understood that he was sending her away, that she was going back into the dark street, back to her cold and empty lodging; that he was inexorable; and her eyes implored him. Jacques opened the door without seeing her. When she was upon the landing he raised the lamp, which bathed her with light as it had done when she came in, and he repeated in a calm voice, which had an indifferent softness: "When you are in need, let me know."

And the door closed upon her, and he heard in the silence her faltering steps as she went down the stairs. —Translated from the French of Louis de Robert, for the Argonaut, by Edward Tuckerman Mason.

Captain Cortier of the French Colonial Infantry, who is familiar with the country between Algiers and Timbuctoo, writes enthusiastically in a Paris journal of the project of a system of aerial transport across the Sahara (as summarized by the New York Evening Post). The distance is about 1500 miles. Starting from the terminus of the railway at Colomb-Béchar, the aerial route, the captain says, could follow the Saoura, a valley which contains villages, springs, and suitable places for relay stations, until the central oasis is reached. The real desert, or Sahara, begins only then over the southern half of the route to the Niger Valley and Timbuctoo. Two courses, one to the west, and the other to the east, might be followed. Both have their difficulties. The western route would include six or seven hundred miles over a region of arid movable sand dunes. There are some parts of the desert where the sand is firm enough for landing. The eastern route is over the rocky and mountainous Sahara, with deep valleys, but more thickly populated and better supplied with water. Along this route the aeroplanes could make their way with comparative safety, supposing that suitable landing places could be found, until within some 950 miles of Timbuctoo. From that point there is at present no source of supply, or inhabited place. All the relay points over this area would have to be established artificially. There are sand hills or dunes all along alternating with level plains five to six miles in extent. Over the movable sand hills the great difficulty is the sand clouds, which are raised by the frequent whirlwinds to a height of 900 feet or more.

The outer light of Boston harbor is Boston light, eight miles below the city and at the very outer end of the channel that ocean liners follow. It stands on Little Brewster Island, a pile of rocks partly grassed over in its gentle hollow on the sheltered side. Three families live there—those of the head keeper and his two assistants. In all the inhabitants number a dozen souls. The light itself is said to be the oldest in America—built in 1715 by the government of England. It is of rough boulder stone, hooped with iron bands, and its clean whitewashed form is a landmark and a seamark far and wide.

Remembering the story of the founding and the early history of the two cities, Boston and Baltimore, one thinks of Boston as the Puritan town and of Baltimore as perhaps the most conspicuous Roman Catholic city in the United States (says the Youth's Companion). Yet the religious statistics of the Census Office show that in Boston the proportion of Roman Catholics is more than twice that in Baltimore; that with the single exception of Cleveland, Baltimore is the most Protestant of all the great cities of the country; and that only New Orleans is more Catholic than Boston.

Although Flodden was fought close upon 400 years ago it is only during the past month that there has been unveiled a monument erected upon the site approximately of the centre of the battlefield, "To the Brave of Both Nations"—Olim Hostes, Nunc Fratres.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Gilbert Reid, who has organized the international institute of China to promote friendly relations with the people of other countries, is an American who has lived in China many years, and who has won the friendship of many of the prominent men there.

Queen Maud of Norway is visiting her native England and staying at her own country home, Appleton House, presented to her by King Edward on her marriage. The place has many historical associations, as it was built on the site of an older structure by Edward VII.

Mme. Lallie Charles is a woman photographer of women who has won eminent success by what art critics are pleased to call artistic merit. She has made portraits of most of the women prominent in aristocratic British society. Mme. Charles is still a young woman and said to be as attractive as most of her subjects.

Mrs. Williamina Fleming, of the Harvard Observatory, recently discovered an uncatalogued star. Professor Edward C. Pickering of the same observatory says that only sixteen stars have been discovered in the past twenty-five years, and of these thirteen have been discovered by women assistants of that observatory.

Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, the Democratic candidate for governor of Connecticut, who has achieved a wide notoriety by sustaining an attack by Colonel Roosevelt has been a professor of law in Yale University since 1872, is an author of authoritative legal books, and chief justice of the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors.

A. N. Pierson, of Cromwell, Connecticut, began as a horticulturist with a shovel and one small cold frame. Now he has the largest greenhouse in the world, the glass-roofed building covering twenty acres. He grows flowers for the dealers in the big Atlantic coast cities and plants which are shipped to wholesale agents. Mr. Pierson made his business profitable from the start.

It is explained that the interest of the deposed young King of Portugal in the Parisian actress and singer Mlle. Gaby Deslys, was simply an artistic one. King Manuel invited the actress to take part in a charity concert at Lisbon, and while she was in that city the young monarch introduced her to his mother, Queen Amélie. Mlle. Deslys is at present playing in Vienna.

Mayor Schoeneck, nominated by the Republicans of New York for lieutenant-governor, was employed for ten years in a blacksmith shop in Syracuse, working at the anvil by day and poring at night over law books. Schoeneck's parents were born in Germany. His father was a blacksmith and young Schoeneck as a boy sold newspapers on the streets of Syracuse. At fourteen he put on the leather apron of the blacksmith craft and learned his blacksmithing. At twenty-seven he was graduated from the College of Law of Syracuse University.

Rudolph Heig, superintendent of the New York Newsboys' Home for thirty-five years, has just retired. In looking back over his work he says: "We have had governors, mayors, and statesmen who have graduated from the home. I don't know whether there is any college that turned out the same average of brilliant business men, professors, school teachers, bankers, lawyers, artists, men of letters, and others who have filled responsible government positions, to say nothing of the newsboys who have become political leaders and countless successful tradesmen."

Viscount John Morley, British Secretary of State for India, is about to retire from his post because of ill-health and advancing age. The viscount is in his seventy-third year. John Morley has long occupied a place of prominence in the affairs of the British empire as a statesman of the liberal school and a follower of the ideas of Gladstone. Born in Lancashire in 1838, he completed his education at Oxford in 1862, and for twenty years was one of the foremost of English essayists. He was elected to Parliament in 1883 and has been a member continuously since that time. He has been a member of two other cabinets besides the present one, having held the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland on both occasions. In addition to his fame as a statesman he has gathered many laurels as a writer. His short essays, especially on English authors, rank high in that division of English literature. His best-known longer work is his "Life of Gladstone," an appreciation of the leader whom he followed for many years.

Cocoonats of the Malay Peninsula sometimes produce pearls that are highly prized by the natives. The stones are not unlike the pearls of the mollusks and are similar in composition to the oyster pearls, having calcium carbonate and a little organic matter. These concretions form just beneath the stem, and a pure white pearl brings a high price, as it is supposed by the natives to possess some kind of charm.

An archaeologist in the Middle West thinks that the Mayas, who once inhabited America, had a civilization as far advanced as that of any early people except the Greeks. The dwellers in the jungles of Yucatan, Guatemala, and Honduras are believed to be their descendants.

SKETCHES OF OLD VIRGINIA.

Typical Examples of George W. Bagby's Writings.

Literary resurrections are too apt to degenerate into body-snatching episodes. Generally there are but one or two interested witnesses, and the corpse is no sooner disinterred than it disappears once more. Somehow, when an author is once buried, readers are shy of accepting his return to life. It would be a genuine loss to American letters were such a fate to overtake Thomas Nelson's Page's effort to secure for George W. Bagby the audience he deserves. Born in 1828, in the heart of Virginia, he studied medicine, and then drifted into journalism. His essays and studies of Virginia life were consequently thrown into "the devouring maw of the daily press," but Mr. Page is of the opinion that those efforts should win for their author more than the local celebrity which was all he enjoyed in his lifetime. This is a view which will be shared by all who have delighted in that unique sketch, "How Rubinstein Played," which was written by Bagby, but is rarely attributed to its author. Mr. Page bases his appeal for Bagby on the ground that next to Poe he was the most original of all Virginia authors, and the first to picture Virginia as she was.

Hence in this volume of wisely made selections pride of place is rightly given to the essay entitled "The Old Virginia Gentleman," in which the stage is properly set by a sympathetic description of the old-time Virginia home. It was a fine old house in which to play hide-and-seek, with dark passages, and the big garret which harbored the family ghost. Eminently fit, then, as an arena for romps with the girls:

And such girls! They were of a piece with the dear old house; they belonged to it of right, and it would not, and it could not, have been what it was without them. Finer women, physically, I may have seen, with much more bone, a deal more of muscle, and redder cheeks; but more grace, more elegance, more refinement, more guileless purity, were never found the whole world over, in any age, not even that of the halcyon. There was about these country girls—I mean no disparagement of their city sisters, for all Virginia girls were city girls in winter and country girls in summer, so happy was our peculiar social system—there was about these country girls I know not what of sauce—the word is a little too strong—of mischief, of spirit, of fire, of archness, coquetry, and bright winsomeness—tendrils these of a stock that was strong and true as heart could wish or nature frame; for in essentials their character was based upon a confiding, trusting, loving, unselfish devotion—a complete, immaculate world of womanly virtue and home piety was theirs, the like of which, boldly claim, was seldom approached, and never excelled, since the Almighty made man in His own image.

What matter if it rained or shone, so you spent your time with girls like these? And if one of them chanced to be a cousin—everybody has cousins—then there was no help for you; literally none—

Did you ever have a cousin, Tom?
And did that cousin sing?
Sisters we've had by the dozen, Tom—
But a cousin's a different thing!

I believe you. A cousin, a real female cousin, I take to be the invention of the devil himself—his pet bit of ingenuity. He makes you all but crazy to marry her, then she won't marry you, never had the remotest idea of marrying you says so anyhow, and you know you oughtn't to marry her even if she were willing; and—where are you? There's not a man of us who has not been robbed of his senses by one or more of these beautiful witches, not one of us who does not recall the time when

Half dying with love,
We ate up her glove,
And drank our champagne from her shoe!

And a little "teenchy" bit of a shoe it was, too—white kid, he never knew who stole it, and you have had it hid away these twenty years, although you are married. I know you, r.

From the girls to the mothers of Virginia is a natural transition, and they give place finally to the Virginia gentleman himself. Bagby cited five types common to the fiction of his time, protesting, however, that truth is only to be reached by combining them all:

No; to me the strangest possible of mistakes is to reckon the broad-shouldered, jovial, rollicking English squire as the true Virginia type. The richest and most varied growths do not come out of cold white clay; but out of dark warm mould; and in the depths of the Virginia character there was ever stratum of grave thought and feeling that not seldom sank to sadness and even gloom.

How could it be otherwise? Whether he lived on the banks of the great tidal rivers, and from his porches and windows was wont to watch the trees, faint and spectral, and on the distant points far across the waves, with here and there a tired sail wandering away into the underworld, as nevermore to return; or from his quiet home upon the hills of Piedmont saw, day after day from childhood, the mighty ledge, a rampart of Cyclopean steel, thrown all athwart the sun and fading in misty fire at the portals of the setting sun; in the great valley beheld himself in an earthly paradise, shut in between battlements built by the gods; or in the heart of the Alleghanies felt his young soul awed by the huge untamed forms, sphinxes as silent and much more vast than at of Egypt; live wherever he might in Virginia, the breadth of grandeur of these aspects of nature imparted their solemnity to him. His spirit was attuned from infancy to the moaning of the pines and the sea-like murmur of the wind the forests around him; the desolation and barrenness of the fields of his neighbors' fields, wasted by bad tillage, left their press upon him; insensibly his mind took the sombre color of these surroundings, and, however gay he might be at times, the warp of his life was always grave.

The profound sense of responsibility to his Maker added to this gravity. As husband, father, master, he felt to the full the weight of human duty. But high above them all he had his Roman sense of civic obligation. *Civis Americanus* was bad in his day a meaning which seems lost in these later times. That meaning never left him. He could not forget and what is more, he did not want to. Often the presiding magistrate of his county; often, too, its representative in the legislature or in Congress, he continued to direct its politics after he ceased to take active part in them. His interest in public affairs abated only with his breath. In addition to many cares that grew out of this interest were the scarcely less heavy anxieties that pressed upon him as the friend, the

counsellor, the fiduciary, the referee, and the arbitrator in the troubles and differences of opinion among his neighbors. His old escriptorio or secretary was full of wills, deeds, notes of hand, and settlements of every kind. The widow and the orphan turned at once to him in all their trials. He never failed them—never.

In an essay entitled "Bacon and Greens," Bagby carried still further his interpretation of the Virginia character. His plea is that "the only perfect bacon and the only perfect greens are found in Virginia":

In point of fact, the native Virginian is different from all other folks whatsoever, and the difference between him and other folks is precisely the difference between his bacon and greens and other folks' bacon and greens. How great this difference is, you are by no means aware. There is a theory in the books that the superiority of the Westphalia and Virginia bacon over all other bacon is due to the fact that our hogs are not penned up, but are allowed the free range of the fields and forests.

Nevertheless, you are not to infer that the Virginian is composed of equal parts of bacon and greens, and that he is, in point of fact, a saphead and a glutton. Such a conclusion would not only be unkind, but illogical. Drinking train-oil does not necessarily turn a man into an Eskimo, nor does the eating of curry compel one to become a coolie and worship Vishnu or Confucius. Still, there is a connection between diet and the ethnological characteristics of the human races; and I take it for granted, first, that a Virginian could not be a Virginian without bacon and greens; and, second, that in every Virginian traces of bacon and traces of greens are distinctly perceptible. How else are you to account for the Virginia love of good eating, the Virginia indifference to dress and household economy, and the incurable simplicity of the Virginia head? It has been affirmed by certain speculative philosophers that the Virginian persists in exhausting his soil with tobacco, because the cabbage he eats is itself an exhauster of the soil, and that, because the hog is fond of wallowing in mud-puddles, therefore the Virginian takes naturally to politics.

I am not prepared to dispute these points, but I am tolerably certain that a few other things besides bacon and greens are required to make a true Virginian. He must, of course, begin on pot-liquor, and keep it up until he sheds his milk-teeth. He must have fried chicken, stewed chicken, broiled chicken, and chicken pie; old hare, butter-beans, new potatoes, squirrel, cymplings, snaps, barbecued shoat, roas'n ears, butter-milk, hoe-cake, asheake, pancake, fritters, potpie, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, June apples, waffles, sweet milk, parsnips, artichokes, carrots, cracklin bread, hominy, bonny-clabber, scrambled eggs, gooba peas, fried apples, popcorn, persimmon beer, apple bread, milk and peaches, mutton stew, dewberries, batter-cakes, mushmelons, hickory nuts, partridges, honey in the honey-comb, snappin'-turtle eggs, damson tarts, catfish, cider, hot light-bread, and cornfield peas all the time; but he must not intermit his bacon and greens.

In his good-humored satire Bagby did not overlook his own profession, as his essay on "The Virginia Editor" testifies. Most of his journalistic friends had grace given them to see the fun of the thing, but one newspaper man regarded it as an assault upon himself and promptly challenged the author. But although the challenge was readily accepted by Bagby, the duel was prevented. No doubt some of the author's own weaknesses are portrayed in his picture of the Virginia editor:

His first waking moments in the morning are saturated with a number of powerful cocktails, to cure a headache, "brought over," as an accountant would say, from the previous midnight. Cocktailed past the point of nervousness and remorse, he dresses himself and wends his way to a barber shop to get shaved, if he shaves at all. Not unfrequently he has himself shaved in bed. Breakfast succeeds, and then, with a cigar in his mouth, he enters his sanctum and goes to work; which work consists in hunting for insults in his exchanges, and in laying the foundation, by means of a scathing article, of a future duel. While employed upon his leading article he suffers no interruption, except from the gentleman who brings a note from another gentleman, whom he (the editor) grossly insulted at an oyster supper the night before. Having no earthly recollection of any such occurrence, the editor feels no hesitation (unless he happens to be unusually bilious, or has no "affair" upon his hands), in saying that he "fully and frankly withdraws any and every expression reflecting upon the character of the gentleman, as a gentleman and a man of honor."

The Virginia editor is not a profoundly learned man; he is not even a smatterer, in the sense, at least, in which that equivocal compliment was paid to Milton. His specialty is politics; and his tastes not less than his occupation conspire to prevent his acquiring any other knowledge. Of Latin he remembers a few terms, such as *ex post facto* and *ex parte*, which he picked up while drifting, for a few weeks, through a law office. Of Greek he retains nearly the whole alphabet, being only a little uncertain as to the relative shapes of Zeta and Xi, and confusing Phi with Psi. His stock of poetry consists of a few scraps of Hudibras, Byron, and Peter Pindar; he has, besides, a professional pride and tenderness for the quatrain commencing:

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again!

It would be impossible to restrain him from quoting this occasionally, and, if it were possible, it would be cruel. His historical information does not extend quite to the times of the Achaean League and the Amphictyonic Council, but dates rather from the Resolutions of '98. With the workings of the American government, from its inception down to the present time; with the character, and to an extent with the writings of the great men who took prominent part in its formation; with the policy of the party leaders; with the politicians, great and small, of his own times; and with their tactics, he is intimately familiar. In fact, his attainments may be summed up in the word "politics"; for while he does not underrate those who understand and take an interest in belles lettres and the arts and sciences, he frankly confesses that he knows and cares nothing about them himself. So fitted is he for partisan journalism, and so wedded to it, that it is to be hoped the divine economy has set apart some waste democratic star, some uncleared portion of the celestial public domain, some half-stunted nebulous Kansas as a newspaper heaven for him and his fellows. Elsewhere no conceivable use could be found for them.

His style in writing varies from the plainest Anglo-Saxon to the most gorgeous highfalutin. In general, however, he makes use of ordinary English, and cares little or nothing about nicety and finish. He is better at repartee than at argument, but prefers hard talk to the most polished wit. His humor is peculiar, and considerably wider than it is subtle.

In a still lighter vein is the whimsical essay on "My Wife, and My Theory about Wives," which starts with the assertion that we do not marry our own wives, but

those of somebody else, and anybody or somebody else marries our wives:

Not only do we not marry our own wives, but frequently we never so much as see them, or, if we do see them, don't know them. On the other hand, a man may see his wife and know her to be his wife, but his wife may not know him, may never know him in this life; *vice versa*, the wife may know her husband and never be known by the husband, and so on. I wish to record my experience on this subject; and if I do so in a somewhat frivolous style, it must not be inferred that I am not in earnest; the inference might be false—"many a true word is spoken in jest."

It follows, or may follow, from what has been said, that we are all married. Yes, that is my opinion. Now, in the eye of the law and of society, I am a bachelor, with every prospect of remaining a bachelor; but in point of fact, and in the eye of reason, I am a married man—just as much of a married man as Brigham Young is; the only difference between us being that his wives are visible, or to speak philosophically, phenomenal, while my wife is not, except, as before said, in the eye of reason—particularly my reason. I say again, and most emphatically, I am a married man; I say so because I know my wife, that is, I know her name and have seen her twice. I have never been introduced to her, never spoke a word to her in the whole course of my life, and never expect to. She doesn't know me from a side of sole-leather, probably never heard of me; and if I were to go to her and tell her she was my wife (which is the fact) would have me put in jail or a mad-house. But, poor thing! that's no fault of hers (she being entirely ignorant of my theory, and of the eye of reason also), and she is my wife, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Perhaps the most sustained and extravagant sketch in the volume is that entitled "My Vile Beard," the first section of which tells how the writer was shaved at Charlotte by the confidant Benjamin. The victim had to wait for an hour while Benjamin was preparing for the operation:

In one hand he held a tin bucket, such as negroes use to carry their dinner to the field, full of hot water; in the other was a large, round, dark-bay, ugly looking gourd; and under his arm was what appeared to me to be a leather surcingle, a mop, and a bowie-knife; but I was so mad with him on account of his delay that I could not see very well. He came into the porch, where I sat, with a smile of intense self-esteem on his face, and said he had been detained all this time by honing the razor. I answered not a word. Setting down his implements on the bench behind me, he stood irresolute for a moment, and finally went off. I sat still as a stone. He soon returned with an axe and a nail. Driving the nail part way into one of the pillars of the porch, he bent the head upward so far as to form a hook, and to this hook he attached the leather surcingle (it was over a yard long), and began to "strop" the bowie-knife, which proved, however, to be a razor, or rather a cross between a razor and a broad-axe. Never before or since have I seen such an implement.

I looked on, without saying a word. He talked and strapped, and strapped and talked. When he had finished strapping his broad-axe (it took him a quarter of an hour to do so), he tested its sharpness by nicking his thumb-nail and by splitting a thread of his wool. I kept perfectly quiet. Regarding myself as a doomed man, I sat quite passive and ready to meet my fate. He laid down his razor and went behind me to get the tin-bucket and other things. I have had many sensations in my time, but I doubt if all of them put together could produce quite so harrowing a state of mind and body as I experienced when that negro came forward with a large painter's brush (it was not a mop), and a gourd full of soft soap—this homemade, greasy, villainous stuff. But I held my peace. He lathered me. Ugh! I shudder when I think of it. But he did lather me up to my very temples and down to my breast-bone. And such lather! Whew! I opened not my mouth. Nay, verily—not in the presence of that lather. After he had invested my countenance with the nauseous froth, Benjamin gave his baby broad-axe a few more whets on the surcingle, and the amputation of my beard commenced. During the first few strokes I was agreeably surprised, the broad-axe seemed to cut so smoothly. But when he had scraped my jaws pretty thoroughly and got over to the fluted part of my neck, where the beard grew like the vortex of a whirlpool, I became conscious of a pain that no man—certainly no woman—ever realized. I can not describe it. It was like tearing the skin off and sticking of red-hot needles into the raw meat, as fast as it appeared under the razor. But it was something more than this—something more than the dumb rage I felt, added to this, and something more than the awful odor of the soft-soap lather, added to that. Imagine it! But, like a stoic, I bore it without a murmur. Nay, I kept my fury so quiet that I did not even make a comment when Benjamin made the remark, for which I had been looking: "Dear now!" said he, "de blood or done come, spite o' all I could do. Dis razor shave mighty easy, I boun; but den de skin on yo' nake 'pear to be monsus weak, monsus."

"I done shave you down," said he, after a while, "right clean and good. Now I gwine ter shave you up. I 'spec when it go again de grain, it ar mos' likely to giv some trouble, but tain' no use o' shavin' unless you gwine ter do de thing as it ought to be done."

So he shaved me against the grain, and I gritted my teeth, determined to bear the torture without a groan, if I died under his hand. At last he got through "shaving me up" and began running his finger about in the greasy soap-suds on my throat to feel which way the beard grew, stopping now and then to staunch the flowing blood with a towel, and promising me that as soon as he got through he would make it all right "by plasterin' de head-holes with a little sut." In getting at the before-mentioned vortex of beard, he assumed all sorts of attitudes and bent my head and neck in all manner of directions, until I thought he would end by twisting my head entirely off. He got in front of me, behind me, on my right side, on my left side, and in between my legs. He was very rough and very determined to fulfill his promise to shave me two days under the skin. Still I gritted my teeth and let him keep on his murderous operation. The job was not an easy one. I felt something almost like pleasure when he began to perspire and to show anger, as if the beard were a personal enemy whom he could not conquer.

"Good G—d A'mighty! what a beard!" he at length exclaimed. "It 'pear to grow fast as you shave it."

That Bagby was skilled in pathos as well as humor is well illustrated by his little paper on doctors, and also by the unconventional essay on a church which had been transformed into a furniture warehouse. Apart from their intrinsic merit, these chapters deserved to be rescued from oblivion for the faithful and tender pictures they give of old Virginia life.

THE OLD VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN AND OTHER SKETCHES. By George W. Bagby. Edited by Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

"Just Folks."

As a keynote to this singularly sympathetic study of lowly life the snatch of dialogue given on the title-page is exceedingly apt: "Problem? Shucks! Folks aint no problem if you really know 'em—they're just folks." The speaker was Liza Allen, one of Miss Laughlin's inimitably drawn characters, a woman of a spirit too indomitable for poverty to defeat, and holding ideals that would shame many a human more highly favored with this world's possessions. It is to her humble Chicago tenement that Beth Tully, a young woman of fresh enthusiasms as a probation officer of the juvenile court, comes as a lodger, there to learn by actual experience how noble are the passions, how genuine the self-denials, how valiant the struggles of that inconsidered class which has to fight the battle of life under a terrible handicap. Beth devotes herself to the bettering of the life of the poor, only to find herself an immense gainer by the labor. The people of her little world—Liza, and the Casey family, and the Slinksy—are vividly depicted by Miss Laughlin, and always with a living and gentle sympathy. She fully sustains her thesis that "the real things worth writing about" are to be found in a stratum of society too often neglected by the writer of fiction, and has produced a story which for its tenderness, its humor, its human interest, and its successful portrayal of character is a unique achievement. No doubt Miss Laughlin has a purpose in view, but it is one well within the domain of fiction, and is never allowed to put art out of court.

"JUST FOLKS." By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Clayhanger.

Lowell's advice to a fellow-laborer in the field of letters who was engaged in recording the life and times of Milton in a formidable array of volumes, to the effect that he ought to provide his readers with a bottle of *elixir vitae* to insure their living until he had completed his toil, may be commended to Mr. Bennett. To get his hero, the lad Edwin Clayhanger, home from school—not a great distance apparently—occupies him for the greater part of three chapters, and at the end of the book, which extends to two short of seven hundred pages, that same Edwin is but on the eve of his marriage. Nor is that all; there are to be two more novels in the series! This is painting on a huge canvas with a will, and the question that immediately presents itself is—Is the subject worth it? Unfortunately, the answer, however, qualified, must be in the negative. The qualification must include due tribute to Mr. Arnold's gifts; his sympathy with lowly life which is not without aspiration, his power of character drawing, his photographic observation, and the elaborate detail with which he paints his backgrounds. Yet, when all that is willingly admitted, the conviction persists that Edwin Clayhanger does not provide the materials for an epic. Save to a limited extent, he has not sufficient vim to breast the circumstances of his life, a conflict which would have provided good excuse for such large treatment as Mr. Bennett's, and no matter how vivid is the realism which sets forth his surroundings the reader can hardly fail to grow weary of such infinite pains in connection with such a subject.

CLAYHANGER. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Memoirs of the Duchess De Dino.

As was the case with the second installment of these fascinating memoirs, so in this third volume the gifted niece of Talleyrand is shown becoming more and more detached from the great world of society and yearning for mental peace and balance. The period covered is from 1841 to 1850, and the records follow the life of the writer in Rochecotte, Nice, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Sagan. In the great cities, however, although news of important doings leaks in upon her, she felt increasingly lonely. She was in the great social world and yet not of it. Its ways irritated and displeased her. She could no longer endure it, and one of her reflections throws a suggestive light on the loss which poor people have sustained by those political movements which have alienated the aristocracy from their lives. "My priest, my White Sisters, my garden, and my poor people and my workmen, are enough for me. What one knows as friends in society are quite uninteresting compared with them. Mme. de Maintenon said, 'My friends interest me, but my poor people touch my heart.' I have often applied this phrase to my own case and understand it fully."

Still, as has been said, the fashionable life of the mid-nineteenth century in Europe finds a reflected record in these interesting pages. A sermon preached at Notre Dame by the Abbé de Ravignan on the want of decency in feminine fashions, in which the preacher inveighed against low-cut dresses and asked, "Where will they stop?" prompted the comment: "Women are far too extravagant; our toilets are complicated by a thousand ac-

cessories, which double the expense without producing any better effect, and young women or those who wish to be fashionable are hardly dressed. My late uncle, M. de Talleyrand, when I began to take Pauline into society, advised me most seriously to respect the decencies of dress and said to me on this subject, expressing almost the same ideas as those of M. de Ravignan, 'If people show what is pretty, it is indecent, and if they show what is ugly, it is very ugly indeed.' He said also of a very thin woman who disdained to wear the lightest gauze, 'No one could disclose more and show less.' And so the record continues day by day, with its quiet pictures of a glittering world long since vanished, and its still more arresting image of a mind growing in sincerity and depth. As with previous installments, the translation is exceedingly facile and full of color, while the notes and biographical index are as competent and useful as ever.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS DE DINO, 1841-1850. Edited by the Princess Radziwill. Third series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Rare Days in Japan.

Yielding at last to the entreaties of his friends, Professor Ladd has written his book on Japan, which is a sober record of the impressions derived from three visits to the country in the capacity of lecturer. The chapters include descriptions of a visit to the Imperial Diet, a journey down the Katsuragawa, an ascent of Asama-yama, a summer-school at Hakone, performances at Japanese theatres, and several receptions at the Mikado's court. As Professor Ladd's visits were before and after the great war with Russia, he naturally makes comparisons, and in one of these he notes that in the year after the war there was a remarkable eagerness to listen to the discussion of moral problems, and educational, political, and economic questions as they are affected by moral principles. When he asked for a suggestion as to the topic on which he should address an audience of boys, he received the reply: "Tell them that they must be 'good men,' and how they may serve their country better by becoming good men." And in another place Professor Ladd writes: "I take this occasion to say that of the greater men in the army and navy of Japan, I have never seen one who gave the slightest sign of a pugnacious temper or of a desire for war." The volume, which is pleasant reading throughout, has numerous illustrations from photographs.

RARE DAYS IN JAPAN. By George Trumbull Ladd. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.25 net.

Imaginary Interviews.

Mr. Howells will soon need a reviewer all to himself on every newspaper and periodical, his books come tumbling so fast from the press. That he can add volume to volume with such brief intervals ought to be a pertinent reminder to non-journalists how busy a vocation is that which keeps a writer in continual contribution to the weekly and monthly publications of the day. Of course in Mr. Howells's case the reason why he is able to publish so often is that he has the gift of penning reprintable matter. Thus the present volume gathers together thirty-five of his Easy Chair essays, with the result that there is a book of more than three hundred and fifty pages. That the essays are worthy of a separate form—that they have a permanent form already is known to all who rightly treasure the bound volumes of *Harper's Magazine*—will be readily granted by all who read them in their original place, for they reveal their author's ripened knowledge and enviable gifts at every turn. All themes come alike to him; that is, he has something of point and moment to say on diverse topics. Now it is vaudeville, anon Italian opera, and then the joys of the American on arriving home, or the merits of the eggs and other foodstuffs provided at Child's. And of course Mr. Howells could not resist the opportunity afforded by his occupancy of the Easy Chair to have a little good-natured fun with his reviewers. They are nearly always young persons, he thinks, for they alone "are capable of the enthusiasms which supply publishers with quotable passages for their advertisements."

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

The Battle of the Wilderness.

Copious as is the literature of the Civil War, there is room and to spare for this intimate and often poetic study of those stoutly contested engagements known as the Battle of the Wilderness. General Schaff gives the best explanation why his book is not superfluous: "I am free to confess that the strategy, grand tactics, and military movements of the Civil War, stirring as they were, are not the features which engage my deepest interest, but rather the spirit which animated the armies of North and South." Hence the attractiveness of this volume, which is a worthy sequel to the same author's admirable study of "The Spirit of Old West Point." Once more the reader is astonished by the photographic detail of General Schaff's memory, which has retained in marvelous fresh-

ness innumerable slight circumstances of the soldiering of his young manhood, and once again he can not fail to be charmed by that musing spirit in which he looks back upon the past. Yet there is enough of the concrete in this volume to satisfy the most exacting student of facts, even though the supply of dates is not so full as might be wished. General Schaff holds the balance fairly between the two great commanders of the war, paying a glowing tribute to the memory of Lee as "the culmination of the gentleman and soldier of our land, and of all lands," and presenting Grant in a favorable light. He also seeks to rectify that less than justice which he thinks has been the portion of Meade. One of the chief merits of the volume is that it stirs no animosities of the past, and will be read with equal interest by the North and South.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS. By Morris Schaff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

Brief Reviews.

"Hygiene for Mother and Child" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net), by Francis H. McCarthy, is a storehouse of advice on the care of the prospective mother's health and on all matters appertaining to the welfare of the baby. The book is based upon wide practical experience and is written in a lucid and attractive style.

Children far removed from Western scenes but lovers of the outdoors, as most children are, will delight in the breezy stories included in "King of the Plains" (Harper & Brothers; 60 cents net), a collection contributed to by such favorite writers as, among others, Charles E. Lummis, M. E. M. Davis, and Til. Tilford. There are twelve stories in all, and there are several spirited illustrations.

A Southern youth and a midshipman tells the story of "The Shogun's Daughter" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50), which owns Robert Ames Bennet as author. The tale has for its background the Japan of pre-Perry days, and full advantage is taken of the romance of that distant period. The hero, as with so many seamen and others since, falls in love with a winning daughter of the country and pursues his passion to a successful close to the accompaniment of much adventure.

Maurice Maeterlinck's new play, "Mary Magdalene" (Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.20 net), is a study of a soul that is finding itself and depicts the ennoblement which a great passion may create. Although cast in the dramatic form, it is difficult to see how it could have stage presentation, for there is no actress who could enact the rôle of Mary and retain the exalted pitch of the dialogue and the suggested environment. Several of the contributory characters, and notably Verus, who has been enslaved by Mary's beauty, are finely drawn.

Preachers who attempt to compete with journalists and politicians in guiding projects for social reform miss their vocation in the opinion of W. Cunningham, the author of "Christianity and Social Questions" (Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net). Ministers, he says, have committed to them in the gospel "the supreme means of touching men personally, and inspiring them with high but practicable ideals. This is the grandest work to which any man can give himself; and it is a miserable thing if he fails to put his best energies into this task."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

How to Judge a Book.

According to the author, this book aims to present the reader with "a simple, home-made system of criticism, yet one based on the highest standards," by means of which he may judge for himself the real merits of any book. Under "general principles" it is stated that interest is the first thing to demand in a book, while later, and with regard to the novel, the chief points to be attended to are given as characters, action, plot, setting, style, and spirit. These qualities are dealt with at greater length in succeeding chapters, and the other topics discussed include morality and art, realism and romanticism, prose other than fiction, and poetry and the drama. In the main, the advice given is of the old-fashioned order, sane and impeccable, but somewhat lacking in that vista-opening quality without which a book about books is of little real value. And now and then Mr. Shuman goes astray in his statements, as when he affirms that George Eliot began to "lose some of her power as an artist" after she had written "Adam Bede." He seems to forget that, apart from the "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Adam Bede" was really George Eliot's first effort, and that neither "The Mill on the Floss" nor "Silas Marner"—especially the latter—manifested any falling off in artistic power. Mr. Shuman apparently forgot the order of the novels, and doubtless thought it was incumbent upon him to bring in somewhere that time-worn complaint.

How to JUDGE A BOOK. By Edwin L. Shuman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

William J. Locke, the author of "Simon the Jester" and other novels notable for their lovable heroes, who will shortly arrive in San Francisco on a visit, has declared to an interviewer that in his opinion the literary output of the present is vastly superior to that of former days, always excepting such masters as Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. He believes that our fiction is superior in form and more workmanlike. One of the regrets of the English novelist is that he has come too late to make the acquaintance of O. Henry, of whose stories he has been a great admirer for several years. "I think," Mr. Locke said, "that he was a man of the greatest promise of our writers in this country."

Robert F. Hoffman, who was mechanical engineer for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé from 1898 to 1900, has embodied some of his experiences in a novel, "Mark Enderby: Engineer," which A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish shortly.

Australia has ordered by cable a large first edition of Mary E. Waller's "Flamsted Quarries" and several London publishers are in negotiation with Little, Brown & Co. for the English rights. The same house has issued the tenth printing of "A Prince of Sinners," the story which established E. Phillips Oppenheim's reputation in this country.

Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie, will add many new letters to her introductions to the volumes of the centenary edition of her father's novels, the illustrations to which are to include many unknown portraits of the great novelist. The edition is to comprise twenty-six volumes.

For the scene of his new novel, "The Siege of the Seven Suits," Meredith Nicholson's choice has fallen upon a country house just outside New York, while his hero is a young architect who makes a specialty of chimneys.

For editorial labors and fees to contributors the sum expended in the preparation of the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has amounted to \$815,000, more than twice the sum involved in the ninth edition. Other expenses have increased the initial outlay to \$1,150,000.

Seventeen of the most eminent men of science have combined in writing the biographies which will be included in "Leading American Men of Science," one of the most ambitious books on the fall list of Henry Holt & Co.

On receiving an order for five thousand copies of a new novel, a traveling salesman asked his customer whether sales as large as these are frequently made today. "Not frequently," was the reply, "but I was present when an order for seven thousand five hundred copies of 'The Wild Olive' was given by a wholesale house in New York not long ago."

Not content with his wide following among adults, Randall Parrish has started to win a juvenile constituency in "Don MacGrath: A Tale of the River," which gives a stirring picture of the settlement of the Western prairies.

Seeing that Emily James Putnam is the wife of George Haven Putnam it is somewhat surprising that her forthcoming volume, "The Lady," a study of the sex in different times and nations, is to hear the Sturgis & Walton imprint rather than that of the Knickerbocker Press. No doubt this does not mean that George Haven Putnam is unappreciative

of his wife's literary labors. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the fact that one member of the Sturgis & Walton Company, namely Horatio S. Krans, was for so long associated with the house of Putnam.

As Claude C. Washburn declares that in Paris one is "overwhelmed with ideas" the reading of his "Pages from the Book of Paris" will be anticipated with considerable curiosity. The volume is to be fully illustrated by Lester G. Hornby, a young etcher of great promise.

Mahel Osgood Wright's new novel, "Princess Flower Hat," is to be another Barbara story with sundry suggestions about gardening and allied topics.

Inevitably, Robert Hichens's glowing *Century* articles on Palestine have been made into a book, and "The Holy Land" is certainly a sumptuous volume, notable for its admirable press work and the efficient and artistic reproductions of Jules Guerin's color studies.

Among the notable Macmillan publications of next month will be "The Reminiscences of Goldwin Smith," edited by Arnold Haultain, his secretary and literary executor. It will be a volume of over four hundred pages, and is to be illustrated with photogravures.

As an example of the fatuous reviewing which so often distinguishes the literary pages of the London *Daily Chronicle* the notice of Irving Babbitt's "The New Laokoon" reaches a depth of inanity not often surpassed. Its patronizing tone is ludicrous in the extreme, which is made all the more laughable because the reviewer entirely misses the point of the book.

In the early days of her writing career Miss Braddon, who is now in her seventy-fourth year and has lived to see her son, W. B. Maxwell, take a high rank as a story-teller, was offered a commission for a novel which was to combine "the humor of Dickens and the plot construction of G. W. Reynolds." Although the remuneration offered was but fifty dollars, Miss Braddon accepted the task.

New Books Received.

FICTION.

TAMA. By Onoto Watanna. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.60 net.

A fascinating story of Japan redolent of Eastern atmosphere and illustrated and decorated in a dainty style.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

This is a specially illustrated edition of Mark Twain's favorite story, the pictures of which are full of life. The volume is admirably printed and handsomely bound.

OPEN WATER. By James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.20 net.

Nine short stories of the sea, written in Mr. Connolly's well-known dashing style.

LADY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.20 net.

"Q's" latest romance, the scene of which is laid in America in the early eighteenth century and the people of which are notable for their rigid conventions.

THE STAR-GAZERS. By A. Carter Goodloe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

For heroine there is a most charming American girl who meets her fate in Mexico and moves among a company of witty people.

MARK ENOEBY, ENGINEER. By Robert F. Hoffman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

An absorbing story of mountain railroading in the Southwest, with plenty of romance and adventure.

THE PRICE OF THE PRAIRIE. By Margaret H. McCarter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A story of Kansas, depicting the conflict between the whites and the Indians during the early days.

THE SECOND CHANCE. By Nellie L. McClung. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20 net.

Further episodes in the career of Pearl Watson, telling of her growth to womanhood.

THE SECOND ELOPEMENT. By Herbert Flowerdew. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

A romance that starts in a train and follows devious ways to the usual conclusion.

EDWARD AND I AND MRS. HONEYBUN. By Kate Horn. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

A romance of married life in which the reader moves in high society.

NOT GUILTY. By W. E. Norris. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

Opens with a court scene in which the verdict of the title is given by the jury and the hero goes out to face the malice of his fellow-men.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE. By Florence Nevill. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 75 cents net.

Tells in a moving manner the tragedy of one whose life has been changed to pain.

THE UNSTRUNG BOW. By David O. Batchelor. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20 net.

An attempt to do for Peru "what Wallace did for Mexico in 'The Fair God.'"

THE GLAD LAZY. By Amy E. Blanchard. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.50.

An interesting story which relates incidentally the pleasures of a vacation spent in northern Spain.

THE SWORD IN THE MOUNTAINS. By Alice Macgowan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

As the title suggests, this is a romance of Civil

War times, and gives a moving picture of the pathetic divisions in families created by that conflict.

JUVENILE.

THE LILAC FAIRY BOOK. Edited by Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.60 net.

Another volume in Mr. Lang's unique series, the tales of which have been chosen with his customary appreciation of the best in literature. The volume is charmingly illustrated.

CHATTERBOX FOR 1910. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.25.

All the qualities which have made this annual so long a leading favorite with children are in evidence in this latest issue.

DON MACGRATH. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

Mr. Parrish's first attempt to cater for a juvenile audience. A stirring story of a boy's adventures on the Mississippi in the latter days of the river steamer.

WITH LYON IN MISSOURI. By Byron A. Dunn. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25.

An addition to the "Young Missourians" series replete with thrilling escapes from the dangers of war.

EUGENIE. Translated from the German of Erich Holm. PRINCE EUGENE. Translated from the German of L. Wurdig. CHARLEMAGNE. Translated from the German of Ferdinand Schmidt. QUEEN MARIA SOPHIA OF NAPLES. Translated from the German of Carl Kuchler. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net per volume.

Four new volumes in Mr. Upton's admirable "Life Stories for Young People," fluently translated and well illustrated.

THE RED MAGIC BOOK. By Emilie Benson Knipe. Verses by Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A novelty for children, fitted with a transparent page of red celluloid which can be folded over any other page in the book.

THE FUGITIVE FRESHMAN. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

An arresting story of a freshman who runs away from college to escape from a difficult situation and plunges into a series of amusing adventures.

THE KING OF THE PLAINS. By Til. Tilford. Paul Hull, W. O. Stoddard, Charles F. Lummis, M. E. M. Davis, and others. New York: Harper & Brothers; 60 cents.

Short and vivid stories of out-door life in the West designed for young readers between the ages of twelve and fourteen.

THE HOLLOW TREE SNOWED-IN BOOK. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

A welcome continuation of the delightful stories about the hollow tree and the deep woods people. Numerous unique pictures.

SAMMIE AND SUSIE LITTLETAIL. By Howard R. Garis. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

Bedtime stories for little folks clustering around the lives of two rabbits.

SHERMAN HALE THE HARVARD HALF-BACK. By George Hart Rand. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.50.

For boys. A story of college life in which the hero has to suffer many things for his lady love.

THOSE SMITH BOYS. By Howard R. Garis. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.25.

An addition to the Smith boys series full of fun and frolic.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE INFLUENCE OF WEALTH IN IMPERIAL ROME. By William Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

An essay of extreme interest devoted to various phases of the social and economic life of ancient Rome.

ANATHEMA. By Leonid Andreyev. Translated by Herman Bernstein. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

This is the authorized translation of a tragedy of singular power which deals with the cause of the children.

POEMS. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Graceful verse of unusual distinction reprinted from the leading magazines.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS DE DINO. Edited by the Princess Radziwill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Another installment, the third, of these fascinating memoirs, covering the period from 1841 to 1850.

THE STORY OF THE GRAIL AND THE PASSING OF ARTHUR. By Howard Pyle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

This is the fourth and final volume of the series in which Mr. Pyle has retold and pictured with so much charm the life and kingship of Arthur, King of England.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS. By W. Cunningham. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net.

An attempt to "set forth, from a Christian standpoint, the relative importance of all the forces that make for human welfare, or militate against it."

CUPID'S CYCLOPEDIA. By Oliver Herford and John Cecil Clay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

A dainty and amusing little book for "the earnest student of true love."

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE PACIFIC NORTH-WEST. By Katharine B. Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An anthology of folklore stories of deep interest, fully illustrated from excellent photographs.

THE PRINCIPLES, RULES, AND LAWS OF AUCTION BRIDGE. By J. B. Ellwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

An admirable handbook, based upon the principle that the chief equipment for auction bridge

is the ability to estimate the value of a hand with approximate exactitude.

STANDARD MUSICAL BIOGRAPHIES. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75.

Brief biographies of the composers whose works are most frequently before the public, including many living musicians. Numerous illustrations.

MY VOICE AND I. By Clara Kathleen Rogers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Sets forth many new ideas in voice training, and lays great stress upon the relations between voice and musical perception.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF COLDS. By William S. Sadler. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

Dr. Sadler tells how to distinguish between different kinds of colds and offers valuable advice as to prevention and treatment.

FAITH, HOPE, LOVE, LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, AND GOOD CHEER. Compiled by Grace Browne Strand. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net each.

Two admirable anthologies of a helpful character.

STORY TELLING: WHAT TO TELL AND HOW TO TELL IT. By Edna Lyman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents net.

For the guidance of those who would excel in telling stories to children. Many examples are given.

SUGGESTION, SPIRITISM, CLAIRVOYANCE, HINDU PHILOSOPHY. By Edward B. Warman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net each.

Four additions to the psychic science series expounding in a brief but clear manner the several subjects of the titles.

SOCIALISM AND SUCCESS. By W. J. Ghent. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

Reaches the conclusion that "socialism, in its practical form, is a world-wide movement for industrial democracy."

ATTITUDES AND APOWALS. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

Miscellaneous papers on the profession of poet, citizens of nature, books as doctors, and literary appreciations.

HERBS AND APPLES. By Helen Hay Whitney. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 oct.

Verse largely reprinted from the magazines.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

Characteristic essays, distinguished by Mr. Howells's lightness of touch and humane philosophy.

WRITTEN ENGLISH. By John and Helen Erskine. New York: The Century Company.

A compact and exceedingly useful guide to the rules of composition.

REAJOINS IN CIVIL GOVERNMENT. By Percy Lewis Kaye. New York: The Century Company.

Designed for the special use of secondary students and presenting in an orderly form selections from great writers likely to provoke classroom discussion.

THE WORLD'S CHILHOODOO. By Louis Albert Banks. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.30 net.

Sermons based upon themes suggested by the first three chapters of Genesis.

JESUS AS PROBLEM, TEACHER, PERSONALITY, FORCE. By D. W. Bornemann. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; \$1 net.

A translation from the German of lectures inspired by the views of Albrecht Ritschl.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net.

An amusing poem, written nearly forty years ago, of the first American flying-machine. Illustrated by admirable sketches by Wallace Goldsmith.

LIVES OF THE FER FOLK. By M. D. Haviland. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Studies of special appeal to all lovers of animal life, dealing with the fox, the rabbit, the cat, and the badger.

SIGURD. By Arthur Peterson. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

Tells in blank verse the story of Sigurd, or Siegfried, and depicts the hero as a young Norse rover.

SONG-SURF. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Collects all the earlier poems of the author which he cares to preserve.

THE BREAKING OF BONOS. By Arthur Davison Ficke. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A drama of the social unrest which does not subscribe to the theory that one remedy can correct varied evils.

THE COMPLETE CYNIC. By Oliver Herford, Ethel Watts Mumford, and Addison Mizner. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; 75 cents net.

Compiled from those Cynic's calendars which have enlivened the falls of the last five years. A book of excellent fun and adequate pictures.

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LITERARY GOSSIP.

An antiquarian expert has been invited to inspect and report on the collections in Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon with a view to their rearrangement. The late librarian, Richard Savage, has been granted a retiring pension of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year, and a successor has been appointed in the person of Frederick C. Wellstood at an annual salary of one thousand dollars.

By the death at the age of eighty-nine of Louisa, Lady de Rothschild, an interesting link with Thackeray has been broken. She once complained to the novelist of his unfavorable bias against the Jews in his writings, with the result that may be read in that warm tribute towards the end of the second chapter of "Pendennis."

"There is too much talk about the mission of the novel," says E. V. Lucas through the mouth of his Mr. Ingleside. "The novel has no mission hut to provide an escape. The other books—the turgid tracts on public questions, the stories with a purpose—are not novels at all, and it is time that a new name were given to them. They are all right, hut they should declare themselves. They have

no right to pretend to be honest, genial romances, and all the time want your blood—that is, your improvement."

What is to be said about an author who declares he has never made a penny out of writing hooks when he owns that one of his volumes sold to the extent of ten thousand copies and another to five thousand? Either Byron's application of a New Testament character should be applied to this author's publisher, or the author himself is a candidate for a certain famous club.

An entirely new and thoroughly revised edition of Rossiter Johnson's "A History of the War of Secession" is to be issued at an early date by the Wessels & Bissell Company.

A. Maurice Low has delivered to his publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company, the manuscript of the second volume of his valuable study of "The American People," which is not, however, to be published until next year.

William M. Sloane's "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" is to appear in a new edition shortly. It will be printed from new plates and contain more than 10 per cent of new matter, the fruit of fourteen years' exhaustive research.

The Liza Lehmann Concerts.

Any one wishing to hear some delightful music and a concert quite different from any ever given here should attend the concerts being arranged by Manager Will Greenbaum with Mme. Liza Lehmann, the famous English composer, and her quartet of singers from London. The programmes will be devoted entirely to works of Mme. Lehmann, and these are of most varied character, extending from the very grave to the gayest of fantasies such as the "Nonsense Songs" from "Alice in Wonderland," and "Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral," words by H. Belloc. Had Mme. Lehmann composed nothing else hut the setting of "The Ruhaiyat," called "In a Persian Garden," she would have become world-famous, hut she has besides several scores of successful compositions to her credit.

The Lehmann concerts will be given at the Novelty Theatre on the evenings of November 15 and 17, and at the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoon, November 20.

The first night will be for the members of the Pacific Music Society with a special programme. On Thursday night the offering will include the song cycles for quartet, "In a Persian Garden," and "Nonsense Songs," and solo numbers by Miss Blanche Tomlin, soprano; Miss Palgrave-Turner, contralto; Mr.

Hubert Eisdell, tenor; and Mr. Julien Henry baritone.

At the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon the programme will include the beautiful cycle of "Breton Folk Songs" and the "Cautionary Tales," of which the titles are as follows: "Rebecca" (who slammed doors and perished miserably), "Jim" (who ran away from his nurse and was eaten by a lion), "Matilda" (who told lies and was burned to death), "Henry King" (who chewed little bits of string and was early cut off in dreadful agonies), and "Moral" Charles Augustus Fortescue (who always did what was right and so accumulated an immense fortune).

Seats and programmes ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Thursday morning, November 10.

The Lehmann Company will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse Friday afternoon, November 18, offering the first programme above.

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just came to see if yo' wouldn't join de mission band." "Fo' de lan' sakes, honey," replied the old mammy, "doan' come to me! I can't even play a mouf-organ."—Lippincott's Magazine.

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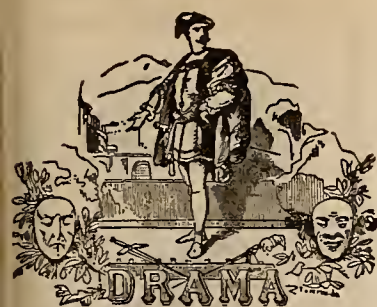
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"THE FORTUNE HUNTER."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Unhackneyed, wholesome, merry, "The Fortune Hunter" is equally acceptable to the sense of humor and to the sympathies. It is the kind of piece enjoyed by the intellectual and frivolous, that the habitual theatre-goer must not allow to slip away unseen. Coming, as it did, comparatively unheralded, it had a good house on the opening night, and almost from the start an audience lapped in a mellow mood of cozy self-gratulation.

Mr. Winchell Smith, who is the author, has had the talent, the ingenuity, and the originality to compose a rural comedy on entirely original lines. There is nothing stereotyped in the play, either in lines, or situation, nor in the ingeniously involved country village atmosphere.

And furthermore, the author has contrived so engagingly to entwine comedy and sentiment that while the spectator smiles, or, in the keener moments of comedy, laughs almost to the button-bursting point, his heart is kept in a delightfully soft and sympathetic state—two conditions which, when carried on simultaneously, appeal with peculiar force to the American temperament.

Mr. Smith has handled his materials very shrewdly. The impecunious and dejected "fortune hunter" is first seen in a New York environment wherein he receives from an ingenious millionaire friend minute instructions as to the best method of capturing a country heiress. The author at once shows his command of easy, unaffected dialogue, pointed with sententious wit and pleasant humor, and Fred Niblo fits so perfectly into the part of Nathaniel Duncan that, in spite of the well-remembered magnetism of Jack Barrymore, it makes us feel that we have not lost by the change in the cast.

In the second act, the scene of the play is shifted to a Pennsylvania village, in which Nat Duncan is carrying out his instructions for the subjugation of well-dowered femininity. Here we might well have expected wearisome stereotype. But no. Mr. Smith has a deep perception of how an audience, so easily fooled and captured by stage trickery, rejoices in the absence of the banal and the artificial. There is no muscular humor nor soft-music sentiment in "The Fortune Hunter." The tone of the comedy is delightfully genuine, and the portraits of the villagers are drawn with a skill that demands finish in the work of the players who impersonate them.

And the demand is met. Even the giggling girls, coquetting with the drug-store clerk, were represented with more than the usual attention to detail in such light rôles, and the more important characters, the banker, the ivoryman's son, the deputy sheriff, the banker's clerk, the drummer, the city sharper, and he old men gossips are all so well acted that all the critic has to do is to commend.

A guiding intelligence of unusually keen standards of what is sterling in acting and production is observable in all the details of the performance. One wonders if the clever rain that conceived the comedy had not been earlier exercised in the placing of it on the boards.

I have heard an exception taken by a talented player in the methods so prevalent nowadays of selecting actors for their physical fitness for long-run parts; as, it was stated, it was made to suffer by overlooking acting talent in favor of suitability of appearance. But in spite of physical qualifications having very evidently been considered in the selection of the players, as seen at the Columbia theatre on Monday night, the acting in "The Fortune Hunter" is more than ordinarily good. And it becomes our privilege to cast a mall laurel wreath of appreciation to Frank Bacon, so well known by San Francisco theatre-goers. Mr. Bacon plays the part of Sam Graham, failure as a man of business, and an inventive dreamer of a soft and tender heart, who mistakes wolves for kindly disposed sheep, if they only practice a little care in ruffing teeth and claws with a concealing heepskin. Old Sam is only one of many in the village. The character does not rise to teller honors, but if it did, Mr. Bacon would deserve them on account of the exceeding efficacy, the effect of absolute sincerity, with which he conveyed the idea of a simple, tender, guileless, dear old optimist.

Alma Belwin, another San Franciscan, and very pleasing young actress, played with

particularly sympathetic comprehension the rôle of Betty, the pretty daughter of the old inventor. Miss Belwin understands the art of charging her voice with all a girl's world of desperation, of revolt, and of nervous exasperation, and, in the matter of looks, the actress rises to the situation very prettily, when Betty, transformed as only becoming clothes can transform a pretty girl, returns from her term in a finishing school, and proves to the envious village beauties that hers is the surpassing charm.

The play demands quite a numerous cast, and the characters are of the kind that appeal to a player's sense of enjoyment. In consequence there is an entire absence of that dry, distressing mechanical effect in the team work peculiar to long runs, so that the entire performance gives an effect of freshness and spontaneity.

Winchell Smith, besides possessing a very happy adroitness in the manipulation of his plot, a kindly and jocund spirit in the delineation of character, and a facility in producing sententious yet pregnant dialogue that might move a veteran dramatist to envy, shows also a Barrie-like ingenuity in stage device and suggestive business for the actors that keeps the audience's sense of enjoyment agreeably titivated.

Young Duncan's struggles with the unfamiliar broom and the perplexing soda fountain, Betty's accustomedness with her scrubs, the talks of the unwilling suitor through the telephone—in which, too, Mr. Niblo's Dixey-like humor played an indispensable part—all these points lent a perpetually whetted zest to the enjoyment of the audience, the quality of whose laughter spoke of a kind of pleasure that the wisest scholar need not disdain.

A play that I recall that is the most akin in quality to "The Fortune Hunter" is "Mary Jane's Pa," which also had a rural environment, a family circle in intimate evidence, a stranger with cosmopolitan experiences and a metropolitan sense of humor suddenly making an irruption into village life, and which gratified spectators by a pleasant flavor of kindly sentiment mingled with deliciously spontaneous humor. I speak of this, not because of any noticeable resemblance between the two pieces, but merely as a suggestive aid to those who, afraid of farcical froth, can not make up their minds whether or not they will take in "The Fortune Hunter." For I should say that who likes one will like the other.

The coming Charity Fund Benefit to be given under the auspices of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco has been postponed to Friday afternoon, November 18, at precisely two o'clock. The members of the association feel confident that they will offer the best array of talent ever gathered together in one bill. Blanche Walsh will present something very interesting; Mr. Faversham and Miss Julie Opp will appear in a sketch; Max Dill, Lora Leib, Beatriz Michelen-Middleton, and others from the Garrick Theatre will offer the musical comedy portion of the entertainment; the Orpheum promises the Russian dancers and other high-class acts, and Bessie Barriscale, Howard Hickman, and others from the Alcazar will present "Disqualified," a one-act playlet of interest. There will not be a dull moment in the three hours of continuous performance, for such it will be. Every purchaser of a ticket, in addition to seeing a splendid performance, will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is contributing his mite towards aiding some sick or distressed member of the theatrical profession. Tickets are on sale at all of the principal theatres and an early investment is recommended.

Apparently a movement for lower-priced theatrical entertainments in New York has come from the subsidized playhouse of the millionaires. The New York Globe says: "The growth of the New Theatre plan of opening up the playhouses on selected nights to wage-earners at a special price is so rapid that it has been necessary to add more theatres to the list. On Wednesday evening, November 9, the Hackett, where "Mother" is now playing, will join the New Theatre, the Lyric, and the Manhattan Opera House, and open its doors to the wage-earners' association. The movement, which is being engineered by Julius Hopp, now comprises over 250 organizations, all of which are represented in a central body. After the opening wage-earners' night at the Hackett one night each week will be set aside at this house for the societies represented. About half the house will be sold to members at the reduced scale."

Charles Rann Kennedy will take out naturalization papers in a few days and become an American citizen. Mr. Kennedy is the author of "The Servant in the House" and other successful plays, and his wife, Edith Wynne Mathison, is this year leading woman of the New Theatre company. Mr. Kennedy is a devoted friend and admirer of Ellen Terry, who began her ninth tour of America last week at the Hudson Theatre in her Shakespearean discourses.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The last performance of Clyde Fitch's last and most absorbing play, "The City," will take place at the Savoy Theatre this Sunday evening, and on Monday night that distinguished Russian actress, Mme. Nazimova, who created such a favorable impression on the occasion of her first appearance here last year, will begin an engagement limited to six nights and three matinées. The announcement, in accordance with the promise of the Messrs. Shubert that they would send their most important stars and attractions to San Francisco, will undoubtedly be hailed with delight by the lovers of the best in stage art. Nazimova is today generally conceded to be one of the world's greatest English-speaking actresses, and what she has achieved during the comparatively few years that she has been before the public is a matter of history.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings and at a special matinee Tuesday Mme. Nazimova will present "Little Eyolf," the remarkable Ibsen play which she selected for the opening of the Nazimova Theatre in New York City last April and which is entirely new to San Francisco. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings and at the usual Thursday matinee she will appear as Nora in "A Doll's House," Mme. Nazimova's first and greatest success. On Friday and Saturday evenings and at the Saturday matinee she will offer, for the first time here, "The Fairy Tale," a new play by Arthur Schnitzler, which she produced for the first time anywhere in the English language in Chicago in September of the present year. Mme. Nazimova will be supported by the entire Nazimova Theatre Company from her Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre in New York.

"The Fortune Hunter," now playing at the Columbia Theatre, enters upon its final week's engagement beginning this Sunday evening, and it promises to be one of the most successful engagements of the season. A delightful comedy—fresh, vigorous, and wholesome—the new play by Winchell Smith abounds in all the delicate touches that go to make up a genuine success. The play and company are reviewed at length in another column.

Next week will be a red-letter one in the history of the Orpheum. The Imperial Russian Dancers, Alexander Valinnee, Lydia Lapokawa, and Theodor Lapokawa, who have been the rage of all the European capitals and who are in this country by permission of their Czar, will appear in a series of characteristic and classical dances. They come here direct from Chicago, where they created a furor. Lydia Lapokawa, a brown-haired, brown-skinned girl of exquisite symmetry, piouettes and postures in glorious enjoyment of life and youth, while no less wonderful are Alexander Valinnee and Theodor Lapokawa. Theirs is the poetry of motion, a song without words, and a revelation in the art of emotion and expression. Mlle. Camille Ober, the Parisian star who has been brought to this country expressly to play the Orpheum Circuit, will make her first appearance here. She is considered a most phenomenal vocalist. She is not a vaudeville singer in her own country, but is identified with grand opera. Mlle. Ober gives an imitation of a French soubrette in her ordinary voice, after which she sings a Tyrolean fantasia, in which she covers a range of three octaves. The most remarkable feature of her performance is in "Cavalleria Rusticana," when she reaches G in the fourth octave. The New York Trio will sing coon songs in amusing fashion to the accompaniments of the mandolin, guitar, and viol. Miss Felice Morris, daughter of the late Felix Morris, one of America's most distinguished character actors, will appear in Edgar Allan Woolf's comedietta, "A Call for Help." Miss Morris will be supported by George Saybolt and Edward Cohen. Next week concludes the engagement of the Old Soldier Fiddlers, Frank Morrell, the Gus Onlaw Trio, and Lionel Barrymore and McKee Rankin.

Following "The Fortune Hunter" at the Columbia Theatre, the attraction will be Blanche Walsh and her supporting company in the new play by Frederic Arnold Kummer, entitled "The Other Woman." It is said to be a play of exceptionally great heart interest and a dramatic sensation. In "The Other Woman" Miss Walsh plays the part of a woman who loves another's husband and who is loved in return. This "other woman," however, refuses to be the cause of husband and wife separating, and the resulting struggle with herself is a bitter one. Seats for the engagement will be placed on sale next Thursday.

"I understand Van Dauber's big picture was skied at the exhibition." "Yes, and Van is delighted." "Delighted?" "Sure. So many people have aviation neck nowadays, that his picture is seen the first of all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Mme. NAZIMOVA
Mon. and Tues. evs. and Special Tues. mat., "LITTLE EYOLF"; Wed. and Thurs. evs. and Thurs. mat., "A DOLL'S HOUSE"; Fri. and Sat. evs. and Sat. mat., "THE FAIRY TALE."
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OAKLAND—Friday aft. Nov. 18 YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

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In December—TETRAZZINI, EMILIO DE GOGORZA.

VANITY FAIR.

Henceforth the dandy is not to be the dandy as he used to be. Not a mere Beau Brummel, that is, distinguished for his prodigious waistcoats and his wonderful attitudes, mistaking tactlessness for impertinence and insolence for wit. The dictionary definition of the dandy must be revised to "elegant clothes and an elegant mind."

Such is the fiat of M. de Fouquieres, of Paris, the arbiter of the mode for men. He affirms that the real dandy must be not merely a perfectly dressed man, but also a kind of knight, courteous, tactful, and chivalrous. He must be supple, witty, charming, and a man of culture. M. de Fouquieres would fain stem the tide of modern ill-manners. "We are," he says, "ever in a hurry. We are skeptical inclined, and are 'blase' when mere youths. Dressed in black, we carry with ourselves an atmosphere of indifference and have 'rigid' attitudes. Oh! that way we have of saluting ladies with a little sign of the fingers and a hasty bow—one, two, one, two—which is to the *baise-main* of yore what a two-step is to a stately *pavan*. When we leave a drawing-room we don't exclaim, 'It was wonderful, enchanting, intoxicating'; we merely say, 'It was rather decent.' That is progress; the men talk of business or sport and the young men went there because it was a social obligation. I don't object to sport; on the contrary. It creates a taste for action, but it should not be taken to the hall, where one should go merely to amuse one's self, if one is young, if one appreciates feminine grace, the beauty of flowers, and the caress of perfumes." M. de Fouquieres speaks with the authority of one of the three best-dressed men of Paris, the other two being M. le Bary of the Theatre Francaise, and a leading couturier who has won fame for his original designs and color schemes. But M. de Fouquieres does not owe his reputation to the exquisite nuances of his ties and the subtle harmony of his attire, but to the elegance of his manners and conversations. Who, then, has a greater right to speak for the dandy of the twentieth century?

Character in coiffures is the latest achievement of the society psychologists. The two eternal types—the blonde and the brunette—are to be closely studied for this self-revelation. There is the woman with the brooding eyes and serious expression, affording insight into the "long, long thoughts" that fill her mind; and there is the girl of honeyed charm, graceful and gracious, radiating sunshine. It is all a matter of curls. The brunette of the sweetly serious pose owes it all to her coiffure. It includes a soft fringe of hair falling over the thoughtful brow, dusky tresses lightly puffed out above the temples, and at the back brightly furnished curls loosely arranged. As a triumphant accessory of an intellectual kind there is nothing more effective than a straight hand, of jewels or tulle, or metal or tissue, worn upon the brow or just above it. For the blonde the scheme must be different. It must have a profusion of little curls to break the rigid line of the forehead, and larger rippling puffs all over the head. To heighten the effect recourse must be made to the rocco shades of pink and blue, mauve and green, amber and pearl-gray satin, all used together to twist a wreath or half-wreath of little roses across the curls.

But it seems that the distinction has to be carried still further. Dress must be psychological as well as curls. So declares Lady Duff-Gordon, who clothes the female form divine according to soul. Hence while the dress of the brunette must be all for tragedy and passion, that of the blonde must be all for smiles and dimples and childish laughter and appeal. Delilah, then, tall, dark, mystic, black-eyed, blue-lidded, slender, lissom, phantom-like, is to have her creations built along the lines of mystery, while Corisande, petite, and dainty, blue-eyed and fair-haired, is to be touched as with a fairy wand. Delilah must hear herself proudly, goddess-like, not of the earth; Corisande may trip and smile and almost simper. And yet the mere male imagines a woman's life to be idle and aimless!

On the surface there does not appear to be much connection between the odor of a hurned pudding and a love passion. Ah, but you never can tell what clever associations may be unearthed by the accomplished hypnotist. Dr. Freud, for example, has discovered that an odor of hurned pudding and love are nearly related. The odor was smelled by an English governess in the family of a widowed Austrian manufacturer, and the only explanation she could give of the persistence of the odor in her imagination was that one day when playing with the children in her charge they had neglected a little pudding which they had been allowed to make and cook. But close questioning revealed the further fact that she was thinking of giving up her position because she had unconsciously fallen in love with the children's father. And the charming thing is that no sooner had the confession been made than the odor

of the hurned pudding ceased from trouhling. Of course it's easy to see the connection; the spoiled pudding naturally suggested sad thoughts of the children's motherless condition, and from that to an altruistic desire to remedy the evil was a natural transition. So you never can tell what pranks Cupid may not be up to.

According to Mrs. Curtis, the tactful girl is due sooner or later to become the most popular girl in town. "She may not," she writes in *Success*, "be so very clever or deep, but she has that intimate knowledge of what is the right thing to say and when to say it. Some one has said that you can educate a child in tactfulness. To a certain extent you may, but not wholly. It is a gift that is born in one. I have seen little children who would pause in the middle of a sentence because it might hurt the feelings of a playmate. Consider the girl who is not tactful. I know a young woman in Washington society who makes the most tactless, most unkind speeches. A morning paper announced that a widely known American girl was about to become the morganatic wife of a foreign prince. That afternoon amid a crush of people she congratulated the young lady with: 'My dear, I suppose when you are a morganatic duchess you will never see poor little me.' 'I shall not wait till that happens,' was the crushing reply. 'I think it is an excellent arrangement to begin now.' That is only one of her breaks. At a dinner party one night she retailed a story which was funny enough, but a disgraceful gibe at the Catholic religion. The gentleman who took her into dinner did not even smile. She remembered a second later that he was one of the most devout Catholics in Washington society. She apologized, but she did not realize the apology made the situation slightly worse. There are girls of her sort everywhere, and they wonder why they are not popular."

What's this about lemons? Trehle the price they used to be? And why? Has the opprobrium that was attached to the very word in American speech of late years driven the lemon-grower out of business to that extent? Anyway, the situation is dire enough to prompt a eulogist to this psalm: The lemon is the standby of existence, the basis of the happy home, the sovereign remedy, the thirst-assuager, the ingredient of a thousand-and-one delirious concoctions. Who says hock-cup? Who says lemon squash? Who says gin-sling? Who says hot toddy? Who whistles harley water. He says lemon also. Bereft of lemons, what are these valuable and necessary things? An empty nothing, a base deception, a vile and unsatisfying fraud. When it is hot, then we want lemons. When it is cold, we want lemons more. Lemons for influenza, lemons for bilious attacks, lemons, and more lemons, and still more lemons. Imprudent boys suck them, grown men make them the foundation of some perfect potable. They will wipe away stains, and, squirted carefully into the eyeball, they will at once display the power that resides within their resilient skin. They are all-embracing in the sphere of their abundant activities. And, oh, dear friends, is there not a moral to be drawn from this ubiquity of lemons, this proved dependence of frail humanity on the modest fruit of the earth? Does not the reflection teach us that the little things are often the great things, and that the humble deed is often the most far-reaching in its consequences? Let us, then, ponder lemons with a new accession of humility, and abase our frantic pride before the realization of our little worth. If one man has in his lifetime achieved so much for humanity as the harmless, necessary lemon, then he has not lived in vain. Wherefore, to be called "a lemon" shall henceforth be deemed a distinction of great renown.

Once more the girls of the United States and England are weighed in the balance. The American girl, says the latest social philosopher, has a self-confidence, a "go," an exultation about her that are much beyond the attainments of her English sister. But the American girl is apt to be less experienced in life than the English girl; less mature, though she may seem more so; lighter-headed and more trivial; less deep and thoughtful, with less balance and repose; more obvious, but at the same time more evanescent and superficial in her charm.

Unhending for once from its Olympian heights, the London *Times* explains what the country house breakfast ought to be. There must be a sideboard well covered with cold meat, there must be four or five dishes of hot food. The cold meat must include a ham, a tongue, and either cold chicken or cold game. If the party is a large one, a galantine, a pie, or some hrawn should be added. An agreeable adjunct is a dish of good aspic jelly to serve with any one of these. Jelly is always nicest like this, and should never be cut into rounds or triangles and stuck all over cold meat. No one eats it in this chopped form, and it is merely wasted. For hot dishes, poached or fried eggs, ha-

con, fried potatoes, fried or grilled fish, or kedgerree, and sausages are the classical items. These should all be served in separate dishes, as nothing is nastier than eggs soaked in bacon fat or potatoes mixed with sausages. Boiled eggs, each in a separate egg-cosy, should always appear. For variety, rissoles, curries, and grilled chicken can be given; cutlets or tournedos are hardly ever touched when they are sent up.

Tea and coffee continue to be our only breakfast drinks, in spite of the outcries of food reformers. Tea is hardly ever good anywhere. First of all, people do not buy really good tea; secondly, their servants make it badly; thirdly, it is allowed to stand and stew. Good tea can not be got under 3s 6d or 4s a pound. When one thinks what people spend on wine, this is not expensive. Good tea needs careful making with boiling water. It needs straining after it has stood two or three minutes. The leaves should never have a second jorum of water poured on them. Coffee is less often nasty than tea, but it is very seldom really good. It should be roasted just before it is made. It should be made in a Picard machine (or some similar make). Unlike tea it can be kept hot. The hot milk for coffee should be put on a spirit lamp; if it boils, all the better. Milk for coffee should, properly speaking, boil three times.

In front of every guest should be hutter and a small pot of jam, marmalade, or honey; between every two places sugar, cream, and milk, mustard, pepper, and salt, and a rack of fresh toast. Down the centre of the table should be plates of white and brown scones and fresh rolls. One sideboard should be devoted to fruit of any kinds that are in season, and on this sideboard had better be placed the flowers, for flowers on a breakfast table are rather in the way.

A Washington woman who was visiting some friends in Philadelphia noticed that the little girl in the family was eating some new sort of cereal at breakfast. She evinced little enthusiasm for the stuff. "Don't you like it, dearie?" asked the visitor. "I don't think much of it," replied the child. "Then why do you eat it?" The little girl paused in her task of disposing of the obnoxious article and regarded her interlocutor gravely. "It's got to be eaten," said she solemnly. "The grocer gives mamma a coupon for every two packages she buys, and it's got to be eaten every morning."

Even at the time when crinolines were in fashion it was generally admitted that they were monstrous things, though some women defended them. One of those, a silly woman, having archly remarked that if crinolines had no other advantage they at least kept men at a distance, added, "That, at least, you will admit is a great blessing." "To the men," growled an old bachelor who was present.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Motorton and his small son were in the natural history museum gazing at a skeleton of a chimpanzee. "Gee, pop," exclaimed the boy, "we humans are certainly built on similar chassis, aren't we?"

Uncle George Snow, an old antebellum negro, was giving testimony. The counsel asked Uncle George which side of Souchachee Creek he lived on, to which he replied: "Which side of the creek do I live on, boss?" "Yes," "Gwine up or down the creek, boss?"

A local minister had had a serious time fighting the saloon element in his town and had not been backed up in his efforts by the members of his own church. This with other troubles had led to his resignation, and in announcing his departure at his farewell sermon he said: "I am going to do something the devil has never done. I am going to save C—."

The confirmed bachelor came back to the tub lunch from the end of the earth, and we all asked him if he was married yet (he is ear fifty). "I shall marry a clever woman if I do," he replied, grimly. "Thought you didn't like those clever women?" said the youngest member, simply. "I don't," said the bachelor, whose views are well known and widely spread. "But if ever I marry it'll be an infernally clever woman who does it!"

In remote rural districts, where life goes on steadily and simply, the natives are not seriously interested in the numerous cases of longevity. "Your father must be getting pretty well on in years," said a cousin from the city to a farmer. "Yes; pap's nigh on to ninety." "Health good?" "No; not just now. He aint been feeling himself for some time back." "What seems to be the trouble?" "I don't know. Sometimes I think farming don't agree with him any more."

A young lawyer was running for county attorney in a rural section, and in the evening of the day of election he and several friends were receiving the returns. The young lawyer's opponent lived at a little town called Groveville, and his town was for him almost unanimously. The early returns showed that the young lawyer had received but one vote. Later, however, another vote for the young candidate was reported from Groveville. "Gad!" exclaimed one of his friends. "A repeater."

Sir Charles Wyndham has played the part of Garrick thousands of times in the little comedy said to be founded on an incident in the earlier actor's career. There is a story that Sir Charles himself tells. He sat one day in the Garrick Club, in Garrick's chair, under Garrick's portrait. To him came Henry Hamilton, who looked first at the portrait, and then at Wyndham. "Charles," said Hamilton, "you are growing more like Garrick every day." "Do you think so?" returned Wyndham. "I'm very glad." "It's true," said Hamilton. "And less like him every night," he added, thoughtfully.

A student in a medical college, while learning the use of the ophthalmoscope, was told to examine a man's eye and report upon the condition of it. The doctor-to-be adjusted the instrument and looked long and searchingly into the subject's left optic. "Most remarkable," he ejaculated, with a surprised look. Readjusting the ophthalmoscope, he again carefully scrutinized the eye. "Very extraordinary indeed," he exclaimed. "I never heard of such an eye. This must be some new disease. Have you ever had an expert's opinion on it?" "Once," was the laconic reply. "The man who put it in said it was a fine hit of glass."

Farmer Hodge was of the good, old-fashioned school, and he always gave a feast to his hands at harvest time. It was harvest time, and the feast was about to commence. Giles was the oldest hand, and the ostentatious, with heaving cordiality, motioned him to the seat by her right hand. But Giles remained silently unresponsive. "Come," said the hostess, "don't be bashful, Mr. Giles"—he was just Giles on ordinary occasions—you've a right to the place of honor, you know." Giles deliberated a moment, then poked. "Thank you kindly, Mrs. Hodge," he said; "but, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather sit opposite this pudden'!"

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, tells of a hunting trip he once took in the South. They were after coons and possums, but the only rail the dogs struck was one which made him put their tails between their legs and run for home. "Just what does a polecat look like?" Mr. Thomas asked one of his negro guides. "A polecat, boss? Why, a polecat's somefin' like a kitten, only prettier."

Yes, a polecat's a heap prettier'n a kitten, aint it, Sam?" he said, turning to another negro for corroboration. Sam did not seem so sure. He hesitated a moment. "Well," he replied, scratching his wool, "it's always been mah contention dat handsome is as handsome does."

Judge Mulqueen had a colored woman before him as a complaining witness. She had a man held for trial by a city magistrate, on the charge that he had attacked her with a pair of scissors. "He mout' near gouge mah eye out, jedge," she said. "Jes' come at me lak a lion, he did, a-roarin'," she said. He poked me in de face wiv dem scissors, jedge, not once, but four or five times. He jes' cut up my face lak it was a yahd of rihhon, jedge. The magistrate what held him to dis heah court says he nevah did hear tell of no more dang'ous man." She had a wide, smooth, yellow face that didn't have a mark on it. Told to repeat her story, she went all over it again, telling how the man had slashed her face with that pair of scissors. "But, madam," the judge said, "there isn't a mark on your face." "Marks," said she, indignantly. "Marks! What I care for marks, lem me ask you dat? I got witnesses, I tell you."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Appropriate.

"My wife is just the best of wives,"
Said foolish Mr. Bunny.
"The doctor says she has the bives,
And so I call her Honey."

—New York Times.

No Borrowed Enchantment.

A man who lived over in Yuba
Played the "Dead March from Saul" on a tuba.
The neighbors agreed
They liked it indeed,
But they'd like it far better in Cuba.

—Chicago Tribune.

Perhaps You Were.

When I see a youth with his pants turned up and his beautiful socks on view,
And over one eye perched a little round hat, with a ribbon or mauve or blue,
And fourteen rings and the seven pins that he got at his dear prep. school,
Why, it strikes a chord, and I say: "Oh, Lord! was I ever that big a fool?"

When I see a youth with his gloves turned down, and a cigarette stuck in his face,
And a loud check coat and a horse-cloth vest and a half-inch wide shoe lace,
And a bunch of hair that hides his ears, and a line of senseless drool,
Then I paw the sward as I say: "Oh, Lord! was I ever that big a fool?"

—New York Times.

Wail of a Returned Tourist.

I have seen Paris, I have been to London;
Yet no one listens when I tell about them.
All, all, are bores, the old familiar places!

I've been to Florence, I have been to Venice;
None pays attention while I cite their glories;
None wants to hear of Renaissance Art Treasures.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, he leaves me most abruptly
When I begin to tell of English Week-Ends.

Tourist-like, paced I all the baunts of greatness;
Europe's a map I studiously traversed;
None cares for Keats' House—none cares where Carlyle lived.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not my bondsman and my vassal,
So I might talk to these of these fair places!

Some made excuses—some stealthily left me;
Some took French leave—but all are now departed.
Alone I muse on those fair foreign places.

—Carolyn Wells, in Metropolitan Magazine.

A Prayer.

The earth's last thrill is exhausted, for he's soared in the upper air,
He's plunged to the ocean's darkness, he's entered the lion's lair.
He's busted a bucking broncho, he's fought in a foreign land,
He's cocked his hat to a pontiff, and he's kissed a kaiser's hand.

He's fought a fight with the Senate, and he's scrapped with the lower House,
He's taken the rôle of the lion and said, "To hell with the mouse,"
He's hurled at the Wall Street magnates the short and the ugly word,
And he's showed to the British statesmen the manner in which they've erred.

He's conquered a hot convention, he's broken a State machine,
He's written a million volumes, he's worked for a magazine,
He's played till the limelight's weary, and the only thrill left to get
Is the thrill of a ten years' silence. Oh, Lord, make him try for it!

—Springfield Republican.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The social calendar for the past six days reads like a week at the height of the season in mid-winter, so filled is it with affairs of a pretentious nature. Two large debutante receptions, at each of which were entertained over two hundred guests, served to introduce formally three of the season's huds to the social world.

On Tuesday night the St. Francis Musical Art Society concert, at which Gadski sang, assembled a large contingent who have subscribed to these musical affairs for the season.

On Thursday afternoon society was present at the Brooke-Pomeroy wedding at Trinity Church, which was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pitcairn Pomeroy, on Clay Street.

On Friday night the first Greenway Assembly was given in the ballroom at the Fairmont Hotel. On Saturday afternoon a large number of the friends of the Draper family crossed to Sausalito to be present at the wedding of Miss Elsa Draper and Ensign Laurence Kauffman of the navy.

The interim between the dates of these large affairs was well filled with debutante luncheons, informal bridge parties, teas for the numerous brides-elect, and the dinner and supper parties which have become a natural adjunct to the society concerts and the assembly halls.

The wedding of Miss Alice J. Barber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Barber, to Mr. E. Floyd Jones of Indianapolis, took place Sunday, October 30, 1914, at the residence of the bride's parents in Ross Valley. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Hubert C. Carroll of St. John's Church. The bride was given away by her aunt, Mrs. Lucy Spencer of Los Angeles; Miss Mary D. Barber was maid of honor, and Mr. Albert J. Arroll of New York was groomsmen. About forty of the intimate friends of the family were present at the reception, among them Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. McAllister, Mrs. William B. Hooper, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Blake, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Sherman, Mrs. John Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Perry, Miss Worm, Miss Isabel Worm, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Windham Carey.

The wedding of Miss Elsa Draper and Ensign Laurence Kauffman takes place this afternoon (Saturday) at Christ Church, Sausalito, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. Wain-Morgan Draper. The bridal party will include Mrs. Kirkwood Donovan as matron of honor, and Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Kathleen de Young, and Miss Frances Stewart as bridesmaids.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis formally presented their daughters, Miss Frederika and Miss Cora Otis, to society at a reception on Saturday afternoon. The receiving party included Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Harry Sherman, Mrs. Horace Hellman, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Ysabel Chase, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Muriel Williams, Miss Katherine Donohoe, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Gertrude Cresswell, Miss Elizabeth Brice, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Ethel McAllister, and Miss Maud Wilson.

Miss Lee Girvin entertained the debutante set at a Halloween party on Monday evening. The

affair took place at her home and some of the guests were Miss Dora Winn, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Ysabel Chase, Miss Myra Josselyn, and Miss Anita Maillard.

Mrs. James T. Rucker introduced her daughter, Edith, to society at a reception on Wednesday afternoon, at which about two hundred guests assembled to greet the debutante.

Miss Anna Olney entertained at a tea on Thursday in honor of Miss Harriet Stone. Among those present were Miss Anna Weller, Miss Ella Sonntag, Miss Margarette Doe, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Laura Baldwin, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, and Miss Helen Sullivan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas will give a ball at the Fairmont Hotel on December 20, at which their daughter, Miss Gertrude Thomas, will make her debut. Miss Thomas will be the guest of honor at a dinner which Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullen will give for her preceding the first Greenway Assembly.

The Presidio hop on Wednesday evening was one of the brilliant events of the week and inaugurated the series of winter dances at the post. Some of those present were Colonel and Mrs. John Lundeen, Colonel and Mrs. St. John Chubb, Colonel and Mrs. Nat Plister, Colonel J. W. C. Brooks and Mrs. Brooks, Major and Mrs. J. A. Gaston, Major and Mrs. J. P. O'Neil, Captain and Mrs. Isaac Erwin, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburne, Captain and Mrs. J. B. Murphy, Captain and Mrs. James Wheeler, Lieutenant and Mrs. Paul Beck, Lieutenant and Mrs. Goodrich, Lieutenant and Mrs. Myron Crissy, Lieutenant and Mrs. Ruhlens, Miss Ruth Brooks, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Ella Sonntag, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Elsa Hinz, Miss Beatrice Guitard, Lieutenant Piel, Lieutenant Harry Stephenson, Lieutenant James Ord, Lieutenant Robert Goodrich, Mr. Frederick von Schrader, Mr. George Leih, and Mrs. Frank Guitard.

Mr. Robert Balfour was host at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday, at which he entertained Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. A. Balfour, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eells, the Reverend and Mrs. Kirk Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, Miss Lee Girvin, and Mr. John Lawson.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King entertained on Wednesday in honor of Mr. Charles Dennison Kellogg. Among their guests were Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Clinton Worden, Mrs. Charles McIntosh, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. G. W. Kellam, Miss Genevieve King, and Miss Hazel King.

Mrs. William H. Crocker entertained at a luncheon at her Burlingame home, New Place, on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Horace Hill. Her guests were Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Richard Girvin, Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. Willis Polk, and Mrs. John Johns. The members of the Browning Club at Mill Valley entertained at a Halloween party on Monday evening, at which the following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson, Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan, Miss Elsa Hinz, Miss Dorothy Bridge, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Elena Brewer, Miss Elsa Draper, Miss Grace Whittle, Miss Clarita Blair, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Wallace Wright, Mr. Albert Whittle, Mr. Louis Brewer, Mr. James Thompson, Mr. James Sperry, Lieutenant Bruce Butler, and Lieutenant Edgar Field.

Mrs. John Simpson entertained at a farewell tea on Thursday afternoon at her apartment at the St. Regillus in honor of her daughter, Mrs. John Partridge, who will sail with her husband, Bishop Partridge, next week for Japan.

The first meeting of the Friday Night Club was enjoyed by the members of the younger set, of which its membership is composed. Among those at the initial dance of the season were Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Ethel St. Goar, Miss Erna Hermann, Miss Ruth Casey, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, Miss Sue Harold, Miss Edith Lowe, and Miss Erna St. Goar. The patronesses present were Mrs. Wendell Hammon, Mrs. Frank Dudley Bates, and Mrs. Robert Bentley.

Miss Jennie Stone entertained at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday in honor of Miss Hilda Stedman of Indiana, who has been visiting here for several months. Miss Stone's guests were Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Harriet Stone, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Louise Wallack, Miss Maude Wilson, Miss Kate Peterson, Miss Marian Crocker, Miss Laura Baldwin, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Mildred Baldwin, and Miss Nixon.

The captain and wardroom officers of the U. S. S. California entertained at a dinner on board on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Lolita Burling of Santa Barbara. Among those present were Miss Freda Smith, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Edith Metcalfe, Miss Erna Hermann, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Nell Ranch, Miss Withers, Commander Pratt, Paymaster Beecher, Major Hall, Lieutenant Irvine, Lieutenant Rowell, and Ensign Withers.

Miss Elizabeth Woods was a luncheon hostess on Wednesday at her home on Clay Street in honor of Mrs. Christian Miller. Among those invited to meet the guest of honor were Mrs. Allan MacDonald, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Clara Allen, and Miss Elizabeth Newhall.

Captain and Mrs. John Burke Murphy entertained at their quarters at the Presidio at a dinner complimentary to Miss Ethel Crocker, preceding the hop at the post on Wednesday evening. The dinner guests included Miss Dora Winn, Miss Crocker, Miss Constance McLaren, Captain A. L. Murphy, Lieutenant Harry Pfeil, and Lieutenant McChord.

Mrs. S. L. Braverman entertained at a bridge party in the red room at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday. Miss Florence Braverman assisted her mother in receiving her guests. Among those present were Mrs. William Matson, Mrs. Edward

Judson, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. William Herman, Mrs. Harry Umhens, Mrs. Joseph Sissons, Mrs. Frederick Zeile, Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Mrs. George Umhens, Mrs. John Aiken, Mrs. J. J. Baker, Jr., Mrs. Tiley L. Ford, Mrs. Frederick V. Stott, Mrs. H. Bernard, Mrs. F. Weaver, Mrs. T. Kingston, Mrs. Edward Prentiss, Mrs. A. J. Ransch, Mrs. E. E. Hunt, Mrs. James Snedaker, Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon, Mrs. F. S. Wright, Mrs. Joseph Martin, and Mrs. Clyde Payne.

Miss Lutie Collier gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Christine Pomeroy on Monday, at which the guests were Miss Helen Chesbrough, Miss Natalie Coffin, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Miss Constance McLaren, and Miss Margaretta Brooke.

Miss Cora Smith entertained at a luncheon at the Claremont Country Club on Saturday. Enjoying her hospitality on that occasion were Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Florence Williams, and Miss Muriel Williams.

Mrs. Emily Benedict entertained at a luncheon in honor of Princess Kawanakoa at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday.

Miss Louise Boyd was hostess at a dinner at her San Rafael home, Maple Lawn, on Friday evening in honor of Miss Christine Pomeroy and her fiancé, Mr. Thomas Scott Brooke, who reached here from Portland on Thursday. Miss Boyd's guests included Miss Dorothy Gettings, Miss Margaretta Brooke, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Miss Edith Chesbrough, Mr. Arthur Chesbrough, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, Mr. Wharton Thurston, and Mr. John Kittle.

Mrs. Donald Shorb was hostess at a hallowe'en party at her home on Monday evening. Among her guests were Miss Marie Rose Deane, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Grace Doyle, Miss Dorothy Richardson, Miss Ethel Shorb, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Shorb, Mr. William McAfee, Mr. Arthur Punnett, Mr. James Cameron, and Mr. Northert Shorb.

The Gadski Concerts.

Mme. Jobanna Gadski, the great dramatic and Wagnerian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, assisted by Edwin Schneider, the American composer-pianist, will give her first concert this coming Sunday afternoon, November 6, at the Columbia Theatre, presenting an exceptional programme, which includes works of Robert Franz, Johannes Brahms, Grieg, MacDowell, Margaret Ruthven Lang, Walter Morse Rummel, and Edwin Schneider, in addition to two scenes from Wagner's "Die Walküre"—"Sieglinde's Love Song" and "Brunnhilde's Appeal to Wotan." Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the theatre after ten a. m.

Gadski's only evening concert will be given at the Novelty Theatre Thursday night, November 10, with a programme composed of works by Schubert, Henry K. Hadley, Richard Strauss, Sidney Homer, and Edwin Schneider, and the Wagnerian excerpts will be two scenes from "Sieglind."

The farewell concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, November 13, at the Columbia Theatre, with another rarely beautiful programme in which works of Schumann will be the special feature, and the "Master of Bayreuth" will be represented by two of the finest hits from "Götterdämmerung."

Complete programmes may be obtained at the leading music stores.

Next Friday afternoon Mme. Gadski will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, in an entire change of programme, including numbers from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." For this event seats will be ready Monday at the box-office of that theatre.

Gadski sings in San Jose Monday night, November 7, at the Victory Theatre. After these concerts Mme. Gadski will return to the big season planned at the Metropolitan, and will also be a guest singer in Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia.

Leoncavallo's new opera, "La Foscara," will be sung in New York after a few performances in Italy. The composer is putting the final touches on his work at his home in Brissago. Angelo Nessi and Giacomo Nacchi are the librettists. It is stated that "La Foscara" is not of the "Pagliacci" style of opera, but is to be radiated by sunshine instead of tragedy.

Puccini's opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," will have its première at the Metropolitan Opera House, Tuesday evening, December 6, which, by the way, is not a subscription night. The cast will include Caruso, as Johnson; Amato, as Jack Rance, and Destinn as Minnie. Toscanini will conduct the performance.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles Fee and her daughters, Miss Elizabeth Fee and Miss Marcia Fee, left Monday on an Eastern trip of several weeks. They will return here just before the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baldwin sailed for their home in Honolulu Tuesday, after a visit of several weeks in San Francisco.

Mrs. William Knox left for New York last week to meet Mr. Knox, who is returning from visit in London with Mr. and Mrs. Newton Booth Knox.

Mrs. Alexander Roshborough and her son, Mr. Joseph Roshborough, are enjoying a motor trip in Germany, after a visit in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain have closed their San Mateo home and taken the Gunn residence on Broderick Street for the winter.

Lieutenant and Mrs. W. B. Graham are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Lucius Greene at their home in Berkeley.

Mrs. Frederick Beaver has returned from a visit to New York, where she accompanied Miss Isabel Beaver on her return to Vassar.

Mrs. William Pierce Johnson and Miss Josephine Johnson are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Stark at their home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Richard Sprague and Miss Ysabel Sprague will spend the winter in New Orleans.

Mrs. George McNear and Miss Elizabeth McNear left this week for Europe and will spend the winter in Paris.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker has been the guest of Mrs. Sarah E. Bourn at her home at St. Helena.

Miss Margaret Roosevelt of New York is the guest of her cousin, Miss Christine Pomeroy.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley will close their San Rafael home this week and take apartments at the Hillcrest for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Macfarlane and Miss Ada Rhodes sailed on Tuesday for Honolulu.

Paymaster Eugene Hale Douglas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Douglas will leave shortly for Bremer Navy Yard, where they will make their home.

Miss Dorothy Boerick left on Thursday for New York, where she will be the guest of Miss Louise Runyon, and before returning she will visit Miss Eleanor Lazere at her home at Montreal.

Mrs. Edward Eberle has returned from Santa Barbara and will leave this week for New York to meet Commander Eberle on his arrival from cruise around the world.

Mrs. George Lent reached here from the East on Monday evening, after an absence of six weeks. Miss Laura Bates, who accompanied her last, will remain in Boston as the guest of Mrs. Philip Young until after the holidays.

Dr. and Mrs. William Hopkins have reached New York en route home from Europe, where they have been traveling during the summer.

Miss Dorothy Gettings of Baltimore has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. William Babcock.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick King and Miss Edith Jones left for the East on Wednesday and will spend the winter at Annapolis.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and Miss Martha Calhoun returned from the East on Thursday evening.

Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Duane Hopkins, and Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker returned from the East Tuesday night, after a month's absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois and Miss Jeanne Gallois arrived Monday from the East and Europe, where they spent the summer months. They will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill left Thursday for their home in New York, after a visit of several months in California.

Miss Bernice Wilson sailed on Tuesday for China, where her wedding with Mr. Robert Schumann will take place in December. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. A. W. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Gay Lombard of Portland are spending a few weeks in the city.

Mr. J. Parker Whitney has returned from a winter trip in Maine.

Mrs. T. F. Payne and Mr. Clarence Payne are spending the week in town.

Miss Beatrice Campbell is planning to spend part of the winter in New York.

Mrs. J. C. McMullen and Miss Eliza McMullen will spend the holiday season in New York.

Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells is visiting her mother, Mrs. Valentine Hush, at her home at Fruitvale.

Judge and Mrs. Canfield of Santa Barbara are among the visitors here and are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Otis.

Miss Jane Selby and Miss Mary Eyre have returned from Paris, where they spent the summer with Mrs. Thomas Selby.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Mosshead have returned from a trip to Europe and will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn have arrived in New York from London, where they visited their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent. They will leave shortly for San Francisco and will spend the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Russell have closed their Belvedere home and will leave this week for Santa Barbara, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bray will spend the winter in San Francisco and will have as their guest Miss Marguerite Butters.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., will come up from their San Mateo home and spend next week in town.

Mrs. Henry Addison Alexander of New York is the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., at their home on Pacific Avenue. During her stay she will visit Miss Jennie Crocker and Mrs. Ansel Easton at Fruitvale.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week were Mr. Bertram Yorke, Miss Margaret Jarman, Mr. Achille Alberti, Miss Helen Newcomb, Miss Louise Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Lindberg, Mr. W. L. Miller, Mr. William G. Henshaw, Mr.

Alexander Bevani, Mr. Ben Natnow, Mr. Ettore Campana, Miss Regina Vicarino, Mr. Umberto Sacchetti, Mr. E. Buechner, Miss Estella Burgess.

CURRENT VERSE.

The End of the Season.

There's a keen wind searching the marshes
With a tang of the distant sea,
And a wind-blown sky of opal
For a sense of Infinity—
As a dog and I, together,
Sit close and curse the weather,
And sigh for the gray-goose feather—
While a cramp strikes to the knee.

There's the loneliness of Sahara,
Except for his patient head
And his wet nose lifted to windward
For a squadron fan-wise spread—
As we sigh that the summer's over,
With our long tramps through the clover,
I and this old land-rover,
Though scarce a word is said.

There's a stealthy sea-fog stalking
Across the ghastly dune,
As we turn us, empty-handed,
With a half-forgotten tune—
Some day we'll quit our roaming,
Together, in the gloaming,
Two shades that would be homing
Beneath a hunting moon.

—W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez, in *Outing Magazine*.

The Burden of the Buried Dead.

He heard a footstep on the road
Before the black cock woke and crew;
It was the step of one he knew.
Of one who bore a weary load—
And the lonely night was waning.

He dared not stop or turn his head.
He knew what followed through the night.
He knew the burden was not light,
The burden of the buried dead—
And the dreary dawn was gaining.

He knew that his dead self would pass,
Bowed earthward by that thing of fear:
He heard its footstep very near.
Behind him in the autumn grass—
And the wind that kept complaining.

But when the black cock crew for dawn
His soul took heart; he turned to see:
The empty road stretched shadowy
Into the night with naught thereon—
And the windy dawn broke raining.

—Madison Cawein, in *New York Sun*.

The Lavender Vender.

In the crowded city, the thronging thoroughfare,
Thro' the chill of winter, a fragrance on the air
Faint and fresh of lavender mocks at memory—
Mocks and murmurs softly, "Dreamer, come with me."

"Lavender, sweet lavender," vender, you should call,
"Purple, perfumed packages with memories for all."

Lavender, sweet lavender, and tired souls are sent
Drifting down the Dream path to the Country of Content.

Subtle scents of lavender thro' the busy street,
Vague, elusive memories, haunting, haunting sweet.
Stealing soft on perfumed wings thro' the moving mass,
White and tired faces brighten as they pass.

And the crowded city slowly drifts away,
Hushed the noise and clamor of the busy day.
While for a fleeting second, they who dream are blest
With drowsy dreams of lavender and quiet country rest.

"Lavender, sweet lavender," vender, you should call,
"Purple, perfumed packages with memories for all."

Lavender, sweet lavender, and tired souls are sent
Drifting down the Dream path to the Country of Content.

—Anne Bunner, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

The Phoenix.

Of that great Bird, of that strange Bird,
Hast heard?
He fieth from the eastern realm afar,
Beyond the limits of the utmost star,
None knoweth whence; none knoweth where
Goes he.

Five hundred years he tarrieth unknown;
And then alone
He comes, slow sailing in the upper sky,
Weary, with plumage dull and worn, to die!
None knoweth whence from all the Vast
Comes he.

With movement slow, wearied with woe,
Strange woe!
He gathereth fuel for a funeral pyre;
And sinking in the fiercely burning fire,
Of his own will, none knoweth why
Dies he!

Of that great Bird, of that strange Bird,
Hast heard?
That bathed in death doth from the ashes rise,
With plumage fairer than the morning skies;
And, sailing in slow triumph, passes far
Beyond the limits of the utmost star.
None knoweth whence he comes; none knoweth where
Goes he!

—M. E. Buhler, in *Columbian Magazine*.

Liszt centenary festivals will be in order next year. Berlin will lead with one in which Busoni will take part.

Pavlowa-Mordkin and Russian Ballet Coming.

Direct from their triumphs at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where they were brought straight from the Imperial opera houses of Moscow and St. Petersburg as a special feature of Gatti-Casazza's season, Mlle. Anna Pavlowa, M. Mikail Mordkin, with their ten premier dancers and danseuses and complete corps de ballet, and the full orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House, under the leadership of Herr Theodore Steir, the director of the famous Bechstein Hall Symphony Orchestra of London, and acknowledged the foremost exponent of Russian music in the world, the Russian ballet are started on their great transcontinental tour, which includes this city, where they will hold forth under the local management of Will L. Greenbaum at the Valencia Theatre for the week starting Monday night, November 21, with matinées on Thanksgiving Day, Saturday, and Sunday.

Some idea of the enormity of this attraction can be gained when it is known that they are bringing with them the full complement of artists that created so wonderful a sensation in New York, and all of the wonderful scenic and electrical equipment which was used at the Metropolitan. Magnificent stage settings from the Theatre du Chatelet in Paris, painted by Pacquereau, and the original scenic paintings by James Fox, of the Metropolitan, are on the special train used to convey the company on its pilgrimage west. Two dramatic ballets are presented, each one telling a complete and comprehensive story, easily understandable in this form of "ocular opera." The first, "Giselle," is in two acts, written by Théophile Gautier, from the story of Heinrich Heine; with music by Adolphe Adam; and the other, "The Arabian Nights," an arrangement by M. Mordkin, based on the old stories, with interpolated dances and music by Rimsky - Korsakow, Glazounow, Bourgault-Decondray, Rubinstein, Cbaminade, and others. Then other interpretive dances, all with a full scenic investiture, are given, running from the national dances of Russia to interpretations of classical works by Tschaiakowski, Saint-Saëns, Chopin, Liszt, Glinka, Delibes, etc. Included in the programmes are their famous "Bacchante" and Mordkin's "Arrow Dance," which established their greatness in New York. San Francisco has never been visited by an organization of this sort, and bids fair to fall in line with New York, Boston, and Chicago and capitulate to the Russian rage.

Manager Greenbaum deserves further compliment in that he has insisted on prices no higher than in New York or Chicago, which are, lower floor and five rows of the balcony, \$3; balance of balcony, \$2, \$1.50, and \$1, and this notwithstanding the expense of the transcontinental trip and the smaller capacity of the local theatre, when compared with the giant Metropolitan and Auditorium in Chicago. Seats will go on sale Monday morning, November 14, and Mr. Greenbaum announces that he will accept mail orders, accompanied by check or money order, in the usual way.

Three printings have been necessary to fill the advance orders for Meredith Nicholson's new novel, "The Siege of the Seven Suits," which the Houghton Mifflin Company announce for early issue.

The Football Wager for Nov. 12th.

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Voice over Phone—Hello, is that you, darling? *Miss Coquette*—Yes; who is talking?—*Life*.

"He is the author of a dozen hooks." "I know that. But—what does he do for a living?"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Do you tell your wife everything you do while she is away?" "No, the neighbors attend to that."—*Houston Post*.

Teacher—Can any little girl tell me why our heads are covered with hair? *Little Girl*—To have something to pin more hair to.—*Life*.

Maud—Mr. Brownleigh tries to flirt with every pretty girl he sees. *Ethel*—I've seen him try to flirt with you, too.—*Boston Transcript*.

Stubb—Who is the gentleman with the ear protectors? Is he a football player? *Penn*—No; complaint clerk in the gas office.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"I am a candidate for your hand." "But my parents have indorsed another young man." "All right, I'll run as an insurgent."—*Washington Herald*.

He—Why does the maid decline to clean my coat with benzine? *She*—Since the chauffeur jilted her she can't stand the smell of it.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Was his auto going very fast?" "Your honor, it was going so fast that the bulldog on the seat beside him looked like a dachshund."—*Houston Post*.

Bills—What did your wife say when you stayed out late last night? *Wills*—I don't know; she hasn't finished telling me yet.—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

Customer—Mr. Cutter, why is hacon so high? *Grocer*—Because, ma'am, the supply is limited; there's only one kind of animal that grows it.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Wigg—It must be very sad for an opera singer to realize that she has lost her voice. *Wogg*—Not half so sad as when she doesn't realize it.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Meat Eater—I've tried nuts as food, but they don't seem to agree with me. *Vegetarian*—What kind of nuts did you use? *Meat Eater*—Doughnuts.—*Boston Transcript*.

City Girl—Oh, the darling little chickens, just out of their shells! At what age are they ready for market? *Farmer*—Anywhere up to eight years, lady.—*New York Times*.

Nodd—I've got a couple of thousand saved up to decorate my house with. *Todd*—What folly. Buy an automobile, and you won't care whether your house is decorated or not.—*Life*.

"My son, remember this: marrying on a salary has been the salvation of many a young man." "I know, dad. But suppose my wife should lose her salary?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

Mrs. Oldwed—Warmed-over dishes reduce expenses. *Mrs. Newwed*—I know; I always huy twice as much porterhouse as we can eat, so we can have hash next day.—*New York Sun*.

"A self-made man," remarked the thoughtful thinker, "is a good deal like a home-made shirt." "What's the answer?" we queried. "More useful than ornamental," replied the t. t.—*Chicago News*.

"Did Mrs. Brown take her husband's failure in the right spirit?" "Oh, yes. Just as soon as she knew he was going to fail she went out and bought her entire winter outfit!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I heg your pardon!" exclaimed the chauffeur, stopping his machine. "You're not to blame," responded the pedestrian, picking himself up. "It was my own darned carelessness. I saw you coming."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I don't know whether I ought to recognize bim here in the city or not. Our acquaintance at the seashore was very slight." "You promised to marry him, didn't you?" "Yes; hut that was all."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"It's a hard world," said the aviator who felt that he was not appreciated. "Yes," replied the colleague. "The world would be much easier for our business if it could have been made of rubber and inflated."—*Washington Star*.

Percy—Miss Jane, did Moses have the same after-dinner complaint my papa's got? *Miss Jane*—Gracious me, Percy! Whatever do you mean, my dear? *Percy*—Well, it says here the Lord gave Moses two tablets.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Mr. Recentmarrie (throwing down his newspaper with a gesture of disgust)—Here's another spoke in the wheel of the wagon that will take us to the poorhouse; apples have gone up a dollar a harrel! *Mrs. Recentmarrie* (soothingly)—A harrel? Why, that won't affect us, John; don't you know we always

huy our apples by the half-peck?—*Chicago Daily News*.

"I have come to the conclusion that we all really like to be bossed," observed the Wise Guy. "I suppose that is why men have wives and wives have cooks," added the Simple Mug.—*Philadelphia Record*.

In the Grand Canyon.

The four-seated huckboard at El Tovar, Grand Cañon of the Colorado, could carry eight passengers at a squeeze; fare \$4 (says the *New York World*), but six appeared. The driver gazed at them scornfully. "Ef I'd known it was going to be a little bunch like this I'd brought a lighter rig. Aint they goin' to change it?"

Hotel Carriage Boy—I dunno. They was two cancellations. (He gloomily pulls two lunch-boxes out of the bag. A long wait.)

Driver—Aint they goin' to change.

Boy—I dunno.

Driver—Git up!

He drove his fourteen miles monosyllabically, hut coming back he woke up.

"Dear me!" said the lady from California.

"Seems to me it's rougher than it was going."

"The rocks I miss goin' I hits comin' back," explained the driver, genially. "Have a drink of water?"

"I will," said the lady from Maine gratefully. She took the cool drops from the canteen. "Won't you have some?" (to the driver).

"Naw! I aint much use for it. Readin' about all the trouble Noah had with it prejudiced me. Besides, I had an uncle drowned in it once."

Lady from Maine—Is there a bar at the hotel?

Driver—Deed there is, mum.

Lady from Maine—I haven't got that far yet.

Driver (in alarm)—How long have you been yere, lady?

Lady from Maine—They don't have them in Maine.

Driver—I thought Kansas was the only crazy State.

Mon from New York—There are ten more of them.

Driver—Up in Nevada they ladle it out in hushels.

Lady from Maine—Well, maybe they drink it, but you don't see it in Maine. I like it that way.

Man from New York—Tastes hetter taken in secret?

No reply.

Driver (to everybody)—Hev any of ye heen to Barstow? Where is it, lady? Why, Barstow's the garding spot of Californy. Say, but it's the hot hole. Why, they hev to feed the hens cracked ice there to keep 'em from layin' hard-boiled eggs.

Lady from Californio—Huh!

Driver—An' that aint all. A while ago one of them Southern Californians died an' they put him in the crematorium an' turned on the gas. Three days after they looked in to see how he was gittin' on. He reached out and said: "Git me my overcoat; I'm chilly."

Lady from Californio—I don't helieve you ever was in Californio.

Driver—Yes, I was. Lots o' holes! Los Angeles, Santy Barbary, Sandiagio an' Monterey. I druv that seventeen miles.

Lady from Californio—I learned to swim at Monterey. You can't say anything against Los Angeles.

Driver—Looks like 30 cents to me with the 3 rubbed out.

Lady from Californio—You don't seem to like any place.

Driver—Yes, I do.

Lady from Californio—Where, I'd like to know.

Driver—Right hyar. This is the garding spot. Why, nobody ever dies here. Say, it's that healthy, all right! Why, we baint got no cemetery!

Lady from Californio—Do you mean to say it's healthier than Californio?

Driver—Why, lady, an 1800-year-old man frisks around here like a 14-year-old boy in Californy. Why, Californy's heen trying to git Arizony to annex her for the last six years.

Man from Chicago (with interest)—Any graft here?

Driver—Naw! Haint got any sence they grafted milkweed onto the ice machine to git ice-cream.

Driver (to all)—Arizony's a State now. The Demmycrats are goin' to elect William Jennings Bryan President of the United States.

Lady from Maine—I thought he wasn't going to run again!

Driver—Americans hate a quitter. William J. aint goin' to git hated. See that p'int of rock over the cañon. That's where Taft stood last October an' had his picture took.

Lady from Maine—Did he have a rope around him?

Driver—Naw! He stood all hy himself. He said the cañon was the biggest hole he'd ever been in. Haw, haw! Teddy Roosevelt said he'd rather hev the Yosemite. Git up!

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

FRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Publishers' Number.

Ten years ago the Argonaut began the issue of a bi-annual publishers' number, adding sixteen pages the ordinary bulk of the paper, and devoting the additional space to a list of the new and forthcoming books of particular interest, and to notes of the publishing world. From the beginning this feature has been received with every mark of pleased appreciation. Year by year the list and its closely related accompani-

ments have increased in quantity and in value. The present issue contains twenty pages of added matter, including the latest notes from the publishers, many good portraits of authors, and a classified list of new books and works announced. No other paper prints so attractive, so convenient, or so correct a catalogue. The Argonaut offers it with modest pride to booklovers East and West, and with grateful recognition of the cooperation of the big publishing houses which makes its production possible.

The Election.

The Republican party, we think, had gotten in shape for a knock-out even before the return of the Rough Rider. Congress had accepted the leadership of men in whom the country had lost confidence, men who openly repudiated any obligation in the matter of positive party pledges. Even the President, sincere and worthy man that he is, had been brought to the ruinous course of accepting and attempting to justify a moral defalcation in the matter of tariff legislation. Party courses, too, had fallen into degeneracy in several of the more important States. In New York the party organization under the "Old Guard" had become the agent of sinister purposes and had shamelessly assumed the rôle of apologist for official criminality, notably in the Allds case. In Maine the party had played fast and loose with its pledges. Among other things it had permitted a personally distasteful oligarchy to control affairs. In Ohio internal quarrels had planted and watered the seeds of defeat. In New Jersey the dignity and honor of the State had been sacrificed to greed. In Massachusetts an honorable political tradition had been made to sustain an offensive exercise of the "boss" principle. A too-long lease of unrestrained authority had wrought widespread moral deterioration. The reliance of the party had ceased to be its own integrity, but rather the weakness of its opposition. When a political organization gets into this shape something is coming to it—sooner or later it goes to smash, as it deserves to.

The return of Roosevelt with his presumptuous, bumptious, ridiculous, and revolutionary cure-all of an individually invented and personally conducted "New Nationalism," assured and hastened the catastrophe, although it would probably have come without him. The country was indeed tired of Republicanism as it had pretty generally been interpreted and enforced. But it was not ready for revolution and had no stomach for Caesarism. Roosevelt's intrusion into the situation in New York probably did not change the result; what it did was to make the party disaster more emphatic and to involve Roosevelt himself in the general collapse. If upon his return Mr. Roosevelt had lived by the traditions of his position, if he had gone into a dignified political retirement, his position today would be invincible. He would certainly be the presidential nominee of his party in 1912 and would probably be reelected by overwhelming combinations of dissatisfied citizens of all parties. As it is he has, we think fortunately for the country, wiped himself off the map of political availability. A man emphatically rejected by his own State, one whose "aid" wherever it has been proffered has been a manifest burden—such a man is plainly an "unavailable." As the case stands today, Mr. Roosevelt reaps the odium of disaster which otherwise would have fallen upon the head of the party; for, in usurping the headship of the party, in literally thrusting the President from his rightful place as the head and leader of party affairs, Mr. Roosevelt has relieved Mr. Taft of blame, giving to him a widespread and popular sympathy where under other circumstances he might have been under the burden of popular reproach.

The Democratic party as it stands in the new attitude of success is, we are glad to believe, a very different party from that which has followed the banner

of negation, opportunism, and populism during so many years. It is a far cry from William Jennings Bryan and Champ Clark to Judson Harmon and Woodrow Wilson. If the new leadership of the party is other than accidental—and there are a hundred reasons to believe that it is not accidental—then the country has in the new Democracy a force better in all respects, fuller of promise, more inspiring, than anything it has had under the old name in many years. For the first time since Cleveland—indeed, almost for the first time since the Civil War—the Democratic party has in its general leadership a group of men commanding absolutely the respect and confidence of the country. Harmon, Gaynor, Wilson, Dix, Baldwin—these are indeed names to conjure with. They are names against which none more worthy or more inspiring may be placed even by the party whose long period of authority has made its service a training school for personal efficiency and distinction in the political sphere.

In California Johnson is elected governor. He nominally represents "insurgency" within the Republican party, although it is different from the thing which goes by the same name elsewhere. Mr. Johnson, while temperamentally an emotionalist and subject to changing moods, while without experience in administration or demonstrated capacity for it, is personally able and respectable. Behind the open demagoguery of his platform utterances there is knowledge of the law and vital personal force. We are glad to hope that Johnson is a better man than he sounds, if we may paraphrase an old witticism. He will wish to do right, and we believe will try to do right; and much may be expected from a man of whom this may be said, even though he may lack experience or propensity for the severely business duties of administration. The system in California puts large responsibilities upon the governor, for our legislative practice makes him the absolute arbiter of all fiscal matters. He is the head of the State as no other governor in the Union is the head of his State. How Mr. Johnson will go about justifying his campaign extravagances it is not easy to see, for he will find no scandals in our administrative affairs. Not in years has anybody been able to point out anything like gross wastefulness of public money, direct dishonesty in the handling of it, or anything like calculated favoritism in legislation. Mr. Johnson will do well if he shall succeed in carrying on the affairs of the State as efficiently as they have been administered in past years.

As we write on Wednesday morning it looks as if California's entire congressional delegation would be Republican, a fact eminently gratifying and a bit surprising under all the circumstances. The fortunes of California are bound up with the traditional policies of Republicanism, and it is important that there should be no lapse or uncertainty in our adherence to these principles. It is gratifying, too, that the Republican majority in the legislature is safe, assuring the return of a Republican as the successor of Senator Flint. The reelection of Judges Sloss and Melvin to the Supreme Court is thoroughly satisfactory. They are approved and efficient men and it would have been a pity to replace either of them with the unspeakable Lawlor.

The vote on the several constitutional amendments is not definitely reported as the Argonaut goes to press, the only absolute certainty being the approval by overwhelming vote of the amendments in support of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. This result assures a basic fund of \$17,500,000 for the fair, and with this generous appropriation in hand Congress can hardly fail to give indorsement to our plans.

A Colossal Grab.

Under the heading "Proposed Charter Amendments" the merits of a series of proposed changes to our fundamental municipal law are discussed in detail elsewhere in this number of the Argonaut. The pu

pose of this writing is to direct especial attention to Amendments Nos. 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, and 38, which may collectively be styled a labor unionite raid on the public treasury, although it is fair to expect, in some measure at least, Amendments Nos. 35 and 36 from this sweeping indictment. These amendments proceed not from any public necessity, but solely from the wish of groups of city employees for increased pay. As illustrating the spirit of the whole group we take Section 3 of proposed amendment number 32, relating to "Employees, Salaries, Promotion," in the department of public works. The section in part is as follows:

Section 3. The board of public works shall appoint the following assistants, deputies, and employees, who shall each respectively receive the following annual salaries: One secretary, \$3000; one superintendent of buildings, \$3000; one head carpenter, \$2400; one head carpenter (fire department), \$2100; one head carpenter (school department), \$2100; three foremen carpenters, \$1800; twenty-five carpenters, \$1500; one foreman painter, \$2100; four foremen painters, \$1800; twenty painters, \$1500; one foreman plumber, \$2100; ten plumbers, \$1800; two plumbers' helpers, \$1080; one superintendent of street sweeping, \$2400; ten district foremen sweepers, \$1440; one inspector of side sewers, \$2400; one foreman of street repairs, \$1800; five miscellaneous inspectors, \$1800; seventeen inspectors of streets and sewers, \$1500; twenty sewer cleaners, \$1500; one hundred laborers, \$960; two foremen pavers, \$1800; twenty pavers, \$1800; twelve rammers, \$1500; eight watchmen, \$1200; seven bridgetenders, \$1200; two hunkermen, \$1200; three pumptenders, \$1200; five dump foremen, \$1200; one head janitor, \$1800; one janitor, \$1500; one janitor, \$1200; twenty janitors, \$1080.

The board may appoint such additional employees as may be necessary for the proper discharge of their duties under this article and fix their compensation annually subject to the appropriation of funds by the supervisors. * * * All appointments in the department shall be made under the provisions of Article 13 of this charter, relating to civil service, and no person so appointed shall be removed except for cause.

We take also for purposes of illustration Section 5 of Amendment No. 33, relating to the department of public health, under the head of "Employees, Salaries, Promotion":

Section 5. The board of health shall appoint the following officers, agents, and employees and prescribe their duties, who shall each respectively receive the following annual salaries:

For the Central Office—One chief clerk, \$2700; one auditor, \$2100; one experienced clerk, \$1800; two experienced clerks, \$1500; three experienced clerks, \$1200; one stenographer, \$1380; two stenographers, \$1200; one telephone operator, \$900; one chief plumbing inspector, \$2100; five plumbing inspectors, \$1800; two food inspectors, \$1500; two dairy inspectors, \$1500; five market inspectors, \$1500; four sanitary inspectors, \$1800; two disinfectors, \$1500; one industrial inspector, \$1500; one laboratory assistant, \$1500; one chief chemist, \$2100; one assistant chemist, \$1800; one assistant chemist, \$1500; one chemist's helper, \$1080; four nurses (inspectors of schools), \$960; one disinfectant inspector, \$900.

For the City and County Hospital—One commissary clerk, \$1800; one secretary clerk, \$1800; one night clerk, \$1200; one messenger, \$1200; one apothecary, \$1500; one assistant apothecary, \$1200; one telephone operator, \$720; one head nurse, \$1500; one head night nurse, \$900; ten graduate nurses, \$780; one hospital steward, \$1200; one chef, \$1500; one ambulance driver, \$1200; one head teamster, \$1200; five watchmen, \$900.

For the Relief Home—One assistant superintendent, \$1800; one commissary, \$1500; one secretary-clerk, \$1800; one stenographer, \$900; one warehouseman, \$900; one druggist, \$1500; one ambulance driver, \$1200; one hospital steward, \$1200; one head matron, \$960; two matrons, \$780; four nurses, \$780; four watchmen, \$900; one head teamster, \$1080.

These are sample proposals in a colossal scheme of boost. The excerpts are long, but we give them because they illustrate by their comprehensiveness as well as by their detail the enormity of the projected grab. The salaries proposed are to be paid in good weather and bad, whether municipal work is doing or not. Like interest on money, they run week days, Sundays, and holidays, whether or not there is any need for the services of those who draw them down.

It seems hardly necessary to suggest to taxpayers how they should vote next Tuesday upon the series of amendments of which these excerpts are average samples.

California and the President.

In the campaign just ended in California the national head of the Republican party—Honorable William H. Taft, President of the United States—has not been treated fairly or even decently. Official authority over the party organization is in the hands of a faction devoted for its own purposes to the political fortunes of ex-President Roosevelt as against President Taft. Being in control of the State convention some weeks back, this faction turned down a fair and adequate indorsement of the policies of President Taft, despite the fact

that the Republican party in California as a body is appreciative of the services of Mr. Taft and friendly to him. In the campaign just ended, speakers of all grades were instructed from party headquarters to minimize references to Mr. Taft, to utter no further approval of his administration than that involved in a cheap resolution which was grudgingly permitted to have place in the party platform. Republicans of California—real Republicans, who have affection for their party and respect for the President—have resented this. They resent it still. In the course of the campaign two speakers had the independence to disregard the instructions of the campaign management. Mr. Charles Curry, secretary of state and a primary candidate for the governorship, took occasion in his public and private utterances to declare his approval of the Taft administration. Congressman Knowland, putting aside the impertinent suggestions of the State committee, spoke his mind freely with respect to the administration. And most significantly, wherever these speakers appeared, and wherever they declared themselves, as they did everywhere, they were greeted with tremendous applause. All of which goes to show that the Republicanism of California is entirely friendly to President Taft, no matter what the prejudices or whims or sinister engagements of an accidental and temporary official organization of the party may be.

The Charter Amendments.

On the 15th instant—next Tuesday—San Francisco will vote upon a series of proposals to amend the municipal charter. This election is a sort of dragnet affair, relating to thirty-nine separate proposals involving four distinct purposes. The first looks to promotion of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The second represents suggestions made by the city authorities at various times during the past three years, designed to facilitate the operations of the municipal government. The third represents radical reform ideas planned to extend the "popular" principle in municipal government. The fourth reflects the ambition of various groups of municipal employees for increased pay for their services. Herewith the *Argonaut* presents the results of its studies in these various proposals in detail:

Charter Amendment No. 1 authorizes the municipality of San Francisco to issue bonds in the sum of \$5,000,000 in aid of the exposition project. It further authorizes the use of Golden Gate Park as a site for exposition structures. This is in harmony with precedents at Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and elsewhere where expositions have been held in the past. The presumption is that San Francisco will gain important material advantages through the exposition and that the investment proposed by the amendment will be a good one. By private subscription a fund of \$7,500,000 has already been raised. The State by last Tuesday's election provided \$5,000,000. If now the city will add \$5,000,000 we shall have a grand total of \$17,500,000, a sum deemed adequate as a financial foundation for the exposition upon a liberal plane. The issue needs no argument. We are committed to the project and every motive justifies it. The vote for it should be unanimous.

Amendment No. 2 proposes to reduce the board of municipal library control from twelve members to seven and to fix the official term at six years. Under the present system members of the board, mostly representing what is known as the "Phelan crowd," hold office indefinitely, the board itself filling vacancies whenever they occur. It is practically a close corporation, since it is the practice of the board to elect nobody against whom there is any objection on the part of any member of the existing board. The principle is bad. The amendment, we think, deserves support.

Amendment No. 3 proposes to permit the board of supervisors to exceed the dollar limit in municipal taxation by a vote of fourteen members instead of by unanimous vote, as the charter requires. This amendment, we think, ought to be voted down. The rule requiring unanimity is a not unreasonable safeguard. If there should come a real emergency it ought not to be difficult to get a full vote of the supervisors. Vote no.

Amendment No. 4 broadens the powers of the municipal government in the matter of acquiring and operating public utilities. It is unnecessary and dangerous. Vote no.

Amendment No. 5 provides for the publication of an official municipal record. It does away with that spe-

cies of municipal graft known as public advertising. Vote yes.

Amendment No. 6. This amendment elaborates initiative, referendum, and recall provisions of charter, especially making recall procedure easier. It is revolutionary and dangerous. Vote no.

Amendments 7 and 8 provide for a municipal primary somewhat in imitation of the Berkeley plan. Under the proposed change the system will finally eliminate all but two candidates for the mayoralty at other municipal offices. It would, we think, be an improvement upon the present system. Vote yes for both Amendments 7 and 8.

Amendment No. 8. This amendment eliminates party designations from the municipal ballot tending to make city elections free from the party spirit. On the whole, and especially in view of recent experiences in San Francisco, we think well of this proposal. Vote yes.

Amendment No. 9 provides for a four-year term for elective municipal officers, requiring that half of the official organization, including supervisors, shall go out of office each two years. It should tend to the stability of government and it has a practically important advantage of shortening the municipal ballot. Vote yes.

Amendment No. 10 proposes to do away with the arbitrary rule which vacates a municipal office if the holder thereof shall be absent more than sixty days during his official term. It substitutes a rational rule authorizing the mayor and supervisors to grant leave of absence upon a "proper showing." Vote yes.

Amendments Nos. 11 and 12. These amendments are to be considered together. They provide a procedure under which tunnels and viaducts may be initiated and constructed. We must soon, with the growth of the city, have facilities of this kind, and it is just as well to have the machinery in readiness. We have no objection to the plan proposed, though it would be well for voters to examine the measure critically. We incline to favorable consideration of this amendment.

Amendment No. 13 relates to municipal sewerage, doing away with private cesspool, etc. Vote yes.

Amendment No. 14 does away with the personal liability of members of the board of public works for damage resulting from defective streets. It also provides fuller regulations in the matter of street widening. The amendment looks all right and we incline to favor it, although it is difficult to know in a matter so technical and complicated if the measure is absolutely sound. We advise every voter intelligent in such matters to read the amendment for himself. At the same time, and upon the basis of present information, we counsel a favorable vote.

Amendment No. 15 relates to street improvement. It is, we think, a good proposition.

Amendment No. 16 authorizes a bureau of public employment. This is unnecessary, expensive, and probably worse than useless. It will tend to create more offices, more public employment, and is perfectly calculated as an agency for graft. Vote no.

Amendment No. 17 grants to the Academy of Sciences the use of a site in Golden Gate Park. Vote yes.

Amendment No. 18 relates to qualifications for employment in the fire department. There are certain men who were connected with the department in the past whom it is desirable to retain in the service, who are not eligible under the age limit imposed by the charter. The proposed amendment will make their employment possible, at the same time nullifying the pension rules so far as they are individually concerned. The proposal is supported by equitable considerations. Vote yes.

Amendments Nos. 19 and 20 make conditions for extension of street railways more burdensome. The intention of this measure is to put new difficulties in the way of street railroads. The effect of it, we believe, will be to make existing railways monopolistic, since nobody will take the franchises under the proposed conditions, making extensions as the city grows impracticable or impossible. Vote no.

Amendment No. 21 provides automatically a certain percentage of city taxation for public playgrounds. Vote yes.

Amendment No. 22 provides that half of the money raised by the park tax shall be used for parks other than Golden Gate Park. Essentially bad.

Amendment No. 23 substitutes day labor for contract labor in municipal operations. This is a labor un-

proposal tending to gross abuse. Essentially bad.

Amendment No. 24 relates to the civil service in municipal affairs and is intended to strengthen the civil service principle. Vote yes.

Amendment No. 25 relates to official vacations. We think this amendment is not necessary.

Amendment No. 26 has been rescinded.

Amendment No. 27 provides that such of these amendments as shall be adopted at this election shall not go into effect until July, 1911. This is a necessary fiscal regulation, since the present scheme of taxation will not provide money enough to pay the bills which the proposed "reforms" will incur.

Amendment No. 28. This is a private pension bill relating to twelve old city employees. It is, we think, entirely just and proper.

Amendment No. 29 raises the salary of supervisors from \$100 to \$200 per month. The increase is not too great if the right men could be secured.

Amendment No. 30 increases the salaries in the department of elections by an annual total of \$18,000 and confirms the men now in office for life. This is a job gotten up by the employees of the department of elections for their own advantage. Bad—very bad.

Amendment No. 31. The same kind of a proposition relating to the tax collector's office. Bad.

Amendment No. 32. The same kind of a raid by employees in the department of public works. Bad.

Amendment No. 34. The same thing in the interest of the employees of the board of health. Bad.

Amendment No. 34. The same thing in the department of electricity. Bad.

Amendment No. 35. This is a proposition of the same kind in behalf of the recorder's office. It is possible that in this case the increase of compensation is justified. It is an important office, calling for expert service, and its work is more than self-supporting.

Amendment No. 36. This relates in the same way to the assessor's office, and if this proposition stood alone it is not objectionable. The trouble with this amendment is that it is a feature of a general scheme to boost salaries.

Amendment No. 37. This is a salary raising proposition for the school department. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* salaries in this department are relatively too high now in some grades and relatively too low in others. Increases ought not to be made until the whole system shall have undergone careful reorganization.

Amendment No. 38 is a labor union proposal providing that the eight-hour rule shall be required in all contract work for the city. This is an interference with business rules which ought not to be made.

Amendment No. 39 is inconsequential. It prescribes the same rate of pay for patrol wagon drivers as for policemen. There seems no necessity for this amendment.

The President and Immigration.

President Taft, on a recent visit to New York, made a personal inspection of Ellis Island for the purpose of determining whether or not to indorse the recommendation of Commissioner Williams for an appropriation to double the capacity of the immigrant receiving station. He looked into the situation thoroughly, and at the conclusion of his observations expressed the opinion that the projected enlargement of facilities ought not to be made. He would like, he said, to see the incoming stream distributed among many ports rather than concentrated at New York. Ports on the Atlantic coast like New Orleans, Charleston (South Carolina), and Galveston, where labor is badly needed, have been making individual efforts to divert the tide of immigration, and the President expressed the opinion that the government should assist in this enterprise rather than encourage an increase in arrivals at New York. The President personally witnessed the routine work of inspecting new arrivals, patiently listening to appeals in fourteen questionable cases. In this connection there occurred an incident filled with what the metropolitan reporters style "human interest." We reproduce the story as told in the *New York Times* of October 19:

George Thornton, a Welsh miner, came last week to this country with eight children, five sons and three daughters, whose ages ranged from nineteen years old to the baby, two years old, who was held in the arms of the eldest girl, seventeen years old, who acted as the mother of the family. The real mother died a year ago.

The whole family were nicely dressed and looked scrupulously clean, but owing to a physical ailment the father was debarred by the law from entering this country. As the children patiently waited and looked wistfully up at the commis-

sioner's face, as he sat like a judge at his desk, the President was stirred, and he questioned the man himself. Thornton, who was not aware of the identity of his interrogator, stated simply that he had \$165 in cash and two hands with which he could do as much work as bigger men. He showed the President a letter from his sister, Mrs. Sarah Wells, who lived in Pittsburgh, which stated that she had taken a larger apartment to accommodate her brother and his family.

"I have heard of Welsh singers," said the President. "Do you sing?"

"No, sir," replied the Welsh miner, "but I have the makings of singers in my children."

"What is the form of government in this country?" was the next query.

The miner did not know, and looked troubled.

"Who is the head of the government?"

"The President," said Thornton.

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes, sir," the miner replied; "Mr. William H. Taft."

At this the President turned to the officials standing near him and said with a smile: "I can't condemn this man for total ignorance. It appears to me that this respectable-looking family, with the little mother holding the baby, will all grow up to be good, self-supporting citizens of the country."

Forty Years of the "Century."

With its issue for the current month the *Century Magazine* enters upon the fifth decade of its career and its conductors have good reason to look back upon forty years of completed history with satisfaction and pride. Three notable men—Charles Scribner, Dr. Holland, and Roswell Smith—were associated with the founding of the magazine in November, 1870, the first of whom, however, passed away ere the venture was a year old. Dr. Holland lived to serve the enterprise for nearly eleven years, giving to its editorial direction that ripened experience of worthy journalism which had its beginnings in his early connection with the *Springfield Republican*, a newspaper which has been the training school of so many of America's most notable periodical writers and editors. But there was one member of the original staff—Richard Watson Gilder—who was destined to serve the *Century* for more than a generation, first as assistant to Dr. Holland, and then, from 1881 to 1909, as editor-in-chief. Well laid and catholic as were the plans of Charles Scribner and Dr. Holland, and efficient as were the labors of the latter, it is doing no injustice to the memory of either to say that the unique position occupied by the *Century* today is most of all a tribute to the editorial presence and lofty ideals of Richard Watson Gilder. Himself a poet of distinction, and a writer of prose at once dignified and moving, he was perhaps yet more remarkable for the inerrancy of his judgment, the eclecticism of his selection, and the inspiration of his sympathy. A man of warm friendliness, and an unflinching encourager of all aspiring members of the literary craft, only the inner record of his life—and that not completely—will reveal how much his sympathetic personality counted in securing for the magazine and developing the powers of the illustrious corps of writers whose works have adorned its pages. The *Century's* reputation is Mr. Gilder's finest monument, and one for which any man would be willing to yield the best service of a lifetime.

In the forty years during which the magazine has been such a factor in the education and entertainment of its readers it has been the medium of first giving to the world an astonishing number of books which have since taken rank as classics. Merely to enumerate these would be too great a task, but such examples as the life of Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay, Gilder's own "Lincoln the Leader," Sloane's "Napoleon," Morley's life of Oliver Cromwell, and the unforgettable memoirs of Millet, will be sufficient to start a train of memories that can not fail to culminate in a feeling of genuine gratitude. Specially epoch-making was its series of studies of the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," contributed by actual participants in that great conflict, which added so materially to authentic history and at the same time gave a great impetus to popular interest in the magazine and greatly increased its circulation. Nor has it been different in other departments of literature. Many of the most notable novels of the past four decades—all distinguished by their avoidance of any tribute to the disgraceful eroticism that vitiates so much modern fiction—have appeared first in the pages of the *Century*, while to poetry, art, economics, national development, liberal religion, and many other phases of intellectual and social activity the magazine has ever extended a generous hospitality. Its services in the realm of art have been particularly distinguished. In its early days it was obliged to depend largely upon imported illustrations, but the market

which it afforded gave an enormous stimulus to native talent, and so laid the foundation for that preeminence in the pictorial field which America enjoys today. And in its pages, as the *Argonaut* noted recently, has been published that unique series of engravings on wood by Timothy Cole, which alone would be a glory for any magazine.

One of the most laudable aims of the *Century*—whether first as *Scribner's Magazine* or later under its present title—has been to promote national unity and oppose all types of sectionalism. Its pages have been as open to the South as to the North; the worthy achievements of all States have found generous record at its hands; no writer has been refused a hearing provided he had something of moment to say or could embody imaginative dreams in adequate verse or prose. And the magazine has been sufficiently electric also to welcome among its contributors distinguished writers beyond the Atlantic.

So wide a policy has had its deserved reward in the creation of a magazine which is highly regarded by high-minded Americans. Misled by the recent interested eulogy of the muck-raking magazines indulged in by an English visitor, there may be some who are in danger of forgetting that actually the chief glory of illustrated American magazine literature is alone represented by that trio to which the *Century* belongs, that is, *Harper's*, the *Century* and *Scribner's*. There is no country in the world, not England, not France, nor Germany, nor any other, which can boast three magazines of equal merit, as distinguished for their pictorial quality, their literary standing, or the cultural influence of their contributions. And it is a matter for national congratulation—in view of the charges which are so often brought against the debasing influence of the American press—that these three magazines are as keenly appreciated in England as in America for their high standards and educational ministry. In fact, they are practically the sole representatives in England of the high-class magazine, all the others of native production having degenerated into cheap sensationalism. On the threshold of its fifth decade, then, the *Century* can not fail to receive hearty congratulations for its distinguished achievements, and sincere wishes that its future services for the republic may be as fruitful in fostering a love for the true, the beautiful, the good.

The Disappearing Samurai.

It is said with authority in Tokio that the warrior spirit among young Japanese is vanishing and that the generation just coming of conscript age promises to be a force for peace. The male youth is looking on himself as a citizen and not as a unit of war. The change in his point of view is seen in ways which may even reflect upon his personal courage. If he can avoid conscription he will do so; if not, he tries to join the engineering or transportation services of the army so as to lessen his bodily risk. Life and future usefulness are preferred to a remembered military name. Time was, so late as ten years ago, that if the young Japanese capable of bearing arms was overlooked in the conscription he was humiliated and distressed; if rejected he did not hesitate to take his own life. But now, if left off the muster roll he thinks himself in particular luck. He has no ambition, as his forefathers had, to die for his country or his emperor; he prefers to live for them and for himself and contribute as best he may to the phases of national industry and share in their material rewards.

A Tokio correspondent, quoting military opinion, says this unlooked-for development of the Japanese character has appeared since the Russian war, though not altogether the result of it. That conflict was inspiring, but costly. It was glorious, but disquieting. Japan had a clear record of victory, but the roll of her dead and wounded was long and red. Financially, nothing could have been worse for Japan except defeat and indemnity. All that saved the land from bankruptcy was the timely mediation which led to the peace of Portsmouth. Not a rouble of blood money was had from Russia, and the land recompense, a piece of the island of Saghalien and a free hand in Korea, provided no interest on the new debt. These circumstances have made the rising generation prudent beyond its years; and in place of the quarrel-picking Samurai spirit of the recent past is shown the calculating designs of a new race of scholars and shopkeepers.

Military observers of other countries, including our own, have also noted this transformation. A year or two ago, in Honolulu, Colonel Walter S. Schuchart,

S. A., in a paper read before the Social Science Club of that city, which covered his personal experiences as an American attaché in the Russian war, ventured to say that the Samurai ethics of battle had gone from the army with the Samurai themselves. These choice and master spirits of Japanese manhood had sacrificed themselves in the deadly grapple with the bear. They had gone to death as the bridegroom to the feast. Japanese armies, said this competent observer, would never be the same again. In every desperate venture of the Russian war the numbers of the Samurai had been cut down more than those of any other portion of the army. These fierce warriors, having sought annihilation, had found it, individually and for their guild. Other standards than theirs must sway the conscript of the future; and now we have the confession, which even so great an authority as Major-General Sato attests, that the Japanese soldier, while as amenable to discipline as ever, is no longer the bloodthirsty and unconquerable fighting man whose onward and devastating march not all the might of Russia could check.

But there are other causes of the change, socialism among the rest, civilization in its broader aspects more especially. The young Japanese is falling in line with the age he lives in. True, the world is yet given to armies and liable to war, but the object of armaments is peace and the age does not accept the warrior spirit as an excuse for breaking the truce of nations. The noble prizes of life are no longer for the soldier; they are, instead, for the captains of industry. The worth of nations is not so much measured by triumphs of arms as by commercial and industrial victories, progress in the arts, and wholesome betterment of social conditions. All this is borne like a revelation upon the mind and conscience of the educated young Japanese who must soon bear the burdens of state, and it inevitably reacts against the military fetiche. For fifty years Japan has been trying to enlighten its people, and now the effort is bearing fruit after its kind. Not that Japan is ceasing to be formidable as a war power; but the individual has begun to lose the fighting edge, the brute initiative, that once could stand fire and make war in the mass without discipline. The red Indians fought without that form of compulsion; the Dervishes who charged the machine guns of the Sirdar did not need it; there were no brutal sergeants behind the line of the Abyssinians who swept down on the fated Italians to keep them to their work. They fought because it was their nature to fight. Nor were the Samurai in the Japanese revolution of 1868, who battled with their two-handed swords, held to their bloody task by an overmastering authority. All these men were simple, primitive warriors, with the blood lust, like the Goths and Vandals before them. But the twentieth century has no taste for the savage, and is trying to eliminate him. It seeks to create producers, and not destroyers. It would build, not wreck; and when wars come, as wars will, the effort of the world is to shorten them and to end them as soon as possible. Arbitration gains ground inch by inch if not foot by foot. That the progressive young Japanese respond to these new conditions shows that their civilization is not a mere lacquer and that they, falling in with the orderly courses of a world that would be at peace, are realizing that the most lasting results of a successful war may be as perilous as those of one that has failed, in the birth of a threatening pride, in the jealousy of neighbors, and in the need of greater armaments and perhaps more wars to preserve what the sword has won.

A Sample Coffin Nail.

The *Argonaut* hears of an interesting instance in exposition of the processes by which the life is being slowly strangled out of the industry of San Francisco. Here as in other cities there is a vast amount of pipe-laying for sewers, water mains, and multitudinous other purposes. This work has been done since time out of mind by forces of men who to a greater or less extent have become expert in it. They have learned how to handle themselves and how to handle heavy pipe in ditches; in short, they have learned the knack of this particular work, which, though requiring experience for its handy performance, is only indirectly related to the skilled trades. Formerly wages were \$2.50 per day, but in recent times in conformity with the general upward movement the rate has been \$3.50 per day. The men engaged in this work are almost constantly busy and they have been content with the conditions of their employment.

But through the aggressive meddling of labor union-

ism there has come a disturbance in the ditch work line, tending first to throw the ditch workers out of their business, and second to double the cost of this kind of work. With the falling off of reconstruction in San Francisco, and with the general decline in industry, work in the plumbing trade has become slack. Many plumbers are out of work, and this has led the leaders of the Plumbers' Union to cast covetous eyes upon the operations of their industrial cousins, the ditch workers. The work of laying pipe in ditches is far from being the work of a plumber in the ordinary sense, and yet it has a certain relationship to the plumbing trade. The operations of plumbing are far more intricate and delicate, calling for skill rather than strength. A man may be a competent plumber without being half as effective in ditch work as a regular ditch worker. But the plumbers want the ditch work under their wage scale of \$6 per day as against the ditch workers' scale of \$3.50 per day. A demand has been made by the leaders of the Plumbers' Union for all pipe work in ditches, and the matter is up for determination to some one of the general labor "amalgamations," which is expected to decide against the ditch workers and in favor of the plumbers.

If this reapportionment shall be made, the ditch workers will be thrown out altogether and their work will be turned over to the plumbers, whose wage rate is nearly double. Then, the plumbers will not be able to do the work so efficiently, which will add another element of cost. Whoever pays for the work will be "cinched" to the tune of practically double pay, while the humble ditch worker will be cast out upon the world to swell the ranks of unskilled laborers.

The net result, in so far as it affects the general interest of the community, will be largely increased cost of pipe-laying wherever it is done in ditches. In this case the ultimate consumer is the general public. The logic of it is another nail in the coffin of San Francisco's industry.

Professor Woodworth's exploitation of the "specialized spinster" as a "higher type," coupled with his designation of wives and mothers as "non-producers," is likely to get him into trouble. Even the suffragettes, most of whom appear to have been recruited from the sphere of mismatched wifehood, are not willing to concede a higher character to old-maidhood, nor to accept placidly the theory that a mother is a non-producer. Professor Woodworth may have to choose between taking something back and having his rather too abundant whiskers pulled.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

American pilgrims still hold the van of that little army of Carlyle devotees which makes its way year by year to the modest Arch House in the Scottish village of Ecclefechan where Emerson's friend was born. In the tiny room upstairs which is pointed out as the birth-chamber is kept a substantial volume of the ledger type, the fly-leaf of which sets forth its history: "Visitors' Book at the Birthplace and Grave of Thomas Carlyle. Presented to Mr. Peter Scott of Ecclefechan, Scotland, by Joseph Cook, of Boston, Massachusetts." There is nothing to mark the Arch House from the other lowly dwellings that line the village street, and a native guide will be needed if the pilgrim desires to find his way to Carlyle's grave. Hence the story of the great writer's brother, James, who was met one day in the village by a band of Americans. Ignorant of his identity, they asked him the whereabouts of Carlyle's grave. "Which Carlyle?" "Oh, the great Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle." With unmoved face he gave the information asked, and was rewarded with a fine outburst of hero-worship. "We have come all the way from America," said the spokesman of the pilgrims, "to lay this wreath on our great teacher's grave." "Ha!" rejoined James, still unmoved, "it's a gey harmless occupation!" Another story circulating in the village has to do with James's comment at dinner. A long-winded yeoman said grace before the meal. James listened through it patiently, and then saluted his over-unctuous neighbor with the remark, "A vera guid blessing, Wullie, but ye've spoilt the soup!"

All of which, and especially that "Which Carlyle?" goes to show how vain is the search of the man who visits Ecclefechan on the lookout for worshippers of Carlyle. It is illustrated by the tradition of the old roadman who happened to be addressed by a party of devotees. He ran over the names of the various members of the family, with suitable comment on each, and dwelt with special emphasis upon Sandy as "a rare breeder o' sows." "But there was one called Thomas, you know," exclaimed one of the eager pilgrims. "Ay," retorted the old roadman, "there was Tam; he gaed awa' up to London, but I dinna think he ever did muckle guid."

Although Ecclefechan itself is not an attractive village, the district in which it is situated has many charms. The roads leading in the direction of Hoddam Hill, where Carlyle spent the most idyllic year of his life, pass between luxurious hedge-

rows and flower-decked banks. And these adornments of nature, and the "kind heech rows of Entepfuhl"—that is, Ecclefechan—were not without their influence on the great writer. In fact Annandale has left its impress on his most characteristic book; for no one can appreciate the essential poetry of "Sartor Resartus" until he has visited the Ecclefechan district. There is an inexplicable charm about that countryside, which Carlyle has caught and perpetuated in his pages, a charm which is totally independent of the strain of thought running through the volume.

To the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, which the enthusiastic native claims to be the largest in the world, has been added a map of unique interest to citizens of the United States. It dates back to 1584, and recalls an early attempt to annex both American continents as colonies of France. Catherine de Medici, it will be remembered, once entertained the modest ambition of acquiring both North and South America as appendages to her crown, and with that object in view she dispatched a couple of her representatives to the scene of operations. The northern section of the enterprise was committed to the charge of the queen's favorite, Troilus de Mesgones, who was adorned with the title of Viceroy of France, and sailed from Havre with a large fleet, only to be wrecked in the Atlantic. Another favorite, Strozzi, was commissioned to capture South America, but he was no more fortunate than Mesgones, for he was killed at the Azores. These happenings, however, took a long time to reach the ears of Queen Catherine, and in the meantime she nursed her dreams and prepared a map on which "the New World of the North and the New World of the South" duly figured as colonies of France. This is the cartographic curiosity which now enriches the map treasures of the National Library in Paris. It deserves immortality along with the medal Napoleon struck to commemorate his conquest of England.

Rightly does Elihu Vedder, in his fascinating "Digressions," anticipate that one of the things his friends and admirers will be most anxious to know is when and where and why and how he made his unrivaled drawings illustrative of Omar Khayyam. The answer he gives is a poignant addition to the annals of American art:

We were living in Perugia when my friend Ellis brought me Omar and introduced him as only Ellis could. Ellis was a man who could read Chaucer, not only so that you understood him, but he converted him into a musical flow of melody. He was a man who, once reading a long poem, could recite it, and copy it out for you if you desired. Now this was so far back that it was in the time when Omar, or FitzGerald, was only known to Tennyson and his friends as "old Fitz," and to a few besides. But in the little Villa Uffreduzzi, late in the afternoon, when the sun had gone off the house, in the grateful shade, out of an old Etruscan cup, many were the libations of good wine poured on the thirsty earth, to go below and quench the fire of anguish in old Omar's eyes.

Thus was the seed of Omar planted in a soil peculiarly adapted to its growth, and it grew and took to itself all of sorrow and of mirth that it could assimilate, and blossomed out in the drawings. To round out the candle—from the villa we saw the level plain of the Tiber stretching to stormy Assisi, always involved in strange effects and atmospheric troubles, such as followed in the moral world the advent of its great saint. We, however, sat in the peaceful twilight and drank to Omar. I had my little boy with me, slowly twining himself about my heart with tendrils never more to be relaxed. His mother, proud of her two boys, had gone home and returned with hut one. In Rome a little daughter came, and she was brought to the Villa Ansidesi, to which we had removed in the meantime. It had the same great view, and the same cloud effects over the plain and on the great hill of Assisi are shown in many a sketch made at that time. At the Villa Uffreduzzi all was pleasure—and so it was at the other villa for a time. In those days I painted dances and picnics—and girls weaving golden nets—until the day came when my little boy had to depart. Then followed the various attempts to banish even the memory of him, for the sake of others. He was placed in a cell in the wall of the cemetery of Perugia, in full view of the house—so that he was never out of sight as well as out of heart—and then I painted a sketch I never show. And then we gave up the villa and passed the summers elsewhere. Once knowing Omar, I always intended to paint something in his vein.

Even when the drawings were planned, Mr. Vedder had his work cut out to find a market for them. He mentioned his idea to the art editor of one of the principal magazines in New York, who rejoined, "Yes, yes; take something popular and it might do very well." In Boston, Mr. Houghton listened patiently as the artist expounded his scheme, but in the end asked, "But who and where is this Omar?"

To that welcome precedent established at Cascade which has prevented a water-power company from ruining the spectacular beauty of the cañon falls in the interest of dividends has now to be added the decision of an Illinois court denying the right of a railroad company to use its right-of-way for advertising purposes. Presumably the decision is based on the ground that such a purpose is not contemplated by the franchise which the company holds from the State. Such a view will, at any rate, commend itself to the thousands of travelers who fail to see what connection there is between transportation rights and the wilful disfiguring of the landscape by hideous announcements of the soothing virtue of somebody's syrup or the potent fragrance of another body's tobacco. If the advertisements which make horrible so many stretches of lovely scenery along the railroads were in any sense artistic there might not be so much ground for complaint, but as they are so debased in taste and generally bear the smug portrait of a commonplace looking man daubed in the crudest style, they are an offense from every point of view. The only defect of the Illinois court decision is that it does not apply to individual owners of property along the railroad. Probably it would be held unconstitutional to restrain private owners from renting their fields and the sides of their barns and houses to the pernicious advertiser. That remedy can be achieved only by the slow process of educating public taste.

AVIATORS AT LOGGERHEADS.

The Manhattan Contest and Its Result.

It would seem that the international contest of today is productive rather of ill-feeling and resentment than of the sportsmanlike good-fellowship that it was intended to promote. No matter where the meeting is held or under what conditions its inevitable sequel is a series of protests and complaints from peevish contestants who wrap themselves in their national flags, sulk in their tents, and refuse to play any more. It is a strange sign of the materialism of the day that any real national values should be attached to a few individual and picked displays of muscularity that any well-fed steer would laugh to scorn, or of a speed that a jack-rabbit would sneer at.

Take the case of the aero meet that has just come to an end in Belmont Park. New York has been flying-machine mad for the last ten days. If there are any statesmen in our midst, of either the coming or the coming back variety, let them compare their popularity with that of a successful aviator—or of a successful prize-fighter for that matter—and then reflect upon the vanity of things human. Now there does not seem to be any particular skill needed to fly. One must, of course, understand a gasoline engine, and no doubt there is a certain knack in finding out favorable air currents and the like, but neither America, England, nor France would rise any higher out of their waves because their respective champions had flown around the Statue of Liberty in six minutes less time than their competitors who did not happen to have quite so favorable a draught or quite so strong an engine. It all seems very childish, but none the less the air is full of fur and feathers. It is a pity that the aviators can not imitate the other birds, who fly so much better and who yet are said to agree in their little nests and not fight and fall out.

The trouble arose in this way: Mr. Thomas F. Ryan was so ill-advised as to offer \$10,000 to the man who made the best flight from Belmont Park, around the Statue of Liberty, and back again. If he had offered a fountain pen or a bound volume of the *Outlook* it is not likely that national spirit would have run quite so high, but that was Mr. Ryan's mistake and he will know better another time. Several of the aviators needed that \$10,000 and planned its investment, and they seem to have understood that they could make as many flights as they liked up to and including last Monday, and that the money would go to the best record. Grahame-White and De Lesseps, English and French, were the first to get away, and Grahame-White, anxious to get the low evening wind, asked the committee to decide the latest hour at which a flight would be allowed. He was told that 3:45 would be the time limit. The Englishman beat the Frenchman by a trifle, but when they returned they found that Moissant of Chicago had beaten them both, but that he had started away twenty minutes later than the time assigned to the foreigners and therefore had found, possibly, a more favoring wind. Then Grahame-White and De Lesseps said they would try again on Monday, but this idea was promptly checkmated by a sudden resolution of the committee that only one flight should be allowed, and that in any case the contest should close on that same evening, Sunday. Then the fat fell into the fire and a distinct odor was perceptible. Grahame-White and De Lesseps lodged protests, and presently it was found that many of the Americans were on their side and were white hot at what they described as a deliberate juggling of the rules in such a way as to close up the whole affair so that the prize should necessarily fall into the hands of Moissant. Let it be understood that this is the complainants' point of view only. The committee are still short of breath and slightly incoherent.

The trouble came to a head on Monday. The Aero Club had arranged a banquet at the Plaza Hotel and all the aviators were invited to be present. The vacant chairs at the appointed hour soon made it evident that something was wrong, and Mr. Belmont's extempore explanation that the aviators were somewhere up on the branches oiling their wings was received as a fairly good bridge over a bad break. The empty chairs belonged to Grahame-White, De Lesseps and his brother the count, J. Armstrong Drexel, Hubert Latham, who crossed the English Channel; Charles K. Hamilton, the young American who flew to Philadelphia and back; William McArdle, Clifford Harmon, and Nowell Griffith. It was something like playing "Hamlet" without the Danish prince, but the dinner proceeded to its close, and then came the bombshell from Mr. Drexel in the form of a letter. It was a protest against an action "contrary to all the traditions of sport and honor" which he, as an American, must denounce. The grievance, Mr. Drexel explained, was not confined to Grahame-White and De Lesseps, but it was shared by all other aviators who were excluded from the competition by a sudden ruling that would be interpreted as a move to get the prize "juggled into an American's hands." The plain fact is, said Mr. Drexel, that the committee, "seeing the chance of winning the prize for an American, went back upon their word and by closing the contest and the official meeting stopped two men, Messrs. De Lesseps and Grahame-White, from trying again, and the other flyers from even competing." Therefore he resigned from the club

and hoped that all American sportsmen would follow his example.

The situation was naturally a grievous one, and not at all conducive to good digestion. It was now known that the malcontents had been invited to another and a contemporaneous dinner at Sherry's, and, curiously enough, just as Mr. Drexel's letter was delivered they all came into the room and took their seats in time for the distribution of prizes. Of course nothing was said at the moment. No one knew what to say. Mr. Drexel disappeared when he found that he had brought his own letter, so to speak. Grahame-White was loudly cheered and the great Gordon Bennett trophy was presented to him as the "king of aviators," and so the affair was brought to a finish with all the cross currents below the surface and decorously out of sight. But it can hardly end there. So far there has been no real defense from the committee except that they offered to open the Statue of Liberty competition for further efforts on Monday, but the offer seems to have been too late. It would be interesting to know, and eventually we shall know, first, why the meeting was closed so unexpectedly, and second, why Moissant was allowed to start twenty minutes later than the time positively set for his competitors. Of course Grahame-White contends that he set himself to defeat De Lesseps only, supposing that there would be no other competitor in the air at that time, and that there would have been no other competitor on that day if the rules had been applied to all alike. On the whole it is rather an ugly quarrel and it ought to be umpired without delay.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, November 3, 1910.

The assembling of the national senate in China is followed by the announcement of a scheme of monetary reform which fundamentally consists in the resumption by the imperial crown of its ancient prerogative of money regulation. All banks of issue, both native and foreign, are ordered to retire their circulation at the rate of 20 per cent per annum, and it is expressly stated that no renewal of private circulation will be permitted. The old notes will be replaced by those of the imperial bank at Peking, with branches at Tientsin, Shanghai, Hankow, Canton, Chengtow, and Mukden. The new notes shall be legal tender to, but not from the bank or the imperial government, and always at their face value, without premium or discount; the notes are redeemable in coin. In case of a run on the bank or its branches, the bank is to have reasonable time to summon its reserves from its agencies; and the metallic reserve must always be equal to 50 per cent of the notes emitted.

In Mexico and other Latin-American countries there is no law against the reproduction of the paper money of the country for use as advertising, but in the United States this is a felony, and any one so doing would be prosecuted under the laws of the land for counterfeiting the national currency. In Mexico imitation bills can be seen at all times used for advertising purposes, and, strange to say, they deceive no one and the users of them do not intend any deceit, though it would seem to be an easy matter to pass them on unlettered persons. Can it be that Mexicans are more intelligent, or simply that few of the illiterate ever gain possession of paper money?

Paul Nash, the American consul-general at Budapest, in his report of the department, reviewing financial conditions in Hungary, shows that every branch of industry in that country is financed by banking concerns; running from the manufacture of machinery to the export of nuts, and yet there has been only one bank failure of importance in forty years. The assistance of the banks is a necessity for Hungarian industry, because the individual investor, as in most agricultural countries, does not regard manufacturing with any degree of enthusiasm, and but for the banks and the government little progress would be made toward industrial independence.

Somebody has inquired why "bathing machines," the comfortable privacy of which for ocean bathing has never attracted bathers in this country, are called machines, remarking that there is nothing of a machine about them, except the horse which draws them to the beach. The answer has been found in the new Oxford Dictionary, that almost romantic marvel of scholarly industry. It appears that a "machine" was originally a "structure of any kind, material or immaterial," and has nothing to do with machinery, a later word. Ships were called machines, and it would have been proper to speak of a pulpit as a machine.

Improvements in the transiberian railway service now make it possible for a journey round the world to be made in thirty-seven days. From London to Yokohama, by way of Siberia, would take two weeks. The trip across the Pacific would take twelve days, making Vancouver twenty-six days distant from London. Eleven days are allowed for the journey from Vancouver to London by way of New York.

At the district fair in Dallas, Texas, the park commissioners barred all automobile and motorcycle racing, declaring that the numerous accidents had aroused public sentiment against the sport.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ellen Terry was received in state on her arrival in New York, and presented with a "book of welcome" in vellum and gold, inscribed with the names of the two hundred friends and admirers present.

In asking that he be allowed to retire as ambassador to Turkey, Oscar S. Strauss frankly says he has had enough of Constantinople. Three times, beginning in 1887, has he been the American diplomatic representative to the Turks.

The Rev. U. K. Koren has preached to the Norwegian Lutherans at Decorah, Iowa, for fifty-seven years, and still occupies his pulpit. He is well preserved at ninety-four years, and president of the synod of his church in America.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the author of "His Hour" and "Three Weeks," is in private life Mrs. Clayton Glyn, the wife of an English squire and justice of the peace. She is described as being very striking in appearance, tall and slender, with a very white face surrounded by masses of auburn hair.

Mrs. M. F. Maude, widow of the late Canon Maude, celebrated her ninety-first birthday recently at her home at Overton-on-Dee, England. She has held the honorary post of secretary of the Missionary Leaves' Association since 1870, and has had correspondence with stations all over the world. Mrs. Maude is the author of the famous hymn, "Thine Forever."

Erich Korngold, an Austrian boy composer, only thirteen years old, had his musical pantomime, "Der Schneemann," brought out in Vienna at the Royal Opera House recently with great success, and it has now been taken on by theatres in Breslau, Leipsic, and Prague. Though hardly to be considered a young Mendelssohn, the young composer undoubtedly has remarkable talent.

Dr. Alfred Mercer of Syracuse, New York, who has been following his profession there for fifty-seven years, and is the oldest active physician in central New York, was tendered a dinner by the local academy of medicine on the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday, November 11. In the days of long ago, when saddlebags were common among physicians, Dr. Mercer rode much through the country districts on horseback to visit his patients.

D. H. Burnham, the architect and landscape beautifier, was prominent in the congress and international exhibition of town-planning in London last week. He showed his plans adapted to Chicago, which were praised for their systematic development. Mr. Burnham was enthusiastic in his description of the value of the conference, and declared that the model garden city of the world was Port Sunlight, in England, laid out by a manufacturing firm.

Some ten or fifteen years ago J. P. Morgan, it is said, consulted a physician in New York regarding his health, and was advised to give up all exercise. The doctor's theory was that as Mr. Morgan had formed entire his habit of living without exercise, it was then too late to undertake a change. The doctor accordingly forbade walking when a cab could be procured, even for short distances. This advice is said to have been followed, and Mr. Morgan is said to be in robust health now at the age of seventy-three.

Rear-Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, who has been appointed to the command of the British fleet in the Atlantic in succession to Prince Louis of Battenberg, whose term expires in December, is an officer who has seen much active service and has been through many perils. He entered the navy in 1872, and in 1882 served in the Egyptian War. In 1893 he was wrecked in the *Victoria*. In 1898 he went to the China station, and commanded the Naval Brigade during the attempted relief of the Peking legations. Sir John is only fifty-one years old.

Margaret A. Graham, nineteen years old, a "reeler" in one of the Ludlow (Massachusetts) mills, threw a baseball 262 feet 6 inches the other day. Standing 6 feet 3 3/4 inches and tipping the scales at 189 pounds, Miss Graham, besides having nearly a score of world's records to her credit, has likewise been pronounced such a marvel of physical strength as has given her the honor of being declared the strongest woman in the world. She has smashed all the world's records in skating for women from one mile to ten, her world's record time for a half-mile in this sport being 1 minute 40 seconds. In spite of her stature she has made the 100-yard dash in 11 1/2 seconds (in skirts), and one of her aquatic feats is a 100-foot swim in 23 seconds.

Theophile Braga, the president of the provisional republican government of Portugal, is an unassuming man, and although he has published more than one hundred volumes and has been described as the Victor Hugo of Portugal, he is by no means rich. It has been said that his salary as professor is \$1200 a year, and that out of this he saves about \$500. He was born in 1843, the son of a Lisbon doctor. From 1870 he has been an avowed Republican, but he was not directly connected with politics until he was elected as a deputy for Lisbon early this year. He is professor of Portuguese literature at the High Literary College in Lisbon, and has been secretary of the Royal Academy in Portugal. He is a widower.

THE RULING PASSION.

At an Actor's Passing.

He was stricken while entering the hotel, after the performance of "King Lear." At first they thought he was dying and they brought a mattress and placed him on it, near the spot where he had fallen. When the doctors came they had him carried into the hotel office, which they turned into a sick-room. They said he might live for a few weeks or he might die over night.

In the newspaper and telegraph offices throughout the country there was intense excitement. From the small Western city where the actor was facing death this warning went over the wire to the Associated Press: "Get ready for three thousand words." Before the reason could be given there was flashed back: "Have you got a murder out there?" It was so late that thousands of editors and typesetters were kept up more than two hours beyond their usual bedtime. Not only had the news of the seizure to be reported; but the articles on the actor and his career had to be added, culled from the "graveyard" containing the obituaries and the material for obituaries. His eccentricities and his enormous vogue had made him a figure of sensational interest and around him centred a mass of anecdote. So great was the public curiosity that his path through the country had been watched by crowds, eager to catch a glimpse of him as he passed in his long special train. He liked to say that he detested what he called "this pursuit," and he could only be discovered covertly peering out of a window.

Among all the messages there was one that smote a human heart. It was signed by the actor's manager and addressed to the actor's wife. It reached its destination at three o'clock in the morning and from that time till long past daylight a frail woman lay weeping bitterly. In the early morning she was speeding to her husband.

Since regaining consciousness he had been watching for her. When she entered the hotel office he tried to smile and he pressed her hand. She bent and kissed his forehead.

"It's the end," he whispered.

She drew a chair to the bedside. "Don't talk," she said. Then she made a sign to the two nurses that she wished to be left alone with him.

"What do the people say?" he asked.

"They speak beautifully of you, dear," she promptly replied, as if she had prepared herself for the question.

"For the first time," he gasped. Already his face looked like death.

"They say you are the greatest of all the actors in this country."

"In this country!" he scornfully echoed.

"And they say that you have done more for the stage than any one else."

"H'm!" From his tone she knew that he was pleased.

His eyes roamed to the ceiling. For the moment he seemed to forget that she was there. "Home!" he said. "To be at home! O God, to be at home!"

The doctors allowed him to be moved the next day. Quietly, systematically, his wife arranged everything. Before they left the hotel he whispered to her: "Have them put me in the throne-room. Wire!" She understood, and she asked the manager to send this telegram to her housekeeper: "Have the mahogany bed set up at once in the throne-room and the room made ready. Arrive early morning."

When he reached home and had been placed in bed, he looked with satisfaction at the glass-covered cases that lined the room on three sides. They contained nearly all the costumes and properties he had worn in his long career on the stage. He had chiefly impersonated kings and other potentates, and the garments, embroidered with gold and silver ornaments, together with the jeweled crowns, the baubles, the decorations, made a glittering array. His feverish eyes surveyed them with hungry satisfaction. "They treasure the clothes that Garrick wore, and the properties he used."

She knew what he wished her to say. "Yes, dear, and they will treasure yours. But you are going to add many more to them."

"No more. No more." Tears of self-pity rolled down his cheeks. He feasted his eyes on the glass cases and on the magnificent canopied throne that stood in one corner of the room, the throne he had used in "Richard II." "Dearest, do you remember what they said when I announced that I was going to revive Richard? How they ridiculed! They said I'd never make the piece go. A whole year in New York, my darling. What a happy time we had! A whole year at home with you!" His eyes rested on her affectionately. Then he began to mumble in a deep tone. "For God's sake let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the deaths of kings." They used to cry when I said that. I can feel the silence now. How still, how still! And I can see the front part of the house, with the crowds reaching so far back that I couldn't see the end. And do you remember how they used to hang over the top gallery? Ah, but Shakespeare ought to have given Richard that fine apostrophe to England. How awful the wretched man used to be who played it! I never can remember his name. Perhaps it's just as well. He didn't know what a word meant. And as for feeling it! But how could he feel it when he didn't know what it was all about?"

He laughed like an old man. The sound made her think of the way he used to laugh in "King Lear." He began to mumble again. "This England, this happy, happy isle." But no, of course, Shakespeare couldn't have given that to Richard. Still, it was absurd to let such an outburst go to a subordinate actor. Only a genius could get all the power out of that speech. Darling, if I get well, sometime I'm going to give a reading from Richard II. Then I can read that speech as it should be read."

"Yes, dear," she said patiently.

"Are the papers talking about me?" he suddenly asked.

"There are long articles in all the papers this morning. I saw them before we left the train."

"Are they kind?"

"Very kind, dear, and very sympathetic."

"They'll be sorry when they lose me. I've furnished



Mabel Barnes-Grundy, Author of "Gwendolyn."
Baker & Taylor Company.

them plenty of copy," he grimly remarked. He had always loved to declare that the newspapers hounded him and that he longed to escape ever being mentioned in print. "Don't let those nurses come in here for awhile. I want to be alone with you. They couldn't understand. And have you cautioned them not to give anything out to the newspapers? Are you quite sure



Thomas Starr King. Illustration from "Heroes of California,"
by George Wharton James. Little, Brown & Co.

they won't tell? Perhaps they're reporters. Who knows?" he cried wildly.

"Oh, no, dear. They are nice, simple women."

For a few moments he lay quiet. She thought he was falling asleep. Then he opened his eyes.

"Poor Richard! He was a weak man. I used to feel like a weak character myself whenever I played him. Really I was quite unlike myself those two seasons."

"You were good and kind," she said, her eyes filling with tears.

"Perhaps it was because we were making so much money," he went on, with a gleam of humor in his face. "But I like the other kings better. Now Henry VIII, he had great humor. I used to feel light-hearted when I played him. He wasn't had, old Henry. He simply wanted to enjoy himself all the time, and when his wives annoyed him the easiest thing for him to do was to put them out of the way. But Lear, he had the spirit of a king, for all his senility. God, how I loved to play Lear! And how I longed to kill that imbecile woman who first played Cordelia with me. They were

all bad, all the Cordelias. How many did we have—five? Darling, it was only the other night I played that part, and it seems as if it were in another life. But there's something unsatisfactory about Shakespeare's kings. Do you remember how nervous I used to be when I was playing Macbeth? That woman who played Lady Macbeth used to give me the horrors. For all his love for his wife, Macbeth must have been afraid of her. I'm sure that woman would have put poison in my soup if she'd got a chance. I made it a rule never to stay in the hotel where she was. I used to see her looking with hate out of the corner of her eye in my scenes with her. And Hamlet! Poor old Hamlet! He didn't have the spirit of a king." On his cheeks stood two spots; his eyes shone. "While I was playing him I used to read philosophy all the time and fall asleep in my chair. I gained forty pounds that season. Dearest, the spirit of my characters used to enter into me. That's why I was so hateful to you when I played Othello."

"You weren't hateful, dearest. I understood. I knew it wasn't the real you."

"The real me! I wonder if there is any real me. If there is," he went on with a whimsical smile, "you're the only one that knows me."

"Don't you think you'd better rest now, dear?"

He either did not hear or he ignored the remark. "Sometimes I think I must have the spirit of kings in me. That's why I am drawn to those great parts. That's why I have dominated the stage."

"Yes, dear, there's no one to compare with you."

"The greatest actor in this country!" he contemptuously repeated. "Who's greater in any country?" He shouted in his stentorian voice. "Those French fellows come here and think they can teach us. Why, they come here and learn! Then they go back and laugh at us."

Later in the morning he lapsed into unconsciousness and talked wildly. "Must I be surrounded with dolts all my life? Isn't there one artist among you? There! Now don't cry, please. I can't stand tears. Go to Stanley and tell him I have raised your salary ten dollars. And, after this, now please, please try to remember the business. Acting isn't play. It's work, work! It's an art. It's the embodiment and the expression of poetry! Be an artist! Live for art! Oh, but they misunderstand us. We amuse them and they treat us like Pariahs. What have I had as a reward for all my toil? Nothing but abuse and pain. Where is the appreciation I hoped for? And the suppers in my honor! Nothing but toil, toil! And those frightful trains, breathing in smoke, rained on by cinders. Oh, I pray that I may never see another hotel again. Let me bury myself in the country with my wife. Let me forget the noble art that I gave my life for. Let me have peace. This pain in my heart is killing me. Are you there, my love?"

"Yes, dearest, I am here."

"Then don't move. I'm not afraid when you are with me. That woman is hovering around. Those eyes of hers are scorching me. Isn't she like a serpent? I can see what a horrible fascination she had for Macbeth. 'My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight,' he said in a deep rumble.

Silence followed.

"And when goes hence?" She knew that she would kill him then and there," he whispered. "At that instant she became a murderer?"

He rolled heavily in the bed. The motion served to give him some relief.

"Ah, there isn't any acting in the other world. It's all real. My life has been unreal, dearest. Here, come over to the other side. Now don't let that woman come in," he warned. "And keep out those managers. They're all standing outside the door. They want me to sign a contract for ten years. They think they can bind me hand and foot. They're frightfully jealous of my special train. And they want to get up some sensational stories about me. They say that I am the greatest character actor that ever lived. But why 'character actor'? Think of the variety and the range of my work." He lay on his back and breathed with difficulty. "If it goes on much longer I'm done for, my darling. I'm peppered for this world. That's a good line. And oh, my God, that scene of Mereutio's, that scene! To think I never could play it. 'Not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a churchyard—but it will serve.' There's not an actor on the stage could say that line as I can."

When the specialist came, he approved what had been done; but he ordered an opiate. "It's his head that I'm afraid of. If we can only keep that quiet, he'll pull through."

He slept brokenly for several hours, mumbling occasionally, and always about his work. His wife, pale, haggard, bright-eyed, in spite of the presence of the nurses, commanded the situation. The specialist had given her a sharp glance and decided that she was a woman of nerve and good sense. So he let her alone. Often he ordered wives out of the sick-room.

That night the actor dozed intermittently and in the morning the reports were favorable. But at ten o'clock he grew excited. His wife was out of the room and he called for her loudly. When she reached the bedside, he frantically whispered: "That woman's come. She says that if I don't pay her for the whole season she'll have my life. She says she'll take the money and go starring in 'Macbeth.'" He laughed with the roaring laugh he had used with terrible effect

"Othello." "Think of her Lady Macbeth with a roadway actor in my place."

"She wouldn't last three weeks, dearest."

The remark calmed him. He fondled his wife's hand. "Not three weeks. How you understand everything! And you're the only person in the world that is ever understood me. You knew my power long before any of the others would acknowledge it, didn't you?"

"Yes, dear; I always knew."

"And you knew how strong I was," he went on, tightening his hold. "You knew that I was a master artist, didn't you?" he shouted.

"Quiet, dear; quiet. The nurses are here," she whispered.

"Send them away for a few minutes," he said. "They're all right. They're rather pretty. But I'm afraid they'll never make actresses."

He laughed feebly, as if he knew his talk was wild. "Send them away," he repeated. "I have something to tell you."

His wife made a sign to the nurses, and they stole out, indicating with their heads that they would remain near.

"Dearest, the terrible thing is leaving you alone. If I only had children. If God had only given us one child, just one. Still, he might have wished to be an actor. What a life!"

For the first time in his presence she began to sob.

"It would have finished me long ago but for you, dear. Character, money, reason would have gone. I've just kept up on your strength, my precious wife. Don't you like that, please don't. It hurts me. I've always been a peevish, selfish child. I've played my parts just as children play their games, and the world has taken me at my own valuation. I've forced them to think I was great. But was you who made it possible, all those years when we were fighting. And I have been a burden to you. You've borne it patiently and bravely. But it's over now," he went on hoarsely. "It's better, dear, for me to go now, before I'm old, while I'm at the height. Don't you see? It's all glorious. They'll praise me. They'll say I was the greatest— But oh, if they spurn me, I'll rise from the grave and smite them."

He suddenly sat up and fixed his eyes on the glass.

"Take all the crowns out," he ordered, in the manner of one used to being obeyed, "and range them at the foot of the bed where I can see them."

"But, dearest," she pleaded, "I'm afraid it will excite you."

"It will soothe me! It will soothe me!"

With a sigh she obeyed, and on the coverlet she placed the crowns, tarnished almost to blackness, their jewels obviously glass in the subdued daylight.

His face grew luminous. One by one his eyes undied them. "Richard!" he fondly murmured, "Lear! Henry! Macbeth!" His mouth gradually drooped. After all, they were just human. Poor creatures of fate, every one of them. I wonder if it meant anything to them at the end, being king? Isn't it the same to all of us? And we think because we wear crowns—"

He laughed aloud, this time with his own laugh, never used on the stage, the laugh she had often heard at home in his moments of unconsciousness. "Perhaps they found their crowns were glass and tinsel, too. Oh, my darling, my darling, all that's real lives, and my love for you will go on after my death."

"Don't, dearest!" she said. "Don't! Don't!"

He reached for her hand and lay there panting. She noticed that over his face there was spreading a grayish pallor. She ran to the door and called the nurses. When she looked at him again the light had gone out of his half-closed eyes and his head was shaking. In a few moments motion ceased.

JOHN D. BARRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1910.

The motto for the Prince of Wales, "Ich Dien," is commonly supposed to be an old German phrase, but is old Welsh. It means, "Your man," and in modern Welsh would be "Eich dyn." One of the most patriotic Welsh writers has lamented that the Prince of Wales as a "German motto." His translation of the phrase is "I serve."

Mexican railways will begin next week to operate their own sleeping-cars between Mexico City and Vera Cruz and will be the first in America to establish a cheaper rate for an upper berth. They will also be among the few companies in North America which operate their own sleeping-cars.

An artist convict has been pardoned out of the Ohio penitentiary on the ground of services in restoring some oil paintings in the State capitol. Not long ago Minnesota convict was pardoned because he wrote assailable verse. New avenues to distinction are thus opened to the real doer of things artistic.

The big, territorially, commonwealth of Australia, with only half the population of the State of New York, is fitted out with state and national parliaments, prime ministers, and all the governmental paraphernalia of an empire.

President Diaz of Mexico is off on his annual hunting trip of a week, this time in Guadalajara.

A CALIFORNIA GRAND OPERA.

Joseph D. Redding and Victor Herbert's "Natoma" Soon to Be Produced.

In Philadelphia, on February 6, 1911, Andreas Dippel will produce with the best English-speaking forces of his company the grand opera "Natoma," book by Joseph D. Redding, music by Victor Herbert. Cleofonte Campanini, who is to conduct it, went over the third-act score the other day, and is reported to have expressed great admiration of it. An expert painter has made sketches on the California coast so that the scenes may have the right and realistic combination of Spanish grandee, American Indian, and United States naval activity.

The author of "Natoma," Joseph D. Redding, is a lawyer of San Francisco and New York. He is a musician and a writer. He has been president of the



Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, Author of "Mothers and Fathers." Boker & Taylor Company.

Bohemian Club of San Francisco and is the author of several of the grove plays which the members have given in their redwood forest.

Mr. Redding has laid his story in the early mission days of California, when that country was still under Spanish rule. The first act is laid on the island of Santa Cruz, one of the Santa Barbara Channel islands;



Hon. Andrew D. White, Author of "Seven Great Statesmen." Century Company.

the second on the mainland in the plaza of the town of Santa Barbara in front of the old mission church. The third act takes place within the mission church itself. Though Natoma is the heroine and the part she portrays in the music-drama tells a story of the pathos, dignity, and mysticism of the Indian race, the opera is in no sense an Indian opera.

From a complete synopsis of the scenes and action of the opera, recently published in the columns of the New York Sun, some informing paragraphs are taken:

Act I discloses Don Francisco on the porch of his hacienda. The scene is semi-tropic and rich in coloring, with the dim line of the mainland in the distance and the waters of the Santa Barbara Channel lying between. Alvarado is a young Spaniard of a fiery temper ambitious to marry Barbara. José Castro is a half-breed, part Indian and part Spaniard; Pico and Kagama are vaqueros and all three are chums of Alvarado. They have presumably come to the island to hunt the wild boar, which abounds in the mountain ranges. After the usual formalities of a Spanish welcome and finding that the young lady has not yet returned they take themselves off for the hunt, leaving Don Francisco alone. He retires into the hacienda for his siesta.

Natoma, which means "the girl from the mountains," and Lieutenant Paul Merrill, the American naval officer, come on hand in hand. Natoma has been the playmate and hand-maiden of Barbara during their childhood. Paul has rowed out to the island several times, where he has met Natoma. He is the first white stranger she has ever seen and she is captivated and enraptured by him. Natoma wears around her neck an amulet—a small abalone shell hung upon a necklace of beads.

He asks her whether Barbara is so very beautiful, and in an outburst of love and affection she describes Barbara. She realizes that when Paul sees Barbara he will forget Natoma, and in a climax she begs Paul to take her, beat her, kill her, but let her be his slave—and falls at his feet. This tableau is broken into by distant music indicating the arrival of the convent girls and Barbara. An ensemble scene follows in which Father Peralta brings Barbara on the stage, where they are welcomed by Don Francisco and invited into the hacienda. The eyes of Paul and Barbara meet and it is love at first sight. Castro is seen lurking in the arbor, where unobserved he watches the warmth of the glances which pass between Paul and Barbara. All enter the hacienda except Natoma. Castro appears and upbraids Natoma for spending her time with the white people and bids her to come with him. She spurns him with disdain as a half-breed and leaves him.

Twilight commences to fall. Alvarado, Pico, and Kagama return and meet Castro, who tells them that Barbara has eyes for no one but the young Americano. Alvarado laughs at the idea and proceeds to serenade Barbara, who finally appears on the porch. Castro retreats into shadow, while Pico and Kagama enter the hacienda at the invitation of Don Francisco. A scene ensues between Barbara and Alvarado, while a drinking song and toasts of welcome are heard within the hacienda. Alvarado presses his suit. Barbara at first does not take him seriously. He becomes more impassioned, and finally angry, at her indifference. He taunts her with having fallen under the glances of the Americano and she leaves him abruptly. Alvarado, enraged, declares he will have the life of the naval officer, but Castro advises caution. Natoma is seen in the arbor listening while Castro discloses to Alvarado in a few words the better way to proceed. He tells him that tomorrow on the mainland will be the great fiesta on the coming of age of Barbara. When the gaiety is at its highest swift horses will be ready; they can steal the girl away to the mountains, where none can follow.

All of the guests take their departure from the island, leaving Don Francisco and Barbara on the porch in the moonlight. The old man bids his daughter good-night and leaves her alone. Paul returns hurriedly and they have an impassioned duet. A light is discovered in the first window of the hacienda. Barbara bids Paul to flee in his boat. Barbara disappears into the hacienda in the darkness. Natoma is seen at this window with a lighted candle in her hand. She places her elbows on the table with her face in her hands and looks silently out into the moonlight as the curtain falls.

The second act takes place on the mainland in the plaza of the town of Santa Barbara. It is before the dawn. The towers of the mission church are dimly seen at the back of the stage, while in the distance rise the mountains of Santa Inez. A red tiled adobe inn and a partly constructed platform and grand stand fill the foreground. In this act there is much of color, and the action rises to tragedy, as Natoma stabs Alvarado, and is protected from the crowd by the lieutenant's soldiers. Father Peralta takes Natoma under his protection.

The third act reveals Natoma alone in the mission church. The doors are closed and the afternoon sun streams through the stained-glass window upon the altar steps, where she is huddled together with her head between her knees:

As if partly stunned she croons an Indian song. Gradually coming to her senses, she depicts the injustice to her people in the coming of the white man. Growing impassioned, she calls upon the Great Spirit to bring down destruction upon the strangers. At the height of her invocation Father Peralta appears from behind the altar and bids her to have peace in the house of God. She would rail at him, but the benign dignity of the priest quiets her. He appeals to her and would have her understand the beauty of the teachings of the church and the great love of the Madonna. The priest tells her that her soul is in danger and needs protection as her body needed protection from the assault of the crowd a few hours before. Natoma shudders at the recollection, but says she would not have minded; something within her told her what to do; she knew no other way.

In simple language the padre recalls her childhood days with Barbara. This strikes the one responsive chord in the heart of Natoma. She realizes that her life is ended and that her dream of happiness with the stranger could never come true.

The priest summons the acolyte and bids the church doors to be thrown open. Natoma stands upon the steps of the altar facing the length of the church, which rapidly fills. She looks at no one. Don Francisco and Barbara seat themselves near the altar, Paul and his brother officers opposite. At the end of a choral Father Peralta mounts the pulpit and in a few words recalls the coming of the festival day with every promise of happiness; that a crime has been committed and punishment must follow.

"Behold under the authority of the Holy Church of Rome herself the punishment we here ordain." The voices of nuns are heard off the stage in a hymn of triumph and of praise. The doors of the convent garden open, disclosing a flood of light, through which the nuns enter and kneel in the aisle. The full orchestra and organ take up the hymn of praise, which grows in volume.

Natoma turns and looks at the priest, who bows his head. Slowly, but erect and always the Indian, she descends the altar steps and walks down the main aisle to the point where Barbara and Paul are seated, where she pauses. She turns and faces the altar. As though under the spell of some superior power Barbara and Paul come from their respective pews, clasp hands and kneel in the aisle in front of Natoma with bowed heads, facing the altar and the priest. Natoma very quietly lifts the amulet over her head and places it gently around the neck of Barbara, then turns and continues her walk down the main aisle. The music is now at its apotheosis. When Natoma reaches the cross aisle she turns and walks between the kneeling nuns until she stands in the doorway, her back to all on the stage. The nuns rise and exult through the open door into the garden beyond. Father Peralta lifts his hands in benediction as the church music comes to a climax and stops. The orchestra gives fortissimo the chords of Natoma's Indian theme of Fate as she enters the convent garden and the doors close upon her.

Mr. Dippel's production of this work (concludes the writer in the Sun) is easily the most important step toward opera in English that has ever been made in this country.

BOOKDOM IN LONDON.

The Publishers' Trek from "The Row" Westward.

When Charlotte and Anne Brontë paid their first startled visit to London they naturally made their headquarters at that Chapter coffee-house in the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral of which they had heard their father speak. So complete was their ignorance of the great metropolis that they knew no other hostelry. Yet even that touch of familiarity was powerless to lighten the sense of overwhelming loneliness which oppressed these timid visitors so far removed from their desolate Yorkshire moors; and when the publisher whom they had come to interview called upon them in the dusk of evening he found the sisters clinging together in a remote window-seat of a long, low, dingy room, the windows of which looked out upon the gloomy spaces of Paternoster Row.

Paternoster Row! To the Londoner whose memory can stretch back a generation that name stands for the centre of England's publishing industry. On either side of its narrow thoroughfare—so narrow that for the greater part of its length two vehicles could not pass each other—might have been read the names of nearly all the firms engaged in the production of books. To the book-buyer, to the bookseller, to the author, it was "the Row," to the total obliteration of that other "Row" in Hyde Park sacred to the panoply of fashion and wealth.

How the commercial vending of literature came to be associated with the vicinity of St. Paul's Cathedral is a mystery. Yet it is indisputable that that association dates back to Elizabethan times. While today the business premises which line the sweep of the churchyard are given over in the main to silks and satins for my lady's fair body, their predecessors in the sixteenth century catered for the mental clothing of my lord's somewhat naked mind. Innumerable title-pages of Elizabethan times bear witness to the clustering of book merchants under the shadow of St. Paul's, and history tells how their efforts to spread the light of learning were supplemented by humbler tradesmen who sold their literary wares from the less substantial booths or stalls which lined the walls of the cathedral. John Day had one of those stalls built for him in 1572 at a cost of some fifty pounds, "a neat handsome shop," as he called it. "It was but little and low, and flat-roofed, and leaded like a terrace, railed and posted, fit for men to stand upon in any triumph or show."

When the booths were swept away, and the more permanent buildings around the cathedral were demanded for other purposes, what was more natural than that the publishers should seek new habitations in Paternoster Row, still in the shadow of St. Paul's? Specific industries cling to specific localities with as much tenacity in London as in other great capitals. Besides, it has to be remembered that close by, at Amen Corner, was and is Stationers' Hall, where books have to be entered for copyright protection. Here, then, was the natural book centre of London, and as a consequence the Chapter coffee-house had become by the middle of the eighteenth century the recognized rendezvous of publishers and booksellers. "The conversation here"—so noted the essayist of the *Connoisseur*—"naturally turns upon the newest publications; but their criticisms are somewhat singular. When they say a good book, they do not mean to praise the style or sentiment, but the quick and extensive sale of it." It was in the Chapter coffee-house that a group of publishers discussed that project for "an elegant and accurate edition of all the English poets of reputation," which led to Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the English Poets."

But in recent years "the Row" has lost its pre-eminence as the home of books. Westward the course of publishing has taken its way. A few ancient and honorable names may still be read over the murky shop fronts of the famous thoroughfare, but most of them have been painted out and emblazoned elsewhere. The Longmans, notable as the publishers of Froude and Lecky, and still retaining the advisory services of Andrew Lang, cling to their old home with grim determination, but they must begin to feel lonely, for even the conservative Religious Tract Society has fled further west, sacrificing even the sanctifying adjacency of St. Paul's Cathedral for more mundane advantages.

In the pursuit of the westward trek of the publishers, the explorer of London bookdom will pass one or two abiding landmarks. There is the house of Cassell, for example, which shows no inclination to sever its long connection with the ancient Belle Sauvage inn-yard on Ludgate Hill. Off Fleet Street, too, in the comparatively quiet recesses of Salisbury Square, may be found the headquarters of E. Phillips Oppenheim's English publishers, while not far away are the premises of Hodder and Stoughton, those industrious purveyors of Scottish "cauld kail her again" in the interests of making the most of this sublimary world. Still further west, in the placid backwaters of Clement's Inn, one of the younger publishers—T. Werner Laurie—has his old-world pitch, from which, however, he issues literature of a quite lively modern type.

But it is when the explorer has traveled westward of Henry Irving's old Lyceum Theatre on the Strand that he gets on the trail of those publishers who are making the most stir in the realm of books. Bedford Street alone can make a fine showing, with its headquarters of the Dent house—the home of "Everyman's

Library"—the London branch of the Putnams, the new home of the Warnes, and the domicile of William Heinemann, that unrelenting foe of the literary agent. And westward again, still further westward, on the further side of the National Gallery, are the handsome new premises of the Macmillans, and the commodious quarters of the Constables. From these shrines of books to the sedate locale of the Smith Elder house—with its enviable traditions of the Brontës, Thackeray, and the "Dictionary of National Biography"—is but a few steps. For the house of Murray, which can look back proudly to 1768 as the date of its foundation, the explorer must travel west along Piccadilly to Albemarle Street, there to find in that westernmost outpost of London bookdom the Harpers have established their English branch.

As the journey has left "the Row" far behind, so do the conditions of today differ from those of the past. Those intimate relations which used to exist between authors and publishers have given place to the bargaining of the middleman. Save with rare exceptions, who can say of such and such an author that he belongs to such and such a publisher in the sense that George Eliot belonged to the Blackwoods, Thackeray to George Smith, Tennyson to the Macmillans, or Carlyle and Dickens to Chapman and Hall? Other times, other manners, indeed. Instead we have the common spectacle of authors restless with the hope of bettering themselves, and scattering their books through many catalogues. And, in the opinion of Mr. Heinemann, all this is the work of the literary agent, that "parasite" who lives on the "vital forces" of the publisher. But matters are adjusting themselves. With the leading American houses having branches of their own in London, or with close working arrangements between English and American firms such as exist between the Constables and Houghton Mifflin, it is becoming more



Illustration by Mr. E. W. Haselchust for "Beautiful England" Series. Dana Estes & Co.

and more the custom for publishers to consult with each other before entering into competition for the work of an author. Perhaps that policy will, in time lead to a revival of that friendship which once obtained between the man who writes books and the man who sells them.

LONDON, October 27, 1910.

It is an interesting fact that the fishermen of northern Portugal started and developed the fishing industry on the "banks" off the northern coast of America, and though they now send fewer ships their taste for salt cod from Newfoundland is unabated; in fact, it is a national Portuguese dainty. It is found in every little grocery shop, hard and brown as a board. A number of Portuguese have made their home on the islands to the south of the mainland of Massachusetts and there the dark eyes of the Iberian maiden, raven locks, and a certain picturesque element in dress are not infrequent. This connection with Portugal dates back many years, the ships of Martha's Vineyard bridging the distance over sea and returning with Portuguese crews.

There is evidence of a desire to keep step with progress on the part of the London *Times* which must be somewhat disconcerting to old-time readers of that journal. The publishers announce that they will issue each Saturday with the paper a "Woman's Supplement." In the first issue of the innovation the articles seemed particularly addressed to the interests of the weaker sex as educators and home-makers.

On account of the prevalence of cholera in Southern Europe, especially in Mediterranean countries, the proposed winter cruise of the United States Atlantic fleet to Mediterranean ports has been abandoned.

OLD FAVORITES.

Caius Caesar.

I am the monster Caius, loathed of men—
Him whose foul record women may not read.
In distant Gaul, an altar to the gods
Attests the mother-pangs that brought me forth.
As I should prove a boon to move them thanks,
My father hred me soldierly in camps;
And the small jack-boots gave my childish name
Calgula. That father, in the East,
Sickened with secret poisons. Ye remember
How wild his widow bore the funeral urn,
Landing at Cyprus? Dark Tiberius then
Drew his death-circle slowly round our way.
My mother, struggling longest, fell at last.
Two brothers followed—one by hunger's woe;
One by his own resolved hand escaped
The hangman's noose, and hooks of infamy.
But I, surviving, kept the tyrant's side
So near, he could not spring to strangle me.
Slowly he recognized my crafty soul,
Knew me his master in all shameful arts,
And, having lopped the fair limbs from the tree,
Left me for the blood-hossoms I should bear,
And fruit of death. At first I only aped
His outward fashions; then I learned his thoughts
Then his malignant madness seized on me,
And made me like him. Dying as he lay,
I forced the cushion 'twixt his gaping jaws,
And sped his flight from earth. That was, at least
A service. Could I catalogue my deeds,
Thou couldst not stay to hear them. Hell itself
Swoons at the fatal tale, and cries, "Away!"
My royal ways were tapestried with blood:
First my young brother's, followed by a train
Of ghosts that might become imperial race.
I snatched from new-wed souls their nuptial joys,
And flung them back, disfigured to disgust.
So monstrous and unnatural my lusts,
That the dark horror of the Caesar's name
Banished the blushing rose of modesty,
And set a ghastly pallor in its place.
My victims were not rashly sped to death,
But tickled with such agony of pain
As gave the stah of dissolution price.
These pleasures wearied, when the thirst for gold
Set in, as cruel and more terrible.
I wrung the hand of toil, whose wretched pence
Gained too much honor in my haughty use.
I saw that vice had profit; wherefore then
I planted it, and gave it ministration,
As one should tend a vine of fiery growth,
To madden others, and enrich one's self.
To coin, coin, coin, from every bosom's life,
Became my master-thought. Nor was there rest
When darkness hid the husy threads that weave
The color and consistence of men's days.
My dreams were brief. I walked the silent halls,
And plotted murder till the morning came
That made it easy. When I clasped a neck
Close to mine own, I whispered, "Love me well,
Since this fair throat is mine to cut or keep."
All attributions to myself I drew.
All powers, all pleasures, all magnificence,
I clothed in silks and plumes and gems confused.
Now as a woman, now as a man, I walked.
Now as a god, with beard of wroughten gold;
And no one chid me—no one showed a chain,
Or frowned, or threatened as I passed his way.
Beauty was peril—the fair locks of youth
Were shorn to honor my denuded front.
Where one stood eminent for strength and grace,
I marked him, and the hangman had his word.
Thus did my rivals vanish. All the while,
The slow death ripened in yon treacherous skies,
That looked so blandly, till one burning noon,
All Rome being gathered at the circus sport,
Loosed the swift hand that smote me. As it fell,
A score of poniards, like a shower of stars,
Glittered before me: death was everywhere;
And, hacked and hewed like Julius, I went down.
One shout, the uplifting of a sea of hearts
That praised the gods, was my last sign on earth.
The night before the end of all things came,
I dreamed I sat beside Olympian Jove,
And, reasoning as an equal, halazoned forth
Designs and deeds. "Thus have I done, and thus;
From mine own will, the perfect law of earth.
Hast thou no joy in my magnificence
That goes abroad so glorious, like to thine?
Look at my costly tunic, hroidered robe!
Beard of pure gold, and blazing diadem!
Think of my pleasures, boundless as thine own;
My power, like thine, unquestioned, flinging down
Death, and a thousand deaths, for one caprice.
I claim celestial triumph at thine hands;
Here shall they crown me, equal to thyself."
And in my heart I pondered, "Why not greater?"
Thereat the Immortal's front grew dark with wrath,
And, with one sudden spurning of his foot,
He sent me down to earth, precipitate.
Even on this wise, the morrow showed my fall;
But I am now where lower depth is none,
Nor light of Jove, nor human countenance.
Only a company of crowned ghosts
Fill up the void with wail that never tires,
Who, with a drunken madness like to mine,
Dreamed they were gods, and, waking, were not me.

—Julia Ward Howe.

With the publication of the government's wireless telegraph directory, just out, some idea is gained of the extent to which the wireless is now used. In the directory, perhaps the most extensive in existence, there are listed 1520 stations. This total includes shore stations and ships, but does not take into consideration the warships of foreign governments, nor are listed the hundreds of stations equipped and operated by amateurs, which are the cause of considerable annoyance to the regular stations.

There are few isles of the sea that are not known. Even in the South Pacific there is not, it is stated, a isolated islet on which the cocoanut palm can grow which is not marked on the chart and visited periodically by representatives of some trader, nor a rock on which sea birds are accustomed to congregate and whose stores of guano have not been tested, and in many cases cleared, nor a bank within diving distance on which the pearl shell oyster has its home which has not been discovered and stripped of its treasures.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT EGYPT.

The Humors of Life in the Land of the Pharaohs.

Having ransacked Japan for its oddities, Douglas Sladen now turns his attention to the land of the Pharaohs, and in "Queer Things about Egypt" devotes himself to the humors of life in that ancient land. His gleanings cover all phases of Egyptian life, and, owing to the communicativeness of a high official and his wife, is able to draw the veil on some eccentricities of the Khedive's court.

At the outset, however, he confines himself to less exalted topics, having a good deal to say at the start about the humors of the Suffragi, the Egyptian servant:

The Egyptian maidservant is excellent, but you can not get one unless you are married. In the Sudan, as in Japan, the English bachelor may have a temporary wife, who is also his servant, without causing any trouble. There is no resentment on the part of the relatives. A servant is sent to make the arrangements, and a sum down is agreed upon and paid. After that she has her board and lodging, like a servant, and receives a sum for dresses and so on. But this is not usual in Egypt, though the same kind of thing may go on in a house, where the master is married, without causing any trouble such as would ensue in a fanatical Moslem country like Persia, or even Tunis. The fact of the woman being employed in "a married family" makes it all right.

Slavery is by no means dead in Egypt, though it is kept out of sight of foreigners. There is a very famous café in the Esbekiya where all the girls have been bought. There is also a proverb that "In the Sudan a fiver will buy you anything."

Café life is increasing both in Cairo and the provinces. The average Egyptian suffragi, above all the Berberine, spends all his evenings in cafés, and his evenings go very far into the night. This is not the only temptation cafés present for one's servants. Ramidge had a suffragi who could never be found when he was wanted. The reason was that, finding that Ramidge was rather easy-going, he took another job at a café around the corner, and only put in an appearance at Ramidge's when he was fetched, except at certain times when he knew that he would be wanted; and Ramidge never found it out till the other suffragi told him about it after the dismissal of this Berberine Box and Cox. The cooking is nearly always done on charcoal stoves, and every servant is more or less of a cook. The Arab head-waiter of one of the well-known hotels in Cairo during the season is cook when the season is over, and the European chef has gone to some summer hotel on his native continent.

Such is Mr. Sladen's enthusiasm over the delights of Egypt as a winter resort that many will be anxious to learn the cost of a sojourn there. Mr. Sladen thinks prices are high, but he is judging from the English standard:

At the Turf Club at Cairo, which is the most popular in Egypt, a man can have a bedroom and board, including everything but drinks and washing, for £12 a month. And he can have all his meals there, without a bedroom, for £6 a month.

Living in Egypt is decidedly expensive. Ten pounds in London is equal to twenty pounds in Cairo on a small salary, but five hundred a year in England is not equal to a thousand a year in Egypt. A young engineer I knew, who had eleven pounds a month when he left England, began at thirty pounds a month in Egypt. But the unfortunate clerk who gets eight pounds a month in England might not get more than two pounds in Egypt, where high pay only goes with positions of responsibility. A clerkship is not considered a responsible position, because Copts make good clerks; they have wonderful heads for figures, and most Egyptians are very neat in matters like keeping books and doing maps.

It is not possible to economize in Egypt by going without, because the essentials are among the costly items, except a few things like tea—you can get good tea for a shilling a pound. The young man thinks Egypt a cheap place, because he saves on liquors and cigarettes; White Seal Buchanan whisky only costs 2s. 6d. a bottle in a bar, and only 10 piastres (2s. 1d.) in a shop; and the cigarettes for which you pay 3s. a hundred in Egypt would cost twice or three times the amount in England. You can buy cigarettes in Cairo as low as ten a penny.

But living is cheaper than it was. Houses which had a rent of £750 two years ago have a rent of £500 now. And the rent of the small flats in the Insurance Buildings has gone down from £250 to £100. The trams to Heliopolis—that is, to the Skeleton City—have also made a difference, for they have added a cheap suburb there to the suburbs like Zeitoun on the Pont Limoun Railway.

But the cost of living is not the only consideration. The housekeeper in Egypt must be prepared to face other woes:

To begin with, insects are still one of the plagues of Egypt; there is a little shaggy, black-and-tan insect, about an eighth of an inch long, that eats everything under the sun which is not disturbed every day. It has to be surprised at its work like a burglar. In most countries ivory brushes are pretty safe from insects; in Egypt this little terror eats the ivory and eats the bristles; it eats your toothbrush and eats your toothpick, it eats the wool with which you are going to mend your husband's socks—the cards as well as the wool; it eats the handles off your knives and forks; it rejects nothing but glass and china and metal.

When Agenoria first went to Egypt she took a complete set of furniture with her, stuffed with the best horse-hair. She noticed the chairs and sofas turning unaccountably limp, and was worried with the dust which seemed to come up through the coverings—everything was so engrained with it. It did come up through the coverings; at the close of the summer she took the covers off to have them cleaned, and then she found that the terror, which works in the darkness, had taken the nourishing juices out of the horse-hair and reduced all her furniture stuffing to black dust.

This little nibbler, which makes your chair cushion go flat and send out dust like a hot-air pipe when you turn on the heat in an American bedroom, is not the only insect trouble in Egypt. There are white ants in many parts—the most expeditious of all the devourers of your substance. I know a man who, when he went into his house up the river, found that they had eaten up his staircase, which collapsed the moment he put his foot on it. It is no wonder that concrete is the favorite material for floors—the ants have not shown any taste for that so far. I know another man who was out camping in Upper Egypt: his portmanteau took up such a lot of room in his tent that he put it outside till morning. He had not seen any white ants about, but in the morning, though his trunk looked all right, as it reposed on the ground in the sunshine of Egypt, it had no bottom.

But fleas are the specialty of Egypt; they have a flea season, which begins in April. It would be no good to address the Egyptian flea in the words of the Nicaraguan proverb, "Have patience, fleas, the night is long," for the fleas would simply answer, "What is the good of being patient when there aren't enough people to go all round?" I went one day in April, with Major Fletcher and Miss Norma Lorimer, the novelist, to the Hanging Church of Babylon in Old Cairo, one of the most beautiful churches in the world. The fleas were hopping up off the floor as the rain hops up off the pavement in a thunder shower in the piazza at St. Mark's at Venice. The major and I knew what we had to expect; so we began our "inspection" in the tram. When we had picked all the visible fleas off our coats and trousers, we took off our coats and picked them off the linings, and unbuttoned our waistcoats and picked them off our shirts, and stood up and knocked our feet against the seats to shake them out of the bottoms of our trousers. Miss Lorimer went and sat three seats behind us, partly, I think, because she was ashamed of us, but nominally because she was afraid of our fleas hopping on to her. She did not know that the native policeman, who was sitting behind her, was being the pink of politeness, and picking fleas off her back and hat and veil, quite as industrious as we were. He did not think he was taking any liberty, because nothing is commoner than for natives to go up to each other, even in a ballroom, saying, "Excuse me," to catch a flea. One native, who was suffering from the standard Egyptian complaint of weak eyes, went up to an old French lady, at an evening party at Agenoria's, and tried to pick a mole off her neck.

To do business with the Egyptians is a serious matter. For one thing, time is of no consequence to them, and then there is another consideration:

Arabs never pay a debt until they are obliged; they would rather pay a lawyer double the money so as to have the satisfaction of not paying the debt. R. lent an Arab some money on mortgage; he has to bring a lawsuit every year to get the interest; and the Arab has to pay R.'s lawyer and his own lawyer as well as the interest. The Arabs are not a business people at all. R. told me that he had never known an Arab who had borrowed money pay it when it was due. They think it is oppression to try and make them pay, and immediately say that interest on money is usury, and contrary to their religion. When an Arab does not want to do a thing, it is always contrary to his religion. R. had a servant



Alexander Hamilton. Illustration from "The Intimate Letters of Alexander Hamilton," by Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

who did not like the taste of some medicine he was told to take. He said there was a pig in it.

The Egyptians are horn cheats; they put water in their cotton and put stones in the cotton bags, which is worse, for they break the machinery when the cotton is being ginned. Watering the cotton not only makes it weigh heavier, but liable to spontaneous combustion when it dries. That is why Egyptian cotton fetches such poor prices unless it has been inspected by British inspectors. The native inspector takes a bribe to pass frauds. R. asked a Greek cotton-buyer how he managed to deal with the Egyptian. The Greek said: "The Egyptian is never satisfied unless he is cheating you; he cheats so hard that he does not notice when you are cheating him. While he is watering the cotton I change the weights and put in lead ones." They ought to have a new proverb, "When Greek meets Egyptian," or perhaps it should be "When Egyptian meets Greek!"

So incorrigible are the Egyptians that there is as much competition to get the boys out of the Ghezira Reformatory for servants as there is to get convicts out of the prison at Khartum. Nobody else has been taught how to work. R. found the best plan was to start by treating an Egyptian as if he had an honor; then you were sometimes surprised to find how much he did have.

Thanks to his friend Agenoria, Mr. Sladen is able to relate some amusing particulars about Egyptian court life. It seems that at private receptions the court ladies are attired in nothing more sumptuous than flannellette dressing-gowns. The achievements of Ismail Pasha read like the text of a comic opera:

Ismail Pasha made up his mind that it would be a good thing to have Egyptian Houses of Parliament. He got them together somehow and proceeded to instruct them in their duties himself. He divided them into two lots, without any rhyme or reason in the selection, and said to the people on one side: "You are the government. You have to bring in the measures," and to the people on the other side: "You are the opposition; you will have to oppose the measures. And then you can take a vote."

The first motion that Ismail suggested for them to discuss was an increase in his salary by so many thousands a year. They all voted for it.

"But you are the opposition," protested the Khedive to the people, who had been so arbitrarily selected for the purpose. "You ought to vote against it."

But the opposition said, in other words: "Never fear."

They knew far too well which side their bread was buttered. "But you must," said Ismail, "or party government will be not much use in Egypt." He did not know how prophetically he was speaking.

Then he asked the whole of them to a soirée at the Ghezira Palace. It had not long been opened; its cost had been some-

thing prodigious; he had sunk £500,000 before the building reached the level of the ground. It was so close to the Nile that the water rose in its cellars to the Nile level, as if they had been made for Nilometres, and it was begun at the wrong season.

The legislators arrived one evening. The Khedive inspected them through the peephole in one of the barem windows. As they did not look very clean, he decided to lend them white cotton gloves while they were there. The gloves were distributed by the police; they were probably police stores. The members had to give receipts for the gloves, and received their I O U's back when they returned them.

About that time an American lady got up private operatics. The opera was about ancient Egypt, and the Khedive lent her all the jewelry that had been made for the great performance of "Aida." But he made her give receipts. It is not surprising that Ismail's mind ran in this direction, considering how he had been plundered by the world. One imitation tiara worn by the queen had cost him two hundred pounds. It nearly caused bloodshed between the two leading ladies in the amateur theatricals' opera to decide who should wear it.

Among other reforms, Ismail Pasha decided that Egypt ought to have a navy. He appointed an admiral of the fleet, but the admiral, who was not a sailor, did not know what to do. Ismail told him to go round the Mediterranean paying visits, especially to Malta. "You'll find the British navy there," he said; "if you imitate them you must be right."

The admiral cruised about till he was afraid to stay at sea any longer, and came back in six days, saying: "Malta mafeesh"—I can not find Malta.

Notwithstanding their ignorance of naval matters, their lack of business probity, and other defects, the Egyptians have some admirable traits:

The Egyptians are a very polite people. Here is one of the fine flowers of Egyptian politeness. A well-known English athlete lived at Ramleh. Every year, when the Alexandria sports were coming on, he used to train on the road between Ramleh and Alexandria. One day when he was sprinting along, an antiquated native, on an old screw of a donkey, fell off in his hurry and obsequiousness, and begged the master to "take his donkey if he was in such a hurry." This is worthy of an illustration by Lance Thackeray in a future "Light Side of Egypt": he is imitable in his donkey-pieces.

But if the Egyptians are polite, they can also be sticklers about etiquette. There was an Italian named Nosedà (whom the English called Nossy) living in Alexandria, who made his living by giving lessons on the guitar. He played very badly; but this did not matter, because it made it easier for the people he was teaching to reach his standard. One day a friend asked Nossy if he would like to give lessons to a princess in a harem. Nossy was highly delighted, and put on his cleanest collar, and went to the palace. After waiting for two hours in the selamlik, interviewing several servants who passed, he was ultimately shown into an inner chamber, where he waited another two hours, interviewing more servants. After many protests, the chief eunuch came to him, and said that he had come to receive the lesson and would give it himself to the princess later on.

Save for a few exceptions, the hotels of Egypt are "the limit." Those devoted to post-matrimonial breaches of promise are perfectly satisfactory, but in the main those establishments are more notable for their humors than comforts. Mr. Sladen discovered in Cairo two which are preëminent for their unconventional qualities:

One was kept by a German, who, as usual, was liberal with his food, and had good rooms in an excellent position, but who conducted his hotel with German indifference to refinement. I shall never forget coming down the first morning and discovering the leprous-looking Berberine who was under-waiter, besides being hoots, cutting the bread into slices for breakfast. He was holding the loaf in his hands, white with his complaint, but restored to their original hue by dirt. It was wintertime, so we had the opportunity of learning that his real value lay in the skill with which he humored the capricious gas of Cairo. The other Arab waiter was quite a good one, but he was generally in prison. We had a succession of excellent Swiss waiters. The proprietor's advertisements must have been very well worded; they all came for a week's trial, and left at the end of the week to go to some place like the Savoy. We found one of them second-in-command of the servants of the Cataract Hotel when we got there. The leprous-looking man was also doorkeeper; there was a good staircase for him to sleep under there. We were on the verge of going to another hotel of the same primeval class, but were warned off by a friendly dragoman, who told us that we could not go there because it was full of Englishmen's darlings.

There was another hotel in Cairo to which we went, where the rooms and the food were excellent, but the upstairs service was whimsical. We mostly fell into the hands of a Berberine named Mohammed. Like many Berberines, he could be a good servant; like most of them, he was full of bad tricks. He was quite unable to leave machinery alone. He turned the handles of your kodaks, wasting the unborn films, and put the typewriter out of gear. This was too much. Having recently had a successful battle with a typewriter agent who wished to charge me twenty-five shillings for putting in a new mainspring, I told the proprietor that he must have it put right. He had witnessed the battle and felt shy of typewriter agents. He said there was an Armenian gentleman in the house who understood typewriters. Might he look at the machine and see if it was necessary to send for the agent? Of course I acquiesced. He put it right with the skill of an operator.

He was, I learned, one of the principal merchants of Cairo. Mohammed had many minor faults. My wife caught him wiping the washstand with her fine face sponge, and I found him polishing my brown boots, because it gave him less trouble than heeswas. He was finally sent away for twisting the Austrian chambermaid's hands behind her and almost dislocating her right arm. He had up to this contented himself with pinching her when she would not do his work for him. Yet he was a pleasant boy when you called him to do anything for you under your own eye. Berberines are, I fear, guileful.

It would be doing Mr. Sladen an injustice to overlook the fact that his book has a serious side. There is, in fact, a second part which is devoted to glowing and informing descriptions of the life and cities of the Nile from Alexandria to Assuan. And incidentally he corrects many of the most glaring blunders of Pierre Loti in his book on Egypt, not forgetting to show how absurd are that writer's aspersions on Cook's tourists. Mr. Sladen has enlivened his text with reproductions from sixty-five photographs taken by himself, and there is a useful map of Egypt and the Sudan.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT EGYPT. By Douglas Sladen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$5 net.

MARK TWAIN'S JOAN OF ARC.

By W. J. Weymouth.

At first thought it would seem a paradox that of all the works of America's greatest humorist his masterpiece is serious and reverent. Mark Twain was king of laughter, monarch of fun—the cap and bells were fitting crown for his snowy mane. His name was synonymous with mirth, and it had come to be taken as granted that whatever he wrote had but one purpose—to amuse. So it was that when his "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" was published, there were some disappointed purchasers who had prepared to read a burlesque. Their disfigurement was a refreshing and a consoling thing, inadequate punishment though it was for the shallow-brained who were capable of imagining that such a man as Mark Twain could write lightly of the Maid of Orleans.

Mark Twain was never a scoffer at sacred things. Above all, he was sincere and earnest—a serious man, delving always after the truth, which, finding, he set forth in the most effective manner he knew. Drollery was his means sometimes, then stinging satire, or skillfully wrought logic. Sham—especially under the cloak of religion—he pursued with mocking laughter. But no earnest advocate of what he sincerely believed to be right ever felt the stinging shaft of Mark Twain's wit.

So it was that this great man's gifts were always applied to setting forth the truth as he saw it, and he employed whichever of his various methods he thought would be the more effective. His "Life on the Mississippi," bubbling with fun as it is, has been spoken of as one of the greatest chronicles of a phase of life ever written. In "Roughing It" one can gain between the lines a graphic picture of early days in the West—a picture made amusing that it might be the more effective. He wanted to tell the truth about King Arthur's court. With wild exaggeration—but not with fancy—he gained the object he sought: made its flummery screamingly ridiculous. He did not depend upon his imagination for this work or for "The Prince and the Pauper." Mark Twain was a deep student of the time of which he wrote. He saw the ridiculous side of the life that others had written of seriously or in the vein of romance. And in depicting it as he did he destroyed a misconception that was never of any value.

Joan of Arc has been left behind in these ramblings. But an attempt has been made to show why Mark Twain, humorist, should be able to chronicle so well the life of the peasant girl of Domremy. He searched through what others had written. He examined the records of the Maid's trial. He marshaled his facts and he presented them with the seriousness and the reverence that they deserved.

Reverence—the realm of paradox is bordered again. Mark Twain was a pronounced skeptic. Yet he wrote with an air of absolute conviction of the Voices that summoned this girl to the deliverance of France. He would have to be a materialist indeed who could read of the Maid's experiences under the tree at Domremy and not find himself believing that she was truly inspired. It is not with argument that Mark Twain gains this effect, but by writing in a matter-of-fact way that is far more convincing than polemics. The voices came; the Maid heard them and obeyed—that was all. The account of it is set forth as though one were telling of any ordinary, every-day happening. It is the author's calm acceptance of the miracle that gives it reality.

All this is evidence not only of the skill of a trained writer, but of the ability of a writer to assume a viewpoint. Mark Twain knew that an obscure girl of the people took charge of the armies of France, led them to victory, broke the English power, had the dauphin crowned—and was burned at the stake for a reward. But that so confirmed a skeptic should have believed in voices that summoned her is almost beyond comprehension. It is not likely that he could come near to satisfying himself of the source of this peasant girl's power. He was an artist, though—and he employed the most artistic method he could find of writing her biography.

Even Kipling, in "They," did not write more tenderly, more feelingly, of children than did Mark Twain in depicting the early life of the Maid at Domremy. The work purports to be a chronicle of one who was reared with the Maid, who followed her through battles, and whose hand was the last she touched before she went to the stake. And it is thus that he speaks of life at Domremy:

In a noble open space carpeted with grass on the high ground toward Vaucouleurs stood a most majestic beech-tree with wide-reaching arms and a grand spread of shade, and by it a limpid spring of cold water; and on summer days the children went there—oh, every summer day for more than five hundred years—went there and danced and sang around the trees for hours together, refreshing themselves at the spring from time to time, and it was lovely and enjoyable. Also they made wreaths of flowers and hung them upon the tree and around the spring to please the fairies that lived there; for they liked that, being idle, innocent little creatures, as all fairies are, and fond of anything pretty and delicate like wildflowers put together in that way. And in return for this attention the fairies did anything they could for the children, such as keeping the spring always full and clear and cold, and driving away serpents and insects that sting; and so, there was never any unkindness between the fairies and the children during more than five hundred years—tradition said a thousand—but only the warmest affection and most perfect trust and confidence; and whenever a child died the fairies mourned just as the child's playmates did, and the sign of it was there to see; for before dawn on the day of

the funeral they hung a little immortelle over that place where the child was used to sit under the tree. . . .

Now from time immemorial all children reared in Domremy were called the Children of the Tree; and they loved that name, for it carried with it a mystic privilege not granted to any other children of this world. Which was this: whenever one of these came to die, then beyond the vague and formless images drifting through his darkening mind rose soft and rich and fair a vision of the tree—if all went well with his soul. . . . I know that when the Children of the Tree die in a far land, then—if they be at peace with God—they turn their longing eyes toward home, and there, far shining, as through a rift in a cloud that curtains Heaven, they see the soft picture of the Fairy Tree, clothed in a dream of golden light; and they see the bloomy mead sloping away to the river, and to their perishing nostrils is blown faint and sweet the fragrance of the flowers of home. And then the vision fades and passes—but they know, they know!

Could one write that and be a clown at heart? There are few more beautiful things in the English language, or more touching or tender.

But do not think that there is no humor in "Joan of Arc." It is a book that tells of intensely human people who have both their joys and sorrows. The Maid knows how to laugh; and a bonnie maid the author makes of her—beautiful as well as inspired, gay as well as gifted, capable of tears and mirth and danger. She converted La Hire, the greatest ruffian, the greatest fighter, and the greatest blasphemer in the army. She made him promise not to swear except by his baton, and he promised to pray. He made his own prayer, and he recited it to Joan for her criticism:

"Fair Sir God, I pray you to do by La Hire as he would do by you if you were La Hire and he were God."

Then he put on his helmet and marched out of Joan's tent as satisfied with himself as any one might be who had arranged a perplexed and difficult business to the content and admiration of all concerned in the matter.

I was coming to the tent at that moment, and saw him march away in that large fashion, and indeed it was fine



William De Morgan, Author of "Joseph Vance."
Henry Holt & Co.

and beautiful to see. But when I got to the tent door I stopped and stepped back, grieved and shocked, for I heard Joan crying as I mistakenly thought—crying as if she could not any more contain nor endure the anguish of her soul, crying as if she would die. But it was not so, she was laughing—laughing at La Hire's prayer.

The conversion of La Hire and the villains that he led was not an easy task. Joan told him that his men must go to mass twice a day:

La Hire could not say a word for a good part of a minute, then he said in deep dejection:

"Oh, sweet child, they were littered in hell, these poor darlings of mine! Attend mass? Why, dear heart, they'll see us damned first!"

And he went on, pouring out a most pathetic stream of arguments and blasphemy, which broke Joan all up, and made her laugh as she had not laughed since she played in the Domremy pastures. It was good to hear.

But she stuck to her point; so the soldier yielded, and said all right, if such were the orders he must obey, and do the best that was in him; then he refreshed himself with a lurid explosion of oaths, and said that if any man in his camp refused to renounce sin and lead a pious life, he would knock his head off. That started Joan off again; she was having a really good time, you see. But she would not consent to that form of conversions. She said they must be voluntary.

La Hire said that was all right, he wasn't going to kill the voluntary ones, but only the others.

But Joan could be a fiery maid, as witness her treatment of the shilly-shally policy of the king's advisers:

In my double quality of page and secretary I followed Joan to the council. She entered that presence with the bearing of a grieved goddess. What had become of the volatile child that so lately was enchanted with a ribbon and suffocated with laughter over the distress of a foolish peasant who had stormed a funeral on the back of a bee-stung hull? One may not guess. Simply it was gone, and had left no sign. She moved straight to the council table and stood. Her glance swept from face to face there, and where it fell, there it lit as with a torch, those it scorched as with a brand. She knew where to strike. She indicated the generals with a nod, and said:

"My business is not with you. You have not craved a council of war." Then she turned to the king's privy coun-

cil, and continued: "No, it is with you. A council of war! It is amazing. There is but one thing to do, and only one, and lo, ye call a council of war! Councils of war have no value but to decide between two or several doubtful courses. But a council of war when there is only one course? Conceive of a man in a boat and his family in the water, and he goes out among his friends to ask what he had better do? A council of war, name of God! To determine what?"

When one considers the many dry-as-dust biographies that have been written not only of Joan of Arc but of others, the full force of the human and graphic qualities in this work of Mark Twain are realized. There is no attempt to analyze, none to moralize. The writer has but one business in hand—the putting before the reader a straightforward account of a wonderful character. No clearer picture was ever penned than Mark Twain offers of the Maid of Orleans. She stands out vividly from every page, a living, breathing girl—not dimmed in lineaments or characteristics by time, but as vivid as though she existed yesterday. "I was her playmate," he says through the fictitious chronicler, "and I fought at her side in the wars. To this day I carry in my mind, fine and clear, the picture of that dear little figure, with breast bent to the flying horse's neck, charging at the head of the armies of France, her hair streaming back, her silver mail plowing steadily deeper into the thick of the battle, sometimes nearly drowned from sight by tossing heads of horses, uplifted sword-arms, wind-blown plumes, and intercepting shields."

It is all as graphic as that—as clear-cut, realizable. Through page after page, chapter after chapter, one follows with breathless interest the story of this maid who delivered France. That France should be free becomes of secondary importance; that triumph should crown the efforts of the Maid is the reader's primary hope. But the final chapters of the book are hard reading. One has grown to love the Maid so that with no degree of calmness can one read of the bitter and bigoted persecution, the persistent hounding, and of the end by torch. They are harrowing chapters, these last ones. It is like reading of the death of a loved friend. There is none of the illusion of fiction, but rather all the poignancy of reality. Mere literary skill could not have produced this effect; it could have come only through absolute love and sympathy and intimate knowledge of the Maid's characteristics. And what a picture of the latter is presented:

When we reflect that her century was the brutalest, the wickedest, the rottenest in history since the darkest ages, we are lost in wonder at such a product from such a soil. The contrast between her and her century is the contrast between day and night. She was truthful when lying was the common speech of men; she was honest when honesty was become a lost virtue; she was a keeper of promises when the keeping of promises was expected of no one; she gave her great mind to great thoughts and great purposes when other great minds wasted themselves upon petty fancies and poor ambitions; she was modest, and fine, and delicate, when to be loud and coarse might be said to be universal; she was full of pity when a merciless cruelty was the rule; she was steadfast when stability was unknown, and honorable in an age which had forgotten what honor was; she was a rock of conviction in a time when men believed in nothing and scoffed at all things; she was unfailingly true in an age that was false to the core; she maintained her personal dignity unimpaired in an age of fawnings and servilities; she was of dauntless courage when hope and courage had perished in the hearts of her nation; she was spotlessly pure in mind and body when society in the highest places was foul in both—she was all these things in an age when crime was the common business of lords and princes, and when the highest personages in Christendom were able to astonish even that infamous era and make it stand aghast at the spectacle of atrocious lives black with unimaginable treacheries, butcheries, and bestialities.

What a contrast between Mark Twain in earnest and Mark Twain in fun! As well expect the sun to travel backward as to expect him to write a book without humor in it. But in "Joan of Arc" he has let jocosity have sway without buffoonery. With fine taste he has made the lighter passages of the work in keeping with the serious. He has created a distinct character, the Paladin—a great, hulking giant, a playmate of the Maid, whom she made her standard-bearer. The Paladin was a braggart to the core—yet brave; he died nobly in battle, fighting beside the Maid.

But the Paladin could not tell the truth about his battle feats, and the oftener he recited his deeds the greater they grew. This is a sample of him at his best:

Great occasions only summon as with a trumpet-call the great reserves of my intellect. I saw the opportunity in an instant—in the next I was away! Through the woods I vanished—*fast!*—like an extinguished light! Away around through the curtaining forest I sped as if on wings, none knowing what was become of me, none suspecting my design. Minute after minute passed, on and on I flew; and on still on; and at last with a great cheer I flung my banner to the breeze and hurst out in front of Talbot! Oh, it was a mighty thought! That weltering chaos of distracted men whirled and surged backward like a tidal wave that has struck a continent. Poor, helpless creatures, they were in a trap; they were surrounded; they could not escape to the rear, for there was our army; they could not escape in front, for there was I. Their hearts shriveled in their bodies, their hands fell lifeless to their sides. They stood still and at our leisure we slaughtered them to a man; all except Talbot and Fastolfe, whom I saved and brought away, one under each arm.

Cyran-like humor, that. It has the Mark Twain characteristics, of course—but it has, too, a refinement engendered by the spirit of the book: a spirit wrought in him by his love and reverence for the Maid.

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Henry C. Shelley, Author of "Untrodden English Ways." Little, Brown & Co.

Rossetti macaroons, broiled butterflies, and moth-wing soufflé, where the waitresses are known as Pippa, Gloria, Beatrice, and Francesca, where the walls are decorated with excerpts from poems. And the establishment rejoices in a banker patron, with a weakness for sonnet-sequences, who can be depended upon to pay its monthly deficit. This is all excellent fooling on Mr. Nicholson's part, and especially enjoyable to those who have an eye on the object of his satire, but after all it is merely introductory to the fun, mystery, and romance of subsequent chapters. The story, indeed, is somewhat of a unique achievement, with its chimney-doctor for hero, its arduous pursuit of the secondary heroine, its fascinating "Hezekiah," its strongly drawn aunt, and its extraordinary blend of so many diverse qualities. For fantasy and humor, novel situations, and sprightly dialogue and comment the book is a marked advance upon its author's previous high achievements.

THE SIEGE OF THE SEVEN SUITORS. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net.

Molly Make-Believe.

Carl Stanton is not quite sure about the Cornelia to whom he is engaged. She was one of those girls who have to go South every winter: "How could any mere man even hope to keep rare, choice, exquisite creatures like that cooped up in a slushy, snowy New England city—when all the bright, gorgeous, rose-blooming South was waiting for them with open arms?" Yet Carl would not have minded that had Cornelia been an



Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, Author of "Molly Make-Believe." Century Company.

industrious correspondent and been able to impart to her letters something of the warmth of her environment. That was the trouble. She would not kiss him good-by in the presence of her mother, and as for writing, well "I will honestly try to write you every Sunday these next six weeks." Incidentally, Cornelia inclosed for her lover's benefit the prospectus of the Serial Letter Company, offering to provide comfort and entertainment for all lonely people. The schedule included love-letters daily in three grades, shy, medium,

and very intense. That was what Carl wanted, and ere long he subscribed for a "six weeks' special edition de luxe" love-letter series. What the subscription led to makes a story of novel fascination. Behind the Serial-Letter Company is a little sprite of a girl, Molly to-wit, who knows how to write and is willing to write often. Carl is enchanted, especially when Molly herself appears on the scene. But the plot must not be disclosed. Let it suffice to say that here is a little story of singular charm, redolent of romance, and with a moral for the self-centred, heart-abiding type of girl.

MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

Princess Flower Hat.

Princess Flower Hat, so christened "on account of her bearing and pretty flowery head-gear," has reached the age of four-and-thirty and was still fancy free. She was thought to cherish "a substitutory fad in place of matrimony." And so it really seemed. At any rate, when the story opens Princess Flower Hat had come to a definite resolve in favor of the simple life. She knew clearly what she wanted:

"I must have a whole house, if of only four rooms, with its feet on the ground, and enough space for it to swing its arms and express its own views in, without either boxing its neighbors' ears or being overheard. A jolly, fat little house, with a deep porch like a motherly lap, and some old cherry trees (not too much trimmed) to coax the birds. It mustn't be away back in the owl woods, on the never-dug-out-in-winter, only-one-mail-a-day R. F. D. route, nor packed into a stuffy, made-to-order, rabbit warren of a suburb, where people can shake hands out of the side windows, and where cabbage holed in one house flavors the soup-stock of the whole row."

By diligent hunting, the Princess found what she wanted, and found it in the desir-



Illustration from "Salomy Jane," by Bret Harte. Houghton Mifflin Company.

able neighborhood of the ever-helpful Barbara. And then the question was, "On how little can I live gracefully?" What sum was decided upon, and how it was to be supplemented, the reader must discover for himself. The Princess grew gardening hungry, and out of that shapes much of the refreshing delight of this charming story. It tells of a life lived close to mother nature, and is as wholesome as the winds of heaven and the songs of the birds. The Princess has her trials, of course, in all of which save one she is able to fall back upon the inimitable Barbara. The one exception is when a lover at last appears upon the scene, who finally takes Barbara's place and gives the story an idyllic ending.

PRINCESS FLOWER HAT. By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

The Finer Grain.

Assured of a welcome from his own special audience, these five stories by Henry James may be recommended to those who have yet to make his acquaintance in his later manner. They are thoroughly typical, not alone for their analysis of the more elusive emotions, but also for the characteristic way in which they make demands upon the reader. In fact, the James novice will feel sympathetic towards Jane, "poor Jane," who "listened this time—and so intently that after he had spoken she still rendered his obscure sense the tribute of a wait." Those accustomed to the James manner will be more adroit at seizing his meaning; but the bulk of novel readers will pay him often "the tribute of a wait." For example, take the surrender of the distinguished author who was being pleaded with by a less distinguished author, a woman, for an introduction to her book. "You are romance!"—he drove it intimately, inordinately home, his lips, for a long moment, sealing it, with the fullest force of authority, on her own." One has to pay the

tribute of a wait to decide whether that was just a kiss or something else. Still, Mr. James does reward those who only pause and wait. Mark Monteith, on his "Round of Visits" in New York, and Mr. Berridge, and



Illustration from "At the Villa Rose," by A. E. W. Mason. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mora Montravers, the "monster," and the others are after all human beings more subtly conceived and portrayed than is usual in fiction, and introduce the reader to a world of ideas and sensations generally foreign to his experience.

THE FINER GRAIN. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

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With a young Virginian for a hero, and for heroine an unspoiled maiden of the circus, Mr. McCutcheon has produced a story of much arresting power, the romantic qualities of which are strangely strengthened by the tented life which forms its background. At

the opening of the tale the hero is fleeing from justice which falsely charges him with the murder of his grandfather, and his recognition by the circus folk in whose wandering home he has sought refuge affords a fine opportunity for the revelation of those kindly qualities which distinguish traveling players. Thus at the outset David makes the acquaintance, but under a cloud, of the Rose herself, and the acquaintance deepens and merges into love through his deciding to share the circus life. By that device Mr. McCutcheon cleverly removes his hero from the clutch of the law and gains time for the establishing of his innocence. But the process is complicated by many adventures and the creation of the necessary obstacles to love, all of which, however, serve but to accentuate



Maud Howe, Author of "Sicily in Shadow and in Sun." Little, Brown & Co.

the satisfactory climax. All the characters are finely drawn, and the situations managed with the author's usual skill.

THE ROSE IN THE RING. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

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Illustration from "Down Home with Jennie Allen," by Grace Donworth. Small, Maynard & Co.

that she has grown more intimately into her unique character, and has got her safely married to the punning Ed, and settled comfortably down in Maine, she has reached a finer strain of humor and a deeper vein of homely philosophy than in her earlier volume, ad-

mirable as that was. Jennie still adheres to her funny haphazard spelling, her lawless punctuation, but has grown shrewder and sensitive to aspects of life hidden from her in her single state. In this diary of the events and thoughts of her quiet country life, which she keeps in a "beautiful sequestered place up garret" lest any one find it, she confesses her inability to write about her wedding. "It would be same as if you was made so happy by the birds that was a-flying and asinging around you that you wanted to keep that happiness for your friends and so you shot them down and had them stuffed. Your shooting might be ever so skillful so that not a feather of them was hurt, but you've lost the joy of their song, and the blue of the sky they was a-flying up into and the soft summer air that was a-floving all around." So Jennie gives it up, concluding that when it comes to describing your wedding day words "is nothing hut stuffed birds." Seldom indeed is there published so wholesome, so tender, so brave, or so humorous a book as this.

DOWN HOME WITH JENNIE ALLEN. By Grace Donworth. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50.

The Lost Ambassador.

As is his manner, Mr. Oppenheim loses no time in getting to business in his latest story, and for result the reader has hardly absorbed half a dozen pages before his interest is thoroughly aroused, and there is no relaxing until the climax is reached. The story opens in Paris against a background of cafés, where the hero, a young Englishman, has some novel adventures, and then shifts to London and to the country in England. In a sense

the tale observes the unities more closely than is the wont of Mr. Oppenheim's exciting yarns, for the theme is singularly self-contained and is never lost among minor issues. All this makes for the reader's enjoyment, who will be hard indeed to please if he does not feel that a couple of leisure hours have been pleasantly passed in Mr. Oppenheim's company. There is a mystery, of course, and a thrilling one at that, but to hint at its solu-



Ruth McEwery Stuart, Author of "Sonny's Father." Century Company.

tion would rob the story of its appeal. Equally of course there is a strong love interest which reaches a conclusion satisfactory to all devotees of the tender sentiment.

THE LOST AMBASSADOR. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

At the Villa Rose.

Opening his story in a gambling saloon of Aix-les-Bains, Mr. Mason speedily rivets his

reader's attention. A charming girl, Celia, and a brilliant young Englishman, Harry Wethermill, quickly become the focus of interest, which is naturally deepened when the girl passes under suspicion for a murder committed in the house where she is staying and Wethermill becomes terribly anxious that her disappearance from the scene shall be relentlessly investigated. At this stage of the plot the reader is completely mystified, and he is held in suspense almost to the end. Mr. Mason has, in fact, shown marked ingenuity in the planning of his problem, and not less skill in the delineation of his characters.

AT THE VILLA ROSE. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

No matter how fond of cats one may be, it is not an easy matter to capture the feline point of view for writing purposes, but that difficult feat has been achieved by Eliza Orne White in "Brothers in Fur" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1), which tells in an attractive manner the life-story of four irresistible kittens—Sammy, Tommy, Billy, and Joe. Their many adventures are set forth in an amusing and realistic style, and the pictures are excellent photographic portraits.

Susan Cunningham has in "Stories from Dante" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50 net) given a picture of the Florence of the great poet's time and studies of the chief characters in the "Divine Comedy." The illustrations include a frontispiece in color of Rossetti's "Beatrice," and sixteen studies in the four-color process. The biographical sketches are grouped under the three divisions of the poem.

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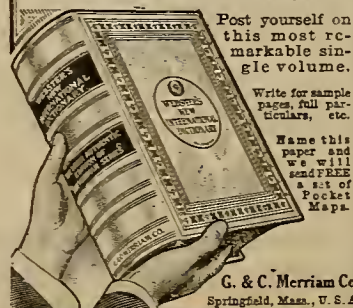
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BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

A Voice from the Congo.

Five years spent in Central Africa at the most impressionistic period of his life provided Mr. Ward with the materials for this unusual and fascinating book of travel. He took the natives for fellow-men, fraternized with every one he met, learned their language, and entered fully into the pleasures and avocations of their simple lives. In preparing his notes for the reader Mr. Ward has not aimed at the production of a learned anthropological treatise, but has wisely pre-



Illustration from "With Stevenson in Samoa," by H. J. Moors. Smoll, Maynard & Co.

ferred the impressionistic method, with happy results, for the volume has the effect of a series of pictures actually seen rather than of so many pages of print. This illusion is greatly helped by the numerous illustrations, which include a few photographs and many sketches by the author, as well as reproductions of some of his notable studies in sculpture.

No one can read the book without subscribing to Mr. Ward's view that the Central African natives are not altogether the degraded

racers suggested by reading of isolated instances of their brutality and cannibalism, but rather a people whose development has been temporarily arrested by adversity. Many of his stories show them to have a quick wit. A native chief who was asked why the women of his district wore no costume replied, "Concealment makes the inquisitive hungry." In telling a person to be silent the natives say, "Tie your mouth." "We do not want cloth," said the people of the Malinga River. "Give us something to wear. Give us beads!" And a man of the Lower Congo said to Mr. Ward: "I have worked for white men and have had much hardship. I have been flogged for making mistakes, I have had my pay stopped, and I have seen much trouble. Now I will worship God and live quietly by the side of the mission station listening to the missionary who says that it does not matter whether we be rich or poor, for rich and poor alike enjoy the same chances of going to heaven. What use is it for me to work? No! I will sleep."

One of the most interesting chapters in the book gathers together some of Mr. Ward's reminiscences of Stanley, whom he accompanied on one of his expeditions. At Ingham's missionary station Stanley was attracted by a bright little native boy, and patting him on the head said, "I should not be surprised, Ingham, if this little fellow becomes a bishop." "I don't know," said Ingham, "he is sometimes very disagreeable." "A sure sign he will be a bishop," replied Stanley. When Mr. Ward reminded Stanley on one occasion that he was thought to be bald, he rejoined, "Hard! You've got to be bald. If you're not bald, you're weak. There are only two sides to it." But Mr. Ward thinks the great explorer always tried to be just, according to his lights.

A VOICE FROM THE CONGO. By Herbert Ward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Transportation in Europe.

All who are interested in the problems of transportation will find Mr. McPherson's businesslike little volume replete with information as to the conditions prevailing in Europe. There is enough of history to aid in the understanding of present conditions, the chapter dealing generally with the development of

railways being specially notable for its survey of the past and present. Special attention is devoted to passenger and freight tariffs, while the entire question of transportation in England is treated in a separate chapter. But Mr. McPherson does not think America can learn much from English methods, owing to the political and economic conditions of the two countries being so different. On a broad view he finds that "if a comparison were made of the material progress since the introduction of steam, it would probably be found that in this respect the great cities and towns of the European continent, with perhaps a few exceptions, are about where cities and towns of equal importance in the United States were forty years ago. Yet the comparison would not be favorable to the



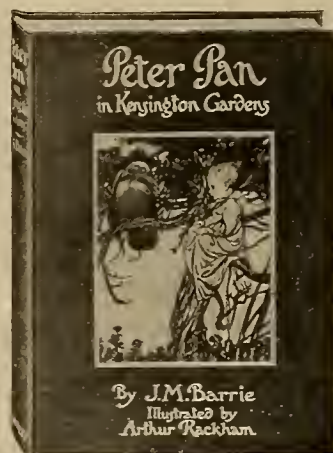
Warwick Deeping. Author of "The Rust of Rome." Cassell & Co.

United States at all points. In many lines of manufacture, requiring long training and great skill and patience on the part of the workmen, Europe produces wares far superior in fineness and delicacy to those of America; and the administration of the great cities of Germany secures a cleanliness and orderliness that puts to shame any of the great industrial and commercial centres of this country."

TRANSPORTATION IN EUROPE. By Logan G. McPherson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Rambles in Spain.

Rarely is even a book of travel so copiously illustrated as "Rambles in Spain." There are one hundred and forty illustrations, most of them from admirable reproductions of famous paintings or from photographs by Spanish experts of the camera. These constitute a fine album of pictures and give an excellent idea of various types of people and city and country views. The text attempts to describe the country and the people in an introductory chapter, and then deals with the Basque provinces, Old and New Castile, Salamanca, Andalusia, Granada, Zaragoza, Cataluna, and Valencia. On the frank confession of the compiler, the information offered is largely based on Baedeker, and hence is almost wholly of the guide-book order. There are, however, many long quotations from the books of writers who have more skill with



Cover Design from Charles Scribner's Sons.

the pen than Mr. Fitz-Gerald. To be perfectly frank, his narrative is of a somewhat homespun kind, matter-of-fact, and ordinary. Only in one chapter does he promise some exciting adventures, and these resolve themselves into tame roadside encounters with a herd of cows, a drove of horses, and a donkey and a cow. Perhaps some readers will be puzzled to imagine to whom Mr. Fitz-Gerald refers in his allusion to "no less a poet than Lockhart." But the book is worth buying for the sake of its illustrations.

RAMBLES IN SPAIN. By John D. Fitz-Gerald. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$3 net.

As a companion to the various "Standard" musical guides that he has published from time to time, and that have been so helpful to concert and opera-goers, George P. Upton has now given us a volume of "Standard Musical Biographies," dealing with over a hundred composers, and interestingly illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co. publish this work, as well as its numerous predecessors.

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Max

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The heroine is also the hero in this remarkable novel. The startling novelty of the plot and the charm of the love story have called forth a chorus of praise swelling across the country and echoing beyond the ocean in the English press. Almost without exception they say that story is better than "The Masquerader" (high praise, indeed). "More breathless in interest, with a central situation just as strong." Mrs. Thurston has "caught the atmosphere, the glitter, the restlessness of life in these deft, pleasant pictures." One critic says "There is an ache in the throat in those scenes when Charpentier's music floats out on the luminous night."

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By Zane Grey

"An appealing love story, pure as the far water brooks," says one reviewer of this new novel, "in which the curtain is raised on a scene hitherto unexplored in American fiction." The New York *World* adds this comment: "It is a strong story, rich with life and mixed with color. No man in the tale wears a collar, and the women are the genuine daughters of the desert and the mountains, fit mates of their men. We are glad to recommend this fine new novel, 'The Heritage of the Desert.'"

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BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

In the Footsteps of Heine.

Travel books which follow the routes of illustrious men are usually relieved from tediousness only to the extent to which they depend upon the writings of the men whose paths they trace, but Mr. Forman's narrative of his journey through the Hartz forest, in the tracks of Heine, Goethe, and others, has such attractive qualities of its own that its slight dependence upon what Heine or Goethe said is not a defect. The journey was the realization of a long-cherished dream, and Mr. Forman describes its accomplishment with much quiet humor, a keen eye for the picturesque, and a sensitiveness to the human interest of his wanderings. He has, in fact, produced a travel book of singular charm, which does not overlook the historic associations of the places visited, or their literary landmarks, but is more concerned



etave Thanet. Author of "By Inheritance," Bobbs-Merrill Company.

with atmosphere and the impression of an inform mind. The book is written in so intimate a vein and takes the reader so completely into confidence that it fulfills the best test of such volumes, that is, gives a feeling of personal experience and a desire to journey whither the author has traveled. The narrative is cleverly heightened in interest by the introduction of an attractive German girl and her parents, while on the pictorial side Mr. Stone's drawings give adequate expression to the characteristic features of the famous forest.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HEINE. By Henry James Forman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

The Spaniard at Home.

Friendly indeed are the eyes with which Mrs. Roulet has gazed upon the more intimate life of Spain, and sympathetic is the pen with which she describes so interestingly what she has seen and heard. Hence this is a different book about Spain; a book which ignores the cities and castles and churches, and gives a picture of the Spaniard at home. He is depicted in infancy and childhood, in courtship and marriage, at fêtes and festas, in church or at his charity, at school and in his appreciation of literature and the fine



George Wharton James, Author of "The Grand Cañon Arizona." Little, Brown & Co.

arts. Mrs. Roulet will not even admit that he Spaniard is lazy. "He is naturally the most energetic creature in the world. He may work from principle or because the end for which he is working seems to justify the effort, but never will he work in the Anglo-Saxon fashion because he loves work for work's sake alone." Proverbs are notoriously valuable for their insight into national character, and Mrs. Roulet has gathered some illuminating examples: "Tell a woman she is pretty, and you turn her head." "If you want a wife, choose her on Saturday, not on Sunday." "He that marries a widow with three children marries four thieves."

"Beware of a bad woman, but put no trust in a good one."

These may represent the masculine point of view; the other side of the shield is illustrated by the reply of the mother to her daughter who asked her what sort of a thing marriage was: "It is spinning, bearing children, and weeping, my child."

There is an admirable chapter on society life in Spain, in which a story is told of the late king. A banquet was given in his honor, to which all the mayors of the nearby villages were invited. The eatables included some olives stoned and stuffed, a delicacy new to the rural guests. The king tasted them, putting one of them whole into his mouth and swallowing it. A mayor close by opened his eyes in astonishment. Etiquette demanded that he must do the same, but he hesitated. His majesty had swallowed a stone! The king soon grasped the situation, and forthwith had his little jest after his manner. "These olives, they are most delicious," he said. "From your province, I believe, señor. I congratulate you on living in a place where olives are so fine," and so saying popped another into his mouth. The mayor had to follow suit, and felt the stone going down his throat. And olive followed olive until the distracted official was convinced his hours were numbered. To this day he praises the late king for his smile, his jest, and for "the stomach of an ostrich!"

THE SPANIARD AT HOME. By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75 net.

Switzerland.

Another book on "the Playground of Europe," largely a mosaic of prose and verse by well-known authors. Mr. Kuhns finds that the popularity of Switzerland as a holiday resort is accounted for by the attractions of its history, its legends, and its scenery. He devotes a chapter to the land and the people, and then pays special attention to the mountain glories of the country. Bern and its environs, Chamonix, and Geneva and its lake have separate chapters. The Swiss and their land are highly praised: "the people themselves are not only freer and better educated than many of their neighbors, but are on the whole of the highest religious and moral character." "Many Americans," Mr. Kuhn naively concludes, "have felt that here is a nation more like their own people than any other on the continent of Europe." Perhaps the most attractive feature of the book is found in its numerous illustrations, carefully reproduced from excellent photographs.

SWITZERLAND: ITS SCENERY, HISTORY, AND LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS. By Oscar Kuhns. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2 net.

Elba and Elsewhere.

Impressions of travel in Europe, dealing with Elba, Monaco, Paris, Nice, Genoa, London, and other places of tourist resort, are here given with a lighter touch and in greater brevity than usual. Mr. Seitz's manner of chronicle may be best illustrated by one quotation: "There is but one woman's club in Paris, and it is composed of ladies from the

American colony. The French woman preserves her rights by maintaining her correct position, which is that of the manager of the household and its funds, the bearer and protector of the children, the director of their affairs until they have households of their own, by devoting herself wholesomely to her husband—not necessarily as lord and master, but as an essential part of the cosmogony of things that be. Her duty toward him is consistent, whatever he may think of his to her. In brief, she is a good hen, who scratches, contrives, protects, and comforts her own." No subject is dwelt upon longer than for a brief paragraph or two, and often a theme which would generally be expanded to two or three pages is dismissed in a sentence. Those who have visited Europe will be interested to note how many things they missed seeing, while the arm-chair traveler will rise

whole, he reserves his most glowing periods for Siena, which he rates far higher than Florence, or Assisi, or Rome.

In an attempt to explain the charm of the city, its gift of expression, its quality of joy, of passion, and sheer loveliness, he writes: "A situation lofty and noble, an aspect splendid and yet ethereal, a history brave, impetuous, and unfortunate, a people still living yet still unspoiled by strangers. Yes, Siena set so firmly on her triune hill, towers there even today with a gesture of joy, radiant and beautiful, caught about by her vineyards as with a kirtle of green, girdled with silver and gold—the silver of her olives mixed with the gold of her corn." The women of the city are of rare beauty, and, as is not the case with Rome or Florence, its buildings are untouched by the modern spirit. The Cathedral, the Campo, the three municipal districts,



Illustration from "Along the Old North Trail," by Walter McClintock. Macmillan Company.

from Mr. Seitz's pages with a fine sense of replenished knowledge. The ludicrous thumbnail sketches of Maurice Ketten are a distinct acquisition to the book.

ELBA AND ELSEWHERE. By Don C. Seitz. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

Siena and Southern Tuscany.

Either as a companion for actual travel or as a painter of pictures for the mind's eye, Mr. Hutton possesses qualities of a rare order. He has intimate knowledge, an excellent sense of values, a spirit sympathetically attuned to the sentiment of the past, and a gift of poetic language. All these qualities are in evidence in this book in praise of Southern Tuscany, making it wholly enjoyable for home reading and invaluable as a guide on one's travels. While enthusiastic in his praises of Southern Tuscany as a

gallery—all these are lovingly described by Mr. Hutton, leaving with the reader a deep desire to see them all for himself.

SIENA AND SOUTHERN TUSCANY. By Edward Hutton. Illustrated by O. F. M. Ward. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

If we exclude the canonical writings of the New Testament, the extant remains of Christian literature before 150 A. D. might easily be printed in a single volume of modest size. These relics of primitive piety are mostly letters with a homiletical flavor, while they include a manual of Christian instruction and a curious allegorical treatise entitled "The Shepherd." But they are interesting only to the student of Christian origins, their literary quality being poor indeed.

Houghton Mifflin Company are to bring out two more volumes of Emerson's journals.

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LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, 34 Beacon Street, BOSTON

BIOGRAPHY.

The Father of Mexican Independence.

Exceedingly timely, in view of the celebration of the centenary of the *Grito de Dolores*, is this study of the patriot-priest who has for so long been regarded as little better than an insurrectionist. It supplies a blank in the biographical history of Mexico, for not even in the native land of Hidalgo is there any adequate hook on his life. Henceforth it will be easy to explain what is the *Grito de Dolores* and appraise the part taken by Hidalgo in that revolt against corrupt government. At the trial which sentenced him to death, Hidalgo, when asked by what right he had rebelled against the government of the viceroy, replied, "The right which every citizen has when he believes the country is in danger of being lost." The early years of Hi-



Arnold Bennett, Author of "Cloyhanger."
E. P. Dutton & Co.

dago are sketched in an interesting manner, and his pastoral labors described as fully as the surviving records permit. It seems that he was almost from the first in had odor with the Inquisition, that he snapped his fingers at the Index Expurgatorius, and that he was a close reader of books relating to the French Revolution, French liberalism, and the rights of man. In one of his parishes he toiled incessantly for the material well-being of his people, hurdening himself with heavy debt through taking the leadership in industrial enterprises. Mr. Noll has written an admirable little volume, which amply justifies Hidalgo's title of the Father of Mexican Independence.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MIGUEL HIDALGO Y COSTILLA. By Arthur Howard Noll. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

The Life of an Enclosed Nun.

It seems that this little hook has been written as "some sort of an answer to various slanders on convents." If the author tells all there is to be told, the life of a nun is placidity itself, uneventful save for the performance of religious offices, and of no practical value to the world. Judging from a detached point of view, this narrative is more likely to repel than to make converts. But it conveys an unconscious warning to parents. The author confesses that her religion "is an unreasoning impulse of the soul," and tells how her sentimental nature was played upon by the rites of Roman Catholicism while she was a student in a French convent, whither she had been sent by her Protestant parents mainly for the purpose of learning the French language. The moral is that sentimental girls should learn their French elsewhere.

THE LIFE OF AN ENCLOSED NUN. By a Mother Superior. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

Leaders of Socialism.

A partisan "Who's Who" of thirteen socialistic leaders is provided by Mr. Taylor in this slight volume, plus an essay on leaders and leadership. In the latter he makes a lame apology for omitting H. G. Wells and others, and has the audacity to affirm that "the theoretical basis of socialism is a comparatively fixed quantity." "Fixed"! And that in view of the three different and contradictory theories of Marx, and the constant quabbles which are going on among socialists in all parts of the world! Still, a debt of gratitude is due Mr. Taylor. He charges Mr.

Shaw with "giving away" the Fabian Society; his own "giving away" takes a wider scope. For he admits that he is waiting for a leader to overthrow the "popular delusion that socialism is social reform," and notes with approval Robert Owen's denunciation of marriage.

LEADERS OF SOCIALISM. By G. R. S. Taylor. New York: Duffield & Co.

Gladstone's Religious Correspondence.

That in addition to John Morley's three stout volumes of biography it should have been possible to compile these two volumes of letters is a significant tribute to the fact that the subject always nearest Mr. Gladstone's heart was religion. Even from his earliest years of public life he was deeply interested in the relations of church and state, ecclesiastical patronage and doctrine, and later he became absorbed in the Oxford movement. That movement made him in fact a High Churchman, even though he never assumed the name, and hence the curious anomaly was presented of his being in politics the idol of English dissenters while in religion he was as much removed from their standpoint as a Buddhist. The student of English ecclesiastical history, then, will find much to interest him in these pages, which illustrate once more Mr. Gladstone's gift of word-spinning. The editor, Mr. Lathbury, is fain to confess that the letters will be "read for what he has to say rather than for the way in which he says it," but the topics are so largely of the past or in the air that, as indicated, the volumes will appeal to few save specialists. Mr. Lathbury has grouped the letters under subject heads rather than chronologically, and has provided a series of informing introductions to the several divisions. The illustrations include eight portraits and numerous photographs connected with Mr. Gladstone's religious life.

CORRESPONDENCE ON CHURCH AND RELIGION OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. Selected by D. C. Lathbury. New York: The Macmillan Company; 2 vols.; \$5 net.

Stories of the Spanish Artists.

Although these chapters in biography are largely of the anecdotal order, there is sufficient appreciation and criticism to make the book a useful guide to the Spanish school of painting. The introduction gives a succinct view of the chief qualities of the school, and the artists whose careers are described include Luis Morales, El Greco, Velasquez, Murillo, Goya, and ten others, the period embraced ranging from the sixteenth century to the early nineteenth. Each artist's work is admirably exemplified by well-chosen pictures, many of which are in color. The sketch of Goya does not overlook the fact that he was a satirist as well as a painter. "No lover of the church, though he sometimes furnished a picture for her shrines, he assailed her weak points with a truthful force of humor. . . . For the monks and friars, white, black, or gray, he had an especial and not unmerited contempt and aversion; and he was never weary of caricaturing



George L. Knapp, Author of "The Scoles of Justice." J. B. Lippincott Company.

the luxurious indolence of the Jeronymite in his stately cloisters and the ignorance and sensual indulgence of the filthy mendicant Franciscan." Naturally, the largest amount of space is devoted to Velasquez, whose work is excellently treated and wisely valued.

STORIES OF THE SPANISH ARTISTS. By Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. Selected by Luis Carreno. New York: Duffield & Co.

Charles De Bourhon.

Convinced that less than justice has been done the character of Charles de Montpensier, Duc de Bourhon, Mr. Hare devotes the present volume to a careful and sympathetic study of his life. He has an admirable picturesque subject. "Of kingly race by descent

from St. Louis through the great house of Bourhon, whose annals of courage, loyalty, and devotion glow through the dark pages of history, half Bourhon and half Gonzaga, Charles de Montpensier was also heir to the reckless valor and passionate love of freedom of the condottiere, the watchful diplomacy and the stately graces of the polished rulers of Mantua." It is well known that he achieved the high distinction of Constable of France, and his desertion of his native land to the standard of Charles V is also a matter of common information. But Mr. Hare shows how fully he was justified in that act, and dwells at length upon the woman's

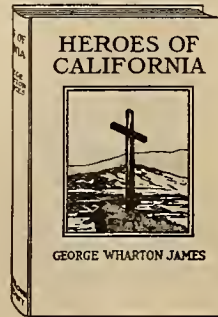
skill and impartiality, and leaving with his reader a convincing picture of a high-minded and brave man. The volume has numerous portrait illustrations.

CHARLES DE BOURHON. By Christopher Hare. New York: John Lane Company; \$4 net.

Sketches and Snapshots.

Written mainly for newspaper publication, many of these sketches are either too slight or too partisan to deserve a permanent form, but were such papers eliminated there would still be left a considerable body of essays on persons, events, and places of more than ordinary value. Mr. Russell has known so many distinguished persons that he can rarely pen the briefest of memorial tributes without drawing upon his own interesting reminiscences. Thus in the chapter on Mr. Gladstone he gives an admirable example of that talkative statesman's overhearing powers of speech. "I was once dining with a party of eight or ten men, of whom Mr. Gladstone was one. He began praising the scheme of a Channel Tunnel; one man agreed loudly; no one expressed dissent; and Mr. Gladstone said he was pleased to find so complete an agreement. Personally I was opposed to the tunnel, and I suspected that some of the others shared my views. I thereupon proposed to take a division, when it appeared that only Mr. Gladstone and one other supported the tunnel, and that all the rest were opposed to it. Yet they had all been awed into silence, which had been interpreted as acquiescence." Favorably disposed as Mr. Russell is toward the memory of Cardinal Manning, he takes the side of that prelate against Newman, a far ahlter and more straightforward man. The differences between the two cardinals "were mixed with and embittered by a sense of personal dislike." Of Matthew Arnold we learn that on the death of his eldest son he turned for consolation to Marcus Aurelius.

SKETCHES AND SNAPSHOTS. By Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell. New York: Duffield & Co.



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passion for revenge which made him an outlaw. Had he, fresh in sorrow for the death of his beloved wife, been able to respond to the amorous advances of the king's mother, his history would have been differently written. As it was, he was summoned to a mock trial, which robbed him of all his vast estates and left him no choice saved armed exile. Mr. Hare tells all this in an interesting manner, handling his information with

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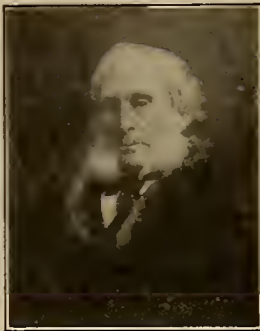
gree in "The Literature of the South," but unhappily the result is different. Perhaps, indeed, industry and care are not the chief essentials, though most necessary, in a writer who attempts to appraise the literature of a people. He needs above all the gift of interpretation, and that appears to have been denied Mr. Moses. Hence, while he has written a workmanlike volume, in which the facts have been carefully marshaled, and consequently a volume exceedingly useful for reference, one misses that transforming touch without which a study of literature is so barren a thing. Mr. Moses is careful to insist in one place that the South is a distinct entity, a "section wherein the social forces have conserved a distinct type of people upon

Cowper, Gray, and Goldsmith, while Swift is an example of a writer who used both mediums but is represented solely by his prose. Again, what shall be thought of a course of readings in English literature which does not include a single sentence by Robert Burton, Richard Hooker, Gilbert White, Laurence Sterne, or David Hume? It will be seen, then, how difficult it is to divine on what plan the compilation has been made. Nor is it free of actual mistakes. Thomas Hood's birth-year is wrongly stated, Keats did not pass his surgeon's examination in 1815, and how misleading it is to date three of Keats's sonnets with the year 1848. And what will a student of literature make of such an expression as that applied to Byron—"an imagination full of clay and crudities, but volleying at times into prodigious passion"? There are the makings of an admirable book here, but it sadly needs editing and reducing to some consistent and representative plan.

CENTURY READINGS FOR A COURSE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited and annotated by J. W. Cunliffe, J. F. A. Pyre, and Karl Young. New York: The Century Company.

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John Bigelow, Author of "Retrospections of an Active Life." Baker & Taylor Company.

its soil," and then in another declares that his aim has been "to escape the stigma of sectionalism." This is but one example of the difficulty he evidently has felt in clarifying his thoughts. The study is divided into five periods—colonial, revolutionary, antebellum, Civil War, and the New South—and is adorned with portraits of sixteen well-known writers.

THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH. By Montrose J. Moses. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2.50 net.

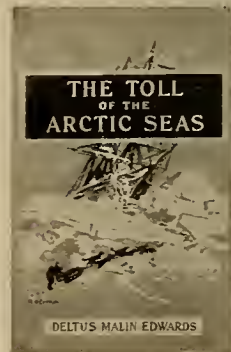
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THE LOVE OF BOOKS AND READING. By Oscar Kuhns. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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citadel as do the blandishments of women, and that physical contact without which a wife can not be possessed." Such a passage, which gives the reader a good idea of Miss Cleveland's admirable translation, shows how throughout the book there is "more than hint, there is ample revelation of all that went to the making of the man of two worlds, the man to whom nothing of man is alien." Hence the supreme value of this little volume, which should accomplish the translator's desire that Augustine the man, rather than the churchman, should be better known.

THE SOLILOQUIES OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Translated into English by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

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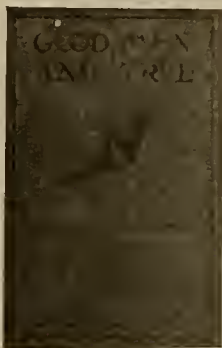
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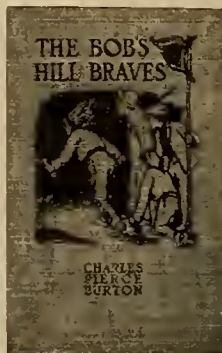
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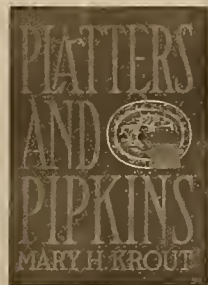
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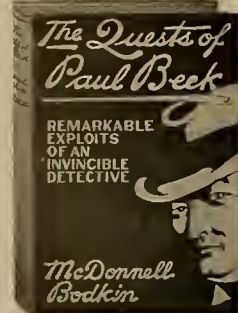


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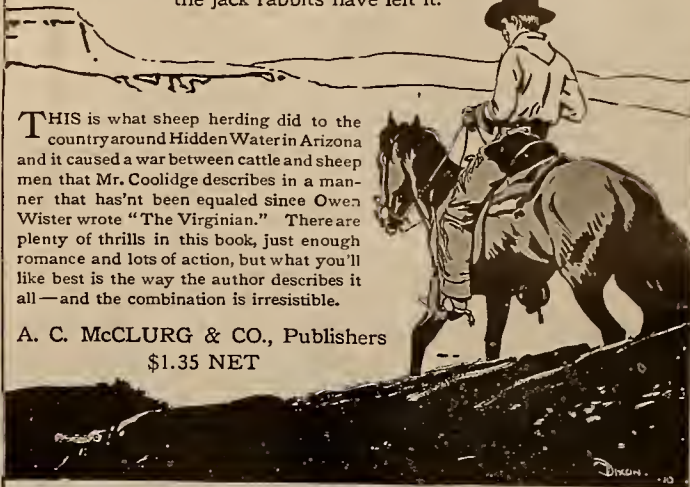
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CLASS TEACHING AND MANAGEMENT. By William Estabrook Chancellor. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.

Books for Boys.

One of the day dreams of most boys is to go some day to those tropical regions where the sun ever shines, where nature is in a tangle of wild luxury, and where mystery and adventure are to be met with at every turn. Hence the wide appeal of such a story as Elisa Haldeman Figyelnessy's "Two Boys in the Tropics," which was written by the author amid the scenes it so glowingly describes and is based upon actual incident. The young heroes have thrilling experiences in collecting the various animals and plants of the region, and as a consequence the story is highly educational as well as intensely interesting.

All those qualities of vivid description and

capable pen to depicting the many adventures of a young sea apprentice on shipboard and on land, the charm of which is enhanced by a delightful love episode.

In addition to the hero, "Kingsford, Quarter," by Ralph Henry Barbour, introduces the reader to a set of jolly college chums, as well as the inevitable bully. The scene is laid at Riverport, where football plays a large part in the recreation hours of the hero and his friends. Study is not neglected, as is too apt to be the case in such tales, and the attractiveness of the story is increased by its insistence on manliness of character.

In "The Boy's Napoleon" H. F. B. Wheeler has given an orderly and inspiring outline of the most notable events in the career of the famous emperor. His life is followed from his earliest days as a schoolboy, through his training as a cadet, and onward to the climax when he became the arbiter of Europe. The illustrations include a portrait and reproductions of famous paintings.

TWO BOYS IN THE TROPICS. By Elisa Haldeman Figyelnessy. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

DON MACGRATH. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

JACK COLLERTON'S ENGINE. By Hollis Godfrey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

A CADET OF THE BLACK STAR LINE. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

KINGSFORD, QUARTER. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

THE BOY'S NAPOLEON. By H. F. B. Wheeler. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

Numerous as have been the editions of Coleridge's most famous poem, and many as have been the efforts of artists to portray its weird conceits, it may be doubted whether any attempt to give that poem fitting adornment of page and illustration can compare with this exquisite version. Mr. Pogány's designs capture the spirit of the poem in a remarkable manner, and the press-work and the color-work are beyond praise. The volume will appeal to all booklovers for its unusual beauty, while as a gift book it has rare attractions.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Illustrated in colors by Willy Pogány. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$5 net.

Edgar Beecher Bronson's entertaining "Reminiscences of a Ranchman," formerly published by the McClure Company, now appears in a new edition, with some added chapters, bearing the imprint of A. C. McClurg & Co.

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Owen Johnson, Author of "The I'armint." Baker & Taylor Company.

virile action which have characterized Randall Parrish's tales for adults are in evidence in "Don MacGrath," his first attempt to cater for a younger audience. It is the story of a boy's adventures on the Mississippi in the latter days of the river steamer and is full of movement and lively incident. The book is admirably illustrated.

"Jack Collerton's Engine," by Hollis Godfrey, is the sprightly story of an alert American youth who goes to Europe for the purpose of entering his father's airship in an aviation contest. For competitor he has to face a rival company of shady methods and low principles, with the result that Jack's engine is stolen and he has some exciting times in attempting to recover it. The story is crowded with exciting incident and is capably illustrated.

Whether on the college campus or on the ocean, as in "A Cadet of the Black Star Line," Ralph D. Paine has few equals in the telling of wholesome and stirring stories for youth. In his latest venture he devotes his

LITERARY NOTES.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Stedman was chosen by William Sharp as the confidant to whom he first announced that determination to break away from jobbing journalism which led to the "Fiona Macleod" venture. "I am tired of so much pot-boiling," he wrote, "such increasing hartering of literary merchandise; and wish to devote myself entirely—or as closely as the fates will permit—to work in which my heart is. I am buoyant with the belief that it is in me to do something both in prose and verse far beyond any hitherto accomplishment of mine. . . . Among the younger writers few have the surely not very high courage necessary to give up something of material welfare for the sake of art." All this appealed with singular force to Sharp's chief American friend, who assured him that he was the "most leal and loved" of his English comrades.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot has obtained an order from the appellate court restraining an unauthorized publisher from using his name in connection with a "Five-Foot Library."

Princess Lazarovich-Hrebellianovich, who will be better remembered under her more easily pronounceable name of Eleanor Calhoun, has completed in conjunction with her husband a study entitled "The Servian People," which is described as a complete and exhaustive account of the Servian race and nation from every point of view. The book will be published by the Scribners in two volumes, fully illustrated.

Owing to the election of the author of "The Raven" to the Hall of Fame special interest attaches to Arthur Ransome's "Edgar Allan Poe," which embodies the results of recent research.

So far from having joined the majority as was gravely stated recently by a learned college professor, Sidney Colvin is preparing a new edition of R. L. Stevenson's letters, which is to incorporate the Vailima letters in chronological order and introduce much new material. Mr. Colvin will be grateful if owners of unpublished correspondence will communicate with him at the British Museum, London.

Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion: A Study of the Relation of Military Power to Economic Advantage," which is to be published simultaneously in seven countries and in America bear the Putnam imprint, is heralded as propounding a thesis which "upsets the fundamental axiom of modern statecraft." What the book aims to prove is that war can never pay.

Ralph D. Paine, the author of college stories whose books are in increasing demand, confesses: "I took to the country two years ago and find great contentment in writing and farming, mostly in writing, for the author who goes to the farm will find a type-writer his most valuable piece of up-to-date machinery for making a living from the soil. It has been my experience that with industry and no more than a moderate degree of talent a man can find happiness and prosperity in making a living with his pen."

Andrew Lang, who is often asked whether he writes anything but fairy stories, protests that nobody really wrote most of the fairy stories, and adds: "The three hundred and sixty-five authors who try to write new fairy

tales are very tiresome. They always begin with a little boy or girl who goes out and meets the fairies of polyanthus and gardenias and appleblossoms: 'Flowers and fruits, and other winged things.' These fairies try to be funny, and fail; or they try to preach, and succeed."

Perhaps the most notable contribution to the artistic literature of the present season is the appearance of an admirable English translation of the late Emile Michel's "Les Maitres du Paysage," which the Lippincotts have issued in a handsome form.

"Let Me Feel Your Pulse" is the whimsical and characteristic title of the last story O. Henry wrote, now available in separate form. In it he made fun of his own vain search for health, finding much that was humorous in the quest.

Another volume, the seventh, of the "Shelburne Essays" of Paul Elmer More is announced for early publication. Mr. More has been worthily described as "a critic who must be counted among the first who take literature and life for their theme."

According to the latest announcement, it is estimated but not guaranteed that the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica will be ready for delivery in January. Nearly five hundred thousand sets of the previous edition were sold.

Under the title of "Pleasant Pages" Paul Elder & Co. have ready for free distribution an attractive catalogue of books and cards issued from the presses of the firm.

Commenting on the unhappy relations between Dickens and his wife, Goldwin Smith wrote in one of his last papers: "It was a common case: Dickens had married at a low level, and his wife had not risen with him; otherwise there was no fault on her side. The matrimonial history of writers of works of imagination has often been unhappy. Their imagination turns the woman into an angel, and then they find that she is a woman."

An application in a bookshop in Rome for "Max O'Rell: En Amérique" elicited the response that the bookseller neither had the volume nor had heard of it. And when the prospective buyer insisted, the bookseller in despair exclaimed: "Dio mio, signor, I never heard of Marc Aurèle having been in America!"

Stevenson wrote so charmingly on "a penny plain—two pence colored" that it is only right his "Prayers Written at Vailima" should be issued in the illuminated missal style. Each prayer is to be separately decorated.

Rarely has an author with so established a reputation as Maurice Hewlett's been so soundly trounced as that novelist is by the London Spectator for his "Rest Harrow." In connection with Mr. Hewlett's insistence upon the qualities of Sanchia's legs the critic writes: "Queen Anne, who had no legs, is dead; Sir Richard Calmady, the legless haronnet, has been allowed to subside into oblivion; oblivion is the kindest sneed for the eccentric and anarchical heroine who has exposed her creator not merely to criticism, but to ridicule. . . . Yet apparently there is a market for such wares, and readers eager to swallow all this nauseating twaddle and inane frippery."

Building from the Ashes

WHAT THE FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY HAS ACCOMPLISHED SINCE THE DISASTER OF 1906.

The fire of 1906 which devastated San Francisco tested insurance companies as never before or since in the history of the world. Out of that time of stress the Fireman's Fund emerged with a record which has never been equaled and which at the time was generally believed to be an impossibility, viz:

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Not only was this done, when at the beginning of 1906 the company's assets were only \$7,232,552, but so ably were its affairs conducted and so well were its efforts received by the public—including innumerable fire sufferers—that it closed the year 1907 with assets amounting to \$5,938,099, and a net surplus of \$806,922 over capital and all liabilities.

The good name of this reliable institution is now so widely known that not only are its fire policies in greater demand than ever before, but its marine insurance policies are gladly accepted in foreign ports.

Since the San Francisco disaster the volume of this company's business has grown steadily. Immediately following the fire Fireman's Fund stock was worth less than nothing. Today it has a book value of about \$250 per \$100 of par value. Its resources on January 1, 1910, aggregated \$7,431,402, while its liabilities on that date were, exclusive of capital, \$3,916,545, and the policy-holders' surplus was \$3,514,857.

The increase of its business has been correspondingly upward since January 1st.

The Fireman's Fund in its long and useful career has paid \$42,027,470 for losses, and has disbursed \$4,191,000 in dividends.

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The Liza Lehmann Concerts.

Mme. Liza Lehmann, than whom there is no better known woman composer, will soon visit this city, accompanied by her own English quartet. Her local appearances take place at the Novelty Theatre on next Tuesday night, November 15, when the house has been entirely reserved for members of the Pacific Musical Society, and there will be no seats placed on general sale. The first public concert takes place at the Novelty Theatre on Thursday night, November 17, when Mme. Lehmann will offer a most attractive programme of her compositions. One of her most beautiful song cycles, "In a Persian Garden," which is a wonderfully clever musical setting of the famous quatrains of "The Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, and which as much as any other number has served to bring great fame to the composer. On this first programme also will be found her "Nonsense Songs" from "Alice in Wonderland." These cycles contain solos, duets, and quartets, which are rendered by the members of the quartet, composed of Miss Blanche Tomlin, Mr. Hubert Eisdell, Miss Palgrave-Turner, and Mr. Julien Henry, with Mme. Lehmann accompanying at the piano. In addition to the song cycles Miss Palgrave-Turner will render "Ahou Ben Adhem," Miss Tomlin will sing "Everybody's Secret" and "Pearl and Song"; Mr. Eisdell sings "Five Little Love Songs," and Mr. Henry will give Browning's "An Incident of the French Camp." All of these have musical settings by Mme. Lehmann.

The third and last concert takes place on Sunday afternoon, November 20, at the Columbia Theatre, when the song cycle, "Breton Folk Songs," numbers from "The Golden Threshold," and the "Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral" will be given in addition to a series of interesting solo selections by the members of the quartet.

Seats are now selling at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and the prices are scaled from 75 cents to \$1.50.

Mme. Lehmann and her singers appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland on Friday afternoon, when they will repeat the Thursday night programme.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that the musical attractions under his direction during the month of December will include Signor Emilio de Gogorza, the eminent Spanish haritone, assisted by Robert Schmitz, a young pianist who recently took the first prize at the Paris Conservatoire, and also the great Tetrizzini.

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NAZIMOVA AND IBSEN.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

What a curious personality Nazimova has! She actually repels some people, while others simultaneously recognize her inability to awaken affectionate admiration, and yet respond to the sort of morbid fascination she exerts.

She is unquestionably one of the most striking actresses on the American stage, treble from her appearance, her dynamic style of acting, and her unique fascination. I can not, however, imagine her as acting with authority universally conceded success a character instructed on lines of spiritual beauty or ability of purpose. She reminds me of what the idea of Sarah Bernhardt used to be, years ago, before we ever saw her; when she was the prize heroine of newspaper paragraphs: lithe, supple, velvety, beautiful panther in human shape.

In the first act of "Little Eyolf" she seemed a dangerous creature fashioned for the purpose of preying upon the better parts of a man's soul and tearing away from the lives associated with hers all the simple, fragrant, lovely things that lend sweetness and orderliness to life.

Of course I must remember that I have seen Nazimova in only four rôles; and that the one in which she particularly excelled was "Hedda Gabler."

Rita Allmers, in Ibsen's "Little Eyolf," is somewhat different type of woman. Rita is not, like Hedda, a conscious snarer of souls. She is just a cyclonic materialist, with the egotistic passion for absolute possession of her partner in love so extreme that, with her, love becomes a physical obsession. It is evidently for this trait that Nazimova selected "Little Eyolf" as a vehicle for the expression of a peculiarly passionate materialism.

Ibsen has, with his usual perspicacity, given us a wonderfully life-like study of this id descendant of that Lilith who snared men's souls with a tress of golden hair. And, being Ibsen, he has put the dark shadow in the picture that throws into higher relief the torturing fires of a love that must, in the end, inevitably disillusionize its recipient.

For Alfred, the husband, has evidently just taken a vacation to escape from the importunities of a love that even included little Lilith, its crown and fruit, in the jealousy finally extended to a rival. For Alfred was growing weary. Rita was no coquette. She practiced no evasions, no reserves, but poured, in unstinted measure, all she had to give in the burning flood. This is the phase that Nazimova seizes upon and conveys with a force and dazzling variety of expression peculiarly her own. Against the soft, quiet harmonies of the Norwegian home she flits like a vivid tropical bird, and with innumerable glances, gestures, attitudes, she conveys the idea of a nature savagely exacting, fiercely absorbing; with hursts of tigerish restlessness, with impatient gestures that are as sudden as flashes of light, with moaning intonation of her peculiarly hollow yet almost hoarse voice, and with stifling caresses that reach the recipient, she shows the disturbing spectacle of a woman whose love for her mate is unappeasable. So feverish and violent, so tormenting is the passion of love thus exhibited that I scarcely think even the most ethy-minded of male observers in the audience would desire it in perpetuity in their marital partners.

In his first act, which thus apprises the audience of the devouring love of the wife and the growing withdrawal of the husband, is an admirable example of Ibsen's genius in dramatic construction. The spectator is held absorbed, while observing the conflicting elements in the presumably happy home of the Allmers. The sad condition of Little Eyolf, coupled for life by a fall in his babyhood, is the only shadow in the home. His fate is shadowed in advance by the coming of the legendary figure of the Rat-Wife, an old woman who, like the Pied Piper, lures rats in the houses and leads them to death in the fjord by some mysterious power of attraction which human beings also feel. A strange, absorbing, uncanny scene follows, in which Little Eyolf, yielding to the magnetic spell seriously exerted by the old crone, confronts his first fear and caresses the withered old woman which tacitly invite him to follow their lead and learn the peace of death. This bit of strange symbolism is eminently character-

istic of Ibsen's later manner, since he employed it to such effect in "When the Dead Awaken," "The Wild Duck," and "The Lady of the Sea."

The scene was remarkably effective, having been contrived by Ibsen with that inimitable sense for a mysterious suggestion of an intense under-significance that captures the imagination by its very mystery. There was the solemn reception of the unwelcome figure by Asta; as if it might indeed be the personified death that came to Eyolf later. And there was the little family group standing apart, chilled, repelled, yet constrained to meet the unwelcome visitant with the solemn, reluctant formality that we extend to all that concerns death. And there was the doomed child, drawing nearer and nearer to the ancient figure of fate, until she placed her hands of possession upon his head, so that the little figure drifted out, unnoticed, to follow to its death, when the Rat-Wife took her departure, as if dumbly constrained by irresistible destiny. The entire incident was remarkably impressive, the admirable impersonation by Miss Gertrude Berkeley of the Rat-Wife being the most important element, next to Ibsen's weird and striking conception, in conveying the idea of fate's intervention in the affairs of the Allmers. The hunched figure of the old woman, her cracked voice uttering strange and incomprehensible things, the clinging figure of the child, all united in producing a curious spell on the imagination, so that the audience was actually in the same spellbound state as that so graphically simulated on the stage.

This act, however, is, from a dramatic point of view, the high-water mark of the play. Its striking finale, when conviction is born to the parents that the child just drowned in the fjord below is Little Eyolf left nothing undone to stamp it as a model in dramatic construction.

The ensuing two acts, however interesting psychologically to read, make a marked descent from the splendid dramatic tension of the first one. The funeral atmosphere, the over-long mental conflict between husband and wife, the monotony of the unchanging subject, the absence of action, the sad-colored twilight of mood and place, the profound hopelessness of the outlook for the four people concerned, depressed the imagination and chilled the warmth of interest which was felt during the first act.

The scene between the supposed brother and sister, which would be perfectly admissible if read, instead of seen enacted, was, to those unfamiliar to the play, baffling, and, indeed, repelling. Not being in the secret of Asta's true parentage, they felt a sense of distaste for the faint yet unmistakable suggestion of sentiment that hovered over the scene. In this matter Ibsen infringed the canons of good taste, which was felt in spite of the halo of purity and refinement with which Miss Elsie Esmond successfully invested the character of Asta.

A further reason for the loss of interest in the second and third acts, or, rather, more particularly in the third, is Nazimova's inability to convey more than the externals of purified or spiritualized emotion. At all times a striking figure, she was no less so in the straight black sombreness of the mother's mourning. Out in the shadows of the twilight grounds she wore a scarf of dull gold, over which Rita, with an apparent heed for the seemliness of mourning, had cast a shadowing mist of black crape. With this wrap she made herself into a hundred different pictures, the sombre tints of which were intensified by the startling black of her hair, the whiteness of her large-eyed, black-browed countenance, and by the feline grace and freedom of her movements.

Nazimova is an actress of the utmost finish. She never depends on moods, or the inspiration of the moment, I should judge, but uses every aid in the way of action, gesture, mobility of feature, pose, and dress. Out in the garden, when she threw her mourning draperies over her head and cast her large eyes upward, she suggested a *mater dolorosa* mourning at the foot of the cross. Yet, carefully as the long duet between Rita and Alfred was acted, with the meaning of every syllable, every pause heedfully considered, with all the flowing gestures of an untrammelled soul trying to break through the confines of suffering, yet when the actress endeavored to express the awakenings of Rita's numbed consciousness of the claims of other sufferers it was only by this outer investiture of fine technique that she could do so. The soul was not there. And, therefore, there lacked a certain quality of conviction in Rita's spiritual awakening, and, consequently, a corresponding lack in the audience.

Nazimova has Mr. Brandon Tynan for leading support, the same actor who was with her on her earlier visit. Mr. Tynan has developed considerably in finish since then, and except for an absence of inspiration and a certain lack of delicacy of stroke in delineating the Ibsenic subtleties and complexities of feeling involved in Alfred's family relations, gave a very admirable portrait of the dreaming scholar.

George Tobin as Little Eyolf and Mr. Fred Tilden as Borgheim complete a cast which, while lacking in any special distinction or metropolitan renown, is able to finish off the details of the completed picture with sufficient skill to furnish suitable setting for the main figures.

Mme. Gerville-Reache, the greatest living French contralto, who was one of the great finds of Oscar Hammerstein, is a native of Basque and is a near neighbor of Calvé's, who was the sponsor for this artist at the time of her debut in Paris. Mme. Gerville-Reache will not appear in opera this season, but will devote her time to a concert tour, being a specialist in "lieder" work. Manager Greenbaum has secured her for his opening attraction of the new year.

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Noting that the "latest American novelty" is a hotel designed exclusively for newly married couples, the laureate of the *Sketch* improves the occasion thus:

List, ye lovers shy to wed,
To the latest Yankee boom;
There is balm at last for the blushing bride
And the sadly embarrassed groom.
For the idiot grin and the foolish smirk
Henceforth you may repel,
If you bolt at once when you leave the church
For the Honeymoon Hotel.

Far from the madding and gaping crowd
Is the baunt of honeymoon peace;
So the tattered trunk and the battered bag
Their useless fraud may cease.
For all the porters are newly spliced,
And the waiters and maids as well,
So you won't be chafed, and you can't be bored
At the Honeymoon Hotel.

Oh, for a Mayor Gaynor in every American city where cabs are in use! One of the terrors of life in going to or from a depot, or in hiring a vehicle on any off-trolley route, is the horrible uncertainty of the amount to which one will be robbed. Who save a millionaire dare hail a cab or a taxi in San Francisco, or Washington, or many another city? Memory shudders at a Washington, D. C., experience, when an extortion of nearly seven dollars had to be paid for a taxi ride from the Union depot to McPherson Square, and the necessity of having to make a bargain before entering a vehicle in San Francisco, or Boston, or New York must have been enforced upon many a traveler. And the delightful thing is that a deputation of those monsters of extortion, the hackmen, had the audacity to wait upon Mayor Gaynor the other day in the interests of their precious union and to complain about the competition of the cab companies! But what a shock the deputation received! Mayor Gaynor, undaunted by his recent experience, roundly told the men that they have been cheating and swindling the public, and that it is the duty of every public official to tell them so regardless of votes or anything else. As the New York *Evening Post* declares, the cabmen of New York have been about the worst set of cheats in that city, disgracing the metropolis by devoting special efforts to swindling the stranger within its gates. The official tariff is carefully hidden under the cushion, and if the victim complains the cabman roughly threatens to take him into court. Few people have the nerve to stand up to an insolent cab driver, but that seems about the only remedy pending the advent of a Mayor Gaynor in every city.

To the history of the modern bat should be added the little comedy which took place in a London county court the other day, when a young typist appeared as a witness wearing a hat of the inverted saucer shape of more than ordinary size. The brim, indeed, almost concealed her face.

"Tip your hat back," the judge commanded, and the girl raised the brim until her nose was revealed.

"I can not see your eyes," the judge protested, "and they are the windows of the soul in a case like this."

"Will that do?" the girl asked.

"No," replied the judge, "it will not. There is a dark shadow across your features, and your eyes are hidden."

"I can not tip it back any further," the girl protested.

"I think," said the judge, "you are a most obstinate young woman."

"Then shall I take the hat off?" the girl asked.

"No," replied the judge, "you will not. I will not have a woman in a court with her head bare."

The girl made one more effort. She pulled out the long pins, one by one—some with an angry jerk.

"Do not lose your temper," the judge interjected. "I hope you will not spoil the shape."

Eventually the extinguisher was sufficiently tilted to disclose the wearer's face and fit her to give evidence. Under other circumstances the hiding brim is really in the public service, for the saucer is not fashionable with those who have features good to look upon.

Can a woman's income, asks an earnest inquirer, be judged by the riches which her dress suggests, and are there distinguishing signs or symbols which at once betray the girl of means, the girl of moderate pin money, and the girl who has only the fortune which nature has lent her? If one judged by appearances, which may be deceptive, it might certainly be declared that year by year men are growing poorer and girls richer. It is no mere compliment to state that when men and women are gathered together prosperity seems to have grasped the feminine hand. Poorly, badly, sadly dressed men abound, but there are only degrees of cost and perfection where the frocks of women and girls are concerned. But these very degrees of finish, of beauty, of elegance, are merely puzzling to men. They seem to indicate that there

must be a decided advance in allowances and incomes and a general agreement as to what is the minimum effect to be sanctioned with the expenditure of an unknown quantity of money.

An estimate of Queen Mary of England, written from close personal knowledge, tells us that the queen is practical rather than imaginative. She never makes a promise that she is not sure she can keep. She is punctilious and careful in all money matters. She is keenly interested in the every-day circumstances of her life. Conversely she has no wide artistic knowledge or appreciation. She is fond of music, but the music of Mendelssohn rather than Wagner. She herself has a pleasant contralto voice, which was trained by Signor Tosti. Her favorite amusement is the theatre. She is indeed naturally inclined to be shy and retiring, preferring the quiet of home to the glare of public life. She is a wise and devoted mother. Her children are being brought up on the wisest possible plan. Work comes before play, but play is never forgotten. Obedience and discipline are enforced, but there is no absurd severity and no mediaval disregard of the fact that children have both judgment and character. Queen Mary is deeply religious, retaining the evangelical faith in which she was brought up. Her religion is more concerned with morals than imagination, with conduct than belief. She is generous to the point of considerable inconvenience, and the plight of poor and suffering childhood is a constant concern to her. No case was ever brought before her without speedy aid being forthcoming. She is a keen walker and an enthusiastic needlewoman. She is in all respects the mistress of her household. The details of the clothes and food of her children are all submitted to her.

An anthology in praise and also in dispraise of my Lady Nicotine has been compiled by a French theatrical periodical in reply to some questions addressed to playwrights and other authors concerning the gentle art of smoking. Maurice Donnay replied that he formerly smoked half a dozen cigarettes a day; then he gave it up, and since that time he can work whenever and as much as he pleases. Alfred Capus said he would be glad if he could give up smoking, for it gave him no pleasure, and he believed that in the long run tobacco is an undesirable collaborator. "At first we smoke to be able to work, and finally we work only to be able to smoke," George Fedyeau replied: "I used to smoke a great deal, but have given it up, because I found it impaired my memory." The Rosny brothers, Paul Margueritte, and the composer Massenet answered briefly: "We do not smoke." Louis Ganne used the weed till he was twenty-five, when he quit to please a woman. "Too much," wrote Francis de Croisset, in answer to the question whether he smoked; and to the second question, whether it helped or harmed him, he replied: "I do not wish to know." Henri Bernstein wrote: "Tobacco stimulates me, but I do not know whether it benefits me." Alexandre Bisson smokes only twice in two weeks, because he does not want his enjoyment to degenerate into a necessity. Jules Claretie admitted that he smokes cigarettes, but does not know why—"certainly not for pleasure."

In attempting to adjust the transatlantic notion of the American woman that she marries for love, Katherine G. Bushey notes that the overwhelming romantic love is not the common currency of America. She adds: "The American woman, I think, could be more correctly stated as marrying the man she likes, and, in case of opposition, being surprisingly obstinate in her likes. But of the superlative, temperamental passion, the American woman is untouched. This is betrayed in the national fiction. The innumerable novels that have had their days of favor because the hero risked his life for the heroine have substituted a stage mechanism as symbolic of the sex emotion in its more spontaneous and mastering flow, of which we have no understanding, except as relegated to the sphere of immorality. Even the attempts at psychological fiction in America betray entire absence of romance or passion. The combustibles are heaped up with reckless extravagance, yet no spark is kindled. Hysterical sentimentality, not passionate love and emotion, result. The heart struggle of the American woman in fiction rings metallic, and this because the novelist can find no prototype for throbbing emotion in the so-called love-match of the average American woman. Some cause, possibly climatic, has certainly reduced the intensity of sex emotion, though this suggestion is of course incapable of proof. Perhaps the independence of girlhood makes for a certain hardness instead of a strength of character; perhaps living on the surface of their impractical superficial existence before marriage has precluded any deeper appreciation of emotion."

According to the Chicago *Tribune*, there is a great opportunity for somebody to estab-

lish a school for bridegrooms, but it is undecided as to the exact plan of the establishment. But a few suggestions are made. For example, the future husband ought to be put through a severe course on how to select a flat and not be huffed by the agent, and there ought to be a special course on how to bluff the janitor and get away with it alive. Also there should be a department teaching all the students how to smile and say "How pretty" when wife brings in the new picture hat and its bill of fifty dollars, while a class in the art of waiting must not on any account be overlooked. And a special professor should be delegated to train pupils in remembering that a string tied round the little finger means to bring home four yards of Irish lace, a bottle of olives, two spools of silk thread, and a dozen oranges.

Joseph I of Portugal ordered that all Portuguese who were in any way allied to, or descended from, the Hebrew race should wear a yellow hat. The old Marquis de Ponthal (then minister-in-chief) shortly after appeared at court with three of them under his arm. The king, smiling, asked him: "What do you wish these?" He replied: "I have them in obedience to your majesty's command, for I really do not know a single Portuguese of note who has not Jewish blood in his veins." "But," said King Joseph; "why have you three hats?" The marquis answered: "One is for myself; one for the inquisitor-general by your side; and one is—in case your majesty should desire to be covered."

It was a case in an Irish court, and, the prisoner seeming hard to satisfy, juryman after juryman was asked to leave the box. However, all things come to an end even in Ireland, and at last the swearing of the jury was completed. And then the prisoner leaned over the dock and sought the ear of his counsel. "The jury's all right now, I think," he whispered, "but ye must challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him several times already, and maybe he's beginnin' to have a prejudice."

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A distinguished society leader of New rk, lately returned from a motor trip rough France, said that her most delightful perience was hearing the French pheasants ging the mayonnaise.

In the dining-room of a hotel at Nice on huge placard posted over the mantelpiece, i can read the following: "Our English iters are kindly requested to address the iters and servants in English, as their ench is not generally understood."

In honor of the eventful day of graduation m a cooking-school she got up a little ead. "Yes, I've got the loveliest diploma!" ead the fair graduate. "It's on sheepskin chment, with a big, gold seal. I cooked t dish you are eating. Now just guess t it is." "Is it—er—" the young cynic sed impressively, "is it the diploma, ggie?"

A reporter was sent around to make some uiries concerning a new play that David asco was engaged in writing. "Yes," said vid, "I am writing a play. What do you t to know about it?" Anything you can e will be interesting," was the reply. ell," was Belasco's response, "it is to have r acts and three intermissions—and I've t finished the intermissions."

A multi-millionaire returned to his native age and erected a marble palace on a hill- there. One day, after the palace was pleted, he said to the postmaster and the wd of loiterers in the general store: ys, my million-dollar house up on the hill mply full of Titians." The loiterers exnged looks of surprise and horror, and the tmaster exclaimed: "Good gracious, aint re no way o' killin' 'em?"

The late Rev. Horatio Stehbins, of San ncisco, was a man of large mind and le powers, but more familiar with the ld of intellectual and scholastic interests n with trivial and timely things. His ehould was blessed with a charming daugh- who grew up tall and beautiful, com- dng the admiration of all who saw her. e day a visitor said to the good doctor; ctor, your daughter grows more charming hy day. Why, she's a regular Gihson "Ah, thank you, thank you," replied doctor in his best manner. When the tor had gone, turning to his wife the doc- asked, "My dear, who are the Gihsons?"

It was a hit naughty of Miss Farrar, the ra singer, to speak of the race of dukes as t worth a damn." The incident recalls a y which the late Frank Moffatt used to Moffatt one day chanced to fall in with her — of Oakland, a priest widely ular for his humor and general keenness of d as well as for his sympathies. "What ou think, Frank," asked the father, "of —?" who had just been nominated for a ic office. "Well, father," said Moffatt, rring your reverend presence, I think he blankety, blank, blank." "Softly Frank, ly Frank," said the good father, raising hands in protest. "I can't approve your uage, hut I see you know the man."

A handsome woman who had been so un- nate as to find occasion to divorce not hut several husbands, was returning from ada. In Chicago she happened to meet first husband, for whom, by the way, she ys has entertained a real affection. on my soul, if it isn't Charlie!" exclaimed ex-wife, cordially shaking hands with the leman whose name she formerly had ie. "I'm awfully glad to see you, Charlie!" n, after a wistful expression of regret ome to and been banished from her tenance, she added: "Old chap, I've n wondered where you were and what you e doing. It was too bad we didn't get on r together. I hope your experience a't been as unpleasant as mine. I'm just and tired of marrying strangers!"

It was a pompous New Yorker, and when struck Indianapolis with his line of talk e was one of the greatest men who ever sed the Alleghenies. "Why," he sput- ed, "you folks out here are 'way behind times. In my town we have everything h makes life worth living. We have our a, we have our clever men, we have our wderful buildings, we have the Atlantic n, we have progress, civilization, lovely en, manly men, bewildering and beauti- restaurants, the splendor of which the s could not have described; marvelous mer resorts, where a gay galaxy of merry- ens cavort and make the night light with e jests and laughter; we have the mighty ains of finance, who direct the nation's urses." The grizzled old street cleaner, was listening to his airy persiflage, paid

heed for a few moments, then he said: "You may have all that, hut they's one thing you aint got. You aint got no literachoor, and that's where us out here in Indianny is strong."

A New Jersey man named his twin sons Roosevelt and Taft (relates *Lippincott's Mag- azine*). A friend asked him recently how they were getting along. "Famously," was the answer. "Taft digs steadily into his breakfast howl, while Roosevelt yells and pounds him over the head with a spoon."

Senator La Follette, apropos of certain scandals, said at a dinner in Madison: "These things recall the legislator who re- marked to his wife with a look of disgust: 'One of those land lobbysts approached me today with another insulting proposition.' The wife, a young and pretty woman, clapped her hands. 'Oh, good!' she cried. 'Then I can have that sahle stole after all; can't I, dear?'"

Eugene Walter, the playwright, told at a dinner a story about a New York critic. "He is very brilliant," Mr. Walter said. "As he and I were taking supper at the Café Martin one night, a passing playwright glared ter- ribly at him. 'Why is Playwright Dash so down on me, I wonder?' said the critic. 'Oh,' said I, with a laugh, 'you know well enough why he's down on you. You wrote last month that the plot of his new play was no good.' 'Well,' said the critic, 'why should he mind that? I said at the time it wasn't his plot.'"

"Lafe" Pence, who was once a Western congressman, says that at a meeting of Presi- dent Taft's Cabinet a constitutional question arose. Mr. Taft called his secretary and asked for a copy of the United States Con- stitution. The secretary made a search, in vain. An assistant secretary was summoned. He, too, hunted without result. "Why, there must be a copy somewhere in the White House!" exclaimed the President. "Cer- tainly," said James Wilson, who has been a Cabinet member under three administrations. "I remember consulting it—let me see, when was that?" Mr. Wilson paused, as if trying to recall the dim past. "Ah," he continued at last, "I seem to recollect that it was in the days of Mr. McKinley."

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The Decadent Drama.

1900.
I hate to see a problem play
In which the leading lady
Feels often called upon to say
Her former life was shady.

1910.
But to the modern problem play
The old is not a marker;
For now we hear the lady say
Her future will be darker.

—The Club-Fellow.

Clarefied French.

There was once a young person named Clare,
Who adopted a Frenchified air.
She drank café noir,
And when told "Au revoir,"
Would always reply, "Pomme de terre!"
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Hash.

When morning hits our boarding-house, and with
it breakfast hirings,
We note the cook, as usual, has made a hash of
things. —Atlanta News.

The Children's Thanksgivings.

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pudding decorated with holly. They would be
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The present week has been one of continued gaiety in society, though the time and attention of many of the smart set have been monopolized by the Kirmess, which is being given each night for charity. The first night's performance served to bring together a large society audience very like that of a first night at the opera.

Several debutante teas have been the medium through which society's ranks have been recruited this week by the addition of a number of charming huds.

The Assembly on Friday night was also the occasion of the first social appearance of a number of the younger girls.

The week has been essentially one of weddings and engagements, as half a dozen of these interesting events have dotted the calendar.

A number of large formal dinners, notably those given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, have also marked the passing week.

Dr. Humphrey J. Stewart has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Mary Frances Stewart, to Mr. Clifford Grant Cook of Paris. No date has as yet been set for the wedding.

The engagement was announced on Monday in New York of Miss Zaido Zabrizki, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Zabrizki of that city, and Mr. Frank H. Buck, Jr., of San Francisco. Miss Zabrizki spent the summer here as the guest of the William Matsons and has many friends here, and Mr. Buck is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck of Vacaville. The wedding will take place in New York in the spring.

The wedding of Miss Elsa Draper and Midshipman Laurence Kauffman, U. S. N., took place Saturday afternoon at Christ Church, Sausalito. The marriage ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Waln-Morgan Draper. The church was profusely decorated with pink and white blossoms. Mrs. Kirkwood Donovan, the bride's sister, and Mrs. Samuel Pierce of Pasadena, were the matrons of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Kathleen de Young and Miss Frances Stewart, and Miss Enid Gregg acted as maid of honor. The ushers included Ensign E. E. Wilson, Ensign H. E. McCleary, Ensign George Gross, and Ensign Kirkwood Donovan was best man. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Miss Ethel Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham, Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weller, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. Charles C. Hartigan, Miss Martha Foster, Dr. Humphrey Stewart, Miss Marguerite Butters, Miss Elsie Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. Hinz, and Miss Elsa Hinz.

The wedding of Miss Christine Pomeroy and Mr. Thomas Scott Brooke of Portland took place at four o'clock on Thursday afternoon at Trinity Church. The bride was attended by Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Miss Helen Chesbrough, Miss Margaretta Brooke, Miss Natalie Coffin, Miss Margaret Roosevelt, Miss Harriett Pomeroy, and Miss Constance McLaren. The best man was Mr. A. L. Linthicum of Portland, and the ushers included Mr. Roderick Macleay, Mr. Andrew Kerr, Mr. Arthur Howe, Mr. Wilherforce Williams, Mr. Bancroft Towne, Mr. John Kittle, Mr. Wharton Thurston, and Mr. Arthur Chesbrough. Among the guests at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. John Kittle, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Ethel Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, the Misses Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. John

Maillard, Miss Anita Maillard, Mr. and Mrs. Germaine Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. James Langborne, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Captain and Mrs. Alexander McCracken, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Livermore, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. George Page, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Leslie Page, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd Eels, Captain and Mrs. John Burke Murphy, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Davis, Miss Hazel King, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Sophie Coleman, Miss Sarah Coffin, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Florence Hopkins, the Misses Collier, and the Misses Ashton.

The wedding of Miss Alice Rooney and Mr. Louis Titus took place at the bride's home Wednesday afternoon. Immediately following the ceremony Mr. Titus and his bride left for New York and Europe, where the honeymoon will be spent.

The wedding of Miss Caroline Bauers and Mr. Theodore Wores took place Monday evening at the home of the bride's parents on Buchanan Street. Miss Hazel Gordon acted as maid of honor and Mr. Robert Berkeley attended the groom as best man. The honeymoon will be spent in Honolulu and the future home of Mr. Wores and his bride will be in this city.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Perry and Mr. William E. Dassonville took place Saturday afternoon at four o'clock at the Swedenborgian Church. It was a quiet wedding with only the parents of the bride and groom present.

The wedding of Miss Nina Gordon Upham and Dr. Francis M. Shook of the navy took place Wednesday in New York, and is of interest in local society, where the bride is well known. The ceremony was performed at the home of Miss Margaret Smiley, daughter of Colonel Smiley, U. S. A. (retired). Dr. Shook is stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he and his bride will make their home.

The wedding of Miss Louise Mosser and Mr. Shelby Cummings took place Tuesday evening at Calvary Presbyterian Church. Mrs. George Bruns was matron of honor and Miss Aline Mosser, Miss Ivy Mosser, Miss Madeline Cummings, and Miss Jean St. Germain acted as bridesmaids. Mr. Scott Martin attended the groom as best man, and the ushers were Mr. A. Carew, Mr. H. H. Morrow, Mr. Tracy Cummings, and Mr. Harold Knudson.

The wedding of Miss Lalla Wenzelberger and Lieutenant William Henry Snea of the United States revenue cutter service, will take place Wednesday, November 15, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wenzelberger, on Steiner Street.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin presented her daughter Mildred formally to society at a reception at her home on Presidio Terrace Saturday afternoon at which were present several hundred guests. Those who assisted the hostess and her debutante daughter in receiving their guests were Miss Laura Baldwin, Miss Katherine Kaine, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Kate Peterson, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Jane Hotaling, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Julia Galpin, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Marian Turner, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, Miss Tillie Feldman, Mrs. Douglas Fry, Mrs. Harry Weihe, Mrs. W. B. Weir, and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

Mrs. Ira Pierce was hostess at a luncheon at the Francesca Club on Saturday. Included among her guests were Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. H. V. D. Johns, Mrs. W. F. Perkins, and Mrs. Cyrus Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker entertained at a dinner dance on Monday night complimentary to their daughter, Miss Ethel Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Crocker were assisted in receiving their guests by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin. The guests included Miss Dora Winn, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Hilda Stedman, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Vera de Sabla, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Jane Selby, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Evelyn Barron, Mr. Harry Evans, Mr. Duval Moore, Mr. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. Robert Eyre, Lieutenant Holloway, Lieutenant McChord, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. Paul Duncan, Mr. George Nickel, Mr. William Gwin, Mr. Alexander Rogers, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Evan Evans, Mr. Paul Foster, and Mr. M. Walker.

Mrs. Norman Livermore entertained at an informal tea on Saturday in honor of her mother, Mrs. George Seeley, and her sister, Miss Rebecca Seeley, who are here from Galveston, Texas. Among those who assisted the hostess in receiving were Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore, Mrs. John Maillard, Mrs. Charles Eels, Mrs. John Babcock, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, and Miss Hazel King.

Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow entertained at a luncheon on Monday in honor of Miss Ysobel Chase. Among the guests were Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, and Miss Ethel Crocker.

Miss Maud Wilson was hostess at a debutante luncheon Tuesday at which the following members of the younger set were entertained: Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Dora Winn, and Miss Cora Smith.

Miss Harriet Stone was hostess at a luncheon on Monday at her home on Vallejo Street complimentary to Miss Margaretta Brooke of Portland. Among her guests were Miss Lee Girvin,

Miss Hilda Stedman, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Madeline Clay, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Laura Baldwin, Miss Sue Harrold, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Alice Albright, and Miss Katherine Kaine.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained at an elaborately appointed dinner at the Hotel St. Francis Friday evening in honor of Miss Helene Irwin. Among the guests were Mrs. Henry Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Lillian Goss, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Julia Langborne, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. George Armsby, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Leon Bocqueraz, Mr. Roderick Macleay, Captain Charles Lyman, Mr. Campbell Whyte, Dr. Tracy Russell, Mr. Stewart Lowery, and Mr. Duane Hopkins.

Miss Agnes Tillman made Miss Anita Maillard the honored guest at a luncheon at her home on Tuesday at which she entertained the following guests: Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Frances Martin, Miss Dorothy Chapman, and Miss Louise McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering entertained a score of guests on Saturday evening in honor of Mr. William J. Locke, the novelist.

Mr. Carter Pitcairn Pomeroy entertained at luncheon at the University Club on Thursday in honor of Mr. Thomas Scott Brooke, whose marriage with Miss Christine Pomeroy took place later in the day. The guests were Dr. Rutherford Morris, Mr. Arthur Howe, Mr. Roderick Macleay, Mr. Alexander S. Lilley, Mr. Frank Deering, Mr. Frank Michael, Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick, Mr. George Garrett, Mr. A. L. Linthicum, Mr. Wharton Thurston, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, Mr. Arthur Chesbrough, Mr. Andrew Kerr, and Mr. John Kittle.

Miss Dorothy Baker entertained informally at her home on Pacific Avenue on Monday night. Supper followed an evening of games and music.

Prior to sailing to San Diego, the officers of the West Virginia entertained at a dinner on board ship at Mare Island in honor of Miss Elsa Draper and her fiancé, James Laurence Kauffman, whose wedding took place Saturday.

Mrs. O. C. Nichols was hostess at an informal tea at the Presidio in honor of Mrs. Thomas Kelly on Friday. Among those invited to meet the complimented guest were Mrs. Louise Chapplear, Mrs. Paul Beck, Mrs. James M. Wheeler, Mrs. Frederick Stopford, Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Mrs. John A. Lundeen, Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, Mrs. Eugene Ladd, Mrs. Edward Miller, Mrs. Hugh O'Neil, Mrs. Edgar Grimes, and Mrs. Charles Steele.

Miss Dora Winn entertained at dinner at the Boardman home on California Street on Friday evening and with her guests attended the Assembly hall at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William Ashe was hostess at an afternoon at bridge at the Palace Hotel on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. William F. Morrow entertained at a dinner on Monday night at the Victoria in honor of Miss Linette Hough, a visitor from Stockton. Among those who were asked to meet her were Miss Louise Thompson, Miss Jeanette Powell, Lieutenant William McCord, Mr. Maurice Burnett, Mr. Bruce Fair, and Mr. Joseph Henry.

Mrs. John Baker, Jr., entertained at a bridge party at her home on Fell Street Saturday in honor of Mrs. Ernest Hueter, who has just returned from Mexico.

Mrs. Alice Hastings was hostess at a luncheon followed by bridge on Friday.

Mr. Kipling's new collection of stories, "Rewards and Fairies," makes a prompt appearance in the handsome "Outward Bound" edition, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It constitutes Volume XXV of the set.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, who is visiting in Baltimore and Washington, will return shortly to San Francisco, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Caroline Van Vorst and Miss Lillian Van Vorst have returned from Europe and are receiving a cordial welcome from their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell have sailed from Europe and are expected here shortly. They spent the last month of their visit abroad in Paris.

Miss Belle Phister is visiting friends and relatives in the East and will not rejoin her parents at the Presidio until after Christmas.

Mrs. George Quincey Chase of Piedmont will spend the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Allston Williams have returned from New York.

Mrs. Ernest Wittsee is planning to leave Paris shortly and will spend the winter at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Theodore Payne is planning a trip abroad and will be accompanied by her son, Mr. Clarence Payne. They will be joined in England by Mr. Arthur Payne, who has been in Europe all summer.

Mrs. F. W. Van Sicklen, Miss Marian Marvin, and Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen have returned to San Francisco, after a motor trip through the Eastern States.

Miss Helen Ashton and Miss Ruth Casey are contemplating a trip abroad, and will sail in January for Italy, where they will remain some months.

Miss Genevieve Pattiani of Alameda has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Duncan Gatewood, at the Navy Yard.

Mrs. Thomas D. Parker, who with Lieutenant-Commander Parker has been at Mare Island, has gone to Belvedere for a visit of several weeks.

Miss Elizabeth Livermore left for New York on Monday. She will spend a month with friends and relatives in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Jones (formerly Miss Alice Barber), whose marriage took place Sunday at San Rafael, have gone to New York for a month's visit.

Bishop and Mrs. Sidney C. Partridge left Saturday for Vancouver, where they will sail next week for their home in Kyoto, Japan.

Mrs. Henry Hartman and Dr. Louis Rutherford Morris of New York are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy at their home on Clay Street, having come west to be present at the wedding of Miss Charlotte Pomeroy and Mr. Thomas Scott Brooke.

Mr. Joseph Eastland, who went abroad last winter, has sailed for home and will come directly to San Francisco.

Miss Maye Colburne has been the guest of Miss Ethel Shorb for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron (formerly Miss Genevieve Harvey) have sailed from Europe en route to San Francisco. They have been spending their honeymoon abroad.

Mrs. James Athearn Folger has returned from her Eastern trip and will shortly close her Woodside home and come to the city for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock have returned to their home in San Mateo, after a brief visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Thane of Seattle have been spending several weeks with Mrs. George Thane at Niles, and they were the guests of honor at a dinner Monday evening at the Hotel Victoria.

Captain and Mrs. A. N. Faulkner have spent the past week at the Presidio prior to their sailing for Honolulu on Tuesday. During their stay here they were the guests of Captain and Mrs. Stopford and were the recipients of much social attention.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon arrived Friday night from Paris, where she has been for the past year. She has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Hesketh, and has joined Mr. Sharon here, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. Jerome Lanfield left Wednesday for New York, after a visit of several weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop are in New York, where Mrs. Lathrop will remain for the winter.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies has returned from the East, where she has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Guy Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Germaine Vincent have returned from Los Angeles and are again at their home in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Moffit, Jr., have gone to Oakland for the winter and will spend the season at Cloyne Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White are preparing to leave for Europe in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Hovey and their daughter, Mrs. Julian Fairweather, are at present in Paris.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anna Peters, of Stockton, will spend the greater part of the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle closed their Menlo country home this week and have come to the city for the season. Miss Edith Bull is their guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Hale of Santa Barbara are spending a few weeks here, and during their stay are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Marian Turner of St. Louis is visiting Miss Ernestine McNear and will spend part of the winter in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy) are spending their honeymoon in Mexico.

Colonel Alexander Hawes returned Tuesday from Honolulu, and with his daughter, Mrs. Hatch, will spend the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. James C. H. Ferguson leaves this week for New York en route for a trip to Brazil, Argentina, and other South American republics, and will be gone for about four months.

Arrivals at Del Monte during the past week included Mr. Charles Sutro and Miss Audrey, Mr. H. W. Landsberger, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Heynemann, Mr. W. F. Garby, and Captain Dolph, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dolph.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, during the past week were Mr. George W. Harrison, Mr. W. F. Hangard, Mr. J. E. McCracken, Mr. W. P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Powell.

The Russian Ballet from the Metropolitan.

It will be like the good old days of Grau and Conried on Mission Street when the Imperial Russian Ballet, headed by Mlle. Anna Pavlova and M. Mikail Mordkin, appear at the Valencia Theatre for the week of November 21. The splendid organization besides the two famous stars will include ten principal dancers from the opera houses of St. Petersburg and Moscow, a trained corps de ballet and a splendid symphony orchestra of players from the Metropolitan's forces under the direction of Herr Theo. Stier of Vienna and London. The mechanical and stage force will be under the personal supervision of Frank Rigo of the Metropolitan. Altogether one hundred people will be employed in the productions.

Two programmes have been arranged for alternate nights, so that people can witness both the ballets and the various divertissements without attending on two successive nights. Altogether there will be six nights and three matinees arranged as follows:

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, and Thursday (Thanksgiving Day) and Saturday matinee, Programme A will be given. This includes the one-act ballet, "The Arabian Nights," arranged by M. Mordkin, with music by Arensky, Glazounov, Rimsky-Korsakov, and other modern composers, scenery by Paquereau of Paris, several divertissements for the entire ballet, solo dances by Pavlova, Mordkin, and Pajitzkaia, a pas-de-deux, and other interesting works.

Programme B will be given on Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, and at the Sunday matinee. The two-act ballet "Giselle," book by Theophile Gautier, music by Adolphe Adam, scenery by Fox of the Metropolitan, a divertissement of four beautiful numbers from Delibes's "Coppelia," and a group of special solos and ensemble dances will be included in this offering.

The sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Wednesday morning. Mail orders must be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum accompanied by check or money order.

The Gadski Farewell Concert.

The farewell concert of Mme. Gadski will be given this Sunday afternoon, November 13, at the Columbia Theatre, when another programme of rare interest and beauty will be offered. By special request Mme. Gadski has consented to give the song cycle "Die Armer Peter," by Schubmann, in addition to her other numbers. The offerings for this concert include half a dozen Schumann gems for the opening group, modern songs by Brahms, MacDowell, Max Liebling, and Edwin Schneider, for the second group, and two sterling excerpts from Wagner's "Der Götterdämmerung" for the final group. Mr. Schneider's piano solos will be "Des Ahends" and "Warum," by Liszt, and the rarely heard "Cantique d'Amour" by the same composer.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday the box-office of the theatre will be open after ten a. m.

Under the supervision of Mr. William O. Wark, coast manager, H. W. Dunning & Co., the well-known tourist agents, have opened offices at 789 Market Street, San Francisco. Pacific Coast offices are also maintained at Los Angeles and Portland, with agencies at Seattle and Salt Lake City. The firm was established here before the fire, and now returns with improved equipment and extended facilities.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

One of the sensational dramatic plays of this season is "The Other Woman," in which Miss Blanche Walsh has the leading rôle. It will be given at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing on next Monday night, November 14, and in view of past successes of this famous emotional actress and the rank which she holds among the serious players of the day, the presentation will be one of the most conspicuous of the local season. In "The Other Woman," Miss Walsh plays the part of a woman who loves another's husband and who is loved in return. This "Other Woman," however, refuses to be the cause of husband and wife separating, and the resulting struggle with herself is a bitter one. Few actresses could bring to the enactment of the rôle sufficient powers to do it justice, but it is for such artistic work that Miss Walsh has become famous. Among the members of Miss Walsh's supporting company are George W. Howard, Anne Cleveland, Nellie Butler, Isabel Mendoza, and Zora Lawrence. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Special prices will prevail at the Wednesday matinee, \$1, 50c, 25c.

Mme. Nazimova will make her last appearance at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, presenting Schnitzler's "The Fairy Tale." On Sunday night the house will be dark, and on Monday evening that eminent actor, William Faversham, will present, for an engagement limited to six nights, "The World and His Wife," one of the important dramatic successes of recent times. The theme of this stirring play is gossip and the evil it often brings to the innocent, and it is said to be a terrible arraignment of the slanderous, wagging tongue of the hussybody. The denouement is as thrilling as it is surprising, and Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, in modeling his adaptation of Echegaray's Spanish masterpiece, "El Gran Galeoto," has accepted the author's solution of a great catastrophe. Mr. Faversham presented "The World and His Wife" with immense success at Daly's Theatre, New York, for a long engagement and he brings with him the original company, including such well-known artists as Julie Opp, H. Cooper Cliffe, Harry Redding and Lionel Belmore.

The Orpheum announces another splendid programme for next week. George Beban, the character actor, and a strong supporting company which includes Edith McBride, Julia Morton, Hazel Belknap Clark, William Keogh, Clarence Tift, William J. O'Keefe, and Edgar Jones will appear in "The Sign of the Rose," an impressive and absorbing study of high and low life in a great city, which has been called the best one-act play vaudeville has seen in many years. It is a story of rich and poor and of the link which binds high and low together—love of children. Mr. Beban's impersonation is a triumph of artistic skill and a fine study of Italian mannerisms, which good judges declare to be on a plane with the Jew of David Warfield and the German of Louis Mann. Alf Grant and Ethel Hoag, favorites with Orpheum patrons, will reappear after an absence of several years. Miss Hoag could not well be improved upon as a singing comedienne, while Mr. Grant ranks high among star comedians. Their act is called "Something Doing All the Time" and is a collection of witty sayings and popular songs. Jewell's Manikins, conceded to be the most skillful marionette exhibition of the stage, will be seen in a miniature review entitled "Toyland Vaudeville," a feature of which is "The Death of Cleopatra." These puppets present a complete programme from the opening overture to the snow-ballet. The Great Asahi, assisted by a quintette of Japanese, will present an act that is said to far excel any exhibition of its kind that has ever migrated from the "Flowery Kingdom."

Next week will be the last of the phenomenal vocalist, Camille Oher, the New York Trio, and Felice Morris and company. It will also close the engagement of the Imperial Russian Dancers, who have created the greatest terpsichorean sensation this city has known.

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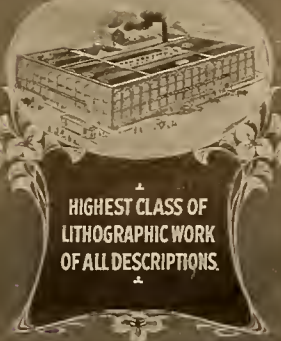
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"The wise man treats his friends well," says the Philosopher of Folly, "but not often."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Young Bride—I didn't accept Harry the first time he proposed. *Miss Ryvol*—No, dear, you weren't there.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I hear Mrs. Comeup is feeling very badly on account of her being ostracized at that summer resort." "Did it take?"—*Baltimore American.*

"I had not talked to him more than fifteen minutes when he called me an idiot." "Gee! He didn't violate any speed limit in getting next, did he?"—*Boston Post.*

"Some are so intensely modern that they prefer a Corot to a Rembrandt!" "If it's a better hill-climber I don't blame 'em. Me for that car every time!"—*Puck.*

"Marriage," said the serious man, "is an education in itself." "Yes," commented old Grouch, "it teaches you what not to do after you've done it."—*Boston Transcript.*

First Cook—Me missus is takin' a course of instruction in the culinary art. *Second Cook*—The next thing yez know she'll be askin' lave to come in the kitchen."—*Life.*

"Then you were disappointed in your first glimpse of Spain?" "I admit I was somewhat surprised. I thought everybody carried a guitar."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

She—I should like that lovely pearl necklace. Look what beauties they are. *He*—It's better not to have such large pearls, my dear. People always think they are false.—*Journal Amusant.*

"When I ask my Uncle Will what his politics is," said Mrs. Lapsling, "all I can get out of him is that he is in favor of government ownership of all the utilities."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Is it genuine Chippendale?" "Absolutely, sir—" "But this looks like a crack right across—" "Done by Chippendale himself, sir, in a fit of rage when he heard the union had called the men out."—*Punch.*

"I understand that your wife collaborates with you?" "Yes, her work aids me immensely." "I don't believe I have ever seen any of her writings." "She doesn't write; she prepares my meals."—*Houston Post.*

City Editor—Any radical changes for the better in football this season? *Sparting Writer*—Verily. I understand that not more than one ticket speculator will be allowed to tackle a single patron at the same time.—*Puck.*

"Then you think the Indian doesn't need civilizing?" "Certainly not. With its blankets and beadwork, his tepee looks like the regulation cozy corner now. All the Indian needs is a chafing-dish."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"The same thing will make entirely different impressions on different readers," remarked the man who writes. "Quite so," replied the lawyer. "Letters which bring tears to a girl's eyes frequently make a jury laugh."—*Washington Star.*

"Did any of your ancestors do things to cause posterity to remember them?" asked the haughty woman. "I reckon they did," replied Farmer Cornfossel. "My grandfather put mortgages on this place that aint paid off yet."—*Washington Star.*

Long—Why did you leave the place you formerly boarded? *Short*—Because the landlady had too much curiosity. *Long*—In what direction? *Short*—Oh, she was continually asking me when I was going to pay my board bill.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"How about this barefoot act you've booked for the op'ryhouse? Some of the leading citizens are a little worried about it." "We have suppressed all the objectionable features." "That's just it. We was afeerd you would."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Miss Brookline—It's very interesting—have you ever stopped to think what would happen to any of those chorus-girls if they ever got, say, too thin to appear in these plays? *Mr. Monhotton*—Yes; most likely, the manager would tell them to pack their trunks.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"So," said the good man, "you intend to be a doctor when you grow up." "Yep," Tommy replied. "And why have you decided upon the medical profession?" "Well, a doctor seems to be the only man that keeps right on gettin' paid whether his work is satisfactory or not."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Futile Compromise.

We note that certain negotiators, however authorized and named we do not know, have recommended a compromise in the matter of demands made by unionism in connection with the metal trades of San Francisco. Among other proposals it is suggested that wages and hours be what they have been during the last three years. Now, let us suggest that there was compromise three years ago following the strike in the Union Iron Works, and that under this compromise the metal trades industry in San Francisco has readily declined. We are informed by reliable authority that today we have about 10 per cent of work in the metal trades that we had five years ago. Compromise comes easy to negotiators, but it comes hard in San Francisco when it tends to destroy the basis

of community welfare. We will not undertake to say what is right as to wages or what is right as to hours, but this we do maintain, that San Francisco can not prosper under rates of wages and under adjustment of hours less favorable to the employer than those in force at Los Angeles on the south, and at Portland and Seattle on the north. If we are to have any share in the metal industries of the Pacific Coast, not to mention anything more, we must have an even break with nearby and competitive communities.

The New Democracy.

It is to be hoped for the welfare of American politics that the coming Democratic majority in the House of Representatives will be able to give the party a consistent and positive policy. The god of circumstance has quite suddenly bestowed upon it a group of leaders who measure up to the best standards of the times. Harmon in Ohio, Wilson in New Jersey, Gaynor and Dix in New York, Baldwin in Connecticut—these are figures to dignify any political organization. But strong as these names are, they will count for little without forceful and respectable party backing. It is up to the party in Congress to measure up to its new leadership. Upon the party in Congress, mainly, it depends whether or not Democracy shall cast off the rust and the blight which long-sustained courses of negation and opportunism have given it.

With the executive and the Senate in Republican hands, the House will be without power in actual legislation. The legislative game is deadlocked so far as party measures are concerned. Therefore, the majority in the House will be in a position to formulate policies free from embarrassments which would surely follow if Democracy were in authority in both branches of Congress. It is in a position to organize a scheme of policies with something of the freedom of a political convention, but at the same time it is bound to a course which it shall be able to maintain under the test of authority if authority shall come to it.

We have said that it will be for the common welfare if the Democratic party can reestablish itself on positive lines and in high popular consideration, and we believe this theory is more than sustained by recent experience. Certainly it has not tended to the common welfare to have the government in the hands of one all-powerful political group, answerable only to itself, without the check upon its powers supplied by effective rivalry. Monopoly of power, as we have seen, tends inevitably to license, extravagance, assumption, personalism, arrogance, ultimately to corruption. The national health calls not only for a party in authority, but for another party closely matching it in its powers, watchful of every departure from principle or careless step in legislation, ready to take over the responsibilities of government. This necessity is seen by every man in whom party spirit is subordinate to patriotism. Not only Democrats, but the better sort of Republicans as well, will observe with satisfaction the reestablishment of Democracy upon the basis of respectability and potentiality.

The Democratic majority in Congress will be subjected to a severe test the very day it shall come into authority, for it will be in a position where it must maintain or relinquish a principle for which as a minority it has long been contended. Every party in authority in the House of Representatives wants the utmost power that it can command over congressional procedures. The Republicans have asserted this power in an extreme form under Speaker Cannon. The Democratic minority has protested against the Republican position at all times and with utmost emphasis. Last year, it will be remembered, the protesting Democratic minority joined with certain Republican "insurgents" in a sweeping modification of the House rules. Now, when authority goes to the Democratic side of the

House, as it will next March, will the Democratic majority reenact the Cannon rules, thus asserting for itself an extreme measure of authority over procedures, or will it remain faithful to the theories which have formed the basis of its continued protests? By the former course it will hold over the House an authority which will be extremely useful in the enforcement of Democratic policies; by the latter course it will maintain its moral consistency. In a former instance, when a Democratic majority under Speaker Crisp succeeded a Republican majority under "Czar" Reed, the party so far stultified itself as to adopt a set of rules in practical conformity with the Reed rules and in denial of the principle for which it had long fought.

It would be a high stroke for national Democracy if in its reorganization of the House it should put into the Speakership a man comparable in his personal tone with the newer group of national party leaders already referred to. But in the situation as it stands, this is hardly practicable, since under the unwritten rules which are assumed to govern party preferment "Champ" Clark of Missouri is entitled to the Speakership. It is not likely that there will be any departure from the rule. Probably Clark will be given the promotion which his position as minority House leader justifies him in expecting. All the same, "Champ" is not an inspiring figure, viewed either from inside the party or outside of it. He represents not the new Democracy, but the old; he belongs to the régime of Bryan rather than that of Harmon, Wilson, or Gaynor. The position in which he stands with respect to the party is not without a certain value as illustrating the force of old traditions, old associations, old practices. It is not given to a political party to cast off at a single stroke that which lies behind it and out of which its character has been evolved.

The President and His Party.

Public expressions with respect to President Taft, since the elections of the 8th instant, go to sustain the theory that a sense of fair play is instinctive among men. Under ordinary conditions the head of a party is more or less discredited by a party defeat. If there had been no intrusion of an exceptional kind President Taft would have suffered a distinct setback. But in truth we find that Mr. Taft, after a party defeat, stands higher than before. It is felt that the rebuke implied in the elections was not to the President, but to an assumptive and arrogant personality which had sought to thrust Taft out from his place and to assume a party headship which rightly belonged to the man in the executive chair. This feeling is vastly augmented by consideration of Mr. Taft's course during the past four months. Since the return of Roosevelt, Taft has been tried as no other man was ever tried, unless perhaps it was Lincoln, since the foundation of the government. He might, not improperly, have "called down" Roosevelt for his impertinent interference; and yet there were reasons why this course would have been unwise. The truest wisdom was undoubtedly a policy of long-suffering patience even under ill-usage. But here there was demanded a measure of individual poise, and of moral self-control, which is given to few men. It would have been natural for Mr. Taft to assist the movement which in the event has so sharply rebuked Roosevelt. It is tremendously to the credit of his quality as a man—indeed, as a politician in the higher sphere—that he conceded nothing to irritation or resentment, that up to the climax he carried himself with an unresisting and unruffled front. It is tremendously to his credit that in the face of flagrant provocation he remained faithful to the traditions and proprieties of his place.

Proof that the country understands the course of the President, seeing it in the full measure of its moral dignity, is manifest in expressions of approval and admiration since the election. At no time within the period

of his administration has the President been stronger with his party and with the country than he is today. His is the unusual experience of growth in public esteem under circumstances of adversity. We have, indeed, seen the like of it before, but never in a man of small or highly personalized calibre. This sort of growth is a glory reserved for men of large mould—for men of high and noble character.

Without seeking, or even wishing, to minimize the effect of the blow which fell upon the national Republican party last week, it yet remains to be said that there is no reason for party discouragement. Rather there is reason for revival of hope, since defeat has eliminated distempers which the party could not have sustained to their logical conclusion without moral collapse. A long period of almost unquestioned authority in the government had made the Republican party arrogant and presumptuous. Those who spoke in the name of the Republican party had acquired a fashion of assuming overlordship of the land. When the party had solemnly made certain fixed promises there were those among its recognized leaders who denied any obligation to make good the party word, who assumed the right with the power to "put through" anything which suited their special notions or interests. Even the President was brought to accept a tariff scheme which was plainly deficient when compared with the party promise. A situation had come in which the party was not strong enough internally to limit the aggressions, the pretensions, and the ambitions of its elements. One conspicuous figure, posing not merely as a party leader but rather as a party dictator, had the effrontery to sneer at party promises as not binding upon him even in his party relations.

The Republican party will not go backward as the result of the election, but rather forward. It would indeed have gone backward if it had failed to rebuke party delinquencies and if it had accepted the various forms of dictation attempted to be put upon it by Mr. Roosevelt. A party is always in the way to go forward when there abides in the rank and file a spirit which will not accept reactionary courses. It is the "yellow dog" type of politics which marks party degeneracy.

Again and again in the history of American politics the party has been rebuked by its own members in "off years," only to find itself stronger in important crises. Even short political memories will recall instances as they have recently occurred. The Republicans in Maine who voted for Plaisted, the Republicans in New York who voted for Dix or who stayed at home on election day, the Republicans in New Jersey who voted for Wilson, the Republicans in Connecticut who voted for Baldwin—these men have not ceased to be Republicans. They are Republicans of so good and true a breed that they will not sustain their party when it goes wrong. They are men of that fine type of political morality which can not be forced into wrong positions even for the sake of party consistency. They have for conscience sake given the party a rebuke which it needed. And now, being men of conscience, they will in the next crisis, the party attitude being what it ought to be, vote their convictions. No man of political intelligence expects Maine to go Democratic in the next election—or New York, or Connecticut, or any of the States where the result of last week's voting was manifestly due to a moral protest against wrong party courses.

Assurance of the progressive spirit in the party is found not only in the protest which has been made against its mistakes and derelictions, but in the man who stands at its head—who at last has his true place as the leader of the party. Mr. Taft is a progressive of the progressives in the sense of being a devoted leader in the movement for more perfect enforcement of the laws and for such readjustment of law as equity demands. He is not, indeed, a "progressive" who would break down the guaranties of our system. His method of progress is to steer by compass and fixed lights. In his political philosophy there is no concession to that spirit of headlong precipitancy which leads straight to revolution. He will go forward as rapidly as circumstances point the need, but he will proceed not upon impulse, not upon whim, not upon arbitrary programmes founded in impatience and ambition, but in conformity with the Constitution. The kind of progress which he proposes is the only real progress. The kind of progress proposed by one who has endeavored to usurp his place as the leading force in the government is no progress at all, but a visionary

scheme leading to unspeakable inconsistencies and confusions.

Roosevelt in Defeat.

After an unexampled silence, Mr. Roosevelt has given to the country his reflections upon the recent election. He says, "I have nothing whatever to add to, or to take away from, the declaration of principles which I have made in the Osawatimie speech and elsewhere, East and West, during the past three months. The fight for progressive popular government has merely begun, and will certainly go on to a triumphant conclusion in spite of initial checks and irrespective of the personal success or failure of individual leaders." This statement has the merits of brevity and moderation of tone, and it is happily free from the dogmatisms and ferocities which so commonly mar the Rough Rider's utterances.

Now, Mr. Roosevelt is undoubtedly right in the declaration that the movement for progressive popular government will go on. It will go on precisely as it has been going on since that famous day at Bunker Hill in 1775. But it will go on in accordance with the rules laid down by the Fathers of the Republic. It may now and again be subject to disturbance from presumption, precipitancy, and over-blown ambition, but when these inflictions come it will cast them out as it has done in the immediate instance. The United States is in no such hot haste for reform that it must have it at the hands of some aggressive personality too impetuous to wait upon the limitations of the Constitution. Dictatorship, however high its pretensions, finds no acceptance here, and it never will until the virtues inherited from the days of the Revolution shall have departed from the American people.

Mr. Roosevelt's pretensions as a specially ordained guide and director of the American people have been rebuked, and in a manner so positive that even he feels its force and completeness. That his spirit will rebound, that his ambition will become revitalized—this is to be expected. A conceit so blinding will die hard. A presumption so colossal will not fall at one blow. But the bubble has burst. Theodore Roosevelt is no longer a menace to the American system. Hereafter he will be a man like other men, without the glamour which circumstances, combined with an amazing assumption and amazing success, have endowed him.

In its observations of Mr. Roosevelt's career, the *Argonaut* has long sought to find evidence of fixed moral quality in the man. Of moral pretension, of moral cant, or moral brag—of these there has indeed been more than enough. But the man has never in his long public career had the hardihood to stand firm for anything against any considerable current of public opinion. He has invariably run with the hare and hunted with the hounds. He has now and again championed a cause, but never after its novelty and popularity have passed. His philosophy has been to feel the public pulse, then to give the public what it wanted or something even more advanced, and in terms or forms calculated to impress the imagination. He has never permitted himself to get outside the atmosphere of popular acclaim; he has never put himself in a position to stand bravely against anything.

Now in the utterance above quoted Mr. Roosevelt takes a fixed stand for his Osawatimie platform, which in its essentials is the platform of William J. Bryan over again. Mr. Roosevelt has nothing to subtract from it, nothing to add to it; inferentially he pledges himself to stand by it. Now let us see if he will be as good as his word. Let us see if Theodore Roosevelt has the moral fibre to stand by anything, however self-assured of its virtue and its value, as against an adverse public sentiment. If he shall do this—if he shall stand squarely by his Osawatimie platform in the face of its emphatic rejection by the Republican party and by the country—it will be the first time in his career that any fixed conviction has with him outweighed a policy leading to immediate success.

Speaking quite frankly, the *Argonaut* does not believe that Mr. Roosevelt will make good. It will not, we think, be sixty days before he will be turning, and explaining, and evading his declarations at Osawatimie; and one year will not pass before he will be standing for things diametrically opposed to them. We do not believe that there is in Theodore Roosevelt the elements of moral stability—the fixed character—required to continued championship of an unsuccessful cause or one whose acceptance by a considerable body of the

people is not immediate and enthusiastic. Let him be judged by this test.

A Co-Educational Episode.

That the men of the University of California should deem it necessary, in the interests of propriety, to administer an editorial rebuke to the women students: a curious commentary on co-education. And those advocates of the system who drool sentimentally over the gentle, refining influences of the co-ed's presence will please take notice. If the college youth have been tamed it is not perceptible to the unassisted vision. But whatever regeneration may chance to be effected, largely at the expense of the girls themselves. The desexing proceeds apace.

They have invaded all the "activities" and "events" once sanctified to man. In class politics, athletics, journalism, jinks, and rallies they emulate his example while the college mania for "stunts" infects with erratic extravagances all phases of co-ed life and lure them still further from the reserve which is one of the chief charms of womanhood. One occasion, however, has been free from their encroachments—the annual football game. And when that, too, was threatened, when rumors were rife of "surprises" and innovations planned by the woman's rooting section, the men prepared to defend themselves in the last trench of masculinity, and, incidentally, give a little needed advice in feminine deportment. Hence the editorial anathema of the *Daily Californian*, which has created such a sensation on the campus and such a joyous satisfaction in the breasts of the conservative observer. For the reactionary word, the restraining hand, come none too soon. That it comes, through a strange irony, from the very ones who were themselves to be civilized and redeemed only emphasizes its urgency, and, let us hope, increases its effectiveness. The speaks the censor of manners:

Whatever admiration we might feel for the women students in thus setting a new mark in the display of feminine enthusiasm, it is a little more than offset by other notions, and we would suggest that their proposed plans for drawing attention to themselves at the big game be given up.

It is true that the university is a place for progressive ideas, and if the time is coming when equal rights and privileges will be accorded every one California will want to be in the foreground. Even if that time were here, it would seem that a football game is distinctly a masculine event and any demonstration by the women students would be not only untimely but unbecoming as well. Theirs should be the passive part until the world has changed a little more.

Now it is not our concern to determine the limits to college women's rights nor to decide whether or not they have been cruelly maligned; but rather to ask what social causes have produced this episode. The co-eds, as they indignantly protest, planned no womanly innovations, then the men students are sadly deficient in chivalry. If, on the other hand, the charge is true or is based on previous co-ed ebullitions, then the women students are equally deficient in ideal. Either alternative reveals serious defects in the present scheme for the joint education of the sexes. And we may well wonder how "chivalry"—not to mention other ideals—can flourish under the free-and-easy, helter-skelter social régime of this system—a system which gathers together in one heterogeneous mass boys and girls from homes of diverse standard or no standard at all, and permits unlimited promiscuous social intercourse without the controlling influence of older, wiser judgments; which leaves the inexperienced maiden at the lad in the lusty young animal stage of development to set their own criterion of conduct and break, if they choose, and with impunity, all the conventions. In another phase of respectable life are so many aberrations treated with such smiling indulgence. Nowhere chaperonage more lax. Quasi-engagements are entered into and slipped out of with astonishing ease and elasticity. And the custom of "queening" is observed all hours and places as an indispensable experience the much vaunted, character-building "college life."

Inevitably, through all this familiarity and frippery the girls are the losers. For the boys, tenacious of their threatened privileges and a little antagonistic, yield few concessions to the feminine presence and deference whatever. Do they hesitate to come to class or even to call upon a co-ed in touseled and sweated negligée? Or beneath the very eaves of a sorority house to disport themselves on their verandas in various stages of dishabille to the plunkety pleasing of a banjo? Verily, there where our young barbarians at play is not the place for maidenhood to preserve her illusions and ideals or find the chivalry which is h

lue. Of course such things are hopelessly old-fashioned in the modern scramble for success. They have to place among advanced ideas for the economic independence of women à la Woodworth or even à la Charlotte Perkins Gilman. But, for all that, lives are poorer without them and the co-ed's gain in freedom, equality, and intellectual efficiency can hardly compensate for their loss.

The Undiscovered Pole.

The absence of a notary at the North Pole has proved as embarrassing to Peary as it did to Cook. Both claimants are now said to be nature-fakers, as neither can prove that he and the pole ever met. Their witnesses, the Esquimaux, have unconscionably fallen down, and at the North Pole no depositions are received and no Torrens titles granted. So what is to be done?

Mr. Peary might well have anticipated his fate at the hands of ice-pack witnesses from that of Cook. It will be recalled that the doctor, in the spirit of the man who would have found no trouble in proving his greatest whoppers if "old Bill Jones were alive," referred doubting Thomases to his friend "I-Took-a-Shoe," who knew all about his finding the pole. "I-Took-a-Shoe" lived somewhere around Baffin's Bay and any one was free to go and ask him. Somebody did, and that was the last of Cook. "I-Took-a-Shoe" only remembered a brief trip to the back hummocks with the Brooklyn explorer, the brevity accelerated by a tendency to go south. Now comes Rasmussen, after seeing Peary's Arctic witnesses, with the same sad tale. These men, Ahwelah and Eturishuk, Esquimaux guides and sledmen, whom Peary says he took with him, deny that they or their employer were ever within a hundred miles of the pole. They seem to have been merely out for an airing and rarely off their old trails.

Rasmussen, who sends the story down from the north by missionary word of mouth, is half Dane, half Esquimaux, and serves the Danish government as head inspector for Greenland. He talks the sub-polar jargon, knows the native character, and is familiar with the snowfield geography. After finding Peary's men and cross-examining them he concluded that the pole was still fair game. Nobody had been there yet, Peary no more than his predecessors. As for those much-vaunted stellar observations, any man as clever in higher mathematics as Peary is reputed to be might easily have invented them.

Now what? Where is the eminent Mr. Peary going to turn? To be sure, he says he buried a brass tube at the pole with the record of his presence and planted the American flag above it. But in the further story the region seems to have been adrift; so if an investigating committee should go north to see for itself they might find the tube and the pole in Behring Strait and what is left of the flag somewhere over in Labrador. As determining a polar location the deposits are as uncertain as those of the Missouri bottom land which was described in the deed as bounded on the north by a ampfire, on the west by a swarm of bees, and on the south by a bluejay.

So the polar mystery remains, and we doubt that it will be solved, even if a notary is established, until somebody invents a better compass. A great fault lies in the old-time theory that the needle of the compass always points north. It doesn't. In the hands of an Arctic explorer it begins to wobble after the last cache is left behind and turn south by southeast towards the American lecture platform. It yields to the superior attraction. It is possible that it is the box office that accounts for the phrase "boxing the compass." Taking this with the lack of registering facilities up north, the general instability of the polar country, and the lack of moral assuredness in the polar exploiters, and what hope can there really be that the Cook-Peary record will ever be improved upon?

An Inning of Common Sense.

The Forestry Department, once run by Gifford Pinchot, who out of appropriations aggregating \$20,000,000 is charged with spending \$18,000,000 for office expenses and exploitation and \$2,000,000 on the forests, as made a tremendous discovery. It is this, namely, that there is no better protection to a forested area than to have it dotted over here and there with homesteads and even with towns. This was known fifty years ago to every observant man in the West, but it was not expected that it would penetrate any official mind for another half-century. Your homesteader and

his family have much keener motives for safeguarding the country round about them from fire than hired forest rangers, especially when the latter are more than half the time absent from their posts of duty under detail attending conservation conventions and whooping up politics for the Chief Forester at Washington. The new Forester now proposes to open to homestead entry a number of fertile, though timbered, valleys within the forest reserves of the Northwest, thus establishing unofficial forestry guardians within the reserved districts. Really, common sense is having an inning, even in the Forestry Bureau, which has been so hopelessly given over this past dozen years to fads and whimsies.

The Cafeteria and the Unions.

San Francisco has lately acquired a new kind of public eating house, styled cafeteria. It is the result of an effort to lower the cost of living to people who take their meals outside their own homes. Time was, not so long ago, when the ordinary restaurant supplied fare at so low a price that this city got a reputation of cheap and wholesome living for the masses equal to that which its hotels and French cafés have given it for artistic cookery. But the sudden rise in food prices and the increased toll of the waiters' unions added from 20 to 35 per cent to the traditional luncheon and dinner bills, creating a discontent among people of small income of which the cafeteria is proving a means of relief.

This institution is able to serve good fare at a comparatively low price by cutting out the waiter and his fee. When a hungry man goes to a cafeteria he finds a spacious, lighted room, with cosy and well-equipped tables. One end of the room is crossed by a counter behind which cleanly women serve the staples and delicacies of a square meal. The diner helps himself to a tray, a napkin, knife, fork, and spoon, and going to an extended sideboard calls for what he wants. As he pushes the tray along from one server to another until he reaches the desk where his check is made out, he collects whatever food his taste indicates or his purse permits. Five cents will generally get him a bowl of soup; fifteen may provide him with a cut of roast or some fish or prepared dishes; vegetables and relishes cost him little and he ranges on with 10 cents for salad and 5 or 10 cents for pie or pudding and a nickel for coffee, until, at very moderate cost, he has got together an appetizing meal. He then takes his tray to a table, and when he has consumed his meal he pays his check at the door. Everything he had was good and in ample portion; he had no waiter to tip; he saw where his food came from, and he was satisfied enough to patronize the cafeteria again. Gradually, as the public has come to know the merits of the new system, the number of such eating-houses in this city has increased.

But organized labor objects. It proclaims that the cafeteria is "unfair." In what way it fails to disclose, although the waiters' union falsely states that the employees are compelled to work twelve hours, when, as a matter of fact, the place is not open seven. Absolutely there is no unfairness to the hired helpers and they do not complain of any. Nor is the cafeteria unfair to the diner, who has an undoubted right to save money, if he can, by waiting on himself. It is not unfair to the owner, who is as privileged as any merchant or manufacturer to use a labor-saving device in his business. As to a union waiter, if he can not get employment in a cafeteria he has no more cause to complain of "unfairness" than a compositor has when he finds that a linotype machine has taken his former job. Organized labor does not venture to insist on a return to hand composition; it does not require a storekeeper to take out his overhead trolley system of making quick change for his customer and recall his army of cashboys; it has not compelled a builder to remove his steam hoister so as to give the ladder-climbing hod-carrier another chance. But it could do any of these things as fairly as it can drive out the cafeteria because the latter has found a way to save the expense of waiters.

This whole outrage—for the new eating houses are being boycotted with all the accessories of patrols, pickets, and anarchistic badges—is the development of a rule or ruin policy which this city has seen exemplified in other ways. Only recently a moving picture show was blacklisted by the union because its owners chose to do their own work instead of hiring it done. If there is any question of fairness involved in such

matters it is all on the side of the persecuted business men. Organized labor has no monopoly of work or of profit. A man may yet, in this country or this city, work for himself or refuse to employ any one to help him, as he chooses. If he is interfered with by outsiders it is not they but himself who has cause to appeal to the public sense of fair play. To boycott him is to subject him to a tyranny which, unless checked by law, must in time make all forms of business, wherever the trade and labor unions get the upper hand, conform to the whims of a greedy and irresponsible class of wage-seekers. No land can be free which tolerates conditions like these.

The Mexican Troubles.

The lynching of a Mexican by a Texas mob has aroused so bitter a feeling in all parts of the neighboring republic as to show the existence there of an anti-American sentiment which harks much farther back than the inciting cause of the recent mob assaults on United States consulates.

While the Mexican government has held and is holding to a friendly official policy with this country, the public opinion it tries to control is not to be dissuaded from the fear that the United States means, in the long run, to expand at Mexico's expense. The war of 1846 made this a fixed idea; and the hatreds left by that most inexcusable foray upon a weaker people were not assuaged by American interference against Maximilian. Indeed, thoughtful Mexicans feared that the political doctrine under which the northern republic came into the quarrel might, in the long run, return to plague the beneficiaries. Since then the spirit of nationality has grown strong in Mexico and the dread of northern encroachment has kept pace with it. Within the last two decades this apprehension has been more active than at any time since the American conquest. Once more we have shaped an expansion policy which showed in the war of 1898 the traditional greed of the Anglo-Saxon for Spanish prizes. Having conquered our own West, we turned south and to the other hemispheres for spoil. In the name of "benevolent assimilation" we took the Philippines, we annexed Porto Rico, and brought Cuba within reach. Since then the United States has cut a swath across Panama, raised its flag, planted its guns, and begun to dig a canal which will become a dominating centre of "gringo" influences. In following this policy the American President, then Mr. Roosevelt, showed as little concern for the rights of Colombia, which owned Panama, as did President Polk in preparing, in 1846, for the partition of Mexico.

The fears which the Panama affair caused in our neighboring republic have been accentuated by the present policy towards Nicaragua. It was well enough for Washington to bring force to bear in that quarter for the protection of American citizens and property, but why should it have morally aided a causeless revolt against the reorganized government of that republic, unless it feared that Madriz, ruling as a purely civil administrator, would not serve American ends so well as Estrada, a rough soldier against whom another revolution, with further reason for interference, might quickly brew.

Looking at these facts, it is easy to see why Americans are mistrusted in Mexico; but there are, at the same time, minor impelling causes. The Cutting affair on the Rio Grande; the extent of American investment in Mexican property; the abortive Lower California filibustering scheme of 1890; the trouble made by railroad men over the arrest of one of their number in Mexico; the statements lately published by John W. Foster in his autobiography, wherein he said that the Hayes administration once had a definite policy of war for Mexican conquest; the irritating ways of Texas—all these things, with the barbarous lynching affair just added, are reasons enough for the inflamed state of Mexican opinion and should prompt the United States government to deal in a spirit of most friendly consideration with the Mexicans in their present outbreak of ill-temper and violence.

Editorial Notes.

President Taft is still busy lopping off wasteful practices which came to him as an inheritance from the preceding administration, notably more given to loud talking, bear-baiting, and all-round circusing, than to minding the details of government business. Since coming into office Mr. Taft has cut out extravagance to the tune of many millions of dollars per year.

he is still closely attentive to the job, which seems never ending. With the idea of a still further stoppage of leaks, the President has summoned a committee of three or more from each of the departments to confer with him at the White House—some forty administrative subordinates all told—and will have a heart-to-heart talk with them in pursuance of his campaign for internal economy. It is part of the President's plan to establish this group temporarily as a sort of economical commission to consider ways and means to reduce the costs of administration.

Alexandra's unhappiness under the title "Queen Mother" is perhaps a good enough excuse for abrogating it. The act shows tender consideration on the part of her son the king. At the same time, the circumstance does not illustrate dignity or common sense on the part of the mother. There is no propriety in designating Alexandra as the "Queen," because she is not now a queen even by courtesy, and she never was a queen in fact. Victoria was a queen, but her husband would have made himself ridiculous by styling himself king, although as a matter of fact he was a large force in the political life of England. Custom gives to the wife of the king the title of queen, though she has no political powers. There is no kind of justification for continuing the courtesy title after the condition upon which it is based has passed, especially when another woman by rule of courtesy is entitled to it.

Mr. James J. Hill, than whom there is no more practically sagacious man in this or any other country, is not a supporter of proposals of military and naval expansion. Mr. Hill believes that money expended in the construction of colossal warships is money measurably thrown away. He says:

If I could have my way I would build a couple of warships a year less than we are now building. Perhaps one would do. I would take that \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 a year and start at least 1000 agricultural schools in the United States at \$5000 a year each, in the shape of modern farms.

Cultivating, perhaps, from forty to sixty acres, it could exhibit on that area the advantages of a thorough tillage which the small farm makes possible; of seed especially chosen and tested by experiment at agricultural college farms; of proper fertilization, stock-raising, alternation of crops, and the whole scientific and improved system of cultivation, seeding, harvesting, and marketing.

The farmers of a county could see, must see, as they passed its borders how their daily labors might bring to them increased and improved results. The example could not fail to impress itself upon an industry becoming each year more conscious of its defects and needs.

The experiment would cost but a fraction of the amount sometimes given freely for more questionable purposes. It would require a small amount of land, all told, to place a model farm in every agricultural county in the United States. There should be a trained man to each farm of, say, eighty acres; and a general superintendent, an able and efficient agriculturist, to manage three or four counties and to visit the different farms.

Side by side with the common school it would work for intelligence, for progress, for the welfare of the country in a moral as well as a material aspect.

If the friends of a New Orleans Exposition should succeed in postponing the choice of a site until the meeting of the new Congress, the chances of San Francisco may suffer. Naturally a Democratic House would be predisposed, unless the question of expense ruled its exposition policy, to favor the appeal of a section which has, ever since reconstruction times, been a stand-by of the Democratic party. Indeed, the New South, with its old politics, is not unlikely to make the cause of Louisiana and New Orleans its own; and the argument that it has had little from the Republican party to promote its material growth might go far with a congressional majority of which it is a vital part. California, with a Republican majority, allied with a West which is generally Republican and not largely insurgent can not depend on the incoming Congress unless the desire of that body to make a record for economy induces it to give the fair to the city which will foot the bill. The safer course would be to push the choice to a settlement in this Congress.

The royal hunt, as lately conducted by the Kaiser for the pleasure of the Czar, was scarcely less exciting than the slaughter of wild animals in a Zoo by marksmen outside the bars. The forest where the sport went on was inclosed and 1500 deer and smaller game were driven between palings and past an embowed line of platforms where the dignitaries waited in ambush with their shotguns. It was hardly possible to miss the mark in those narrow shambles, and the day's bag was

almost as large, for the time consumed, as that of the busy axemen in the Chicago abattoirs. So far, happily, America has escaped this sort of thing, but it is coming with the growth in this country of great pleasure estates.

The population of Iowa fell off three-tenths of one per cent during the decade ending with the last census. Some of this decline is due to Canadian emigration and some to the urban trend of young men. But a new and more significant reason is to be found in the attraction of capital to agriculture, owing to the higher range of food prices. Farms are growing larger and, with ample capital and the most complete labor-saving devices, are being scientifically organized. This means fewer owners of land and fewer hired hands. The surplus labor population finds its way either to the great cities or to more remote regions where land is still cheap.

When Tennessee goes Republican something is out of gear in Tennessee. In the immediate instance the explanation is not difficult. It rests, so we are told by high authority, neither on cost of living, nor tariff, nor Roosevelt, nor Republican extravagance. "The issue upon which Tennessee went Republican last week is that," says the *New York Evening Post*, "raised by Governor Patterson in his pardon of the slayer of Carmack, the insulting defiance of the Supreme Court of the State with which it was accompanied, and the subsequent coercion which he attempted when the judges came up for renomination." Now that Tennessee has rebuked its governor and punished this particular offense it may be expected to swing back into line and rejoice that close political corporation known as the Solid South.

Mr. Pinchot's letter with respect to conditions in Alaska is modest as is usually the case with utterances from this source. Boiled down it signifies simply this: "I, Pinchot, am honest; Ballinger is dishonest." That's all there is to it. There are those of us who know something both of Pinchot and Ballinger, but who fail to accept Mr. Pinchot's estimate of their relative moral values.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

A little picture of Florence in early morning, touched with the translucency of the water-colors in which it is wrought, has suggested to a noter of comparisons a likeness between the city of the Arno and San Francisco. And the resemblance is not wholly accidental. The Arno is missing, of course, but as a substitute those peeps of the blue water through the Golden Gate which break the vista from many a viewpoint in the neighborhood of the Presidio complete the picture in a satisfactory manner. The similitude is most striking at twilight or soon after dawn. And especially does it hold good at the present season of the year in those purple sundowns or golden sunrises which are the parentheses of those glorious early winter days that are the peculiar distinction of California. At such hours, when the light tints of the house walls catch the early morning glow and are forced into a stronger note by the darker shades of the roofs, or when in the gathering dusk the same effect is almost reduplicated and hides the sharper outlines of things, the mediative spirit may well be excused if it can see little difference between the aspect of San Francisco and Florence. This phenomenon is largely in justification of those who contend that in a broader sense than this comparison of cities the Pacific Coast State does actually possess many of the charms usually associated only with certain districts of the Old World.

Would that American publishers were able to say "ditto" to those of their English colleagues who report that they are issuing fewer novels this year! That, however, is hardly likely to happen so long as the prizes for producing a "best seller" are so high. The conditions which obtain in the dramatic field rule to a large extent in that of fiction. To write a successful play is almost as lucrative an achievement as to strike an oil-well; for the income from such a production may easily amount to five hundred dollars a week. Hence the thousands of play manuscripts with which theatrical managers are inundated. And of all the manuscripts submitted to publishers attempts at fiction are in the vast majority. Flattered by the dictum that every human being has within him or her the possibility of at least one novel, it would seem as though just now all these possible authors are furiously engaged in proving how correct the dictum is. And the publishers seem as anxious to put the matter to the test as the writers. For them, too, a "best seller" means so much, at least in the United States. Consequently nine novels out of every ten are gambles pure and simple, for which reviewers and optimistic novel readers have to pay in many hours of weariness. The evil is correcting itself in England by means of the libraries; the novel-buying public is growing less as the novel-borrowing public grows larger; and it is asserted that it is very seldom even an established author sells more than five thousand copies of a story. The non-popular author, the talented mediocrity, may draw royalties on a thou-

sand or fifteen hundred copies, and then enrich himself to the extent of another fifteen dollars by the sale of his book "sheets" to America. It is too much to hope that such conditions will ever prevail this side of the Atlantic, but the presence in even a modified form would do something to stem the flood of that drivel which now pours out in such overwhelming volume.

Many absolutely sincere students or lovers of art must for some time past have wished that a competent person would undertake to set down the truth about William Blake. I belong to the same category as Swedenborg. Both men had had and still have perfervid eulogists, and during the last decade Blake has certainly been the subject of attention sufficient to compensate for the neglect of his lifetime. But how far this posthumous praise is the result of a "fad" as how far it can be justified is the problem which puzzles many people. It is interesting, then, to see what Elihu Vedder has to say on the subject, especially as there is in his own nature or at any rate in some of his work, an unusualness which links him with the "mad painter." Mr. Vedder became acquainted with Blake as a boy, and now offers this mature judgment on his work:

In Blake, it depends on what you are looking for. If somewhere sadly remarks, "I know the wicked will turn into wickedness, but the wise into wisdom." If you will see for wildness, extravagance, and the grotesque, you will find it; for instance—when a friend is invited into his little garden and finds Mr. and Mrs. Blake sitting in the costume of nature—they were playing at Adam and Eve; or when wishing to be truly Biblical, Blake had some idea of enlarging the family by the introduction of a concubine. It is sad that Mrs. Blake's bursting into tears put an end to this last scheme.

And consider his always contrary way of looking at things. He saw the same sun you see, but to him it was a red wafer and the sky—he will just walk down to the end of a lane and touch it with his stick. No; his sun is ten thousand angels, shouting *Glory to God in the highest!* And angels—should the wind sit in that quarter—are mere tools of the Almighty with no wills of their own and therefore devils; or devils are angels, with a will capable of defying the Almighty to all eternity. Another slant of the wind, and you and Blake and God are all one. Of such things in Blake you will find plenty, and most people will seek no further, and so in his art, will stop at his exaggeration, and much of his writing will repel them. But back of it all is Blake's real world, where in his art and writings you can find simplicity, grace, beauty, and grandeur, and when these are not expressed they are finely hinted at. But his great wealth of ideas, a clamoring for expression, must be taken into consideration and the need of daily bread, and the empty plate silently before him by his wife.

Perhaps this may help a little; Mr. Vedder says he has written it as a hint to those who do not know Blake; but he has to admit that for the great majority he will forever remain a sealed book.

While the newspapers of Europe are steadily improving in the quantity and quality of the news they print from the United States, there are other lands in which the services of a national press agency are sadly needed. Rio de Janeiro is a case in point, judging from the report of the American agent, John M. Turner. Of course Mr. Turner is chiefly concerned with the apathy of the American business man in not doing more to capture the trade of Rio, but he discloses a state of affairs which should touch more than commercial pride:

Every morning I read the *Journal of Commerce*, the best commercial paper published here, and naturally look for cable news. There is always more than a page of cables, a column from England, another from Germany, the balance of the page divided among the other European countries, while in the corner I find the United States news. There were three items the first morning, one of a lynching case in Florida, one of a railroad accident in Indiana, the other telling that a certain actress had secured her divorce. The next morning found three more cables, one telling that the Italian government was going to investigate the killing of the Italians, the next correcting the number killed in the railway accident and the third told of a fire in New England which destroyed half a million dollars' worth of goods. Every day since the United States has had an average space of four inches in the foreign cables, with matter about like the items mentioned. It might be a good idea to revise the cable news that goes out from the United States to this field. Something besides riots, murders, lynchings cases, divorce proceedings, failures, and railroad accidents may prove of interest, and it will certainly advertise us better.

It may be that the present temper of Americans, as a friendly observer recently noted, disposes them "to excessive self-disparagement," but that modesty carried to the excessive length of such insistence upon the more brutal phases of life of which Mr. Turner complains becomes criminal caricature. If press agents are necessary for Presidents, they may be even more imperative for the nation as a whole.

As was the case with General Grant and Grover Cleveland when they reached the ex-President stage, Lord Rosebery employed a good deal of his leisure as ex-premier in literary work, the latest fruits of which will soon be available in a study of the great Chatham. Such a volume should be of deep interest to American readers for two reasons: Chatham is the only English statesman who has been honored with a statue on American soil; and, secondly, his friendliness and hospitality to Benjamin Franklin were notable in an age when America's representative had few to encourage him. Some of the most interesting English associations of Franklin cluster around the stately mansion at Hayes, not far from London, which was Chatham's home at the period of the American negotiations. The mansion is unchanged and in as perfect a state of preservation as when Franklin was its guest on several occasions. Its last owner was a high official of the Bank of England, and he was jealous to conserve everything connected with the house which related to its distinguished owner and not less distinguished American visitor. In London itself, too, on the right-hand side of Craven Street, of the Strand, yet stands the house in which Franklin lived while on his important mission, duly marked with a tablet which notes when it was occupied by its illustrious tenant.

WOMEN AND THE ELECTION.

New York Suffragettes Have Enjoyed the Occasion.

Never before have the New York suffragettes enjoyed such a frolic as during the few weeks preceding the election. They have been marching and counter-marching, exhorting, imploring, and threatening from early morn till dewy eve, and if only some more of their pet enemies had been defeated we might really believe that the fly on the wheel had done something to justify its boasts. But alas! nearly all the foes of the sublime cause have been returned to place and power and the feminine voice of lamentation will be loud in the land.

And yet these surprising ladies did all sorts of stunts except win. Mirth followed their hobbled steps wherever they went, and let no disrespect be shown to those who can make us laugh, for it would have been a dull election without the suffragettes. Mayor Gaynor closed all the restaurants soon after midnight, and the small boy was barred from his ancient and honorable custom of making bonfires in the open street. So what should we have done without the suffragettes to enliven the occasion, and it must be admitted that they rose to the occasion like heroines.

For example, take the case of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. That dauntless woman, who must surely be a reincarnation of Mme. Defarge, spent a whole afternoon hobbling up and down Broadway distributing bills in denunciation of Senator Agnew, whose views upon the suffragette are not according to Hoyle, although it is understood that the senator refuses to say exactly what his views are, being ordinarily a man of temperate speech. Mrs. Belmont, admitted afterwards that she did not like her job, but the annoyance was due to "purely subjective causes." No one had done anything more than laugh, and no one could help doing anything less, and so we are left to wonder what Mrs. Belmont means by subjective causes. It would never do to ask a lady to be more explicit about such things.

Then there is Miss Inez Milholland, whose self-sacrifice upon the suffragette altar was still more pronounced. Miss Milholland is good to look upon, and it may be said that her costume bears no evidences of her hard times that are plaguing most of us just now. So it was natural enough that a crowd should gather when this stately but willowy damsel went down upon her hands and knees on the Broadway pavement and decorated that unworthy and unappreciative surface with various slogans designed to influence the susceptible male mind in favor of the suffrage. Why there was not a man in that crowd who would not have given Miss Milholland a suffrage on the spot if he had one in his pocket. When she had written down all the catchy sentences she could think of at the moment she assumed a more dignified but less interesting posture, and made a little speech in good Vassar English inviting her audience to go with her to headquarters and buy buttons and things, and of course they went. Any one would. Orpheus with his lute was nothing to Miss Milholland.

But Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch is ahead of them all. Mrs. Blatch belongs to some kind of a league of women who can button themselves up the back, and in Mr. Roosevelt's classic terminology she can beat all the rest "to a frazzle," or knock them "right over the top." Mrs. Blatch makes a specialty of watching the polling places, and she has trained a corps of winsome maidens to guard the purity of the sacred ballot. When they are around you may vote early, but not often. There is no nonsense about Mrs. Blatch. Not a ward leader in New York knows the game better than she does. She can show more and take all every time. She warns her disciples that the heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked, especially on election days. They may get telegrams while they are on guard exploring them to visit sick relatives at the other side of the city. Let such messages be disregarded. They're devices of the evil one. They must even face the eadly and devastating mouse rather than turn their backs upon their duty even for one moment. Why, on one occasion Mrs. Blatch herself was watching the polls with some male comrades who actually ran up into the street to follow a fire engine. But did she succumb to the temptation? Not on your life. Duty before all things was the motto of that relentless woman, and so New York may never have the delirious elight of seeing Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch sprinting through the streets after a fire engine. What a sight that would be.

Then there is Mrs. Loebinger, and at her name the voice should be lowered. She belongs to the genuine fighting brigade. A few weeks ago Mrs. Loebinger descended from her street platform and slapped a man's face; slapped it hard, too. The man had said something that was apparently inaudible to every one except Mrs. Loebinger, but, after all, does it really matter what he said? The fact remains that he said something, that he "answered back," and therefore deserved extermination, and got it. "Take that," said this dauntless woman, "and tell your friends that a woman slapped you and that you had to take it." Well, of course he had to take it. Civilization has not yet evolved a remedy for the slap feminine. No suitable retaliation has ever been devised or ever will be. Men have been "taking it," actually or metaphorically, for a long time now. Even a lady who clamors for equal rights would hardly expect to be slapped back.

These good ladies have not much idea of tact, and yet it is said that they would make good diplomats. The lack of tact was well shown by some of the speakers at the recent women's convention in Carnegie Hall. One of the orators denounced a certain city board because when she went with an appeal for higher pay for certain female employees in the public service only two members were present, and one of them was asleep. The sleeping beauty must have had an enviable power of somnolence, but that is not the question. How did the board like to be publicly gibbeted in that manner, and may we not suppose that all the members will be present next time a suffragette is to appear and that they will be particularly wide awake, too? It is true that there was another lady present who made amends by saying that she wanted the suffrage in order that she might associate on equal terms with the truest and best men of her time. Now that was nice. There were lots of men present and their chests swelled out to the limit of their waistcoats. They took it as a personal invitation to call.

Unfortunately, all the enemies of the suffragettes seem to have been elected except Senator Agnew. According to the reports that bold, bad man has gone down to defeat, but he will not blame the suffragettes. He will feel no rancor. He knows it was only their fun, and that they had nothing to do with the vote. And as for public opinion, the feelings of the average man were expressed by Mr. Dooley, who said in effect: "You want the vote, my good lady? By all means, take mine." SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, November 10, 1910.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Beatrice Harrison, an English girl, was recently awarded the Mendelssohn prize for violoncello playing in the Prussian Royal Academy of Music. This is the first time the prize has ever been won by a woman or a foreigner.

Chauncey M. Depew, United States senator from New York, is seventy-seven years old and has been in public life fifty-four years. He will be succeeded by a Democrat, as the outcome of the election. Senator Depew says he is glad to retire.

John Allsebrook Simon, who has been made solicitor-general of Great Britain, is only thirty-seven years old. Mr. Simon started in the race without any "social" advantages. The son of a Congregational minister at Bath, he went to Oxford with the aid of a scholarship, became president of the Oxford Union, took a brilliant degree, and at an age when it is rare for a man of exceptional ability to secure the patent of a king's counsel he finds himself one of the law officers of the crown.

Maurice Maeterlinck, one of the foremost writers of prose and verse in the French language, can have a seat among the forty immortals of the French Academy for the asking, but he must first become a French citizen. He is by birth a Belgian, and loves his country. His compatriots urge him not to abandon Belgium. Maeterlinck's greatness will not be enhanced by membership in the French Academy, and whether or not he remains true to the country of his birth his name will always be honored in association with French literature.

Henry George, Jr., who was elected to Congress the other day in New York, inherits his father's vigor of mind. He left school at seventeen to become his father's secretary, later was a reporter on the Brooklyn Eagle, then was on the Standard, started by the elder George in 1887; after that newspaper changed hands he was a correspondent for various papers, at home and abroad. When his father, nominated for the mayoralty of New York in 1897, died just as the campaign was closing, the son took his place on the ticket. For the last ten years his time has been occupied with writing, traveling, and lecturing.

Miss Frances Melville, M. A., Edinburgh, recently received the degree of bachelor of divinity at St. Andrews, Scotland. She is the first lady to have attained this distinction in a Scottish university, although that of London has granted such a degree in similar circumstances. Miss Melville was formerly principal of the Hall for Women at St. Andrews, and she is now filling a similar position at St. Margaret's, Glasgow, the women's hall in Scotland's second ancient university. Her name was prominently before the English public in the appeal before the House of Lords about a year ago in regard to the admission of women to the Scottish bar.

The late King Chulalongkorn of Siam is succeeded by the crown prince, Maha Vajiravudh, who is twenty-nine years of age and has received a thorough Western education. The royal family of Siam formerly had as tutor Sir Robert Morant, and the crown prince studied in England, and, later, went to Sandhurst and to Christchurch, Oxford. He has also been a cadet at Potsdam, and has been attached to the Durham Light Infantry at Aldershot. He is a good linguist and well read in English, French, and German, as well as Siamese literature. He has written a volume in French on Siamese folk-lore, and has also won distinction as a playwright and actor. The new king was proclaimed crown prince January 17, 1895, the royal dignity now passing necessarily from father to eldest son.

O. HENRY'S LAST VOLUME.

Alas that the word "last" has so soon, so far too soon, to be written in connection with an instalment of O. Henry's inimitable stories! How many hundreds there are who could be better spared than he! And the quality of the stories printed in this collection gives an added poignancy to our regret. They show how surely he was ripening, how with each effort he was becoming more and more of an artist, and how unique were his gifts as an interpreter of American character.

One of his outstanding merits, his gift of opening a story with unfailing alertness, is exemplified at every turn, but one instance, will suffice:

The original cause of the trouble was about twenty years in growing.

At the end of that time it was worth it. Had you lived anywhere within fifty miles of Sundown Ranch, you would have heard of it. It possessed a quantity of jet-black hair, a pair of extremely frank, deep-brown eyes and a laugh that rippled across the prairie like the sound of a hidden brook.

Who save O. Henry could introduce a heroine in such a compact and arresting manner? Not that he could not command the usual style of the fiction-monger. He will glide casually into the sugary mode, and then suddenly bring his reader up with a jerk to laugh with him at the trick. As thus:

Dear me! in such scenes how the talk runs into artificial prose. But it can't be helped. It's the subconscious smell of the footlights' smoke that's in all of us. Stir the depths of your cook's soul sufficiently and she will discourse in Bulwer-Lyttonese.

That gift of the surprise, which takes the reader's breath, makes him feel how fooled he has been, and then moves him with admiration and even affection for the writer who can trap him so easily, is in evidence in all these stories. Take, as an example, the story entitled "Calloway's Code." It tells how the war correspondent of a New York paper away in Japan had sent a mysterious message in code, which no one could understand. The managing editor was at his wit's end, until some one thought of appealing to Heffebauer, who had been on the paper since "Park Row was a potato patch." So Heffebauer was called into consultation:

Heffebauer was an institution. He was half janitor, half a handy-man about the office, and half watchman—thus becoming the peer of thirteen and one-half tailors. Sent for, the came, radiating his nationality.

"Heffebauer," said the m. e., "did you ever hear of a code belonging to the office a long time ago—a private code? You know what a code is, don't you?"

"Yah," said Heffebauer. "Sure I know vat a code is. Yah, about dwelf or fifteen year ago der office had a code. Der rehorters in der city room haf it here."

"Ah!" said the m. e. "We're getting on the trail now. Where was it kept, Heffebauer? What do you know about it?"

"Somedimes," said the retainer, "dey keep it in der little room behind der library room."

"Can you find it?" asked the m. e. eagerly. "Do you know where it is now?"

"Mein Gott!" said Heffebauer. "How long you dink a code live? Der rehorters call him a masket. But von day he hutt mit his head der editor, and—"

"Oh, he's talking about a goat," said Boyd. "Get out, Heffebauer."

So far had he wandered, and so many ways had he seen, that no phase of life came amiss to O. Henry. He was at home in the wilds of the West; nor less familiar with the recesses of city life. Hence "Suite Homes and Their Romance," which has this sufficient picture of the daily round, the common task:

Every day was just like another; as the days are in New York. In the morning Turpin would take hromo-seltzer, his pocket change from under the clock, his hat, no breakfast, and his departure for the office. At noon Mrs. Turpin would get out of bed and humor, put on a kimono, airs, and the water to hoi the coffee.

Turpin lunched downtown. He came home at six to dress for dinner. They always dined out. They strayed from the chop-house to chop-sueydom, from terrace to table d'hôte, from ratskeller to roadhouse, from café to casino, from Maria's to the Martha Washington. Such is domestic life in the great city. Your vine is the mistletoe; your fig-tree hears dates. Your household gods are Mercury and John Howard Payne. For the wedding march you hear only "Come with the Gypsy Bride." You rarely dine at the same place twice in succession. You tire of the food; and, besides, you want to give them time for the question of that souvenir silver sugar bowl to blow over.

Did ever a paragraph pack into so small a space such a body of satiric record? Perhaps the day will come when O. Henry will need an annotator, after the manner of Dickens, but for the American of the present day he is the unique chronicler and the Shakespearean jester who hides wisdom under laughter.

WHIRLIGIGS. By O. Henry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50.

The great size of the glaciers around Mount Cook, in New Zealand, has been often remarked. The Tasman is eighteen miles long; the Murchison, ten miles; the Godley, eight miles; the Mueller, eight miles; and the Hooker, seven miles. Most of these glaciers have moraines of exceeding roughness, but the approaches to them are not steep, as is usually the case with European glaciers. The Southern Alpine snow-line is only a little over seven thousand feet. Glacially polished rocks are rare, and in many ways the mountains are singularly different from those of Central Europe.

An electric trolley trip from New York to Milwaukee was recently accomplished by a curious traveler. The distance covered was nineteen hundred and eighty miles at a total cost of thirty-three and a half dollars.

THE THING THAT HAPPENED.

How White Horses Followed the Miner.

It was summer time in the once famous mining town of Dutch Flat. A fragrant snow lazily drifted down from the golden-green locusts which shaded the main street, and a delicious sense of indolence pervaded the air. A group of men occupied the big arm-chairs on the wide porch of the old hotel, to which most of them had come seeking rest after a busy year in San Francisco. The spirit of the afternoon fell upon them, and their conversation wandered in a desultory manner until it reached the border-land of the mysterious. Dr. Minton, the rugged, powerful surgeon of the mountains, listened for awhile, then he said, "Let me tell you a story."

"It began," he said, "a number of years ago. It was mid-winter, and the height of the miner's season. It had rained all night, but just at dawn the clouds broke and scudded before the wind. The pines bent and groaned. The river in the cañon roared."

"Perched on a hill above the river's highest flood-mark was a small cabin in which four men were seated at breakfast. Their huge bodies and massive heads were grotesquely caricatured on the opposite wall by the dim light of an unshaded kerosene lamp. Their manners and attitudes were characteristic of the lands from which they had come to form, in the common cause of labor, a little community bound by certain ties of brotherhood as strong after their fashion as those sealed with mystic rites and symbols."

"Manuel Silva, the Portuguese, swallowed half of a cup of strong coffee, then looked out of the window. After a moment of listening, he said: 'The riva, he roars. I dream of the doctor man's white horse.'—That is my Pomp, gentlemen.—He balk in the ford, and the water was so high, and so mudda.' Silva shuddered and looked at the others as for sympathy. Pat Riley made the sign of the cross and replied, 'Sure, and phwat does the docther want with kaping a whoite baste loike thot? Phwat with his balking and his being white, it's risky for him and for us. It's a mighty bad sign whin the docther has to coom to see yez, and it's a worst wan whin he cooms across a muddy river on a whoite cratur that's loike as not to stop before he gets to yez.'

"Pat's speech seemed to intensify Manuel's fear, according to Harry Gray, who told me all this, and his big body went limp against the table. Gray saw that it was his call to the rescue, and he said: 'Confound your superstitious heads! What a mess you fellows make with your signs and your dreams! Damn me, though, if I was the doctor, I'd kill that horse, or sell him to Wong Fat. You never can tell what the brute will do.' The day that Bill Jones was cut by the buzz-saw up to the mill, and the doctor had word to hurry, that beast of a Pomp went as far as the drug store, and there he stopped in the middle of the street. Do you think that the doctor could make him budge? Not much. He had to get a rig from the livery stable, and the boys up town worked all afternoon to get Pomp back to the doctor's barn. I'll be blown if they didn't turn the fire-hose on him and try to swim him home.'

"Mein Gott in Himmel! I understand not the herr docter," said Schmidt. 'He say dat horse ist ein devil, aber he ist ein gut frient. Vas?'

"The men laughed at the German's speech, but the shadow fell again on the face of the Portuguese. 'I lika not my dream. It meana not good, and the riva maka mucha noise.' In spite of themselves, the men were affected by his seriousness, and they arose in silence, filled their tin buckets, and were soon on their way to the great mine where they were employed. In the midst of their work they had no time for fears, and all of them forgot their breakfast-table talk."

"The day wore on," continued the doctor, "and I found myself in a hot discussion with that bull-headed Republican of a butcher. I must tell you about Charley some day, but the doctrine of chance hasn't anything to do with him or his party. It's foreordination and damnation for them—Oh! I beg your grace's pardon, Rev. Collins," and the doctor's hat was lifted respectfully, while his big blue eyes twinkled with fun. "As I said, we were at it bammer and tongs. He and I and some of the boys were in the drug store, when a hatless, breathless, mud-bespattered man dashed through the door. I have been here twenty-five years, so I knew what there was to do. I waited just long enough to hear that they were bringing the man to my office, and I was off. As I went out I heard the messenger gasp, 'Manuel Silva.'

"We had to work like the devil"—again the big hat came up reverently—"and several times I thought that the fellow was gone. We did not dare to move him till morning; then the streets echoed again to the tread of heavy, spiked boots, and he was tenderly carried to his cabin, below which the river roared unceasingly. Pat and Gray were kind and capable nurses, though a bit awkward. Schmidt was in the hands of the druggist with orders for plenty of whisky. He collapsed when he saw Manuel, and I had no time to attend to him. Between the collapse and the whisky, we came near to sending him to the insane asylum."

"As soon as we got to the cabin Gray said, 'Doc, tell me what to do, and how to do it. I'm going to knock off work and see Manuel through. You see I feel to blame for this business. We had orders to run a full

head at the giant and send the stuff from last night's blast sweeping down. 'Twas a bad lot—big boulders, small trees, and all that. Silva was set to keep the run clear at the start so that things shouldn't dam up. I was at the nozzle, sir, and a pretty big tree went a-booming down. Manuel reached for it with his pick to start it straight, or pull it out. At the same time a big rock went a-pounding along and struck his underpinning. I saw that he was mighty likely to lose his balance between the tree and the rock, so I yelled at him, though it is little that can be heard when the water is roaring through the giant. Then, somehow, like a damn fool, I let go of the giant. You know, doc, how like some women they are. You've got to keep a hand on them, or they fly galley-west and rip things to pieces. It can be a light band—you know, doc, how easily they are managed—but it has to be a steady band—and—I let go! The full force of the water struck him in the stomach, and he was gone. I signaled 'Water off' as soon as I could, but as I have said, it was a full head, and there was no saving him. We found him at the foot of the dump, twenty feet down from the end of the tunnel, living. I do not go much on church things, but I think that the Almighty must have some good reason for keeping him here. You remember that we had a triple funeral last year when Brown, Harvey, and Williams were carried through the same tunnel.'

"Well, gentlemen," the doctor continued, "that poor devil got well, and he was apparently as sound as if he had not gone through one of the most terrible of the experiences that come to hydraulic miners. I grew rather fond of the man, and he seemed to return my regard, but whenever he chanced to meet me when I was driving Pomp, his brown eyes would fill with terror, and he would turn his back until I got by."

"After awhile he disappeared. No one seemed to know where he had gone, no one appeared to care. He was one of the world-waifs that make up such communities as this was at that time. Today they are here, tomorrow they are not."

"Months afterward, I was called to attend a child away off on the range about five miles from Emigrant Gap. I left the train at that station, and took a trail down the mountainside. I had gone two miles, perhaps, when I came upon a grove of tamaracks on a little flat ahead. Before I could see, I heard the sound of sawing. As I drew near, I saw a lonely cabin, and just beyond it, a man at work with a single-handed cross-cut saw. Steadily, rhythmically every muscle in his body played; steadily, rhythmically the pile of fragrant wood grew larger. I was tempted to stop and watch him, just for the pleasure of seeing his powerful body in motion. As I approached, the man stopped and turned to me. I knew those brown eyes—eyes like those of a faithful dog. It was Manuel Silva, and I was the recipient of such a welcome as a grateful Portuguese knows how to express. He would have it that I must stop awhile with him, but my duty was where a wee child lay moaning in pain. He said to me, 'I hava the wood most done, theirs and mine. I go some day to Dutch Flat, geta some clothes and see if I know some men there. Then I come back, cutta some more wood. By-and-by, I go soon now back home, and I see what I shall see.' I bade him good-bye, and went on. I looked back when I reached a bend in the trail, and saw him sitting in his cabin door holding a letter in his hand."

"Shortly after midnight, about two months later, I was awakened by the violent ringing of my night-bell. I hastened to answer it, and found there a man who held up a lantern that I might see his terribly crushed right arm. It was Silva. He said simply, 'Coma, doc; you see I wanta you.'

"Afterward he told me that he had left the tamarack grove in the early evening to go to the station at Emigrant Gao. He said that just as he reached the county road crossing, where his trail entered the snowsheds, he met Jim Matheson with a load of lumber. He said, too, that Jim was driving four horses, and that the leaders were white. He went on, bought his ticket, and climbed up into the cupola of a red caboose, which trailed at the end of a long black freight train, for in those days certain of the freights carried local passengers. He and the conductor talked until the train reached Blue Cañon. There he was left alone in the caboose. He heard the ring of the wheel-tapper's hammer, and, later, felt the train slip away down the mountainside. Still he was alone. He looked out on a world semineiled by dark and lonely pines, he looked up at a star-lighted universe, and he looked into a heart that sang its own song for him. He did not know that when the train reached Blue Cañon there were orders for it not to stop at Dutch Flat, as usual—and the train crew had forgotten their only passenger. He was suddenly conscious that the familiar landmarks about our station were flying by. He hurried to the door and made a wild leap in the dark. There was a cry, lost in the roar of the on-rushing train, then a great stillness."

"When Manuel recovered consciousness he found his right arm hanging helpless. Slowly he gathered his forces and made his way to Chinatown, which you have noticed lying in the hollow close by the station. He found a Chinaman who was willing to lend him a lantern, so that he could find his way to me, nearly a mile down the hillside. The coolie did not offer to come with him, and he made no moan. There were a dozen white men in their homes along the road who

would gladly have taken him in, but he came alone and rang my bell."

"I ran down and called Applegarth to help me, and it took us the rest of the night to fix him up. It was another fight for life, as the shock, the loss of blood and the fellow's long walk had about done him up, and would have done nine out of ten men. Still he was not daunted. When we were through he insisted that I could walk down to his old cabin, then tenanted only by Pat—and, by George, I had to let him try. He got as far as my office gate, when he smiled a wan smile and sank to the railing. 'I letta the boys take me,' he said, so we put him in a chair and carried him to that place, where once before he had won out against the great terror."

"When I discharged him as cured, sound again as nothing had happened, I hadn't the face to charge him a cent. He insisted on my taking his money, but felt that it was sufficient to have known a man who could live through a ride over the dump, and survive that awful walk from the station. Of course, when explained, he was profuse in his remarks, most of which were absolutely unintelligible to me, being neither Portuguese nor English. Again Manuel Silva dropped out of my life."

"One day I sat in my office, writing. I heard step approaching. In came the man with the wonderful brown eyes. He was dressed in a new suit of blue cloth, wore a pair of very shiny, high-heeled boots and a brilliant red necktie. In one hand was a bright tin pail, in the other a cheap valise, also new. 'I come to say gooda-bye to my gooda doctor friend. I go tonight to the old country to see my mother—and—another woman. I bring her back with me. I tell her you keep me for her. She vera good. You like her.' We talked a brief while, then he tiptoed off on his high-heeled boots. As he turned the corner he signaled me with his bright tin pail."

"Several weeks went by, and I had forgotten Manuel's call upon me. I was therefore somewhat surprised to receive a letter from Portugal." The doctor paused and looked through the wallet he had taken from his pocket. "Yes," he said, "I have it with me. Let me read it to you:

"LISBON, PORTUGAL, May 20, 18—."

"DR. NATHAN MINTON,
Dutch Flat, California—"

"MY DEAR SIR: When we sailed from New York we carried a few passengers, among them a man named Manuel Silva. He was evidently fascinated with the sea from the start, yet afraid of it. He would watch it for hours at stretch, and when there were white caps he called them little white horses, and murmured prayers for the safety of all aboard. We found him once or twice, at night, out looking see if the little white horses were there on the waves."

"When we were seven days out, we were struck by one of the worst storms that I have ever weathered. The wind blew a hurricane, the waves boiled, and the rain fell in torrents. All of the land-men except Silva were laid out, and many of my crew, tough old sea-dogs though they were. The Portuguese was terror-stricken, yet he would poke his head up from below every chance that he could get, and watch with bulging eyes the war that was on. When any one spoke to him he laughed in a frightened way and said, 'I lika the light in the sky. I lika the water. I lika the little white horses. I lika to be afraid. I am afraid to be afraid.' We all thought that he had gone a little loony, and once I thought I would put him in irons, but there was too much to do to both with one man."

"The storm finally ceased, but the sea was heavy and was rolling badly, though not dangerously as the sea got Silva got on deck as soon as he could, and seemed to be enjoying the rocking. I remember seeing him holding on some ropes, and smiling. Suddenly the vessel lurched. When I righted I saw, out on the crest of the wave, the white face of the Portuguese, his hands raised to heaven in a vain appeal for help. Before I could give an order he was gone, and the next wave that rolled in on us hid the spot where he had been."

"In his valise were the names and addresses of some people in Portugal and yours in California. As I do not know what may be waiting to hear from him, I am sending you this account of his taking off. Your obedient servant,

"JAMES ARMSTRONG."

"Captain H. M. S. The Merry Devil."

A long silence followed the reading of the letter during which the locust snow dropped softly from green heaven, and the sunlight flecked the porch. A man of affairs stood, deliberately spread his feet apart and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "Think—," he said, but the minister pulled the tail of his coat, and he sat down."

CLARA MARTIN PARTRIDGE.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1910.

Kauri gum, found underground in New Zealand, a dug to the amount of a million and a half yearly, is used chiefly for furniture polishes and varnishes, a most of it is exported to America. The industry digging it is unlike any other in the world. A kauri forest is a beautiful sight, but kauri gum country is treeless, barren and desolate, even, and swampy very often, with singularly heavy, cloggy soil, out of which the gum formed on kauri pines of ancient and long vanished forests is dug or speared. There are wide stretches of this treeless kauri country, with nothing but a little scrub and fern growing on it. It is very rough for riding about (the gumfields are too extensive to be seen except riding), and a native horse should be ridden accustomed to going without putting its foot down any of the numerous holes. Some of the gum diggers—about three thousand in all—are Maoris, pleasant natives; some are British, and a certain number are Dalmatians."

Zulus in tribal dances and hunting scenes were striking feature of Capetown's recent celebration."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

His Personal Life Illustrated by Unpublished Documents.

Although so much has been written about Alexander Hamilton, the documentary evidence relating to his distinguished career as soldier, lawyer, and statesman has by no means been exhausted. There remains in the possession of his descendants many original papers, and these have been drawn upon by the statesman's grandson, Allan McLane Hamilton, in the preparation of his "The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton," a volume which is devoted primarily to the more private life of its subject.

One of the chief services of this new study of a remarkable man is that it will contribute to the clearing up of the many speculations which have been made as to Hamilton's antecedents. It shows beyond dispute that the stories as to his illegitimacy have no foundation, and that the conclusions based upon his West Indian birth are equally erroneous:

Much misapprehension exists as to the appearance of Hamilton, some of which is due to the idea that because his birthplace was the West Indies, he presented the physical characteristics of those born under a tropical sun.

He is referred to by various authors as a "creole," or a "swarthy young West Indian," and most of his biographers picture him as being dark in color, and "having black hair and piercing black eyes." One enthusiastic preacher, extolling virtues as champion of that race during the Revolutionary War, when he favored the enlistment of black soldiers, recently went so far as to suggest, at a public meeting in the city of New York, that Hamilton's veins surely contained African blood. In reality he was fair and had reddish-brown hair, and a specimen before me proves this to have been the case. It has a certain glint which was probably more marked at an earlier period; but even now there is no difficulty in finding that it belonged to a person of the semi-blond type. His eyes were a deep blue—almost violet—and he undoubtedly presented the physical appearance of his Scotch father rather than his French mother. His eyes were deep set, his nose long, and of the Roman type, and he had a good chin, the jaw being strong; the mouth firm and moderately large. He is variously referred to by his biographers as "The Little Lion," and "The Little Giant," but although short of stature, he was not notably so, being about five feet seven inches in height.

In dwelling upon the personal characteristics of his grandfather, Mr. Hamilton suggests that the admixture of Scottish and French blood in his veins was responsible for many of his striking traits and for many of his inconsistencies. He possessed a lively imagination, and was deeply sensitive:

There was something almost feminine in Hamilton's gentleness and concern for the comfort and happiness of other people. It is a matter of tradition that he endeared the soldiers of his own company to him by sharing their hardships, and providing them with necessities out of his own almost empty pocket. With his own children he was ever tender, entering into their sports, and forgetting all his serious cares for the moment. When New York and Philadelphia were crowded with refugees he would hunt up the poorest, and direct his wife to send food and little delicacies for the women and children. It had been his habit to travel upon the circuit, as was the custom in those days with the different judges. One of these was Chancellor Kent, who told a story illustrating Hamilton's consideration and thoughtfulness. After a disagreeable, wintry ride of many miles they reached a comfortable inn. Kent had gone to bed early, after a jolly evening which broke up prematurely as Kent was out of sorts. The night was cold, and the kindly nature of Hamilton was evidently disturbed by the indisposition of his friend. On his retiring he entered Judge Kent's room bearing an extra blanket, which he insisted on tucking about the recumbent figure, saying, "Sleep warm, little judge, and get well. What should we do if anything should happen to you?"

He had a love of the fine arts and was something of a print collector and an amateur painter, for it appears he advised Mrs. Washington in regard to the paintings she bought; but his purse was evidently too small to gratify his own tastes in this direction. Not only does his expense book contain items showing the occasional modest purchase of a print, but he left behind numerous wood and copper line engravings and etchings that today would be very valuable. I distinctly remember a set of Mantegna's superb chiaroscuro of the "Triumph of Caesar," and a particularly fine Dürer which were in my father's possession; but the others have been scattered and can no longer be identified.

Naturally, Mr. Hamilton has something to say relative to his grandfather's connection with Washington:

Much has been said about Hamilton's relations with Washington, and the absence of any deep friendship between the two, and Oliver has gone so far as to observe that in not one of the former's writings is there any eulogy or even marked praise of his great commander.

Sumner makes this same assertion, and brief excerpts of letters are reproduced, the impression being that there was a stiffness and coldness, not to say a formality in his correspondence with the former which indicated a lack of attachment, and no very great admiration.

These accusations I am sure are unjust, for in the letter to Mrs. Washington written after the death of the first President, there is much that is genuine, and in his letters to Washington during his lifetime he nearly always signed himself "Yours affectionately," in those that were personal. A great deal has been made of the circumstances attending Hamilton's resignation as a member of Washington's military family, and it must be conceded that the letters he wrote to his father-in-law, General Schuyler, and McHenry are not only in bad taste, but he makes use of certain expressions which voice his short-lived anger; this, however, must be set down to his extreme youth, and some of it to the fact that he had been more or less flattered and his head, for the first time, turned. Like many other men, his subsequent conduct, would almost look as if he had been ashamed of himself, for he plunged at once into more active military service, and performed an act of loyal devotion which he knew would be approved by his old commander when he made a brilliant assault upon the enemy's works at Yorktown. Before doing this he wrote to Washington as follows in 1781: "It has become necessary to me to apply to your Excellency to know in what manner you foresee you will be able to employ me in the ensuing campaign. I am ready to enter into activity whenever you think proper."

All of his subsequent relations with Washington were intimate and affectionate, and their private letters to each other show that they must have been so much in accord as to ex-

clude any real coolness of feeling. Forgiving and generous as Washington always was, he probably felt little or no resentment toward Hamilton for his hasty action in parting from him in a manner more befitting a spoiled boy than a gallant and useful soldier, and he ever afterward relied upon his former aid, even to the extent of getting his assistance in the preparation of his Farewell Address.

That reference to Washington's Farewell Address revives a controversy to which there seems no end. Hamilton's widow always maintained that her husband was its author, and when she was in her eighty-second year she prepared the following statement:

Desirous that my children should be fully acquainted with the services rendered by their Father to our country, and the assistance given by him to General Washington during his administration, for the one great object, the Independence and Stability of the Government of the United States, there is one thing in addition to the numerous proofs which I leave them and which I feel myself in duty bound to State: which is: that a short time previous to General Washington's retiring from the Presidency in the year 1796 General Hamilton suggested to him the idea of delivering a farewell address to the people on his withdrawal from public life, with which idea General Washington was well pleased, and in his answer to General Hamilton's suggestion gave him the heads of the subjects on which he would wish to remark, with a request that Mr. Hamilton would prepare an address for him; Mr. Hamilton did so, and the address was written, principally at such times as his office was seldom frequented by his clients and visitors, and during the absence of his students to avoid interruption; at which times he was in the habit of calling me to sit with him, that he might read to me as he wrote, in order, as he said, to discover how it sounded upon the ear, and making the remark, "My dear Eliza, you must be to me what Molière's old nurse was to him."

The whole or nearly all the "Address" was read to me by him as he wrote it and a greater part if not all was written by him in my presence. The original was forwarded to General Washington, who approved of it with the exception of one paragraph, of I think, about four or five lines, which if I mistake not was on the Subject of public schools, which was stricken out. It was afterwards returned to Mr. Hamilton, who made the desired Alteration, and was afterwards delivered by General Washington, and published in that form, and has ever since been known as "General Washington's Farewell Address." Shortly after the publication of the address, my husband myself were walking in Broadway, when an old soldier accosted him, with a request of him to purchase General Washington's Farewell Address, which he did and turning to me said "That man does not know he has asked me to purchase my own work."

The whole circumstances are at this moment so perfectly in my remembrance, that I can call to mind his bringing General Washington's letter to me which returned the "address," and remarking on the only alteration which he (General Washington) had requested to be made.

New York, Aug. 7th. 1840.

After her husband's death Mrs. Hamilton devoted herself to her numerous charities, and to ceaseless efforts to secure justice to Hamilton's memory. Almost to the end of her life she was constantly writing to the leading Federalists all over the country making inquiries for particulars that might be useful for biographical purposes. How steadfastly she nursed her antipathy towards all who had opposed her husband is illustrated by the following incident:

Mrs. Hamilton could never forget the behavior of Monroe when he, with Muhlenberg and Venables, accused Hamilton of financial irregularities at the time of the Reynolds incident. Many years afterward, when they were both aged people, Monroe visited her and an interview occurred which was witnessed by a nephew, who was then a lad of fifteen. "I had," he says, "been sent to call upon my Aunt Hamilton one afternoon. I found her in her garden and was there with her talking, when her maid-servant came from the house with a card. It was the card of James Monroe. She read the name, and stood holding the card, much perturbed. Her voice sank, and she spoke very low, as she always did when she was angry. 'What has that man come to see me for?' escaped from her. 'Why, Aunt Hamilton,' said I, 'don't you know, it's Mr. Monroe, and he's been President, and he is visiting here now in the neighborhood, and has been very much made of, and invited everywhere, and so—I suppose he has come to call and pay his respects to you.' After a moment's hesitation, 'I will see him,' she said.

"The maid went back to the house, my aunt followed, walking rapidly, I after her. As she entered the parlor Monroe rose. She stood in the middle of the room facing him. She did not ask him to sit down. He bowed, and addressing her formally, made her rather a set speech—that it was many years since they had met, that the lapse of time brought its softening influences, that they both were nearing the grave, when past differences could be forgiven and forgotten—in short, from his point of view, a very nice, conciliatory, well-turned little speech. She answered, still standing, and looking at him, 'Mr. Monroe, if you have come to tell me that you repent, that you are sorry, very sorry, for the misrepresentations and the slanders, and the stories you circulated against my dear husband, if you have come to say this, I understand it. But, otherwise, no lapse of time, no nearness to grave, makes any difference.' She stopped speaking. Monroe turned, took up his hat and left the room."

In the light of that faithful devotion to her husband's memory it is interesting to turn back to the record of his courtship, and to cite a couple of examples of Hamilton's old-world love-letters. They were written, it should be remembered, when he was on active service with the army:

I love you more and more every hour. The sweet softness and delicacy of your mind and manners, the elevation of your sentiments, the real goodness of your heart—is tenderness to me—the beauties of your face and person—your untiring good sense and that innocent simplicity and frankness which pervade your actions, all these appear to me with increasing amiableness, and place you in my estimation above all the rest of your sex.

I entreat you, my charmer, not to neglect the charges I gave you, particularly that of taking care of yourself and that of employing all your leisure in reading. Nature has been very kind to you, do not neglect to cultivate her gifts and to enable yourself to make the distinguished figure in all respects to which you are entitled to aspire. You excel most of your sex in all the amiable qualities, endeavor to excel them equally in the splendid ones. You can do it if you please, and I shall take pride in it.—It will be a fund, too, to diversify our enjoyment and amusements and fill all our moments to advantage.

I have told you and I told you truly that I love you too

much. You engross my thoughts too entirely to allow me to think anything else. You not only employ my mind all day, but you intrude on my sleep. I meet you in every dream and when I wake I can not close my eyes again for ruminating on your sweetness. 'Tis a pretty story indeed that I am to be thus monopolized by a little *nui brown maid* like you and from a soldier metamorphosed into a puny lover. I believe in my soul you are an enchantress; but I have tried in vain, if not to break, at least to weaken the charm and you maintain your empire in spite of all my efforts and after every new one I make to draw myself from my allegiance, my partial heart still returns and clings to you with increased attachment. To drop figures, my lovely girl, you become dearer to me every moment. I am more and more unhappy and impatient under the hard necessity that keeps me from you, and yet the prospect lengthens as I advance.

Of necessity in such a study as this, much space is given to the unfriendly relations of Hamilton and Burr, and at the same time great emphasis is laid upon the former's sincere prejudice against dueling. He had, it will be recalled, lost a promising son through that old folly, and on several occasions he advocated the enactment of anti-dueling laws. Yet there were circumstances under which even Hamilton could not refuse to conform to the fashion of his day. Hence his fatal encounter with Burr, the origin of which antedated the duel by many years:

Though much misconception exists as to the relations of Hamilton and Burr, it can not be denied that destiny shaped their lives in such a way that their paths forever crossed, and that one always affected the other in some manner during their eventful careers. The thought certainly suggests itself to the fatalist that the subsequent death of Hamilton and the disgrace and poverty of Burr were preordained. A study of the parallel of their lives becomes, therefore, one of interest. They were born within a year of each other. Burr entered Princeton College in 1769 when but thirteen, and graduated in 1772. He subsequently studied the Gospel, but eventually became an atheist. Hamilton entered the continental army when seventeen, Burr when nineteen.

After the war, both began the practice of law in the same year, and were associated or opposed to each other in many local cases. According to his biographers Burr had no rival but Hamilton. He finally, after eight years in the legislature, came to New York and took a magnificent house known as Richmond Hill. From the first he prospered, not only in Albany, but in New York, and lived luxuriously, while Hamilton was not so well favored, and got along as he could on much smaller emoluments, bringing up his large family. When the former began his legal practice in Albany he was twenty-six. Hamilton was twenty-five.

In political life Burr was always a consistent and bitter anti-Federalist, although, for a time, he pretended a half-hearted attachment to this party. Later he was more or less of a sycophant to Jefferson, until the latter grew tired of him. His atheistic ideas made him a warm partisan of the cause of the French republic. Hamilton detested the French revolutionists. Burr was selfish, Hamilton altruistic, devoting his talents to the good of all.

When Hamilton accepted Burr's challenge he kept the matter a secret from his wife and attended to his professional duties until the closing of the circuit court. Two of the most moving letters in this volume are those in which he bade his loyal partner good-by:

The attitude of Hamilton toward his family must have, for many days, been extremely embarrassing, for the meeting with Burr appears to have been postponed from time to time. Meanwhile he lived with his wife and children at the Grange, and, apparently, attended to his affairs in the city with his accustomed regularity. He wrote his wife two farewell letters, one on July 4, and another on July 10, at ten p. m., but how these letters reached her, or by whom they were delivered, is not known. They were preserved by her and were probably carried about and reread many times, judging by their tattered appearance, and today one of them is scarcely legible. The first letter was possibly written after he had attended the meeting of the Society of Cincinnati—perhaps after he had rendered the jovial song the night before the duel, at some place in the city itself.

Alexander Hamilton to Elizabeth Hamilton.

This letter, my very dear Eliza, will not be delivered to you unless I shall first have terminated my earthly career, to begin, as I humbly hope, from redeeming grace and divine mercy, a happy immortality.

If it had been possible for me to have avoided the interview, my love for you and my precious children would have been alone a decisive motive. But it was not possible, without sacrifices which would have rendered me unworthy of your esteem. I need not tell you of the pangs I feel from the idea of quitting you, and exposing you to the anguish which I knew you would feel. Nor could I dwell on the topic lest it should unman me.

The consolations of Religion, my beloved, can alone support you; and these you have a right to enjoy. Fly to the bosom of your God and he comforted.

With my last idea I shall cherish the sweet hope of meeting you in a better world.

Adieu best of wives—best of women.

Embrace all my darling children for me. Ever yours, A. H.

July 4, 1804.

Mrs. Hamilton.

Alexander Hamilton to Elizabeth Hamilton.

My beloved Eliza: Mrs. Mitchel is the person in the world to whom as a friend I am under the greatest obligations. I have not hitherto done my duty to her. But resolved to repair my omission to her as much as possible, I have encouraged her to come to this country, and intend, if it shall be in my power, to render the evening of her days comfortable.

But if it shall please God to put this out of my power, and to enable you hereafter to be of service to her, I entreat you to do it, and to treat her with the tenderness of a sister.

This is my second letter.

The scruples of a Christian have determined me to expose my own life to any extent rather than subject myself to the guilt of taking the life of another. This much increases my hazards, and redoubles my pangs for you.

But you had rather I should die innocent than live guilty. Heaven can preserve me, and I humbly hope will; but in the contrary event I charge you to remember that you are a Christian. God's will be done!

The will of a merciful God must be good. Once more, Adieu, my darling, darling wife.

Tuesday evening, 10 o'Cl.

Mrs. Hamilton.

One of these letters is produced in facsimile among the numerous illustrations of the volume, which include some interesting portraits and a photograph of the pistols used in the fatal duel.

THE INTIMATE LIFE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Allan McLane Hamilton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50 net.

NEW PLAYS IN PARIS.

Love Themes Diversified by an Aeroplane.

Of course it was inevitable. French aviators have taken so conspicuous a part in the conquest of the air that the flying man was certain to make his appearance on the stage, and M. Kistemackers has won the dramatic race. Yet the playgoer who took his seat in the Vaudeville Theatre with nothing more than the title of the play—"Le Marchand de Bonheur"—to enlighten him, was hardly prepared for the innovation of the second act, in which the aeroplane made its first bow on the stage as a dramatic accessory. In view of the tragedies associated with aviation it would have been difficult to divine a connection between that exercise and a dispenser of happiness. Besides, the Vaudeville has such an established association with those modern problem plays which appeal so irresistibly to the French palate that the probability of the airman appearing first on its stage was exceedingly remote.

Yet M. Kistemackers's introduction of aviation did no violence to his theme, and was cleverly provided for in the first act, the setting of which disclosed the dressing-room of Monique Méran, the fashionable actress heroine of the comedy. There was the usual brilliant and idle crowd of adorers, who are made to shadow forth half a dozen intrigues, and among them is an aviator who is languishing in obscurity and poverty through the lack of means whereby to exploit his mechanical genius in the public gaze. Here, of course, the hero makes his appearance, René Brizay by name, a young millionaire whose father has left him an enormous fortune, made out of chocolate. René is different from the general type of gilded youth; different, that is, in that his aim is to be a purveyor of happiness, using his wealth as the means of brightening the lives of others. But he is the same gilded youth we all know where actresses are concerned. Naturally, then, Monique is the reason why he is in her dressing-room, where also there are two rivals, an actor and a cynical elderly financier named Mourmelon. René is the favorite, however, and the fact that Monique has a kindly affection for a poor chorus girl, Ginette, is sufficient to induce him to draw upon his wealth in her behalf, which he does to the extent of establishing her in a private hotel, presenting her with the inevitable automobile, and giving her unlimited credit on his bank. But the cynical financier is not to be a mere lay figure in the proceedings. Finding means of endangering René's fortune, he threatens Ginette that unless she listens to him he will ruin the romantic *petit chocolatier*. Distracted at this alternative, Ginette sacrifices herself to save René, who thus, while trying to make the girl happy, really becomes the cause of her ruin.

As if this were not a convincing enough illustration of the futility of posing as a dispenser of happiness, M. Kistemackers accentuates his moral by the case of the aviator. René advances him money to construct his aeroplane, with the result that he thinks of nothing else, ignores his domestic duties, and meets with a severe accident—with all of which the wife of the airman reproaches the benevolent René. It will be seen, then, in how mocking a spirit M. Kistemackers has interpreted the theme of his play, which, by the way, was, in its leading rôles, skillfully presented by M. Becman and Mlle. Terka-Lyon, both from Brussels—a surprising innovation on the boards of one of the most Parisian of the boulevard theatres. For all its cynicism, the comedy seems assured of a long run, which is gratifying to the author but hardly comforting to altruistic spirits. Yet how thoroughly French it is that the gilded youth anxious to do good should be overwhelmed in disaster.

Tragedy also tinges the comedy by M. Gabriel Trarieux, "Un Soir," which is playing at the Odéon Theatre. The "one evening" of this play is the central episode in the lives of Captain Villars and his young second wife, Sabine. The captain has a daughter, Antoinette, of marriageable age, who, in the absence of her stepmother, meets and falls in love with André Chambol, a man of letters but no morals. Encouraged by her father, Antoinette consents to an engagement with André, who is, however, haunted by the memory of a beautiful and fascinating woman he once met in Paris and pursued in vain without being able to discover her name. Of course this is Sabine herself, and when the inevitable meeting comes André falls once more under her spell. The captain is absent on service that "one evening" on which Sabine and André compromise each other and agree to fly from Paris together. Contrary to expectation, the wronged husband does not burst in upon the wreckers of his home; M. Trarieux allows the scene to proceed undisturbed to its seemingly fatal conclusion, and adopts the more artistic method of bringing Villars back when the lovers have made their final arrangements. He returns, too, in a new guise. That is, he tells Sabine that for love of her he has resolved to give up his career as a soldier and devote his life to her happiness. What electric effect this sudden twist of circumstance has on Sabine may be easily imagined. It produced the most moving scene of the play, leading as it did to Sabine's confession and recovery of her better nature. And the climax is heightened by the secret being revealed to Antoinette also, to whom the playwright imparts strength enough of character to forgive and forget. A play of such conflicting emotion needed more delicate

handling than the acting at the Odéon—the players of which are usually recruited from the less successful pupils of the Conservatoire—is generally capable of, and hence the wisdom of the special engagement of Mme. Vera Sergine for the rôle of Sabine. She achieved a notable success, and still further established her claim to a place in the very first rank of French actresses. The part of Antoinette was played by Mme. Colonna-Romano with much intelligence and grace, while M. Desjardins interpreted the character of the captain with fine appreciation.

As in M. Kistemackers's sardonic comedy, M. Pierre Wolff's "Les Marionnettes," which holds the boards of the Théâtre Français, poor human nature is depicted as the sport of destiny. Here, however, it is Cupid who pulls the strings of the human puppets and makes them dance as he wills. The theme, in brief, is this: The Marquis Roger de Montclar, having squandered his fortune, is compelled to marry Fernande, a simple and coy young woman of great wealth who has grown up unpolluted from the world within the four walls of a convent. Roger, like so many Frenchmen, has consented to the marriage against his will, and looks upon his wife as an interloper and a necessary evil; but, while he considers her a mere schemer and an ambitious person whose only desire is to live as a marquise in Paris, Fernande adores the husband fate has given her.

On her arrival in the capital, Fernande soon sheds her shyness and country manners, and develops into the most charming and seductive type of the Parisienne. Pretty as she is, society welcomes her cordially, and she quickly becomes a figure in the great *Tout Paris*. Roger, however, under pretense of spending a month or two in the south, has gone to join an old flame of his in Switzerland, and it is not until his return that he meets the transformed Fernande, and is stung with the first pricks of jealousy and incipient love. His suspicions are strengthened by hearing a conversation over the telephone between Fernande and one of her many adorers, with whom she has carried on a flirtation. Roger is certain she has been unfaithful, and the conviction torments him so much that he awakens to the humiliating truth that he is really in love with his own wife! Of course at this stage it does not take M. Wolff long to sweep aside all errors and achieve the triumph of Cupid. In view of the reputation of the Français, it is needless to add that the comedy was given in accordance with the rare traditions of the house of Molière. Mlle. Pierat made a winsome Fernande, and M. Grand a sufficiently hot-tempered Roger. In the minor rôles MM. Bernard and Alexandre and Mlles. Maille and Provost gave equally finished performances. "Les Marionnettes" has the distinction of opening the twenty-sixth year of M. Claretie's management of the famous Français and is worthy of that honor. Its four acts are constructed with all that command of his craft for which M. Wolff is so notable, while its dialogue and situations actually seem to invest the old theme of love with an air of novelty.

PARIS, October 29, 1910.

ST. MARTIN.

The story of the porpoise or whale—for opinions differ as to the exact species—which is in the habit of regularly meeting vessels in Cook's Strait (between the north and south islands of New Zealand) off Pelorus Sound and escorting the vessel on her way, is sometimes regarded by the skeptical armchair traveler as a fable of the De Rougemont type. A recent traveler, however, has sent to the *Fishing Gazette* a photograph of this remarkable fish, accompanied with full details. The correspondent took a trip from Wellington to Nelson on purpose to get a sight of Pelorus Jack, and he was not disappointed. As the vessel approached Pelorus Sound, Jack came out and rubbed himself against the side of the vessel like a cat, escorted the vessel for some four or five minutes, and then disappeared. A special act of Parliament was passed by the New Zealand legislature for the protection of this historic fish, by which heavy penalties are inflicted on any one molesting him.

Time and necessity have at last convinced the French military authorities that a change will have to be made in the color of the army uniform. France alone among the great nations has clung to the military uniform of the past, and it will come with a shock not only to recruits, but to the public as well, to know that the familiar blue coats and red trousers will no longer distinguish the soldier of the line. The protective coloration of army dress was first recognized by Great Britain, whose military authorities after long research hit upon khaki as affording least detection and possessing advantages of cleanliness, cheapness, and durability. The United States followed suit, as did other nations. Neutral tints of gray or gray blue have been adopted by a number of European armies.

Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, sometimes claims to have been founded by Ulysses in the course of his wanderings. But (according to the *London Chronicle*) there is no doubt that Ulyssippo is only a fanciful version of Olisipo, the most ancient name of what was probably at first a Phœnician city. When the Romans absorbed and municipalized Olisipo it became Felicitis Julia, but in the hands of the Moslems it slipped back to Lashbuna. Byron's line in "Childe Harold," "What beauties does Lisboa first unfold!" gives the Portuguese spelling of the name today.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Story of Echo.

A beautiful nymph was Echo, as fair as a nymph could be; Fond of the woods and hills and of sylvan streams was she. A friend of the fair Diana, she followed her oft in the chase. A friend of naiad and dryad, she rivaled them both in grace. I will not pause to describe her; for whether her eyes were blue,

Or brown, or black, or hazel, I leave it all to you. Whether her hair was golden, or black as the raven's wing, I leave, with a glad permission, to your own imagining. You may make her, if so it please you, a maid of the nut brown type,

A genuine rose in summer, a peach when its cheek is ripe, Or a maiden pale and fragile, a blonde of the palest tinting, With shrinking violet beauty, of all modest graces hinting. Just as it suits your fancy, it does not the least hit matter, As fair as you make the picture, it will not the fair truth flatter.

But Echo—I hate to say it—like many another, had A fault, that even in those days was counted rather bad. She was over fond of talking, and whether in pleasant chat Or deep and earnest argument, as truth it is stated, that She wanted the last word always, and however bold or brave Or clever was her opponent, the last word she would have. Now, Jupiter, sad to say it, was very unwisely given— Of course you know that Jupiter was king of the heathen heaven—

To idling his precious time away in fields and forests free, With nymph and naiad and dryad and such like company, Giving to pleasure the moments, from morning till evening late,

That should have been better given to guiding affairs of state For it must be frankly admitted, since the proof is very strong That often in his dominions things seemed to go very wrong Perhaps, if he'd tended to business, Arachne had been more wise;

The Cyclops had been more lucky, maybe, in the way of eyes Midas, maybe, would never have had such a pair of ears; And Niobe, poor creature, might never have turned to tears So it was Juno reasoned, and, as you may be aware, There were other personal reasons; but that was her own affair.

Whatever we think about it, it scarcely can be denied, That with Jupiter's careless habits, her temper was sorely tried.

One day she set out to seek him. Ah! fate is a thing per verse!

She met on the way with Echo—she could not have met worse.

They rambled along together, and as on the way they walked They talked and talked and talked and talked and talked and talked and talked,

And didn't say very much either; at least so I've always heard For each was quite determined to utter the final word. But Echo so long detained her—it was all a conspiracy— That Jupiter fled from his much-loved company.

When Juno, quite outworn, reached home, he was there before her,

Her most obedient servant, her humble and fond adorer.

He asked—it is quite unpleasant such treachery to narrate, "Pray, what in the world, dear Juno, has kept you out so late? I've worried so, dear, about you. I have now, upon my word."

But Juno paid no attention. I doubt if even she heard.

"'Tis a trick, a trick," she muttered, "my excellent plan to talk;

'Tis the fault of that wretched Echo and her silly, incessant talk."

And meeting her shortly after, she said, in a freezing tone:

"Because you once misled me, you shall forfeit the tongue you own,

Except for a single purpose—the one that there's no denying Is dearest to you of any—the purpose of prompt replying. You may have the last word always, just as you wish; but never

To friend or foe can you speak first from this time on forever!"

It did not seem a dreadful fate to Echo. But, alas! How could she tell, or any one, what was to come to pass?

One day she met Narcissus. Said she: "In very truth In all my life I never saw so beautiful a youth."

She watched as on the mountain, in valley, or on plain He followed in the merry chase; she longed—but all in vain—

To speak to him in softest tones and win him to converse. How heavy at that moment seemed that all-forbidding curse.

She waited, all impatient, in the hope that he would speak; She waited, loving, longing, till her hope grew faint and weak.

She had her answer ready, determined quite to be Prepared in perfect fashion for such contingency.

It came about in this wise: Narcissus separated One day from his companions—for so it is related—

And trusting so to find them, called out, "Who's here?" No fear

Had Echo as she answered unhesitating, "Here!"

Narcissus, seeing no one, called long and loudly, "Come!"

"Come!" softly answered Echo, the while her heart with some Strange joy was almost breaking. Narcissus called again:

"Why do you shun me," And the words came haled in tender strain.

"Let us now join one another," called Narcissus, soft and sweet.

With the self-same words came Echo on bappy, flying feet. She would have thrown her loving arms around his neck; but no!

Narcissus most emphatically declined to have it so. He cried: "You shall not have me!" "Have me!" answered Echo. It

Was a state of things embarrassing, and that you will admit. For 'twas in vain, he left her; and she, just as she should.

With blushes, tears, and sighs hid in the deepness of the wood. From that time forth she wandered 'mid mountains, cliffs, and caves,

In dark ravines, in sheltered nooks where once had washed the waves;

Till by and by for very grief her fair flesh fell away; Her bones were changed to rocks—of course you credit what I say—

And of the lovely maiden whose grace made all rejoice, There was absolutely nothing left, just nothing, but her voice;

And yet, so strong is habit, and so strong the curse that Juno Pronounced upon her, that today, as well both I and you know,

Where'er you find her, in the wood, or hill, or vale, or glen, Or in the church or anywhere amid the haunts of men,

There's no way to escape it, though it may seem absurd. If so she answers you at all, she will have the last word.

—Charles Perry.

A campaign to develop at the University of Illinois "the greatest school of railroading in the world" is to be pushed by the officers of every railroad operating in the State, coöperating with the faculty and trustees of the university. No less than sixty officials of railroads recently met to consider details of the plan for practical and effective results.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Price of the Prairie.

Not often has the winning of the prairies inspired a more tenderly eloquent and moving story than this. Its pages are redolent of the sweet air and the wide landscapes of Kansas: "green and blossom-starred in the spring-time; or drenched with the driving summer deluge that made each draw a hissing torrent; or golden, purple, and silver-rimmed in the glorious autumn." Such is the retrospective spirit of the story that it is fittingly told by a man of years, "not old," but one who has the vantage ground of sixty summers. Such a narrator, looking backward, is the wisest type of speaker for such adventures as are here unfolded; he has attained the philosophic calm that in itself is the best testimony to the peace of the prairie, its benediction on the lives of those whose lots were cast amid its wide spaces. And so the pictures come and go of idyllic childhood, of growing love, of the Indian danger, of jealousy, of massacre, and the slow movement toward the settled life of the plains. It is all a singularly winning and poignant record of the price paid for the prairie homes and safety and peace, darkened now with tragedy and anon made wistful by the perverse course of love, but reaching at last a sunlit land of happiness. The heroine is a girl of rare attraction, but the reader's heart will go out as lovingly toward Aunt Candace for the "broad, beautiful, unselfish life she gave to those about her." From every point of view, then, this is an exceedingly wholesome and refreshing story.

THE PRICE OF THE PRAIRIE. By Margaret Hill McCarter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Lady Good-for-Nothing.

Holmes's poem "Agnes," or, rather, the story upon which it is based, has provided "Q" with the theme which he has handled with rare art and restraint in his latest novel. Here, then, is an imaginative version of the tale of that Sir Harry Frankland, the collector of the port of Boston in the reign of George II, who fell in love with Agnes Surriage, a fisherman's daughter, and made her his mistress. The novel adheres closely to the story as history relates it, including the aversion of Agnes to marriage until she had saved her partner's life in the Lisbon earthquake. But of course there are many additional characters, and in particular one of those charming old ladies "Q" knows so well how to depict. For the rest, too, the romance is suffused with that courtly atmosphere associated with old-world days, and the strange resolve of the heroine does not appear so strange in view of the manner in which her character is developed. She certainly seems an unusual product for early New England, but despite her objection to the wedding ceremony there is no trace of lewdness in her nature; on the contrary her spirit is touched to fine religious issues, but not religion as it was known to the rigid New Englanders who whipped her at the cart's tail for Sabbath-breaking. Whatever predispositions the reader may bring to such a story as this, in the way, that is, of feeling it incredible that he can be made to believe in the naturalness of such characters, he will be surprised to find that the art of the storyteller is sufficient to dispel them all and create an illusion of genuine romance.

LADY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.20 net.

Bellcroft Priory.

Opening, suitably, on a wild March night amid the haunted ruins of Bellcroft Priory in the Charnwood forest district of England, this story is compact of mystery and intrigue. Its central figure is a weird creature known as the Little Black Man, who under an air of refinement and culture hides a nature essentially evil and given up to cunning and cruelty. As a foil Mr. Cooke introduces Dr. Cashel, who devotes himself to unraveling the mystery of the strange tragedy recorded in the opening chapter. Throughout, then, an air of the unaccountable hoods over the story, the oppression of which, however, is cleverly relieved at timely intervals by episodes of strong humor. The landscapes of the story are carefully and often poetically painted, and the dialogue is always managed with adroitness. The final scene in the village inn is a worthy addition to the already numerous chapters in fiction devoted to rustic philosophy and wit.

BELLCROFT PRIORY. By W. Bourne Cooke. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The Qualities of Men.

Modestly described by its author as "an essay in appreciation," this stimulating little book is concerned with the discussion of the belief that the changeability of human nature is the one sure ground for optimism. Of course this is quite contrary to "that beneficent historical document which enlightened the world by informing it that all men are horn free and equal," but as Mr. Jastrow is not responsible for that document he can afford to ignore it. And he does to

excellent purpose. He shows, for example, that, judged by the appearance of his home, the estimable citizen Jones is "decoratively purblind," and that the "melodeon in the farm-house or the grand piano in the suburban villa is installed not as a tribute to the muses, but as a libation to respectable success." The conclusion is that we can not by taking thought, "and only moderately by taking lessons in art, add many a cubit to the height of our aesthetic stature." This is cogently applied to, among other things, education, in which a "more sympathetic recognition of the claims of sensibility" is necessary; and with regard to the latter quality Mr. Jastrow reminds us that dexterity of hand or mind is related to sensibility, for "mental awkwardness and manual stupidity have a live basis." There is not a page of the less than two hundred which fails to make the reader think, or is devoid of some suggestive reflection.

THE QUALITIES OF MEN. By Joseph Jastrow. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

To Abyssinia Through an Unknown Land.

That travel in Africa need not necessarily heget conceit in the explorer is pertinently illustrated by Captain Stigand's singularly modest narrative of his journey through the unexplored regions of British East Africa. All who read between the lines will realize that the accomplishment of the task of reaching Abyssinia by the author's unknown route was fraught with considerable danger, but Captain Stigand never obtrudes that, and is content to set down his record in the spirit of the man who is doing nothing remarkable. The result is the production of a volume of extreme fascination, every page of which is instinct with pleasant personality.

Everywhere the explorer was able to get on good terms with the natives, and by the aid of his medicine chest he achieved a somewhat embarrassing reputation as a healer of mortal ills. "The ailments I had to treat were most varied, and the patients were very secret about them, taking me aside and conferring in whispers, while their friends tried to hide behind trees and listen to the conversation. One man brought two chickens and some firewood, which he presented to me, and then, taking me on one side, said that he wanted a child, but could not obtain one. Faith almost always effects a cure with natives, and, in any case, I did not wish to be defeated in anything I was asked to do; so I gave him some innocuous medicine, and prescribed a diet. I explained that all my best child-begetting medicines had been abandoned on the way, but that if he prayed to Allah fervently enough, and followed my instructions, he would soon become a proud father." Captain Stigand does not tattle his gleanings after the manner of the scientific explorer, but in all his chapters there are records of native manners and customs of great interest to the student of anthropology or ethnography. And the interest of the volume is materially enhanced by numerous photographs.

TO ABYSSINIA THROUGH AN UNKNOWN LAND. By Captain C. H. Stigand. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.50 net.

Democracy and the Party System.

M. Ostrogorski's "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties" was no sooner published than universally recognized as a contribution to political science as valuable as the works of Tocqueville, Montesquieu, and Bryce. In its original form it embraced a study of current conditions in England as well as the United States, and it was at once felt that an abridged volume confined to the United States alone was eminently desirable. Such a revision and abridgement is now available in the present volume, which has been brought up to date and enriched with much new matter. One of the most distinguishing features of the book is its delightfully simple and attractive style, making its reading a real pleasure and the comprehension of the author's meaning within the capacity of all. That a Russian should have been able to pen so penetrating a volume is a greater marvel than that Mr. Bryce should have been so successful in his study of American institutions. Although conscious that the task before the American nation, the outcome of the extra-constitutional situation, is vast and complicated, Mr. Ostrogorski looks to the future with confidence and believes that the United States will attain its goal as "a lasting abode of human freedom."

DEMOCRACY AND THE PARTY SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES. By M. Ostrogorski. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net.

Our Inland Seas.

Unique in interest and fascination is the story told by Mr. Mills in the present volume. And it is told in a thorough and exceedingly careful manner. In fact, it would be difficult to think of any phase of the subject on which something of value can not be found in Mr. Mills's pages, whether the interest of the reader centres in the history of the Great Lakes, or is more concerned with their passenger or tourist traffic, or with their commerce. There is, to start with, a singularly attractive account of the discovery and mag-

nitude of the Great Lakes, in which due honor is paid to Champlain for his early attempt to map the vast waters of the inland seas; and Mr. Mills points out that in mere magnitude those seas are the most important feature of the American continent. They include a region one thousand miles in length east and west, and five hundred miles in breadth north and south.

Following this general introduction, Mr. Mills addresses himself to the story of the navigation of the Great Lakes, which he traces from the Indian dugout to the latest greyhound of the present day. Incidentally he pays a graceful tribute to the merchant marine of Canada and to the seamanship which owns kinship with the mariner who has sailed for centuries under the Cross of St. George. Now and then, too, the reader comes upon a passage which reveals the dangers of inland navigation. "The lake storms are often of terrific violence, and as there is no room to run before them as can be done at sea, a lake ship must bear the stress of it and fight it out. At such times a loaded freighter's waist will be awash with green water, and the how will be hurried in the combs, while her whole frame will be twisting and groaning under the tremendous strain." Naturally, then, and also in view of their shorter year, the sailors of the lakes are better paid, better fed, and more comfortably housed than any seamen in the world. The volume is most generously illustrated.

OUR INLAND SEAS: THEIR SHIPPING AND COMMERCE FOR THREE CENTURIES. By James C. Mills. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75 net.

Briefer Reviews.

In "The Pretty Girl Papers" (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net) Emma E. Walker presents a wealth of that kind of advice dear to the readers of the woman's pages in popular periodicals. It ranges from the ideal bedroom, through feminine odors, and the care of the hair, and candy-eating, to little ways to "pretty up." Girls who wish to make the best of themselves will read the book with avidity.

Rarely has the moving story of the Maid of France been set forth in a more direct, sympathetic, or dramatic manner than in Mary Rogers Bangs's "Jeanne D'Arc" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net). It is a welcome departure in that it does not concern itself with the controversial points, and is free from violence of interpretation or reflections upon religious beliefs. The descriptions of places associated with the maid's career are admirably written, and the vital incidents of that career are vividly narrated.

"Pan's Mountain" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.50), by Amelie Rives, is a study in primitive emotions, the said emotions having been deflected somewhat from their normal course by Slavic birth and a passion for classical mythology. The heroine, Dione, is a strongly drawn character, who meets a tragic fate through the intervention of an English poet summing amid her native mountains, but her nature is so depicted that the reader is in danger of closing the story with divided sympathy. There are several well conceived situations.

To the libraries destroyed by fire must now be added that of the medical section of the University of Toulouse, which contained 80,000 volumes valued at a hundred thousand dollars.

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The SPIRIT TRAIL

By KATE and VIRGIL D. BOYLES

THE last struggle of the Sioux for the lands granted them in the Laramie Treaty of 1868 forms the background for this love story of unusual power. During this struggle the daughter of the Indian Agent is kidnaped—while her lover is in jail convicted of murder. His escape through the aid of a frontier missionary, and his rescue of the girl furnishes enough excitement for the most captious fiction reader. It is the best Indian story of many years and the illustrations in color by Maynard Dixon are in every way worthy of the text.

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Conservation of Natural Resources.

Having discussed at length the mineral resources of the United States, and the questions of water, forests, and land, this study makes an earnest plea for conservation in the interests of mankind. With regard to coal, it is urged that the waste in mining and use be reduced to the minimum, and that in the case of oil only that not suitable for light and lubricant be used for fuel. The metals should be conserved by reducing the waste in mining, by not employing them for purposes which destroy them by a single use, and by not utilizing them in such a way as rapidly to deteriorate. With water it is different; here the problem is its complete utilization. On the other hand the forests should not be used more freely than they can be renewed. And so with the soil, save that care should be taken not to allow erosion to occur more rapidly than it is manufactured. It is regarded as beyond doubt that the problem of pinching economy will confront our descendants, consequently "the paramount duty remains to us to transmit to our descendants the resources which nature has bequeathed to us as nearly undiminished in amount as possible, consistent with living a rational and frugal life." The book is fully illustrated from photographs.

THE CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES IN THE UNITED STATES. By Charles Richard Van Hise. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

In the forthcoming life of Disraeli there will be many references to famous writers, including a little vignette of Sir Walter Scott as he appeared in 1825. While traveling in Scotland in that year Disraeli presented himself at Ahotsford with a letter of introduction from his father and describes Scott thus: "A kind but rather stately person; with his pile of forehead, sagacious eye, white hair, and green shooting coat. He was extremely hospitable, and after dinner, with no lack of claret, the quaihs and whisky were brought in. I have seen him sitting in his armchair in his beautiful library, which was the chief rendezvous of the house, with half a dozen terriers about him."

It is announced by the publishers, the Neale Publishing Company, that "A Nation's Crime," a new hook by Mrs. I. Lowenberg of San Francisco, author of "The Irresistible Current," will be out next week.

For their fiction of the present season A. C. McClurg & Co. have made a striking departure in inclosing each novel in a brilliant full color and gold wrapper, reproduced from a painting made by the illustrator of the book. These covers make the McClurg novels stand out in a class by themselves.

B. L. Putnam Weale, who is recognized as a leading authority on matters relating to the yellow race, has completed a study entitled "The Conflict of Color," which the Macmillans will publish shortly. The volume will discuss the question whether the white race is to maintain its supremacy over the black, brown, and yellow races.

Recent greetings publications issued by Paul Elder & Co. include "Ehisu, the Luck God," and "Love and Friendship." The former takes the shape of a triple screen, one panel of which is given up to a picture of the god and his pervasive smile; the other is an attractive envelope hooklet with suitable epigrams.

Anatole France, in his preface to his studies collected from *Le Temps*, writes: "As I understand it, criticism is, like philosophy and history, a sort of romance designed for those who have sagacious and curious minds, and every romance is, rightly taken, an autobiography. The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces." And he quotes with approval the conclusion of M. Cuvillier-Fleury: "Sir, eloquence, literature, philosophy, history, all branches are represented here (in his library), not to mention criticism, which includes all the others. Yes, sir, the critic is in turn an orator, a philosopher, and an historian."

In the December issue of the *Century* will be commenced the serial publication of Arthur C. McGiffert's "The Life of Martin Luther," which is not written from the theological point of view, yet will aim to provide a key to the understanding of today's religious problems.

Randall Parrish's "Keith of the Border" is already in its third large edition, and other recent novels hearing the McClurg imprint which are winning much favor include Margaret Hill McCarter's "The Price of the Prairie," which deals so attractively with pioneer days in Kansas.

Walter Pater figures so seldom in biography that the following glimpse of the solitary scholar is specially interesting: "During dinner a guest asked to see a necklace I was wearing. It was in the form of a serpent made of silver wire deftly interwoven to resemble scales and to make it sinuous and

supple. I unfastened the serpent and as I handed it to Mr. Pater, who was nearest me, it writhed in a lifelike manner, and he drew back his hands with a slight movement of dislike. In a flash I remembered the passage in 'Marius the Epicurean' in which the hero's dislike to serpents is so vividly described, and I realized the description to be autohographic."

Dane Coolidge, whose novel of the bitter antagonisms of sheep and cattle men entitled "Hidden Water" is a recent publication, has thoroughly explored Arizona and the surrounding territory as a wild animal collector for the United States Department of Agriculture and several museums. Mr. Coolidge is convinced that the warfare of which he writes will not be relieved until the government assumes control of the grazing on public lands.

New Books Received.

FICTION.

THE SPIRIT TRAIL. By Kate and Virgil D. Boyles. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

A moving story of the Dakota Indians of the early 'seventies, introducing a love episode of singular appeal.

HIDDEN WATER. By Dane Coolidge. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

With its scenes laid in the Arizona cattle country this story gives an exciting picture of the feud of cattle and sheep men.

SYLVIA'S LOVERS. By Mrs. Gaskell. With a preface by Thomas Secombe. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A delightful new edition of one of the most charming of Mrs. Gaskell's works, with many suitable illustrations.

MARY. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Mary Morison. New York: The Macmillan Company.

An addition to the attractive edition of Björnson's novels, notable for the spirit of its translation.

TALES OF THE TENEMENTS. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Thirteen short stories of Dartmoor life in their author's best manner.

RED PEPPER BURNS. By Grace S. Richmond. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A story of a country doctor of the old school who has an impetuous but lovable nature.

NIGHTSHADE. By Paul Gwynne. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

Of special appeal to all who love mystery and passion.

THE BIRD IN THE BOX. By Mary Mears. New York: F. A. Stokes Company; \$1.20 net.

Introduces a heroine who attempts to escape from her limitations through love and devotion.

JUVENILE.

NELLY'S SILVER MINE. By Helen Hunt Jackson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.

A new and attractive edition of the story of Colorado life which has long been popular with young readers. There are five delightful illustrations in color.

THE BOY'S DRAKE. By Edwin M. Bacon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Tells in a stirring and attractive manner the exciting story of the sea king of the sixteenth century.

ROBIN HOOD. THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Edited by Clifton Johnson. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1 net each.

Two volumes in the "Golden Books for Children," designed for readers between the ages of ten and fifteen.

THE ROUT OF THE FOREIGNER. By Gulielma Zollinger. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

A spirited story of English life in the thirteenth century with many attractive sketches of manners and customs.

THE SLANT BOOK. By Peter Newell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A novelty for children, true to its title, for the pages are on the slant, a deviation from the usual order of things which adds to the fun of the pictures.

THE LITTLE KING. By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Tells in an interesting manner the story of the childhood of Louis XIV, King of France. Charming pictures in color.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARTISTIC HOMES. By Mabel Tuke Priestman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net.

Addressed specially to those about to build a home and who are in doubt as to what style to choose. The advice is exceedingly practical and the illustrations are numerous and suggestive.

HANDICRAFTS IN THE HOME. By Mabel Tuke Priestman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net.

Describes the various crafts which, at a small outlay, may be followed in the home either for recreation or profit.

PLATTERS AND PIPKINS. By Mary H. Krout. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents net.

Dedicated to "all housekeepers: the many who are still striving and the few who have been perfected through suffering." An invaluable little manual on home matters.

OUR LADY IN ART. By Mrs. Henry Jenner. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

An addition to the "Little Books on Art" setting forth in an attractive manner the history of the treatment in art of the life of the Virgin Mary.

FRANCE UNDER THE REPUBLIC. By Jean Charlemagne Bragg. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

An attempt to "gauge the great political experiment of France during the last four decades,

and to make an inventory of the constructive and reformatory work of the republic."

FRONTIER BALLADS. By Joseph Mills Hanson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

Stirring soldier, prairie, and river songs, instinct with the spirit of the open air.

POPULAR LAW-MAKING. By Frederic Jesup Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

An attractive and informing study of the origin, history, and present tendencies of law-making by statute.

THE ROMANCE OF TRISTAN AND ISEULT. Translated from the French of Joseph Bedier by Florence Simmonds. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.75 net.

An exceedingly handsome volume, with a spacious text-page and a notable set of decorative and interpretative illustrations in color by Maurice Lalau.

GREAT MASTERS OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING. From the French of Emile Michel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$7.50 net.

A superb edition of a work already established as a classic of the history of art, notable for the grace of its translation and the wealth of its illustrations, which include forty plates in the best style of photogravure.

ON LIFE AND LETTERS. By Anatole France. Translated by A. W. Evans. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.

A first series of M. France's contribution to *Le Temps* dealing with the drama, literature, prominent statesmen, and many other topics.

A VAGABOND IN THE CAUCASUS. By Stephen Graham. New York: John Lane Company; \$4 net.

Travel adventures from the standpoint of the tramp, fully illustrated.

UNDER FIVE REIGNS. By Lady Dorothy Nevill. New York: John Lane Company; \$5 net.

Another installment of the reminiscences of a lady who has already won fame as a diarist of English social life.

THE NEW INFERNO. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

A dramatic poem in four-lined unrhymed stanzas.

ON THE WOOL TRACK. By C. E. W. Bean. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

Sheep-farming in Australia described in a lively manner, to the accompaniment of many illustrations.

ADVENTURES IN HOME-MAKING. By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.75.

Entertaining and instructive chapters on finding a home, planning it, furnishing, and the care of the grounds.

THE HIGH COURT OF PARLIAMENT AND ITS SUPREMACY. By Charles Howard McIlwain. New Haven: The Yale University Press; \$2.50 net.

A thorough and scholarly study of the boundaries between legislation and adjudication in England.

MAD MAJESTIES, OR RAVING RULERS AND SUBMISSIVE SUBJECTS. By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. New York: Brentano's; \$4 net.

An attempt to show "the flagrant injustice of hereditary privilege as exemplified in hereditary monarchy."

NINON DE L'ENCLOS AND HER CENTURY. By M. C. Rowsell. New York: Brentano's; \$3.75 net.

A study of the woman of whom it was said that her soul was moulded from "the voluptuousness of Epicurus and the virtue of Cato."

MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS OF HELENA MODJESKA. An Autobiography. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4 net.

"Describing my own personal experiences, as well as some characteristics of the prominent people I have met during my stage career."

THE EARTH CRY AND OTHER POEMS. By Theodosia Garrison. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1 net.

Verse mostly in a pensive key, much of which is reprinted from the leading magazines.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. By Arthur Ransome. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$2.50 net.

A study that "seeks to examine all Poe's activi-

ties in turn, and so to separate truth from tradition."

SYSTEMATIC MORAL EDUCATION. By John King Clark. New York: The A. S. Barnes Company.

An outline of the science and art of ethical instruction and a series of daily lessons on ethical topics.

FRANZ LISZT. By Raphael Ledos de Beaufort Boston: Oliver Ditson Company.

A brief but interesting biography of the famous musician, including a list of his chief works and his most notable pupils.

NATURAL LAWS IN PIANO TECHNIC. By Mary Wood Chase. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company.

Insists that the first step in the beginning of technical study is to obtain conscious control and development of the hand.

WAYS AND DAYS OUT OF LONDON. By Aid Rodman De Milt. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$2.50 net.

Pleasant chapters describing excursions to places in the vicinity of London. Many illustrations.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGRAVING. By Frederick Keppel. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$3.50 net.

Described as "a specialist's story about fine arts," which is already in its second edition.

A BOOK OF HOSPITALITIES AND A RECORD OF GUESTS. With a foreword on Old House Motives by Arthur Guiterman. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An attractive book, with blank pages on which guests may write their grateful appreciations of hospitality.

WOMAN IN ITALY. By William Boulting. New York: Brentano's; \$4 net.

A study of the women of Italy from the introduction of the chivalrous service of love to the appearance of the professional actress.

TENNYSON: FIFTY POEMS. Edited by J. H. Lobban. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; 75 cents net.

Representative of the poet's works from 1831 to 1864, with a suggestive introduction and many helpful notes.

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"THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

No doubt Mr. Nirdlinger has considerably modernized and perhaps shortened José Echegaray's famous play, for "The World and His Wife" is thoroughly modern in its construction. There are no loose ends, nothing extraneous, and, except for two rather lengthy speeches, the dialogue is up to date in its conciseness. These two speeches, both of them in the mouth of Ernesto, the youth who is the presumable lover of the blameless wife, bear upon what is the main motive of the play—the dangers and sufferings that idly malicious gossip can inflict upon the innocent victim.

Every speech, action, and incident in the play bears upon this main theme. The spectator who is aware of the trend of the story wonders, as he views the peaceful household of Don Julian in the beginning of things and sees the happy husband and wife together, how, in three acts, the author can so precipitate the rush of events as to invoke the disaster without making his haste unseemly.

But it is done, and all seems credible and not arranged. I can not, nevertheless, exactly put my finger upon the reason for a certain remoteness in the sympathy-drawing qualities of the play. Perhaps we dimly feel how far off are Spanish life and character from our field of vision, with so little of the fiction of that country accessible to enlighten us.

The piece is exceedingly well acted. The two rôles of the husband and the reputed lover are really of equal importance. Except for the two long speeches already referred to, I should say that Don Julian, the husband, has more to say and do than the young Ernesto. This rôle of the husband is played with dignity, with considerable emotional abandon, but also with just a suspicion of over-emphasized theatrical effect by H. Cooper Cliffe. The actor, nevertheless, succeeded in awakening sympathy for the unfortunate husband, whose nobility of character he made us feel, even in the moments when he doubted without reason.

Mr. Faversham's well-known romanticism of style made the part of Don Ernesto particularly suitable. The elocution of this actor is a delight, and the fine quality of his voice lends further charm to his discourse. These qualities were particularly noticeable during his delivery of Don Ernesto's stinging summary of the qualities of Galeoto, the malicious busybody who figured as the protagonist of an opera popular in Madrid; and, at the finale, in the burst of impassioned eloquence with which the young man scoured those who had needlessly broken up a happy and honorable union, and flung into his arms the woman, however ardently welcomed, whose wounded heart had never harbored one disloyal thought toward her husband.

Unfortunately, the important point of a disparity in years between husband and wife, and of Don Julian's considerable seniority to Don Ernesto, was not properly insisted on, in the make-up of the two men. Indeed, they seemed much of an age, and so great was Don Ernesto's natural dignity that he seemed as potent, grave, and reverend a signor as the kindly senior whose protégé he was.

Miss Julie Opp is a tall woman of striking presence, and possesses a beauty of form and countenance that, while not appealing to every taste, is unquestionable, and made plausible the suspicions of those in the play who could not conceive of Don Ernesto living in daily contemplation and maintaining impregnable susceptibilities.

Miss Opp is a fine actress within certain degrees. She was a potent factor in the success of each emotional scene, and a striking element in its pictorial constituents. Her attitudes were particularly well chosen, her features highly expressive. The last scene in Don Julian's life, that in which he warded off death for a time by the might of his love, the keen anguish of his jealousy, was a touching one. In it I admired the way in which the fateful three comported themselves; the ardor of reviving faith which caused the dying man to glow with returning vitality, the touching gratitude with the once honored wife returned to the long withheld shelter of his arms, the suspended hope with which Ernesto, in the very act of confidently leading Teodora to her husband, saw jealousy revive in the tortured heart of his friend. This was the scene of the play, and its dramatic sig-

nificance was excellently, impressively conveyed.

Still, it was the only one in which the keenness of the suffering expressed woke a particularly intimate response. Mr. Faversham then takes up the word, and in Ernesto's impassioned denunciation of the slanderous "world and his wife," as typified by the three present, who bowed in shame before the scornful scourging of Ernesto's tongue, carried us in spirit with him, on the very crest of the wave.

It is for this, perhaps, that Mr. Faversham chooses the rôle of Ernesto, for no man who loves to act and who can declaim as well as this actor would fail to thrill with pleasure during this moment when he causes an entire audience to thrill with him.

I wonder if that slight remoteness of sympathy in this play is not caused by our American inability to comprehend how far and potentially unfounded slander works in a Latin community in which the women do not have the freedom of ours. In America we rarely hear of people being the victim of unjust slander. The unusual freedom of action accorded to women prevents them from being regarded suspiciously in situations which are absolutely prohibited to the Latin maid or wife. And, besides, this is the country of self-contained temperaments and consequently of good-natured toleration for the harmless erraticisms of good women who do not abuse their freedom.

What the play really brings home to us is the force of the law of suggestion. The whole social community that revolved around the household of Don Juan united unconsciously in one consolidated tendency: to push two well-meaning and guiltless friends into the position of guilty lovers. And mingled with this more obvious situation was that subtle underconsciousness awakened in the pair concerned which Echegaray most delicately suggests in several interviews, but never brings out into the light of day except in Ernesto's final arraignment. There was the possibility of harmful emotion lying unawakened in two loyal hearts. Dimly, dimly they felt a hovering charm, but the dangerous spell might never have been felt if Don Severo and his like had not evoked its presence by the law of suggestion.

This evidence of the divination of the trained psychologist for the deep-down mysteries of the human heart tended to give some further color of modernness to a play already provided with the up-to-date virtues of continuity and consistency of action, and conciseness of dialogue. Yet, as "El Gran Galeoto" is quite an old play, there was, inevitably, some suggestion of old-fashionedness in "The World and His Wife."

The characters, for instance, are rather cast into types or moulds. Their individuality, as distinguished from that of their prototypes, is not particularly developed. Mr. Faversham, I thought, rather emphasized this old-fashionedness in the character of Ernesto by the romanticism of his style; the many-folded, Hamlet-reminding mantle that he carried in the last act is an item that counts in this impression. It seems to me that he does not make enough of an attempt to bring out the youth of Ernesto. Richard Mansfield's success in simulating the youth of the prince in "Old Heidelberg" shows what can be done in that line. Mr. Faversham's Ernesto, instead of suggesting a Latin youth in the early twenties, bore the aspect of a dignified, slightly austere scholar past his first youth.

But, generally speaking, and in matters of detail, the production of "The World and His Wife" is that of a very satisfactory degree of merit. The minor rôles are all suitably filled. Mr. Lytton's Don Severo had its striking qualities, and Mr. Hollins's Captain Beaulieu, with its neatly emphasized humor, and its attractive Englishness, was a gratefully received lighting of the serious atmosphere of the play. Lionel Belmore's concierge deserves a compliment also, as does any bit of acting that makes you forget, for the moment, that it is acting.

There is already being manifested so great an interest in the forthcoming appearance of Ellen Terry that the management looks for a complete selling out of all seats for the one performance long before December 1, the date on which the great English actress will give her discourse on "Shakespeare's Heroines Triumphant," with illustrative acting. The box-office of the Columbia Theatre is already being overwhelmed with mail orders for seats, although the advance sale does not open until Saturday morning, December 26.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Blanche Walsh's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will continue throughout this and next week, including Sunday nights. The brilliant emotional actress has created a stir with her production of Frederic Arnold Kummer's new drama, "The Other Woman." It is a play in which Miss Walsh and the members of her supporting company are cast to every possible advantage. The three acts contain an unusually large number of brilliant scenes, and the close of the play sees Miss Walsh in one of the greatest emotional bits played on the local stage in years. George W. Howard, the leading man of the company, also has a remarkably strong rôle. There will be a special holiday matinee on Thursday, Thanksgiving Day, in addition to the regular Saturday matinee. The Thursday matinee will be given at the popular scale of prices, \$1, 50c, 25c.

This Saturday afternoon and evening William Faversham and his remarkable company will present "The World and His Wife" for the last times at the Savoy Theatre, and on Sunday night another distinctly high-class and novel attraction will be offered. Daniel V. Arthur, to whose credit must go so many theatrical achievements, has finally discovered an entirely new form of musical entertainment which he has, for want of a better word, called a song comedy. "A Matinée Idol," in which De Wolf Hopper will begin a limited engagement, is the first example of this form of entertainment to be offered to the public. That it has won an immediate place for itself is best evidenced by the fact that the piece comes here with a record of one hundred nights in Chicago and six months in New York. Mr. Hopper, who is a tremendous favorite here and has not been seen in this city for some time, comes with the same company by which he was supported during the New York run of the piece. The organization is headed by Louise Dresser, than whom no more delightful comedienne can be found. There is also a chorus of lovely young women, who are neither "broilers," nor "squabs," nor "chickens," but, on the contrary, just girls. New York liked them, because they were so young, so joyous, so girlish. There are plenty of other people in the company, but with a screamingly funny play, De Wolf Hopper in the flower of his fine art, Louise Dresser in all the plenitude of her pulchritude, and a large crowd of girls, there is certainly enough to satisfy the most exacting amusement lover.

The excellence of the Orpheum programme for next week is fully attested by the mere mention of the acts which compose it. The Six Musical Cuttys, brothers and sisters, musical vaudeville artists, will make their first appearance here, after a successful European tour. Their repertory is novel, varied, and attractive. The cello solo of Miss Cutty, and the bass and reed numbers of the sextet, are particularly popular features. James Callahan and Jenny St. George, two Irish-Americans who have just returned from two years abroad, will present a little classic called "The Old Neighborhood." Mr. Callahan personates an Irishman who has emigrated to this country, while Miss St. George, a gifted harpist and accomplished vocalist, stirs his emotions by the melodies of Erin. D. J. Andree's Studies in Porcelain will prove a distinct artistic novelty, and entirely different from anything seen here in the living picture line. The production comes direct from the Apollo Theatre, Berlin, where it created a sensation. The Temple Quartet, a singing four, direct from New York, where they were soloists at important musical events, are also included in the good things of next week. The Temples are considered the best singing quartet in vaudeville, and their repertory is suited to all tastes. Next week will be the last of Alf Grant and Ethel Hoag, Jewell's Manikins, and the Great Asahi and his troupe of Japanese. It will also conclude the engagement of George Beban, who as the bereaved Italian ditch-digger in "The Sign of the Rose" has scored a bit equal to that achieved by great character actors in four-act dramas.

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In her latest and greatest success
"THE OTHER WOMAN"
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Monday, Nov. 28—LILLIAN RUSSELL, in her new laugh-provoker, "In Search of a Sinner."



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This Sat. aft. and eve.—Last times of Wm. Faversham in "The World and His Wife"
Commencing This Sunday Evening
Matinees Thursday and Saturday
Daniel V. Arthur presents

DE WOLF HOPPER
In the Sensational Comedy Success, "A MATINEE IDOL," with Louise Dresser and that Dandy, Chorus. "1000 laughs without a single blush."
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VANITY FAIR.

As an apologist for the four-hundred type of society few can equal Lady Dorothy Nevill, little as she likes the variety. One of the most pleasant things about the "smart set," she says, is its complacency—many of its members are as happy as the day is long, serenely confident that they, and they alone, represent the elect of the human race destined by some turn of fate, which they have no desire to understand, to lead a life of lotus-eating and amusement. Curiously enough, when the ruthless destiny, which comes to so many human beings quite irrespective of wealth or class, happens to overwhelm people of this sort, quite a number (contrary to what one might reasonably suppose) display the greatest courage. Not a few have faced the loss of fortune with a cheerfulness which finer characters may well envy, whilst others, stricken down by disease and pain, exhibit a rare fortitude of quite an extraordinary character. As a matter of fact, a large number of people who spend their time toying with the trinkets of life are unconscious fatalists, avoiding every form of trouble or of sorrow much as they do a bad dinner. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," is their motto—one of an uninspiring and even low character. Perhaps society is to blame for this, inasmuch as the credentials for admission to its circle may be all summed up in an ability to entertain on the most lavish scale. For all her dislike of the new rich, Lady Dorothy has to confess to a certain admiration for the successful speculator who finds himself in houses where formerly he would not have been allowed in the servants' hall. There is about that kind of man a self-confidence and swagger which recalls the story of the little boy who, having soaked his handkerchief in eau-de-Cologne, proudly announced to a party of friends, "If any of you smells a smell, that's me."

Seeing that America is frequently blamed for Europe's bad weather it is not much of a shock to learn that Americans are the cause of dearer living in Paris. They have, it is claimed, taken to France habits of luxury which were formerly unknown in that land. Consequently the time when it was possible to save money in Paris has vanished. Not so long ago there were many who found that they could live more comfortably in the French capital while spending much less than would be necessary in American cities. But not now. Everything has gone up. Everything at the stores, from silk petticoats to gloves, from furs to ostrich feathers, is quoted at a higher figure, and even at the theatres the poor tax which used to be paid by the management is now transferred to the playgoer.

On the other hand, however, in the country districts of France it is amazing what value in shelter and food can still be obtained at moderate prices. The rural inns of the old-fashioned type are yet catering to the simple life. Of the food to be obtained in those hostleries it is difficult to speak in terms of sufficiently high praise. The scheme is everywhere about the same. For lunch hors d'œuvres, an omelette, a cutlet, an entrecôte, a vegetable plat, cheese, fruit, and crackers. Dinner is generally a somewhat heavier meal with soup instead of hors d'œuvres, generally fish for the second course, and two dishes of a more complicated order to follow. Salad, fresh as the dew, ambrosially seasoned, figures on every menu, and, even where the district is not a vine-growing one, one will find the light, brisk wine of France, both white and red, included without extra charge. The cooking deserves the pen of a Meredith to do it justice. And the average cost per day, including a bedroom, will be a little less or a very little more than two dollars!

And, talking of menus, a pathetic interest attaches to that of the lunch which the Duke of Orleans gave on the occasion when King George of England was his guest the other day to meet the deposed King Manuel of Portugal. Here it is:

Oufs à la Chartres
Petits pâtés Parisienne
Filet de bœuf à la Godard
Ballotine de dinde à la gelée
Cuisson de chevreuil sauce grand Veneur
Fonds d'artichauts à la Mornay
Glacé Néuseko
Petits Condé

Each member of the party signed a copy of the menu for the host, who is to have it photographed and send a print to all other guests.

Instead of calling herself a "roomer," after the model of the American vernacular, Pierre de Coulevain, whose "home" is a bedroom and a dressing-room on the fourth floor of a hotel, describes herself more piously as "on the branch," which offers an excellent substitute for the "roomer" so long in use. From her perch Pierre de Coulevain gives a vivid picture of the transient life in her "home."

"When, in the evening, I see all these people of various races in the hotel rooms, I can not believe that it is just due to chance or to

their own will that they are here. Some of them come from very far away, from Chili, from San Francisco. Is it just to gossip, talk and play games that they have been gathered together under the same roof? No, it certainly is not. There must be underneath all this some very interesting weaving, some commencement of things, an exchange of life necessary to the progress of all. They all appear to belong to the same society, to the same civilization, and yet they represent different degrees of moral elevation. Three circles are constituted and reconstituted invariably; the English circle, the American circle, the French circle.

"In the English circle the women knit long, ribbed stockings of the kind so dear to sportsmen, or gloves for the Newfoundland fishermen. They talk in a monotonous voice; their faces are grave and cold, but their eyes are soft. They play cards with a concentrated passion that is perfectly disciplined. In the French circle there is more light and vivacity. The women manufacture pretty little things in bright colors. They talk, not perhaps about very elevated subjects, but the conversation is kept up without flagging. The game, whatever it may be, is played gaily, with an accompaniment of droll remarks. In the American circle there is more beauty, more elegance and youth. The women, most of them with large hats which are apparently riveted to their heads, and purses with gold meshes hanging round their wrists, chatter unceasingly. They play poker with an ardor that brings patches of color to their cheeks. Some charming exotic women come and go among these groups. What fine races they represent! The setting of their eyes always amazes me. On their small-featured faces one sees the reflection of a kindly, childlike soul. The Russian and Polish women stand out in extraordinary relief. One feels their immense capabilities. In these modern surroundings, with their intense-looking expression, their enthusiasm, they seem to me curiously out of date. I always come back to the American women with pleasure and interest. When they talk French all their fine self-assurance vanishes. Their expression, their very voices soften, a something naive is evolved from them, a something very young, which is, perhaps, the real basis of their soul. I owe much to them. Their activity has often stimulated my idleness. Through them I have, as it were, felt the ebullition of the life of their country."

This is a busy age for the compiler, but no one has yet given the world that anthology of the foods of the earth for which every gourmand is longing. Quite an entertaining chapter could be made out of the cucumber alone. And some of the extracts would provide material for much mental exercise to decide whether they are humorous or serious. For example, what did that old Greek mean when he said of a certain woman that

She was to me
More tender than a cucumber?

Only one meaning would have been taken from that equivocal statement by that famous doctor who used to declare that the only way to dress a cucumber is to cut it into very thin slices, sprinkle it with the finest of oil, pepper it plentifully, cover it with vinegar—and then throw it out of the window! On the other hand Thackeray tells how he "had delicate cucumbers stuffed with forcemeat," while Dickens refers to "salmon, lamb, peas, innocent young potatoes, a cool salad, sliced cucumber, a tender duckling—all there!" Both novelists were evidently men after the heart of the Emperor Tiberius, who was never without cucumbers, and had frames made upon wheels, by means of which the growing cucumbers could be moved about and exposed to the full heat of the sun, while in winter they were withdrawn and placed under the protection of frames glazed with mirror-stone. Yet two or three centuries ago the vegetable was looked at suspiciously as cold and treacherous, yielding "unto the body a cold nourishment, and that very little, and the same not good."

Hailed as "The Master of Feminism," Marcel Prévost endeavors to make good his right to the title by the following bit of philosophy: "Is a woman's hat meant to cover her head? Is a woman's sunshade meant to shade her from the sun? Are a woman's shoes made for walking? Or her bejeweled watch meant to tell her the time? Why, then, should a woman's letter be meant to convey her real thoughts?"

Carlyle omitted to note, in his philosophy of clothes, that for a man to don a black coat is to seal his doom for the remainder of his life. Henceforward his life is lived for the sake of that garment. Because there is a black coat on his back he must wear a black hat. Then he can no longer feel the wind blowing through his hair. He must wear gloves on his hands for the sake of the black coat; and then, for fear he might soil his gloves, he is careful to give his hands no dirty work, however honest. If a door is to be opened, he calls a porter. The black coat demands a white collar and white cuffs for

his wrists; these white edgings must be renewed daily, and much money must be earned to bear this heavy expense. For the sake of his black coat he must marry a wife, and for her sake he must live in a suitable house, and the house must be run just so, and thus the plot thickens from year to year. Whereas the simple pocket handkerchief of the mild savage, or the fig-leaf of Eden entailed no such consequences. Yet the poet would rather have fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!

A distinguished member of the illustrious profession of waiters has declared that to be successful in his calling a waiter must have:

The patience of Job.
The wisdom of Solomon.
The wit of a diplomat.
The skill of an artist.
The bearing of a prince.

To which, perhaps, should be added, "and the soul of a waiter." For, like the poet, and despite all protest to the contrary, the waiter is born, not made.

A devotee of coffee, who has sampled the beverage in many lands, protests against those who understand not the hour and the place, and order it at strange moments and for stranger purposes. Americans there be, affirms this epicure, who, from thick, heavy, odious cups drink it, plentifully weakened with milk, as the one proper and fit accompaniment for dinner; a spoonful of coffee follows a spoonful of soup; another is prelude to the joint; a second cup spoils the sweet. On the other hand, he it admitted in fairness, no coffee is purer and better than that of the American who has not fallen into such mistaken courses.

In the afternoon, plump German matrons and maidens gather about the coffee-pot, and fancy, poor souls, that they, of all woman-kind, are most discriminating of time and opportunity. Gossip goes smoothly on; household matters are placidly discussed; and the one and only end of coffee remains for them, now and always, unknown and unsuspected. In their blameless innocence and guileless confidence, may they have whatever happiness belongs of right to the race of humble and unassuming housewives.

In England the spurious is preferred to the genuine; and rare indeed is the house or restaurant, the hotel or lodgings, where good coffee is the portion of blundering humanity. Over the barbarous depths into which the soul-inspiring berry has been dragged in unhappy Albion it is kinder to draw a veil.

But in the inscrutable East, the cradle of mysticism, where no problem discourages earnest seekers after truth, coffee may yet be had in full perfection. In the West, France is not without her children of light, and in the tall glass of the café or the deep bowl of the auberge coffee sometimes is not unworthy of the name, though chicory, the base, now threatens its ruin.

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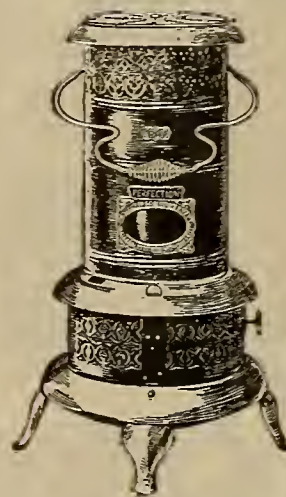
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The following entry appears in the "Visitors' Book" of a hotel in Germany: "The living here is good, plain, and substantial. So is the waitress."

Thomas Hood was visited shortly before his death by a clergyman. "My dear sir," Hood said to him, looking at his gloomy countenance, "I am afraid your religion does not agree with you."

The motto of the amateur actor, according to Seymour Hicks, is that "it is better to have had a frost than never to have played at all." On this subject he quotes a happy retort of Sir W. S. Gilbert's. "What do you think of our amateur club?" said an enthusiast. "I think they are not so much a club as a bundle of sticks," said the master of repartee.

One of his friends once asked Mr. Darwin's gardener about his master's health, and how he had been lately. "Oh!" he said, "my poor master has been very sadly. I often wish he had something to do. He moons about in the garden, and I have seen him stand doing nothing before a flower for ten minutes at a time. If he only had something to do I really believe he would be better."

Soon after the arrival of his first baby, his wife went upstairs one evening and found him standing by the side of the crib and gazing earnestly at the child. She was touched by the sight and tears filled her eyes. Her arms stole softly around his neck as she rubbed her cheek caressingly against his shoulder. He started slightly at the touch. "Darling," he murmured, dreamily, "it is incomprehensible to me how they get up such a crib as that for 99 cents."

A candidate told this story at a mass meeting, where preceding orators had urged the audience to show their patriotism by voting for the best man. "The honeymoon of a newly married couple was about to end," he said, "and the young bride asked her husband what she could do to prove she loved him with all her heart. The husband replied: 'You might turn over all the foolish letters I have written you, so that I might have the satisfaction of destroying them.'"

Richard Harding Davis at a football game in Philadelphia praised the voices of the young undergraduates shouting their weird college yells. "It makes me think of a Locust Street bride," said Mr. Davis, smiling. "She turned to her husband one night at dinner and remarked: 'My dear, the first time I saw you was at Franklin Field. Your head was thrown back, your mouth was wide open, and your face was very red—you were yelling your college yell.' 'Yes, I remember,' said the young man. 'And I noticed,' she continued, 'what a remarkable voice you had.' 'Yes, you spoke of it at the time,' said he. 'But what makes you think of it now?' 'Oh, nothing,' said the bride. 'Only I wish the baby hadn't inherited it. That's all.'"

Henry E. Dixey, the actor, was in a cynical mood at a recent dinner. "Every other young actress is calling herself Thais," he said. "Thais McGinnis, Thais Endicott, Thais Schmidt—the thing is universal. Universal and ridiculous, for they who have read Anatole France's story of Thais know that she was a very naughty little girl, indeed. I am quite sure that no real reader of 'Thais' would ever, under any circumstances, consent to be called such a name. It makes me think of a man who, taking his infant daughter to be baptized, told the clergyman to call her Venus. 'But I refuse to call her Venus,' said the clergyman, indignantly. 'Venus is the name of a pagan goddess.' 'Well, how about your own girl, Diana?' said the man."

Senator Murphy Foster, at a dinner in Washington, said of a certain retraction: "It was a retraction without value. It recalls the Nola Chucky scandal. Dean Washington, in the heat of a revival, shouted from the Nola Chucky chapel: 'I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' that thar Calhoun Clay.' Calhoun Clay at once rose and left the church. He was very angry. He brought several powerful influences to bear and the deacon promised to apologize. So at the following revival the old man said: 'I desire to retract mah last night's remark, namely, 'I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' Calhoun Clay.' What I should have said, dear brethren and sistern, was, 'I see befo' me nine chicken thieves, not includin' Calhoun Clay.'"

A raw recruit from a remote corner of the Green Isle was engaged for the first time in a field manoeuvre, on outpost duty. The sergeant instructed him to look out carefully for the colonel coming to inspect the post. After an hour he returned and asked the soldier, "Has the colonel been here?" Re-

ceiving an answer in the negative, he went away, returning later on with the same inquiry. A while later the colonel appeared. The recruit did not salute properly, which incensed the colonel, who, as a hint, asked him: "Do you know who I am?" "Faith, and I do not," answered the recruit. "I am the colonel." "Begorra, you will catch it then," says the soldier. "The sergeant has been asking twice for yez already!"

Poor Tweedledum was in trouble. He was up before the local magistrate. "Officer," demanded the dispenser of justice, "read the charge." Mumbledun's chest expanded. "Obstructing the traffic by causing a large crowd to assemble in Ditchwater Street on the 20th instant, yer worship!" "And defense?" rapped out his worship, turning to Tweedledum. Tweedledum cleared his throat. "Sir," he replied, "I happened to appear in my front garden wearing a tie my wife bought me for my birthday, and it got about that I was going to give a comic entertainment. That is all."

Archie Williams, an Omaha lawyer, went down into Kansas, where business kept him in a small town for two days, and a lot of time hung heavy on his hands, for one of the days was Sunday. "Fine place, this," said a native to him. "Yes," said Williams, rather shortly. He didn't seem at all eager to open a discussion concerning the merits of the bamlet. "Real good place," continued the native. "Oh, yes," said Williams, and again showed no inclination to discuss the subject. "You like it, do you?" asked the native. "Like it? Like it?" answered Williams, very gently and softly. He got up and laid his hand on the native's shoulder. "Like it? Why, my dear, good friend, I like this town so well I could die here." "Why—why—I'm glad to know that. But how does it appeal to you so much as that?" "Why," said Williams, still very gently, "I never saw a place in all my life, and I have lived a good many years, which I could leave with so few regrets!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

She Has, Believe Me Not.
Put away the pretty crutches,
And the jug of iodine;
Ditch the first aid to the injured
And the compress for the spine.
House the ambulance and stretchers,
Spill the bag of waterwarmed—
We've been told the game of football
Is a sport that's been "reformed."
—The Commoner.

The Simplified Style.
There was a wee damsel named Peggy,
With pinafore jammy and eggys;
When they said, "You can't spell,"
She replied, "Very well,
And neither can Andrew Carnegie."
—Mostyn Pigott in P. I. P.

Missing Rhymes Found.
Bill Jones was an elderly hachelor,
And he hadn't even a satchel or
Valise; so he stole one—sad, sad step!
For that was the way he lost his rep.
—Chicago Tribune.

Sister's Beau.
When sister's beau comes Sunday nights
We always turn on all the lights,
And pa and ma and sis and me
We entertain the company.
He sits across the room from sis
Like this.

Our bedtime's nine o'clock, you know
(I just pretend, but do not go).
The lights they seem too strong for him
And so they turn 'em awful dim,
And he sits on the couch with sis
Likethis.
—Woman's Home Companion.

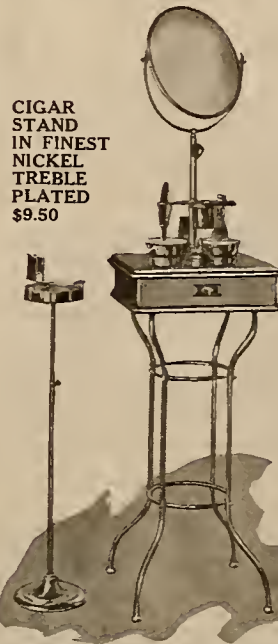
To a Jilt.
If handsome is as handsome does,
As handsome hath been said to be,
Why, you're the handsomest ever was,
For you have "done me" handsomely!
—London Opinion.

Real Goblins.
Once there was a little girl
Who tried to smuggle things,
And when the dock inspectors came
She up and hid her rings;
And when they asked her what she had
She just said, "Nuthin', sir!"
Although she knew it wasn't true—
She had 'em all on her,
And when they had her searched, O, my!
They found 'em in her hair!—
And the customs men'll get you
Ef you don't declare.

Then there was a little boy
Who bought a lot of clothes,
And handkerchiefs and shirts and things,
And underwear and hose;
And as he landed on the dock
He looked just like a saint.
When asked if he'd bought things abroad,
He said, "No, sir, I aint!"
But when they opened up his trunks
The things they found in there!—
And the customs men'll get you
Ef you don't declare.
—New York Times.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The week has been an unusually brilliant one, illumined as it has been by the many affairs consequent on the Kirmess which kept all of society occupied for the entire week. Dinner and supper parties flanked box parties at the big charity performance and were the occasion of much hospitality on the part of those actively interested in the society benefit.

The Greenway dance on Monday night, though a small and early affair designed for the pleasure of the debutantes, was nevertheless thoroughly enjoyable and brilliant from the point of view of gowns and jewels, as well as having a notable assemblage of guests.

Several engagements have marked the passing of the week, and the weddings though quietly solemnized were of social importance because of the prominence of the contracting parties. Among the most notable of these was that of Lieutenant Shea and Miss Lalla Wenzelberger on Wednesday.

Large bridge parties are the popular medium through which hospitality is extended this winter, and a number of these affairs occupied a prominent place on the calendar this week.

The Kirmess closed on Friday night with a series of supper parties in the white and gold room at the Hotel St. Francis, which furnished a brilliant finale to the week's gaiety. Among those present at these pretty affairs either as hosts or guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Metson, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. John Metcalf, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Mrs. Roy Somers, Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood, Mrs. George Joerns, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Madeline Cummings, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Francis Stewart, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Marian Mathieu, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Carl Wolff, Mr. Willard Barton, Jr., Mr. Walter Robinson, Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. Arthur Fennimore, Mr. Emil Kehrlein, Mr. Frank Hooper, and Mr. Cyril Tobin.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Eleanor Wooster and Mr. Rollo E. Fay. The wedding will take place next month, but will be a very quiet affair, owing to the recent death of Miss Wooster's stepfather, Mr. A. H. Small.

The wedding of Miss Lalla Wenzelberger and Lieutenant Shea took place on Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wenzelberger, on Steiner Street. The matrons of honor were Mrs. Adolphus Graupner and Mrs. George Chase; Mrs. Lottie Collier acted as maid of honor, and Lieutenant J. R. Besse attended the groom as best man. Following a month's honeymoon trip in the south Lieutenant Shea and his bride will be guests at the Wenzelberger home until January 1.

Miss Marion Zeile's luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Anita Maillard was a large and handsome affair. Among the guests were Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. Allan MacDonald, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Sarah Coffin, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Lillian Goss, Miss Hilda Stedman, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Clara Allen, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Marian Crocker, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Bessie Ashton,

Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Edith Treanor, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Vera de Sabla, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Isabel Chase, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Kathleen Kaime, Miss Harriet Stone, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Louise Walach, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Frances Martin, Miss Laura Baldwin, Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Maude Wilson, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Miss Olive Wheeler, and Miss Lurline Matson.

Miss Ysobel Chase presided at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Monday in honor of Miss Marian Turner, a St. Louis girl who is visiting Miss Ernestine McNear. Among the guests were Miss Dora Winn, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Evelyn Barron, and Miss McNear.

Miss Edith Treanor was hostess at an informal tea on Saturday at her home on Pacific Avenue. Among those who enjoyed her hospitality were Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood, Mrs. Allan MacDonald, Mrs. Covington Pringle, Miss Alyse Warner, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Mand Wilson, Miss Helen Ashton, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Olga Atherton, Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Josephine Hannigan, Miss Marie Brewer, and Miss Elena Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall entertained at a dinner Friday evening complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullen, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Breeden.

Mrs. Milton, wife of Admiral Milton, was hostess at a reception on Friday at her home at Yerba Buena in honor of Mrs. Channey Thomas, wife of Admiral Thomas. Among the army and navy matrons present were Mrs. Tilley, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Whiting, Mrs. Selfridge, Mrs. Von Schrader, Mrs. J. F. Sullivan, Mrs. Guy Brown, Mrs. Lefevre, Mrs. Edward Eberle, Mrs. Gatewood, Mrs. L. A. Kelley, Mrs. Mayo, and Mrs. Ames.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and her daughters were hostesses at a pretty luncheon at their home on Broadway on Saturday in honor of Miss Ethel Crocker. Among their guests were Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Katherine Kaime, Miss Kate Peterson, and Miss Dora Winn.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton presided at a theatre party followed by a supper party on Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering entertained at a dinner on Monday evening in honor of Mrs. H. D. Lombard of Los Angeles, who is Mrs. Deering's house guest.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst, who returned recently from Europe, has issued invitations for a large luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday, November 22.

Mrs. John Polhemus entertained at a bridge party at her home on Walnut Street on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Edward Barron presented her daughter Evelyn to society at a handsome tea on Saturday at which several hundred guests were present. Among those in the receiving party were Miss Margaret Barron, Miss Martha Foster, Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mrs. Alexander McCracken, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Jane Selby, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Ethel Crocker, and Miss Minna Van Bergen.

Miss Katherine Farrell will entertain at a luncheon at her home on Broadway on Monday in honor of Miss Marguerite Doe, one of the winter's debutantes.

Miss Helen Sullivan entertained at luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue on Monday in honor of her cousin, Miss Edith Rucker, who is one of the season's debutantes.

Mrs. Norman McLaren entertained at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club at which her guests greeted Miss Margaret Roosevelt as the guest of honor. Among those present were Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Helena Stoney, and Miss Katherine Stoney.

Captain and Mrs. Kenney J. Hampton entertained at bridge at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday evening. Their guests were General J. B. Aleshire, Colonel and Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, Colonel and Mrs. Ladd, Captain and Mrs. Elliott, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Major and Mrs. H. P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Morehouse, Major and Mrs. Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Tidwell, Lieutenant and Mrs. Paul Beck, Captain and Mrs. Grant, Dr. Boak, Major E. V. Smith, Miss Richardson, Miss Hampton, and Lieutenant Ord.

Miss Vera de Sabla's dinner on Friday evening at the Fairmont Hotel was enjoyed by the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin, Miss Hilda Stedman, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Maude Wilson, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Mr. Douglas Grant, Mr. Frank King, Prince D'Arbo, Mr. Ferdinand Theriot, Mr. Leon de Sabla, Mr. Duval Moore, and Mr. Kenneth Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler entertained at a reception at the Century Club on Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schlacks, who have come here from Denver to make their home. Those who assisted Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler in receiving their guests were President Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. John Swift, Judge and Mrs. Charles Slack, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Judge and Mrs. James Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Sanborn, Mrs. Eleanor Doe, Mrs. P. B. Cornwall, Mrs. Albert Gerberding, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Plehn, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S.

Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. William Reding, Major and Mrs. H. P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Bentley, Judge and Mrs. William Van Fleet, Mrs. Fanny Crocker McCreery, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Fernanda Pratt, Miss Erna St. Goar, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Jane Hotaling, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Katherine Kaime, Miss Edith Metcalfe, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Louise Wallach, Mrs. Alden Wheeler, Miss Ynez Pischel, Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar, and Mrs. George Roe.

Miss Anna Olney entertained at dinner on Friday night at her home and with her guests attended the Greenway dance at the Fairmont Hotel. Her guests were Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Mr. George Wilcutt, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Robert Schmidt, Mr. Arthur Fennimore, and Mr. Henry Rolfe.

Miss Maud Wilson entertained at an informal tea at her home Sunday afternoon in honor of Miss Anita Maillard, whose engagement to Mr. Temple Bridgman was recently announced. Among those present were Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Dorothy Chapman, and Miss Marion Zeile.

Miss Ila Sonntag entertained at a bridge party at her home on Wednesday in honor of Miss Harriet Stone.

Miss Ruth Brooke, who arrived from Manila on the last transport, has been the guest of Miss Laura Farnsworth during her stay here. She will spend the winter in New York.

Mrs. Henry Sartori gave a bridge party on Thursday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Florence Braverman entertained at a tea on Monday afternoon at the Palace Hotel at which her guests were the girls who took part in the polo dance at the Kirmess, including Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Josephine Hannigan, Miss Edith Metcalfe, and Miss Dorothy Greaves.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton will entertain at a bridge party next Monday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane of Honolulu, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, and who will return to Hawaii in December.

Miss Virginia Newhall was a luncheon hostess Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue, at which she entertained a group of sixteen girls from among the debutantes of the season.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst was hostess at an informal luncheon on Thursday at her home on Vallejo Street, when she entertained the members of the Spinsters' Club.

Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann entertained at a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Mrs. Bowditch Morton, who is visiting here from Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained informally at the Palace Hotel at luncheon on Friday, complimentary to Miss Mary Keeney and Miss Augusta Foute.

Mrs. Henry Williams has sent out cards for a reception which she will give at her home on Laguna Street on Saturday afternoon, November 26, to formally introduce to society her granddaughters, Miss Florence Williams and Miss Muriel Williams.

Miss Anna Olney was hostess at a dinner preceding the Greenway dance at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday night.

Mrs. Latham McMullen entertained at a luncheon at the Francesca Club on Thursday in honor of her debutante sister, Miss Gertrude Thomas.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase entertained at a luncheon at the Francesca Club in honor of her daughter, Miss Ysobel Chase, on Friday. Her guests included Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Ethel Crocker, and Miss Evelyn Barron.

The Fruit and Flower Mission.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving. As in former years, some will have surfeit of good things, some a sufficiency, some—the poor and the sick—will lack not only the appetizing dainties, but even plain, substantial provisions. For many years it has been the Argonaut's privilege and pleasure to bespeak the bounty of our readers for the Mission of Fruit and Flowers. Every Thanksgiving the mission gives to the needy as many Thanksgiving dinners as its friends, in their generosity, provide. It asks of them all sorts of meats, turkeys, chickens, vegetables, wines, and liquors (for medicinal purposes), raisins, figs, jellies, fruits, cakes, pies, bread, flowers—in short, anything good to eat. And since money will buy everything, it asks (especially of affluent hachelors) as much of the coin of the realm as they can well spare. Tuesday and Wednesday are the best days to send these gifts. Your grocer will find the address, and the butcher, the baker, the wine dealer. Two minutes at the 'phone will do the business. If you live in the country, Wells-Fargo will transport anything you send free of charge. Address the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, 1372 Jackson Street.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Stanford have returned from Europe and will spend the winter at their home at Warm Springs.

Miss Lou Harvey of Oakland will spend the winter here and has taken apartments at the Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Holt left this week for New York and will sail later for South America, where they will make an extensive tour of the Argentine Republic.

Mrs. Walter Burrell and Mrs. John Hunt Lewis, who came to San Francisco for the Brooke-Pomeroy wedding, have returned to their home in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Chanslor will spend the next three weeks at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron have sailed from Europe and are expected home within the month.

Mr. John Bonyng is expected within a few weeks from England, accompanied by his daughter, Lady Maxwell, wife of General Sir John Maxwell. Though the Bonyngs have made their home in Europe for many years they have many friends here who will greet them cordially.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Metcalfe and Mrs. Victor Metcalfe, Jr., arrived Monday from Colorado Springs.

Dr. Harry Tevis left Thursday for a trip to Europe. He took a party of friends as far as New York with him in his private car.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watt came down from their country home at Napa for the Kirmess and spent the week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mien are expected home from South Africa, where they have spent the past four years. They sailed from Johannesburg last week.

Midshipman James Kauffman and Mrs. Kauffman have returned from their honeymoon, which was spent in Bohemia Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Prentice and their niece, Miss E. H. Whitman, left Tuesday for a trip to Honolulu.

Miss Katherine Kaime of Santa Barbara is the guest of Miss Mildred Baldwin at her home at Presidio Terrace.

Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton has returned from an extended Eastern trip. While there she was the guest of her sister, who is the wife of United States Senator Bulkley.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn have returned from Europe, after having spent nearly a year abroad. Much of their time was spent with their daughter, Mrs. Vincent Rose, at her home in London.

Miss Mary Ethel Crocker left on Monday for Paris, where she will be the guest of Princess Poniatowski for the remainder of the winter. She accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Charles Slack as far as New York.

Miss Elizabeth Livermore has reached New York, where she will spend several months visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart have returned from Honolulu, where they were entertained by Captain and Mrs. Edward Sturgis at Schofield Barracks.

Miss Virginia Harrison of Williamsburg, Virginia, will spend the winter as the guest of Major and Mrs. Joseph O'Neil at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent de Laveaga have closed their Menlo country home and have come to the city for the winter.

Captain and Mrs. John Burke Murphy left Saturday for Portland, where they will spend several weeks as the guests of friends.

Miss Helen Ashton and Miss Ruth Casey will leave December 7 for Europe, where they will remain for about a year.

Mrs. George M. Stoney and her daughters have returned to San Francisco and will spend the winter here at the Bellevue.

Mr. and Mrs. Selby Cumming have returned from their honeymoon trip, which was spent at Del Monte, and will make their home in San Francisco.

Mrs. Downey Harvey has been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hyneman and Mr. H. M. Landsberger at Del Monte.

Captain W. L. Reed of the Eighth United States Infantry, stationed at the Presidio of Monterey, spent last week in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullen are planning to go East shortly, where they will make a brief visit.

Mrs. Charles Lyman and her son, Edmund, have returned from Europe, where they have spent the summer, and have joined Captain Ly-

man at the Hotel St. Francis, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. C. F. Dillman and Miss Corinne Dillman left this week for New York, where they will remain two months.

Mr. and Mrs. William Knox have reached here from New York, where Mrs. Knox went to meet her husband on his return from Europe.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker returned Monday from her country place in Napa, where she spent last week.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau and Mrs. Camillo Martin have arrived here from Europe and will spend the winter at the Bellevue. Their sister, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, remained abroad for the season.

Mrs. James Sheridan and her daughters, Minnie and Grace, have returned from Oregon, where they spent the summer.

Mrs. Selby Hanna has returned from the East, where she has been enjoying a visit with her sister, Mrs. Charles Huse.

Mrs. Charles M. Keeney and her daughter, Miss Innes Keeney, have reached New York en route home from Europe, where they spent the summer.

Mrs. T. T. Williams and Miss Helen Williams have arrived here from New York, and will spend about two weeks at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Raphael Weill has returned from Paris and will spend the winter at the Bohemian Club.

Miss Kate Herrin and Miss Alice Herrin have returned from Europe, where they spent the summer motoring on the continent.

Mrs. Richard Sprague and Miss Isabel Sprague are visiting friends at Long Island and will go later to New Orleans.

Miss Josephine Johnson has returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Towne, in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Allen Lewis, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Kittie, has returned to her home in Portland.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week were Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Wetzel, Mr. M. M. O'Shaughnessy, Mr. F. N. Ballard, Mrs. F. A. Mulligan, Miss Alice Mulligan, Mr. H. F. Dodge, Mr. P. F. Hecker, Mr. John Bishop, Mr. Edward L. Woods.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte include Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Rose, Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. Lawrence McCreery, Dr. H. D. Raymond of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kirk of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Walsh of Vancouver, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Kane of New York.

The Liza Lehmann Concert Sunday Afternoon.

Mme. Liza Lehmann, the famous composer, and her splendid quartet of English singers will give their farewell concert this Sunday afternoon, November 20, at the Columbia Theatre, at 2:30.

The programme will be a charming and unique one, being as follows: Part one—"Song Cycle," the Breton Folk Songs, consisting of a trio, several quartets, and solos, the lyrics by Francis M. Gostling being founded on old Breton legends. Part two will give opportunities to the soloists. Mr. Julien Henry, haritone, will sing "The Mad Dog" from "The Vicar of Wakefield"; Miss Blanche Tomlin, soprano, will sing "Three Bird Songs"; Mr. Hubert Eisdell, tenor, will offer a selection from Mme. Lehmann's "The Golden Threshold—An Indian Song-Garland," entitled "You Flaunt Your Beauty in the Rose," and Miss Palgrave-Turner will interpret the "Two Seal Songs" from Kipling's "The Jungle Book." The third part of the programme will consist of one of the brightest and most humorous song cycles ever written, called "Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral."

The seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday the box-office will open at the Columbia Theatre at ten a. m.

Game experts say that the football contest at Berkeley Saturday, November 12, was the fastest and most spectacular exhibition of Rugby ever witnessed on the Pacific Coast. The California University fifteen won a clean-cut victory by a score of 25 to 6 for the Stanford University team. A record-breaking attendance surrounded the field, more than 22,000 paid tickets being received at the gates, and many hundreds were unable to find room in the grounds.

The Pavlowa and Mordkin Engagement.

The Imperial Russian Ballet, headed by Mlle. Anna Pavlowa and M. Mikail Mordkin, which is to be one of the features of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, accompanied by a symphony orchestra of the Metropolitan players under Theodore Stier, will commence its engagement at the Valencia Theatre on Monday night. Performances will be given for six nights, and three matinees, on Thursday (Thanksgiving Day), Saturday, and Sunday.

Not since the good old days of the Grand Opera House has such a sight been witnessed as the Valencia Theatre will afford next Monday. Every box has been sold, and a great audience will welcome what is reported to be one of the finest attractions in the entire world.

Two different programmes will be given. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, and Thursday and Saturday matinees, "The Arabian Nights," an Oriental ballet with music by half a dozen modern composers, will be given in addition to eight other numbers, including dances for ensembles, solos, and the famous "Pas-de-deux" of Pavlowa and Mordkin, which made all Paris and London ring with the praise of these two star dancers.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights, and Sunday afternoon, "Giselle," a romantic ballet in two acts, a "Divertissement" from "Coppelia," by Delibes, and four of the special numbers will be the offerings. To give these performances over one hundred people are required.

The seats are on sale only at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, accompanied by current funds.

The box-office at the theatre will be open at seven o'clock the night of the performances and at one o'clock on the matinee days.

At the Trading Post.

Behind the little group of moss-chinked huts
That face the short-lived rays of northern sun
A tiny garden lies, a bit of home,
In hopeless courage planted and begun.

The seeds and slips, the dear courageous things,
That hardy-hearted braved the cold and grew,
I brought, when side by side we faced the north
And left behind the garden that we knew.

So very few have lived, and yet to us
That tiny square of fragrance-breathing loam
Holds just a bit of Heaven for our hearts,
And links us close with all we love at home.

A few short spires of larkspur, dwarf and blue,
A ragged clump of crimson-centred phlox,
Some purple iris, inmates of the north—
And stunted rank of scarlet hollyhocks.

A patch of heartease, golden in the sun,
To send us forth fresh-couraged for the snows,
And greatest prize of all, a tangled bush
Blooms yearly with a single blood-red rose.

A fragrant Love rose, blooming there alone
Through all the frequent stress of sudden storm.
While even through the long months' drifted
snows,

Love's flame can keep the little hearthstone
warm.
—Martha Haskell Clark, in Metropolitan Magazine.

Enid Brandt's Piano Recital

Enid Brandt, the extraordinary young pianist, who has recently returned from Berlin, will give her first concert since her return at the Novelty Theatre Wednesday evening, November 23. The piece de resistance will be the celebrated Tchaikowsky concert, so difficult of execution that it is rarely attempted by a woman. Miss Brandt is not yet eighteen years of age, but has received high praise by eminent critics for her interpretation of this work. She will be assisted by Mrs. Noah Brandt, who has been her only instructor, both in America and Europe. So much has been said of Miss Brandt's triumphs abroad that great interest is shown in the forthcoming concert.

Members of the Bohemian Club joined Saturday evening, November 12, in occupying for the first time and dedicating with appropriate exercises the new home of the club on the corner of Post and Taylor Streets. The building is four stories high, most conveniently arranged inside, and handsomely fitted. Its entire cost was \$325,000. The building committee under whose direction the edifice was designed and erected is composed of James McNah, William Letts Oliver, Raphael Weill, Frederick W. Hall, and F. P. McLennon.

The Zech Orchestra, William F. Zech director, will give the second concert of its season of 1910 on Tuesday evening, November 22, at the Novelty Theatre. The programme includes a Beethoven overture, and selections from works of Scharwenka, Moszkowski, Wagner, MacDowell, Svendsen, and Massenet. In addition to the string orchestra numbers, Miss Olive Hyde and Miss Blanche Morrill will play a suite for two violins, with Miss Florence Hyde at the piano.

Geraldine Farrar and Enrico Caruso sang for the Kaiser at the palace at Potsdam a few days ago, and chatted with his majesty.

Tetrizzini Coming.

Tetrizzini is soon to be heard in San Francisco. Despite the fact that a triangular contest for her services has been going on among the Eastern operatic managements, W. H. Leahy of this city, managing director of the Tivoli Opera Company, which is soon to rebuild a handsome theatre on the old Eddy Street site, captured the prize and is now arranging a transcontinental concert tour for this artist.

The tour will open in San Francisco, and Will L. Greenbaum will be associated with Mr. Leahy in the San Francisco and Oakland concerts. It would seem strange to see a high-class concert announced without the name of Greenbaum connected with it. The dates are Tuesday and Thursday nights, December 6 and 8, and Saturday afternoon, December 10, and the prices will be \$3, \$2, and \$1.50 for reserved seats on the main floor, and the entire balcony will be opened at the general admission price of \$1, but Mr. Greenbaum announces that no more tickets will be sold than there are accommodations for.

The sale opens Wednesday, November 30, but mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Rivers, is yours a safety razor?" "It is now. I haven't used it for two years."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Creditor (to tailor)—I'll have no more of this dunning. If you don't stop it, I'll order another suit.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"We need brains in this business, young man." "You needn't tell me that, sir. Your business shows it."—*Baltimore American.*

Parent—Is my son very progressive, do you think? *Teacher*—Great Scott, yes! He's the worst insurgent in the whole school.—*Puck.*

"Did you ride in Charley's automobile?" "Yes, it was lovely. The constant osculation didn't bother me a bit."—*Evening Telegram.*

Hostess—Mr. Squibs is going to recite a comic song. *Guest*—I knew something would happen. I upset the salt at the dinner-table.—*Stray Stories.*

"What makes you think she's uncultured?" "She thinks Ibsen's plays are stupid." "Well, a lot of people think so." "Yes; but she says so."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Bacon—And you say your brother has settled in Canada? *Egbert*—No, I didn't say so. I think he went there to get out of settling.—*Yankers Statesman.*

"Let me give you a pointer," the interlocutor said to the end man. "Don't give me a pointer," replied the end man; "give me a fox-terrier."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Diggs—I see that they're making brandy from sawdust. *Wiggs*—Good gracious, as if the forests were not disappearing fast enough as it is!—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"That second assistant superintendent doesn't impress me as having accomplished much." "Nor me. We call him Welter Wallman in the works."—*Buffalo Express.*

Redd—Do you think all these automobiles running through a town help it? *Greene*—Oh, my, yes! Why we're building two new hospitals in our town!—*Yankers Statesman.*

"The landlady says that new hoarder is a foreign nobleman." "Bogus, I'll bet." "Oh, I don't know. He may be the real thing. He hasn't paid her a cent as yet."—*Washington Herald.*

Uncle Gus—So this is the baby, eh? I used to look just like him at that age. What's he crying about now? *Niece Susie*—Oh, Uncle Gus, he heard what you said.—*Chicago News.*

Mrs. Backbay—Why are you leaving us, Bridget? *Bastan Caak*—Me reasons are philanthropic. I want to give some wan else a chance at the joy of living with yez.—*Horper's Magazine.*

"Wilfred, why did you stick so closely to that Wall Street speculator when you went in hating?" "Because I knew if trouble happened he could float anything."—*Baltimore American.*

"I had a curious experience yesterday," said Farmer Cornstossel. "What was it?" "A stranger came along and told me a funny story and didn't try to sell me anything."—*Washington Star.*

"How is it that the quail on your hill of fare is always struck off?" "That's just a fancy touch," explained the heanery waiter. "We never had a quail in the joint."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"You should endeavor to do something for the comfort of your fellow-men," said the philanthropist, "without thought of reward." "I do. I buy umbrellas, instead of borrowing them."—*Washington Star.*

"Son, how would you like to enter a relay event?" "Fine, dad. I was a star at relay events in college." "So I've heard you say. Well, your ma is about ready to re-lay the carpets."—*Washington Herald.*

"Well, professor," said one of his young married friends. "I've done the usual thing; I've put a mortgage on my house and lot." "Have you anything to chauffeur it?" inquired the professor.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Where can I hide?" gasped the mining-stock promoter as he hurried into his office. "The police are coming!" "Get into the simplified card-index case," cried the chief clerk. "I defy any one to find anything in there!"—*Puck.*

"Lady," began Ragged Reginald, hoho, at the back door, "yer unfriendly canine is just after tearin' me raiment in a dozen places." "Indeed!" snapped the heartless woman, surveying his suit; "which dozen?"—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Freshley—In the class this morning the professor of English literature said something about Beaumont and Fletcher. I know who Beaumont is, of course; he's the new outfielder for the Cubs. But who the Sam Hill is Fletcher? *The Other Chap*—Why, you bonehead, he's the guy that says you must

chew your victuals one hundred and thirty-six times before you swallow 'em.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Knicker—Jones is what they call a hook farmer. *Bocker*—Yes, he has used up two check hooks already.—*New York Sun.*

"We live in an age of marvels." "It is, indeed, wonderful how so many persons escape being struck by automobiles."—*Buffalo Express.*

"Do your daughters help their mother with the housework?" "We wouldn't think of expecting it. Muriel is temperamental and Zaza is intense."—*Pittsburg Post.*

"It took the suffragette parade four hours to pass a given point." "Thousands in line, eh?" "No, only a few hundred, but they all wore hohhle skirts."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"If your ideas fail to find popular indorsement now, you can appeal to posterity." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "but the contribution to campaign funds made by posterity will be of no service whatever to me."—*Washington Star.*

"My son," remarked the stern parent, "when I was your age I had very little time for frivolous diversions." "Well," replied the young man, "you didn't miss much. Believe me, this gay life isn't what it looks to be."—*Washington Star.*

"Since hein' in the city," the Billville man wrote to the home folks, "I have heen hit by three automobiles, and ef my lawyer tells me true, I'll get enough money in damages to fetch the whole family for a good long stay, an' ef the balance of you kin continue to git run over we'll be able to huy a hig farm an' live happy ever afterward."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Musician (after much pressing)—Well, all right, since you insist; what shall I play? *Host*—Anything you like; it's only to annoy our neighbors.—*Rire.*

"This magazine looks rather the worse for wear." "Yes; it's the one I sometimes lend to the servant on Sundays." "Doesn't she get tired of reading always the same one?" "Oh, no! You see, it's the same hook, but it's always a different servant!"—*Tit-Bits.*

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel, "aren't you curious to know what's in this parcel?" "Not very," replied the still helligerent wife. "Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world." "Ah, I suppose it's those collars you said you needed."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Stonehaven lies to the south of Aherdeen. The London train had drawn up at Stonehaven on account of a slight mishap a mile or two ahead, and Andra, the old porter, had got into conversation with a Salvation Army officer, who had popped his head out of the compartment to ask the reason for the delay. "Aye, aye," mused Andra, after giving the desired information, "ye'll be for Aiberdeen, I'm thinkin'?" "Yes, my man," was the reply; "I'm bound for Aherdeen—a very wicked place, I'm told!" "What might ye be goin' to dae there, sir, if it's as had as a' that?" asked Andra, rather amused at the visitor's words. "Ah," was the pious answer, "I'm going to drive the devil out of Aherdeen." Like lightning came from the old porter the pawky reply: "See an' drive him north, chiel; haul him well to the north!"



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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Quantum Sufficit.

The people of San Francisco have subscribed a fund of \$7,500,000 for a world's fair in 1915 to celebrate the opening of the Isthmian Canal. The State of California has added \$5,000,000 to this fund. Now comes the city of San Francisco in its corporate capacity with other appropriation of \$5,000,000. In all we have at hand the gross sum of \$17,500,000 for the purposes in view.

It strikes the *Argonaut* that under these conditions we are now in a position justifying an independent and positive attitude. It would be gratifying to have the exclusive governmental indorsement. It would help the project to have the influence with foreign countries which a governmental invitation would imply. But are we not strong enough to get along without these things? Furthermore, are we not strong enough to command these things? Even pretending that Congress should decide in favor of New Orleans, may it not be brought to take second thought

and yield to San Francisco an equal measure of favor and support? Would the government of the United States under any circumstances dare deny to San Francisco reasonable participation in a celebration gotten up here in commemoration of a great event? Would the government dare refuse to participate with us even to the extent of giving official sanction to our invitation to foreign countries?

We have money enough to make a fair of great magnitude, and if we should boldly declare our purpose to go ahead, we certainly would not fail to get from the government the kind of coöperation and support which it has given to other communities undertaking similar ventures. Our position, we think, is doubly strong, first, because we have the money in hand to give a great fair on our own account; second, because the government must coöperate with us, no matter what its answer may be to New Orleans.

Again, if it should come to a competition between exposition enterprises, does anybody doubt for a moment that San Francisco with its \$17,500,000 in hard cash, plus the spirit of its people, plus the sentimental interest of the world, plus our advantages of situation and climate, could organize an exposition that would make anything New Orleans could put up appear in comparison a trivial and second-cut affair?

A Commendable Result.

Nothing has happened in recent years so tending to inspire confidence in the social and political character of San Francisco as the voting last week upon thirty-eight proposed changes in our municipal charter. The first of these proposals involved an appropriation of \$5,000,000 in aid of the Panama-Pacific project, and the result has given the lie direct to the pessimists who are so fond of asserting that San Francisco can never "get together" on anything. Upon this proposition there was cast 44,170 votes, of which 42,048 were for the appropriation and 2122 against it. The significance of this return is just this, namely, that San Francisco can "get together" upon a proposition which appeals to community pride and the prospect of community welfare. We do oftentimes contend over matters large and small, for the spirit of individualism in opinion and conduct, born of our curious history, is strong here; but when it comes to a suggestion plain enough for universal comprehension and as plainly related to the fame and fortune of San Francisco, we come together with an emphasis and a liberality which you will have to go far to match.

Next in importance—of more importance in its ultimate significance—was the adoption of amendments recasting our system of nominating and electing city officials. The party system, as it relates to municipal government, was long ago worn out here. It has served, by pitting one party against another, to nullify the respectable vote and to bring into office successive groups of scalawags of one degree or another. It gave us Schmitz and the Ruef gang. More recently it has given us McCarthy and his gang, representing laborite aggression allied with organized vice and other forms of selfishness and criminality. The system just adopted by a vote of approximately five to one makes this sort of thing impossible. Nominations for the primary election are to be voluntary, and if in this election any one candidate for any office receives a majority of all the votes cast that ends it—then and there he is elected. But if it shall happen that nobody gets a majority, then all candidates are eliminated excepting the two receiving the highest and next highest number of votes. This brings the ultimate election down to two candidates in the case of each office and it nullifies the possibility of the election to any office of a candidate by less than a full majority vote. Under this system McCarthy would have been thrown out of the running by the last municipal primary. Nobody would now be holding office upon

the basis of a minority vote, as McCarthy is. For, be it remembered, the majority in our last municipal election was divided between Crocker and Leland, leaving McCarthy, although with more votes than either competitor, to be elected by choice of less than half the voters of the city. This new system is an innovation, but it looks good and it can not work out results worse than those we have had so often under the old system.

Another interesting result of the voting was the turning down of a series of proposed amendments designed to broaden the powers of the municipal government in matters relating to taxation, municipal ownership, etc. Even while voting in one or more radical propositions, the citizenship of the city nevertheless thought it wise to limit the powers of the city government at the point of commitment to socialistic projects.

There was presented in this election a series of amendments which can best be characterized as a general raid upon the municipal treasury at the hands of municipal employees. The board of public works, the department of electricity, the department of education, with various other departments and bureaus, each presented schemes either for the enlargement of its functions or for the increase of emoluments, or both. In each instance this demand was voted down overwhelmingly. For all the deftness of the "touch" the average voter saw that the scheme was one of selfishness, combined with cunning. The emphatic vote against each of these proposals shows that at last there are multitudes of citizens who are taking both an interested and an intelligent view of municipal proposals, and who have reached the point of looking somewhat after the interests of that much abused and long-suffering figure, the taxpayer.

Another demonstration of great interest in this election was that of the weakness numerically of the labor union vote. On all propositions directly relating to unionistic demands the figures run in the neighborhood of nine thousand out of a general vote of upwards of forty-four thousand. For example, the vote for Amendment No. 32, increasing the salaries in the department of public works, was 8863. The vote for Amendment No. 34, relating to the same purposes in the department of health, was 8254. The vote on the amendment substituting day labor for contract labor (No. 23) was 10,916. Here we have a fair measure of the strength of labor unionism in relation to a distinctly class interest. Out of a total cast of over 44,000 votes, labor unionism can bring to bear less than 10,000. This return is calculated to take some of the brag out of the claims of those who would have us believe that aggressive unionism is the dominant force in San Francisco municipal politics. Aggressive unionism has indeed had a surprising series of innings in San Francisco, but in every instance its success has been brought about through combination with sinister interests.

Not alone with respect to broad and plain issues, but likewise with respect to minor and more or less involved issues, the voting last week was remarkably intelligent. Not every good proposal was accepted, not every questionable one was defeated, but in the main the result was such as to gratify those who want to see right principles prevail against wrong principles. It was gratifying, too, as an illustration of the capacity and will of the San Francisco public to vote right when the opportunity to vote on clear issues presents itself.

It will be interesting to observe the effect of the new system of nominations and elections above referred to upon the political fortunes of San Francisco. It is often said that systems don't matter, that a community gets the kind of government it wants and deserves, the implication being that San Francisco will get bad government under any circumstances. We have never accepted this philosophy. With one exception—that of Schmitz's last election—we have never seen a time when the forces of social order and community virtue did not appear even in the election returns to be great

than the forces of selfishness and dishonesty. The trouble has been that the system has not afforded the better sort of voters an effective opportunity to assert their wishes. Almost invariably, in recent recurring elections, we have had a situation in which respectable candidates for the higher offices have canceled each other, leaving the choice to disreputable or interested elements in sinister combination. Now we shall know whether a majority of the citizens of San Francisco prefer good government or bad government.

Hero Worship and the Hero.

Nothing so tests the sanity and unselfishness of an American public man as the seductions of hero worship. The mental and moral stature of George Washington may be measured best by the way he withstood them. At the close of the Revolutionary War the popular faith in him was even shared by the remaining Tories and the demand for his leadership was keenly importunate from all elements. It was in Washington's power, so few and dim were democratic traditions, to shape public opinion in favor of a long and authoritative presidency. An army clique even ventured to propose a new royalism. But it had to deal with no dubious republican or opportunist patriot, and Washington, when he had finished two executive terms, voluntarily retired to private life, declining reelection and leaving a message to the people which has become the golden text of representative government.

Thomas Jefferson was idolized, but not in his lifetime to the extent which fell to Andrew Jackson. Like Lincoln, his fame was mostly posthumous. Jackson had great claims upon the crowd in the street and on the party to which he belonged. It had been his fortune to glorify the close of the second war with England at the battle of New Orleans. He was a bluff, honest, plain-spoken soldier, who feared no one and felt and spoke the prejudices of the common people. As President, in his battle with the United States bank, he had added a vital essence to the popular enthusiasm which had been aroused by his picturesque successes in the field. All the homage there was in the American democracy of his time was bestowed upon him, but never for an instant did Andrew Jackson lose his head and slip the cable of his constitutional moorings. He was satisfied with his two terms in the presidency; he sought to make no new executive precedents; and when it came his turn to retire to his home he gave an unreluctant assent and died, as he had lived, a disinterested patriot.

Henry Clay was the next American leader to take the intoxicating draught of public idolatry. The people of his party and, indeed, of his country loved him; and wherever he went he was followed by cheering multitudes. The great Kentuckian passed his maturity in the atmosphere of adulation; he grew used to the pedestal; no man of his time found more, short of the presidency itself, to feed his political pride; yet one may search the history of Henry Clay from beginning to end without finding a sign of that kind of personal aspiration to which the old nationalism has shown an inhospitable spirit.

The first American to weaken under the spell of hero worship was General Grant. He had been in the first rank of the army, had been elected and reelected President, and in his travels had been received as an equal by kings and emperors. About him at home was a group of selfish men who had found their best pickings in the blindness of his official favor. They easily got him to venture for a third term, a hazardous distinction which no man of the type of Washington could have been misled to seek. But Grant was as faltering in civic virtues as he had been strong in military virtues, and needed the lesson, as did the country, which his excess of personal ambition finally brought upon him. Grant made his cast and lost; and from a single convention of the party which had twice called on him to lead its politics he was driven into a privacy of life which even sympathy would not have entered but for misfortunes of health and business which made his end pitiable. How far General Grant had fallen short of being great in his statesmanship or his patriotism may be best seen by contrasting his later, self-seeking career with the character Washington showed when he met a similar temptation.

Hero worship surrounded Mr. Blaine and in some degree Mr. Cleveland, but both kept their American poise. They manfully stood the supreme test; and the careers of both help to mark, as do those of their predecessors in national regard, the contrasts afforded by the futile surrender of Theodore Roosevelt to an ambi-

tion which was not only unworthy of him as a patriot, but which revealed his lack of sagacity in affairs and his feeble knowledge of the American people and of their ways of political thought.

Because the crowd in the market place found him an inspiring novelty and made much of him on that account; because there are always people who like to see the masses pitted against the classes and are full of the socialistic impulse, and because these numerous and noisy folk applauded everything he did, Mr. Roosevelt came to believe in himself as a man marked of destiny—a potent and indispensable figure of American life, a fixed star. Deprived of political authority, save as he could personally influence votes and conventions, he was averted to return to the first official place, from which he had retired at the end of his second presidential term. In him the third-term vision was revived, and to prepare the way for a return to the White House he tried to mislead the people in accepting a "new nationalism," to which he had refused to give the prudent safeguards of the old. Mr. Roosevelt did not scruple, so sure did he feel of popular support, of urging more individual power for the presidency he hoped to regain, nor to teach such disrespect for the Supreme Court as he had while in the White House showed for both houses of Congress. The temper with which he assailed the safeguards of American popular government was the same as that which the two Bonapartes had shown in their attacks upon the constitutions of republican France, except that he had no chance, as they had, to use force. His plea was that the existing system had been outlived; his device was to roll up adverse majorities against it; his expectation plainly was to reap a personal reward. In his open campaign he did not hesitate to say that he would make or grant reforms which only a ruler of unchallenged powers could undertake. He would curb the rich. He would compel even private business to enter a channel which he would personally mark out as he had for public service corporations. He would discipline legal corporate bodies; even the press, whose rights the organic law attests, would feel the curb of his displeasure. General Grant, fresh from the command of armies, ventured upon no such high tone as this. Lincoln, with his extraordinary war powers, shrank, under military warrant, to take courses which Roosevelt urged as part of his "new nationalism." With head addled, patriotism forgotten, and ambition inflamed by hero worship, Theodore Roosevelt fairly ran amuck among the traditions, as he would like to have done among the institutions of representative government. He had indeed returned from Elba in small emulation of the great but to eat the bitter bread of a destiny which borrowed no lustre either from the method or the man. Dramatically, it was left to his own State and even his own town and district to teach him his place as a private citizen and to scatter his "new nationalism" to the winds.

It should be a wholesome lesson. Other political idols will be worshiped in turn, but it will be well for them if they remember that back of the shouters at the curb, the curiosity seekers, and the irresponsible clamorers for the thing that is new, back of the mischief-makers and the half-patriots, and the thoughtless lookers-on, is an American people who take measurements of their public men sanely and always by the metes and bounds of constitutional law.

The Troubles of Mexico.

The revolutionary movement in Mexico is an aftermath of the presidential campaign, and may mean much or little as events shall shape themselves. It was inevitable in the Mexican republic that ambitious politicians should have tired of waiting for President Diaz to die and that his course in providing for the succession would exasperate leaders who themselves had an eye on Chapultepec. At first the discontented elements were satisfied with running General Bernardo Reyes for Vice-President on the national ticket so as to put themselves, through him, in a position to control the government if Diaz should not finish his term. However, the stern old executive, a virtual civil and military dictator, summoned Reyes to the palace and, apparently, gave him choice between imprisonment or exile. At any rate General Reyes went hurriedly to Europe and it was given out that he had been sent there on a military mission. The answer of the Mexican "progressives" to this presidential coup was to name Francisco I. Madero for the first place, pitting him in the electoral campaign against odds that he

could not possibly meet. Diaz at once sent his rurales—a mounted body of gendarmes which he has trained into a sort of imperial guard—in pursuit of Madero who escaped across the border into the United States and has since been plotting from beyond the boundary. Lately the Mexican government called for his extradition on such good grounds that Madero is said to have hurriedly returned to his native soil. The present outbreaks followed, and it is rumored that Reyes is coming back to take military command. Diaz shows no special alarm at the situation and is using force of moderate strength to cope with it, and unless the weight of his years proves too much for him, he may be expected to meet any emergency that arises. But after him the deluge.

Leo Tolstoy.

As with Bacon's jesting Pilate, one of the last questions of Tolstoy to reach the world from his Russia: home was that persistent query of man—"What is truth?" In a sense it may be said to have been the chief interrogation of his long life. Of course there were those prodigal days of his early manhood and soldiering career when such questions troubled him not at all. Few of his race and order, much as the wealthy Russian noble is given to dissipation, can have led such a sensual life as he has confessed to; but from the day when he took his pen in hand he became a sincere seeker after truth. Unhappily, or happily as some will think, the manner of his quest was disturbed by an unbalanced idealism, and further complicated by the personal consciousness or sensitiveness which is characteristic of the Slav nature. No doubt it was this latter quality which accounted for those experiments in communism which distinguished the second period of his life, yet it would hardly have carried him to such extreme lengths had his idealism been less pronounced.

American and English literature provide parallels to Tolstoy's socialistic vagaries. Hawthorne, it will be remembered, was a Brook Farmer in his day, a companion of the men who, in Carlyle's phrase, attempted to "reform the world by cultivating onions." For time he, too, thought he belonged to the little army of saints and martyrs whose experience of life had disgusted them with ordinary pursuits, but who "were not yet so old, nor had suffered so deeply, as to lose faith in the better time to come." Yet the idealism of the New England romancer was sufficiently ballasted to create in his mind the wonder whether the greatest obstacle to being heroic was not the doubt whether one might not be on the road to proving himself a fool. The wiser but not less sanely idealistic Emerson gently repulsed the communists with the reflection that if vestments in Concord were securer than they were likely to be at Brook Farm, that "French Revolution is small." It was a happy fortune for American literature that Hawthorne's experiment in "playing chambermaid to a cow" came so early in his life, and that his common sense rescued his idealism for other and more worthy services. In England, however, Ruskin and William Morris were mature men before they gave up to social idealism and handicrafts that which was meat for all mankind, and even so it may be that British stolidity saved them from the excesses of Tolstoy. But the danger is obvious; unless restrained by more sober qualities, a profoundly cherished idealism is prone to lead its possessor in devious ways.

Whether the Tolstoy of the second period is destined for enduring fame seems doubtful. Of course his devotees will point to historical illustrations of men stoned in their lifetime and sepulchred by posterity. It is a safe refuge, but Tolstoy has lived to so patriarchal an age that really some of his posterity is here already. And what do we find? Not even the socialists claim him as teacher or leader. He has been allowed to stand alone representing just his own self, and his communes have had no influence outside of Russia and little within its bounds. With a fatuousness characteristic of Greek orthodoxy, the Holy Synod denies him the consolations of the clergy in life and the courtesies of the church in death, and the Russian state censors have for years prevented his writings circulating in the country in which they were written, but none of these things have really thwarted the promulgation of his ideas. Yet the fact remains that those ideas have been sterile, for there is no trace of their influence in any one of the many reforming programmes so industriously advertised in the present day. The fact is, Tolstoy the idealist, the reformer, is

wholly impracticable leader. Not that he did not set a noble example. He gave up rank, office, property, and honestly tried to reduce himself to the lowest level possible to humanity. But his fatal mistake, as Matthew Arnold pointed out many years ago, was that he tried to pack Christianity into a set of rules, ignoring the fact that what is essential and helpful in Christianity is spirit and not a code.

Although he would have stoutly contested the verdict, it is beyond doubt that Tolstoy the writer, and not Tolstoy the reformer, has had and will continue to have the most influence on human thought. As a literary artist he is Russia's chief glory. Whether "War and Peace" or "Anna Karénine" be the greater of his chief novels is a matter of personal predilection, but the titanic canvas of the one, with its marching and remarching armies, all under inevitable doom, or the living page of life of the other with its picture of the sorry tangle of human struggles, are genuine additions to the world's great literature. It is not the least of the merits of these novels that though they deal with the lower passions, they do not pander to the vitiated taste; but more vital still are the lessons they insensibly impress on their readers. Than the former no peace propagandist has ever imagined a more cogent indictment of the curse of militarism; than the latter no moralist could desire a more moving appeal for faithfulness to the conjugal relation. These are Tolstoy's most potent contributions to the search after truth; his title to fame and grateful memory among the generations which will have forgotten his noble, but mistaken, sacrifices to an unworkable idealism.

A Supposititious War Game.

If war came between the United States and Japan would this coast be in peril of invasion? Would such an attack be the best strategy for the other side? And would it not be easy for Japan to win now or in the next few years without landing a single soldier on the mainland of the United States or putting a hostile keel into coast waters? In view of the possibilities raised if not fully debated by the Pacific Coast Congress, these questions deserve consideration.

Japan's object in making war on the United States would be to get this country out of her way in eastern Asia, to end our rivalry for Pacific trade, to wrest territory from us, and by means of that territory to pay the bill of costs and leave something to the good. All this might be done without incurring the danger of crossing 5000 miles of ocean to invade a land of uncalculated resources and containing 90,000,000 people. Such a venture could hardly fail in the end to be as disastrous as Napoleon's invasion of Russia. Why attempt it when a sufficient victory might be had without risk?

The Philippines, lying within the sphere of Japanese influence, are at the mercy of the neighboring power. Military and naval men concede that, without a large regular army on the spot and a navy equal or superior to Japan's, they could not be held. One or two ports might stand out for a while, but the captors of Port Arthur and the victors over Russia would not be balked of their prey by any force we have or are likely to maintain there. For the Philippines the United States paid the cost of a war and \$20,000,000 for goodwill, and the possession would soon be worth \$250,000,000 to the Japanese, who have a large surplus industrial population to develop it. The loss of the group to its present owners would practically eliminate the United States from Asiatic affairs; its annexation to Japan would add enormously to the credit of the island realm and to the prestige of its arms.

Another coveted and accessible prize would be Alaska with its coal, its precious and useful metals, its fisheries and furs, and its near-by seal rookeries. Alaska, developed to the utmost, could take care of the Japanese national debt, paying the interest and providing a sinking fund to meet the principal. The United States has done practically nothing to defend that territory. There are no forts, no large garrisons, no available battleships. If Japan were to decide on a war with this country the news of its declaration would be quickly followed if not accompanied by the debarkation of an army corps on Alaskan soil, with siege and field guns, stores, and enough contact mines and submarines for a scientific defense against recapture. The invading force would have gone secretly to sea to await wireless orders somewhere in the North Pacific, then striking quickly.

A third point of attack would be Hawaii. Midway,

of course, could be taken en route by a single ship. The largest island of the Hawaiian group, with a breakwater harbor now building and with no guns to defend it, would succumb at once. Kauai, Maui, and Molokai would make no trouble. Oahu is being fortified and might prove a hard nut to crack; but under present conditions it could be starved out by a blockade; and its 20,000 Japanese inhabitants would do their best to increase the economic if not the military problems of defense. Throughout the group are 80,000 Japanese loyal to the mother country. These, so far as the home government could reach them, would be provided with arms.

Could the United States hope, at any time previous to the completion of the Panama Canal, and on sudden call, to prevent such territorial losses? It is conceded that the Philippines simply await Japanese requisition. With the North Atlantic fleet in these waters, acting as a unit and knowing the movements of the Japanese main fleet, a decisive naval battle might be fought; but the Eastern States would demand the presence of enough battleships in the Atlantic to meet the naval forces of any European ally the Japanese might retain or acquire. Whatever the peril in the Pacific, the North Atlantic fleet would not be spared for a trip around the Horn. We should have to get along without it; and we have but one battleship on this coast, the second-rate and now dismantled *Oregon*, the rest of our defenders being of the armored cruiser, protected cruiser, gunboat, torpedo, and submarine types. Even with a fleet of first-rate vessels, its going to the Philippines, thousands of miles from this base, would not be thought of. And the cities of the Coast would throw fits if the vessels steamed away either in the direction of Hawaii or Alaska, with practically the whole Japanese navy somewhere at sea to meet them.

Possessed of the Philippines, Midway, most if not all the Hawaiian Islands, and Alaska—all captured within a month, perhaps—why should Japan go further and take the peculiar hazard of invading the American mainland? She would have enough already. For any such task, moreover, she would require, exclusive of the Alaska garrison, 100,000 men, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, and many shiploads of ammunition and stores. On the other hand, the overland railways, the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, the Western Pacific, the two Southern Pacific lines, the Santa Fé, and the Salt Lake-Los Angeles line would soon pour half the United States army into the Coast States, stopping other traffic altogether; volunteer regiments composed of Cuban war and Philippine veterans would follow; the best regiments of Eastern and Western militia would also come, and behind them a nation twice as large as that of Japan, the richest one on earth, would be busy preparing for war. Meanwhile, every Japanese resident of the Pacific slope would be put under guard. Even if a Japanese army got ashore it could not dream of holding its ground against a power which, fifty years ago, in its childhood, after the cankers of a long peace, had armed three millions of men and carried on gigantic war for four years. In the end the invaders would be captured or destroyed, and this irrespective of how many reinforcements the Japanese transports might bring from their distant base.

Giving the Japanese credit for common sense, we may assume that, having acquired a billion dollars' worth of American colonial soil and gained the mastery of the Pacific, they would cease the offensive and take the defensive, leaving the next move to be made by the United States. And right there this country would be little better off than a charmed Sampson. Lacking an adequate Pacific fleet, what could it do? It could not attack Japan or operate without a convenient base for the recovery of the Philippines. Alaska, by that time, as well as Hawaii, would be capable of a tremendous defense. And the only way to get them back would be by outbuilding the Japanese naval armament and keeping up a war that might, in the end, cost more than all the disputed territory is worth.

Truly a Changed Man.

Since prosperity began to cast its enervating beams upon Mayor McCarthy even the vigor of his trades-unionism seems to have quailed. When San Francisco acquired him as a new endowment of civic virtue it had assurance that the principles of the union, "one and inseparable," would be preserved. It mattered far less what became of the city government. Indeed, the mayor gave out that, as between his duties to union labor and to the city and county, the former would be

fully performed, even if the latter had to take the hind seat.

But what do we now discover? Not one opulent year has passed since his honor's induction to office when we find conservatism, like a worm in the bud, preying on his damask and well-nourished cheek. It seems long since a word came from the mayor's office against "the interests." If there is any mention now of Spring Valley or Calhoun it is made with the unctuous tone of a man in livery. If there is a strident note in the executive voice it rings in the curtain lecture the mayor has been giving the Upholsterers' Union for limiting the output in the furniture and carpet trades. A change of front say you? A change indeed! The rule that a good union workman must scale his mechanical aptitudes down to those of the dullest man on the job has hitherto been as vital to the mayor and his ilk as the one providing for the wage-earner's control of his employer's business. One would have as soon looked for its abandonment as that of the boycott. It was the main prop, next to the strike and the bomb, of the sacred creed that capital owes the poorest union mechanic as good a living as can be earned by the best. Last winter the mayor would have stood for this basic idea with his last breath and his last expletive. But now hear him as he says to the organized upholsterers: "Any restriction regarding the output can not be too severely dealt with. You must turn against this policy with all the energy, grit, and determination in your soul." At this rate his honor will next be heard objecting to the doctrine, now illustrated by the boycott of the cafeterias, that a business which declines to hire help it does not need and can't use should be stamped out. Indeed there is no telling where his prosperity will lead him. Is it any wonder that his face, which used to be published in the press between those of Olaf Tveitmo and Jerome Bassity, lately smirked between the opulent visages of a bank president and the executive head of a public service corporation? Who knows, if things keep going well with McCarthy, that the public will yet get a chance to see him sunning his sleek form among those of all the higher-ups while the red-badged members of the Boycotters' Union march up and down before his well-rounded administration bawling "Unfair"?

The occasion ought hardly to pass without some expression among those who were misled into opposing the mayor at the polls last fall of their new confidence in his high aims. His honor has already been welcomed into the literary circles of the city by the admirers of the gifted woman whom he knew as Mrs. Julia Ward Howard; he has fraternized with the merchants and bankers at various public functions; he has even been dined by the Japanese, and it is time for the civic federations and good government clubs to show how they appreciate him and to what extent they rely upon his growing conservatism to help muzzle the labor extremists before they gobble the whole thing.

The Great Issue in England.

It would be profitless even if it were possible to follow the changing aspects of the movement which aims at "mending" the British House of Lords. It is written in the stars that the powers of this great Chamber are to be curtailed. The spirit of the age denies and rejects a mandate founded merely in privilege and tradition. The sentiment by which the Lords have been so long sustained has at last yielded. Not all the members of the hereditary chamber see this; but there are those who do see it, who realize that now as in times past the course of discretion is that of concession. The Lords will yield; their chamber will "mend" itself, thereby saving itself against practical annihilation. There is a maze of plans, and out of them there will come a way not yet clearly defined to readjust the House of Lords upon a modified and modernized basis. It will remain a conservative force in the government of the British empire, but it will not presume to stand in contradiction and defiance against the elected branch of Parliament.

The present attitude of the Lords is in historical line with much which has come before in the evolution of the British system. It has been among the supreme merits of English statecraft to harmonize its courses with times and events. In continental countries political privilege has sought ever to entrench itself, to stand firm against any and all liberal tendencies and movements. And so in every continental ocean of blood have been shed in the bringing of changes demanded by advancing standards of

and equity among men. In England there has been judgment on the part of the privileged class to see the force in liberalizing movements and the discretion to yield to them. England in modern times has been spared those scenes of horror which have marred the history of other countries through concession on the part of her privileged classes.

History will repeat itself in the immediate instance. The Lords, seeing the handwriting on the wall, will not wait to be mended or ended. The Lords will mend themselves. There will be conflict between action and reaction; certain phases of privilege dearly cherished, but none the less doomed, will die hard. But in the end the House of Lords will give over its higher pretensions and readjust itself in an advisory relation to the representative and all-dominating Commons. The spirit of the age demands this change, and by one process or another it is bound to come.

Editorial Notes.

Eugene N. Foss, the Democratic governor-elect of Massachusetts, demands that Senator Lodge shall withdraw from the struggle for another term because of the election of Foss himself on a platform which Lodge could not approve. New things are happening in politics these days, but it was scarcely to be thought that the leader of the Massachusetts Democracy would turn up after the election with a New Nationalism of his own. The balloting from which he profited looked very much like an indorsement of the Old Nationalism, which, among other things, made the choice of a United States senator a concern of the legislature and the candidates, with no other reference to the governor than the signing of the credentials of the winner. Seemingly Mr. Foss, in contemplating the glories of his office, has come down with the malady Rooseveltitis and thinks that he is the whole thing—the cook, the captain bold, the crew, the midshipmite, and the mate of the *Nancy* brig. Perhaps the legislature, which went Republican on the tariff issues which the governor-elect thinks accounted for his own victory over Draper in a contest that had no practical bearing on the Payne schedules, may conclude to go its own gait and elect whatever Republican it prefers. If so it is to be hoped that the rather effervescent Mr. Foss has an Oyster Bay to retire to for the discipline of silence.

American settlers in Canada who have taken the British oath of allegiance have no call to object to "Rule Britannia" or any other patriotic air that may be sung in the Canadian schools. If they do not want Britannia to have the best of it they should resume their citizenship at home, go to some other jurisdiction, or use their influence to increase the spirit of Canadian nationality. Their present course is not of a kind to command much sympathy on either side of the international line.

The National Service League of Great Britain has undertaken the task of diverting the energy which the average young Britisher puts into sports to a scheme of training for national defense. The idea, in other words, is to establish throughout England in the name of sport, and supported by the enthusiasm which Englishmen give to sports, a system of training in military exercises. The job will not be easy, for it is not too much to say that the devotion which the average young Englishman gives to cricket or some other particular game which charms his fancy is greater than that which he yields to the political organization of his country. In no other country have sporting games so profound a hold upon popular interest. It has been said that the English people as a whole give as much interest and put as much vital energy into sports as they do into business; and there are thoughtful observers who declare that indulgence in play is exceeding all reasonable limitations—that it is, in fact, a menace to the country in its diversion of vital powers from serious to trivial purposes. A continental critic of English customs finds it impossible to justify or even to understand the determination of the Britisher to pursue his amusements to the exclusion of other interests. Says this critic: "The truth is, he has no conception of or interest in the protection of his country—this he leaves to the navy in blind over-assurance. Not that the English do not consider themselves patriotic—the fault lies in their having had no proper training in the duties of citizenship. They are taught duty to their God, duty to their neighbors; but not their duty to the state!" There is, it should be added, another side to

the picture. If the propensity of Englishmen for games draws heavily upon the national energies it may still be urged that the sporting habits of the people have mightily sustained and promoted these energies. The marked contrast between the physique of Englishmen and Frenchmen, especially of the aristocratic and well-to-do classes, must be set down to the credit of English sporting habits. Nor should the significant remark of Wellington be forgotten, that Waterloo was won on the cricket field at Eton. Nevertheless there is reason to suspect that the younger race of Englishmen are giving to sports an amount of attention tending to limit their effectiveness in the productive and commercial activities on the one hand and its powers of defense on the other. The present status of English sport may be said to illustrate too general a devotion to a thing essentially good within reasonable limits.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

When one remembers the almost mediæval quality of John La Farge's work, especially in those stained-glass windows which will perhaps do most to perpetuate his fame, the tenacity with which he clung to his quaint studio in New York is half explained. It is situated in West Tenth Street, a quiet and somewhat ancient looking thoroughfare off the lower reaches of Fifth Avenue, and has about it that air of the past which is characteristic of the chambers of the old inns of court in London. It was somewhat difficult to find Mr. La Farge in the labyrinth of rooms where he did most of his work, but the quest was always worth while, for even five minutes' talk with the great artist left his visitor greatly the richer by a distinct impression of an unusual personality. His musical voice was a fit vehicle for the subtle and cultured comment on art and literature with which he entertained his guest, all of which gave the feeling of a man of high ideals and well-reasoned convictions.

Many of the principal churches in the chief cities of America, and not a few of the most notable private homes of those cities, have been enriched by Mr. La Farge's art. Nor is England without at least one worthy example; it takes the form of a stained-glass window of delicate beauty, the gift of Joseph H. Choate to St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, in memory of John Harvard, who was baptized in that building. Apart from its exquisite design, that Harvard window is a notable example of Mr. La Farge's success in recapturing that glow and sparkle of mediæval glass of which, it was thought, the secret had been lost. And it has that note of personality, as contrasted with the mark of the mold, which it was his chief ambition to attain. Many of his friends have often declared that the man was even greater than the artist, a view which is emphasized by Elihu Vedder, who applies to him the word "inspiring." He adds in his recently published autobiography:

I have never met any one more so, and it was only my imperviousness that prevented my profiting more by his advice and example. It was at this time he painted those flowers—one might truthfully say his flowers; I had never seen anything like them, and I have never seen anything like them since. At this time I remember Doll having for sale that wonderful little picture of La Farge's—the old Newport house with its large roof covered with snow, standing solemnly in the gloom of an overcast winter day—not only wonderful in sentiment, but for the truth of the transmitted light through the snowbound air. I went to Doll's one day with the firm intention of becoming the happy possessor of this little picture, but La Farge by some subtle instinct must have scented danger, and I found it was no longer for sale. This quality of subtlety is shown in those never-to-be-forgotten flowers, particularly in that damp mass of violets in a shallow dish on a window-sill, where the outside air faintly stirring the lace curtains seems to waft the odor towards you. This quality, peculiarly his own, affects me in his writings, so that as a writer I was at one time inclined to find fault with him for a certain elaborate obscurity in his style, which now I see arises from his striving to express shades of thought so delicate that they seem to render words almost useless. Therefore his words seem to hover about a thought as butterflies hover about the perfume of a flower.

Worthily to commemorate a man of such diverse gifts and qualities of character as John Hay is extremely difficult, yet it may be questioned whether it would have been possible to hit upon a more happy solution of the problem than that which has added to his *alma mater* of Brown's University the John Hay Memorial Library. His own devotion to letters was so complete, his taste in literature so sure and penetrating, that the form his university memorial has taken would surely have commended itself to his judgment. The building has been planned to give room for three hundred thousand volumes, and its treasures are to be available for other than members of the university. At the dedication ceremony Senator Elihu Root recalled Hay's early association with Lincoln, and told his hearers how, in later years, the secretary would entertain his associates with reminiscences of the past:

One such recital illustrated the relation between the two. Through the centre of the second story of the White House runs a long corridor, from the extreme east to the extreme west. Mr. Lincoln slept in a room at the western end, and the young assistant secretary slept in a little room at the southeastern corner. The President, oppressed and disturbed by the cares and perplexities and nervous tension of the great war, was often sleepless, and often, when he had long sought sleep in vain, he would rise and go down to the boy's room and waken him in the dead of night, and, sitting on the edge of his bed, would read aloud to him from some favorite book until the current of thought was changed and sleep seemed possible. Sometimes it was the Bible; sometimes Shakespeare; sometimes Tom Hood.

How suitable, then, to perpetuate Hay's memory by a home

of books, especially as, like Lincoln, he found among them his solace and refuge from the turnouts of life.

Something more than a mere literary announcement is the intimation from the Macmillan Company that they will issue this week the new edition of James Bryce's "The American Commonwealth." As the original edition, published some twenty years ago, was too early in the field to benefit by the international copyright law, many garbled and incomplete editions have been placed on the market and exploited without any indication of their defects. Seventeen years ago Mr. Bryce subjected the work to considerable revision, and now he has carried that amendment still further so as to do justice to the latest developments. The result is that in its present form "The American Commonwealth" is practically a new work. Since Mr. Bryce laid all Americans under obligation by his exhaustive study of their institutions, several scholars of the United States have adjusted the debt by equally admirable studies of the English constitution. The work of President Lowell of Harvard will be fresh in the memory of all students, and now Professor Charles H. McIlwain of Princeton has further lessened American indebtedness by his scholarly monograph on the English Parliament. This friendly interchange of knowledge is still further illustrated by the large part which American experts have taken in the preparation of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In fact the American portion of that work has all along been directed from the New York office.

According to the cables, the battleship *Minnesota*, the flagship of the cruising American Atlantic fleet, is anchored in the Thames off Gravesend, a fact which prompts the *New York Evening Post* to recall for its readers' information some facts in the history of that ancient port. But the fact most interesting to American visitors is entirely ignored. It was in the churchyard at Gravesend that Pocahontas was buried, with the redoubtable Captain John Smith as a mourner. That was three years short of three centuries ago, when the vessels that sailed the Thames and dared the Atlantic might have been carried by the half-dozen on the *Minnesota's* davits. Perhaps one of its officers or bluejackets will discover Pocahontas's resting-place and mark it with a little Stars and Stripes.

All success to that heroic band of American artists which has set out for the Grand Cañon with the purpose of showing the pictorial possibilities of their own country. The orator of the group voices their creed thus:

It is not necessary to go to Europe to learn to paint. Our artists go over there and acquire a French or a Dutch or an Italian style, and as a result our paintings are not at all American. We hope that this visit may be the beginning of a new school of American painters. The effect must be a greater love for portraying American scenery. It will Americanize the artists and change the tendency. Let the Dutchman paint his Holland, and let the Frenchman paint his France, but when an American artist wants to paint Switzerland, let him go into the American mountains to do it. They are more beautiful.

That reference to Switzerland is a reminder of the eulogy of the Rockies indulged in the other day by an English Alpine climber, Dr. Thomas G. Longstaff. "Switzerland," he said, "may be called the playground of Europe, but I say the Rockies will be the playground of the world." So far from their being "shot out," Dr. Longstaff affirms that he has himself seen eight bears (not of the Teddy variety) in as many days, while the mountains are free from malaria and other diseases common to tropical countries.

So Santa Claus is doomed. The edict has been pronounced by Boston. At least, a lady of the name of Lotta Clark has made that deliverance from the lofty watch-tower of the Huh. Lotta wants to know "why should children flock around the dreadful, tawdry images of Santa Claus?" And especially when "Jonathan Edwards lived in New England." As becomes a lady interested in pageants, Lotta has, it will be seen, got her substitute ready. And such a substitute! For all his metaphysical achievements, no more forbidding theological ogre broods over the landscape of New England than the man who is to become the idol of childish Christmas joy. Who that has ever read it can forget that horrible passage in which he depicted span-long babes writhing in the torments of hell? And here is a kindred message from the lips of Santa Claus's substitute:

The God that holds you over the pit of hell—much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire—abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked. You are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes than the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours.

Such is the man who is to take the place of the kindly, smiling, gift-bearing saint of Christmastide! Poor Lotta must be one of those unfortunates that never had a childhood, for her plea is that children don't want what is artificial; they know that Santa Claus is "only a myth." What a revelation of a crabbed soul! But, unhappily, it is but another illustration of that pernicious modern tendency to deny the wonder-working power of the child mind. As if the young do not find gems and treasures in the commonest shells and pebbles; gardens of fairyland in the simplest flowers; and far-reaching visions of a land of unselfish goodness in the visits of Santa Claus. If Lotta wants an image of the repellent Jonathan to hug to her chilly heart, let her have it by all means, but not this year nor in any other shall the child's saint be deposed from his Christmas throne.

A Chinese manuscript lately discovered proves that anesthetics were used in China seventeen hundred years ago. A certain concoction, it states, was given by the doctors before performing an operation, which rendered the patient unconscious. The anæsthetic was a simple preparation of hemp.

THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW.

Personal Notes the Interest, Not Equine Contests.

The new reporter who was assigned to the Horse Show and who turned in a story about horses was discharged on the spot, and it was the general opinion in the office that it served him right. "What does the general public care about horses?" said the city editor. "Just say that the horse is a noble animal, and let it go at that. Wasn't Mrs. McKim there with the Reno laurels still unfaded upon her brow, and sitting in Alfred G. Vanderbilt's box, too? How about Walter Winans and his quarrel with the custom-house for excluding his carriages? How about the Harriman family and their costumes, and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, and Lord Deceis, and John Splan, who took King Edward for a drive, and all the other notable exhibits of the right kind? Horses indeed! Who cares about horses?"

The city editor had the rights of it. The general public cares nothing about horses, but it dearly loves a frolic, and it positively revels in the sight of money and of those who have it. You had only to note the conversation of the poor wretches who could hardly produce a million dollars at a week's notice to see that they were fascinated not by horses, but by wealth. A horse with six legs and a tail at each end could not have drawn the eyes of the crowd from Mrs. William E. Corey, who was wearing a diamond horseshoe that for its size and solidity might have been forged—as indeed it was—in one of the steel mills in which her delightful husband is said to have an interest. Mr. Corey himself, unfortunately, was not present, there being a feeling in society that it is rather bad taste to be seen over much in the company of your own wife, and Mr. Corey is notoriously sensitive about *les convenances*. Close at hand was Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's box full of young people who were supposed to be worth fabulous millions, and not far away were the George Goulds, and the Thomas Hitchcocks, and the Countess de Bearne, and the Princess Ypsilanti. Lesser magnates, of course, were there by the score, and there was always some obliging toady to point them out with speech carefully modulated and graded to represent their varying incomes. Paul Sorg, and James Speyer, and Louis Nixon, and Elbert H. Gary, and ever so many others who would be so much more interesting if they would only wear labels, or numbers, or some other distinguishing mark like the horses. A number would be sufficient, and it could be made to correspond with catalogue entries stating full name, income, how derived, and number of divorces, if any. After all the people are the real exhibits, and they would turn out in just as full force to a guinea pig show if only some one would supply the right auspices to set it going.

Now to attempt to describe the individual costumes would be an absurdity. The newspapers have already devoted some forty columns to this task and they are hopelessly in the rear. It may be that women really understand the printed descriptions of dresses and hats, but it is hard to believe that they have such powers of visualization as this would imply. Certainly no man has. And yet there are women who will read with a glow of satisfaction that Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury of Philadelphia wore brown marquisette over white lace and gold bandings, that her bodice was an old Roman effect, and that her velvet hat was worn close and was trimmed with Delft plumes. Doubtless this rigmarole has a soothing effect upon the feminine mind and produces a sort of sirupy contentment, but that it actually conveys any definite or concrete idea is beyond credence. It is like "that blessed word Mesopotamia" that was so comforting to the pious old lady.

But there is one point upon which all the fashionable women at the Horse Show seem to be in agreement, and if that fact does not soon make it unfashionable then we may yet see the leopard change his spots. Their figures are all slight. Whether the fat women have become thin, or whether the fat women merely stay away from the Horse Show, must be left for authoritative decision, but the fact remains that tier after tier of seats was filled with women whose figures might have been cast in the same general mold. A well-known dressmaker who was there taking notes and overlooking her own creations was heard to commit herself to the statement that the woman who had properly revised her architecture and rearranged the hills and valleys of her landscape could wear anything from the polar bear rug in her reception room to the window curtains in her bedroom. As for herself, her patience was exhausted and she had issued ultimatums by the dozen. "Either you go down to one hundred and twenty or go elsewhere for your clothes." That was enough. Down they went at once. Turkish baths, rubber suits, tea and toast, athletics, jack planes and spoke shaves—she did not care how they did it so long as they did it. "Just look at that woman over there with the feathers. She has just divorced her second husband and has hopes. Well now, that woman rolls over and over a hundred times every morning on a hard wooden floor, and if she would only slice away some of her chin she would be perfect. Oh, there are ways. Of course that sort of thing is apt to make you look haggard, kind of sour, but you can always hide that by wearing a cheerful smile as soon as you leave your home, but you can't hide your hips behind a cheerful smile." And so the dear creature pattered

on while keeping a wary eye upon her subjugated vassals who would never have got to the Horse Show at all unless they had been willing to leave a large part of their substance upon the parquet floor, dissolved under the hands of the masseuse, or melted in the Turkish baths.

Madison Square Garden was certainly a pretty sight this year. It was draped in salmon and white with the lights shining through festoons of flowers. The rafters and girders were completely hidden under laurels and evergreens, the general effect being heightened by the costumes of the women and the uniforms of the military officers who had assembled from well-nigh all over the world. For some reason the show opened on Saturday this year instead of on Monday as in the past, and although there were other attractions, such as the Yale-Princeton football match, there was no lack of visitors to Madison Square. Another innovation, and a particularly pleasing one, was the presence of some 1500 children from various industrial organizations, and here at least the horses found appreciation and the women's costumes counted for somewhat less than nothing. Indeed the children enjoyed everything from start to finish and gave themselves over to sheer delight from the moment when the Scotch Canadian band marched to position until the last feature on the day's programme. Perhaps this act of benevolence to the youngsters brought with it a certain benediction, for an almost unbroken harmony has prevailed from the start. There have, of course, been a few small protests from disappointed competitors, but there will always be such protests so long as human nature remains what it is. None the less the Horse Show of 1910 will make its appearance upon the records as among the most brilliant and the most successful that New York has ever known.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, November 16, 1910.

At the top of Maine, with Fort Kent as the apex, is a triangle of about 1000 square miles, with 40,000 Acadians as the population, which is unequaled in historically interesting people in any other equal area in the United States. Here is a body of citizens of the United States who have been Americans in ancestry for more than two and a half centuries, who have been absolutely French in language, religion and custom. For nearly a century and a half these Acadians never knew to whom they owed patriotic allegiance. What Alsations were in Europe these Acadians were in America for 140 years, only here the case was more romantic. In 1713 the treaty of Utrecht through loose phraseology left it uncertain whether these Acadians were on French-Canadian territory or belonged to the English colonies. In 1748, at Aix-la-Chapelle, another body of international diplomats decided that they belonged to the Massachusetts Bay colony, or, which was virtually the same thing, to England rather than to France. But in 1842 the Ashburton treaty again made a deal, this time between England, Canada, and the United States and the boundary was established along the St. John, which placed the Madawaska territory within the United States. The story of "Evangeline" as given by Longfellow tells the pitiful tale of the breaking up of the village of Grand Pré and the scattering of the people through many American settlements. Other Acadians who escaped the capture by the Massachusetts Bay colony fled up the valley of the St. John River, and once more repeated the pioneer experience, and occupied the Madawaska territory, a district of about 1000 square miles on the St. John. But because they settled on the south side of the river they were in trouble again, for the treaty of Paris in 1783 left it as uncertain as had the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 as to the national claim upon the Madawaska territory, and for sixty years neither they, nor England, nor Canada, nor the United States knew whether the Madawaska Acadians were under the Stars and Stripes or the British flag.

The Czar has at last given permission for the publication of the reports written by the Russian general staff on the Russo-Japanese War, and the first volume has appeared. According to this first volume, it seems that just before the outbreak the Russian government was well informed by its military attaché in Tokio of all Japan's preparations. The diplomatists in St. Petersburg and Port Arthur persisted in believing, however, that the government at Tokio was only "bluffing." Early in January the Japanese consul in Chefu telegraphed to Tokio that most of the Russian fleet had left Port Arthur on an unknown mission. The Japanese agents at Yingkow, Chefu, and Vladivostok also told of Russian preparations, but apparently the Russians knew the contents of their letters before the Japanese general staff. The Russians even knew that the Mikado had called a council and that this council had decided on war.

It is a well-known fact in human history that man used the horse as an article of food only for an enormous period of time, perhaps 100,000 years before he discovered that he was far more serviceable as a means of transport; in fact, it is an open question whether the so-called Paleolithic men of Europe used the horse as a means of transport at all. It is certain that when Europe was invaded by the Neolithic men they brought the domesticated horse with them and introduced cattle as the principal form of animal food.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

James Lyman Whitney has been one of the staff of the Boston Public Library for forty years, and may well congratulate himself on the calm and peace of his surroundings.

René Bazin, author of "The Nun," "This My Son," "Redemption," "The Barrier," etc., was born at Angers, France, in 1853. He spent most of his boyhood on a farm there. He studied and practiced law at Angers, where for a number of years he was professor of criminal law at the Catholic University.

General William Verbeck, the recently appointed adjutant-general of New York, might almost be called an American Samurai. Born in Nagasaki, brought up in the strictest military discipline, by the time he had arrived at maturity his skill in the game of war was unquestioned, and he had made himself an adept in handling Japanese weapons, even with the short two-handed sword, which demands such lightning-like dexterity and swiftness of eye and hand.

"Guerilla" Mosby has signed a contract with a lecture bureau to deliver a series of twelve lectures in principal cities of New England, telling at first hand of his experiences in the Civil War. Except for one or two lectures, Colonel Mosby has never appeared upon the lecture platform. After the course is completed in New England, as at present contracted for, it will probably be extended to the Middle and Middle Western States. Mosby will deal with his own experiences in the war and with his personal relations with the great leaders of the Confederate cause, military and civil.

Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, was judge at the trial of Hawley Crippen. Lord Alverstone was born in December, 1842, and was educated at King's College School, at Charterhouse, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He became a barrister in 1868, and "took silk" ten years after he was "called." In 1885 he became Member of Parliament for Launceston. From the same year until 1900, when he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, he was Member of Parliament for the Isle of Wight. He was attorney-general from 1885 to 1892, and from 1895 to 1900. In 1872 he married Louisa, only daughter of William Calthrop, of Withern, Lincolnshire.

Signorina Italia Garibaldi, who sailed for Naples a few days ago, after three months' stay in New York, was given a grand farewell by her compatriots, and made a little speech in which she told of her studies in schools and hospitals, which was the purpose of her visit. Many were surprised, she suggested, to see a young woman traveling alone; it would not be allowed in Italy, but it is allowed in America, and for this she loved America. Yet she declared herself not in sympathy with the equal suffrage movement, believing that it would not better the position of woman. She has been studying in the Red Cross Hospital, and the indomitable Garibaldi spirit flamed out when she told her hearers why: "In the hope that one day it may be given me to follow the ambulance of my father in the final battles for mastery of Trent and Trieste."

Lord Rothschild, the head of the great house in Newcourt, in London, the first Jew to become a peer of the United Kingdom, famous alike as financier and philanthropist, celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birthday a few days ago. Lord Rothschild is a baron of the Austrian empire, lord lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, a privy councillor, and a K. C. V. O. The first of the Rothschilds was Meyer Amschel, who was born in the ghetto at Frankfort, and began life as a clerk in Hanover, and laid the foundations of the fortunes of his house by his friendship with the Landgraf of Cassel during the Napoleonic wars. The story is that the Landgraf, just before the invasion of his territory by Napoleon, handed over his entire fortune to Meyer Rothschild, who managed both to preserve it from the French and to use it with infinite advantage both to his patron and to himself. Meyer Rothschild had five sons, and when he died in 1812 his sons established branches of the business in various European cities. Anselm remained in Frankfort, Solomon went to Vienna, Charles to Naples, and James to Paris. Nathan Meyer, who is said to have been by far the ablest of the brothers, came to Manchester some years before his father's death, and the Rothschild business began in London in 1805. Nathan removing to Newcourt in 1810, so that this year the firm celebrates the centenary of its establishment in its present position. Nathan Rothschild was succeeded by his sons, of whom Lionel, the father of Lord Rothschild, was the elder. Lord Rothschild was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He became Member of Parliament for Aylesbury in 1865, and was married in 1867 to a daughter of Charles de Rothschild, of the Frankfort branch of the family. He was raised to the peerage by Mr. Gladstone in 1885. Despite his seventy years, Lord Rothschild is still daily at his office, where he arrives every morning regularly at eleven o'clock. The Rothschilds all live about the Vale of Aylesbury, which has become known as the Rothschild country. It is rather curious that the other great English Jew—Lord Beaconsfield—lived in and loved the same county. Lord Rothschild's love of retirement is shared by his wife, who also shares his devotion to the orthodox Jewish faith. The Rothschild charities are proverbial and are distributed on a vast system.

DON FREDERICO'S CRYPT.

The Strange Discovery Made in the Miramonte Ruin.

In the midst of a wide tract of uncultivated land in Southern California stands a ruined adobe house, once the patriarchal home of the Miramontes. One hundred years ago the valley, now dry and barren, was watered by streams flowing through aqueducts, clear and cool from the mountains, and great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazed on the luscious herbage. Where still stand some scraggy olive trees once grew a thrifty orchard; but not even a fallen trunk remains of the noble grove of live-oaks in whose shade Don Frederico Miramonte, the first owner of this vast estate, built the little chapel whose crumbling adobe walls sank into shapeless mounds of earth long ago.

At a little distance from the great house lived the laborers and servants, in primitive dwellings made of tubers—reeds—brought from the marshes. The dimensions of Don Frederico's estate were defined by an impregnable boundary line—a hedge of prickly cacti, planted to prevent the invasions of hostile Indians from the mountains. In some places the cacti have grown to enormous height, flourishing in the midst of drought and desolation, while the people they were planted to protect and the Indians who were their foes have vanished from the earth.

One morning in October, 1891, two young men rode toward the old adobe and stopped to rest in its shadow. One—dark-browed and sallow-skinned, with eyes like black beads—was Arturo Miramonte, Don Frederico's only living descendant. The other was a young architect from New England, named Severson. Evidently the scene was new to him, for, while the Spaniard sat his horse and smoked his cigarettes in moody silence, looking neither to right nor left, the New Englander's eager eyes took in every detail of their surroundings. Twice he was about to speak, but the sight of his friend's melancholy countenance kept him silent; he knew Miramonte well enough to understand that he did not wish to be disturbed.

"Ay!" said the Spaniard, at last. "*Valgame Dios*. It is a dreary scene! You see, my friend, all that remains!" He spoke slowly, choosing his words with care. Arturo Miramonte detested the English language. "You can form no idea of the grandness that once was here. An avenue of palms led up to the house (they were cut down by the *Americanos*), and the *placita*—the court there, señor, where you see the ruins of a fountain—was planted with flowers and tropical trees. Don Frederico's servants made a village of themselves! At night, they say, when the moon shone, he would sit with his wife under the arched porch yonder, and watch the people dancing to the music of guitars and castanets. . . . But his wife ran away with an Englishman, and Don Frederico became suddenly an old man, and so morose that all his people feared him. You have heard the story?"

"No," answered Severson. "Let's go inside while you tell it."

"My great-grandfather's wife was very beautiful," continued Miramonte, as they walked across the neglected court; "not beautiful like our Spanish women, but with shining red hair, and a white skin, and soft brown eyes. He brought her with him when he came to this country, and no one knows the land of her nativity. He built this house for her and filled it with beautiful things—carpets from Persia (Don Frederico had been a great traveler), and pictures, and curtains, and furniture from everywhere. He worshiped her instead of the Virgin. There was nothing he would not do for her. They were famous for their hospitality—you have heard of the hospitality of the Miramontes?—*si?*—and travelers never asked shelter there in vain."

"But, one day, Don Frederico found his wife in the arms of an Englishman, who was their guest. . . . Why he did not kill them both, I do not understand. The servants heard her screams and prayers for mercy. . . . That night the faithless woman disappeared with her lover, and Don Frederico made no search for them. He forbade the mention of her name. He became a recluse, a cynic, a miser, and for thirty years he lived alone, ruling his people like a king, hoarding his money, and growing richer every year. . . . And then, as suddenly as he had retired from the world, he entered it again. It was his purpose to marry, to provide heirs to his wealth—"

"But—the wife?" interrupted Severson.

Miramonte rolled another cigarette. "She disappeared with her lover," he repeated, "the night after her perfidy was discovered, and they were never heard of again. Don Frederico made no effort to find them. He wished to forget her; he spoke of her but once. When he asked my great-grandmother's hand in marriage, he told her parents that he had learned from an authentic source that his first wife was dead. *Fate!* He could have chosen any maiden in this country—for his wealth was great—and my great-grandmother was regarded as the most fortunate of women. She, too, came of pure Castilian blood, señor," and Miramonte looked up, with a gesture of pride. "It is good that the other wife bore no children—the Miramontes are without a taint. *Vaya*, you care little for the blood—*ya! Americanos—es así?*"

But, once wedded, Don Frederico again withdrew from the world. A sad life she led—my great-grandmother. She bore him sons and daughters, and they all feared him, more than they feared God or the devil.

He seemed to care only to get money—to hoard it and hide it away. To this day people believe that there is money hidden in these ruins. You are amused, señor? You laugh?"

"Every ruin is said to conceal a treasure, you know," said Severson, skeptically.

"*Vaya!*" replied the Spaniard, with apparent indifference. "Believe it, or not, as you will; but searches have been made and money has been found—no matter! Don Frederico lived to be ninety years old, and his wife was his slave, and his children were afraid to speak aloud in his presence. He had grandchildren, too—a sturdy brood. Strange that I alone am left! He would not permit them to learn the English language, or recognize one who spoke it. You see, señor, I speak the English with much care. I learned it, of necessity, a few years ago. We Miramontes are born with a hatred of the English people and tongue. Don Frederico would let no stranger cross his threshold; for he had not faith in the fidelity of women, and my great-grandmother dared never to speak to any man but her husband and the priest. Well, he died, at last, and his heirs quarreled among themselves, and, in the end, the place was sold to settle the dispute. And so it happens, señor, that this immense estate, which should now be mine, passed into the possession of aliens, and this house, which was built to shelter Don Frederico's descendants for centuries, stands now empty and in ruins."

Severson, with his arms behind him, paced slowly through the deserted rooms. The walls were immensely thick. Each window made an alcove. The ceiling was broken where the roof had leaked, and the heavy tiles had fallen through; and patches of sky were visible here and there.

"Of course the place is haunted?" Severson queried, with a smile; "these old houses are always tenanted by ghosts."

Miramonte smoked vehemently for a moment. "The señor does not believe in ghosts?" he asked, in non-committal tones.

"Well, hardly," answered Severson, emphatically; "still—I'd like to. It would make life intensely interesting. Do you?"

"*Quien sabe?*" murmured the Spaniard, shrugging his shoulders; "I could tell you of things—" and he said nothing more.

Severson extended his explorations, noting, with growing admiration, the immense solidity of the walls. Between two of the inner rooms he found a partition seven feet thick.

"Whew!" he whistled, in amazement; "the old don built for all eternity—a seven-foot wall!"

He struck it admiringly with his doubled fist, and, to his surprise, he heard a faint sound, like falling mortar.

"Queer," commented Severson; "it can't be very substantial after all," and he began to search for the defective spot. But, though he examined it on every side, the wall presented an unbroken surface. He struck it again, and again he heard the mysterious sound.

"Miramonte!" he called, excitedly; "Miramonte! Come here!"

"What do you want?" the Spaniard replied, indolently rising from his seat on the floor in the farther room.

"Come here!" shouted Severson; "quick! I've made a discovery. This wall is hollow!"

Miramonte leaped to join him—not indolent now—his yellow face suffused, his eyes aflame.

"The money!" were his first words. "*Vive Dios!*—the hidden money!"

Severson nodded affirmatively and gave the wall another blow. "Listen, Miramonte," he said, "don't you hear the mortar falling inside? I tell you this wall is hollow. How shall we make a hole?"

Miramonte stood transfixed. "I hear, I hear," he murmured, in ecstasy, as if he were listening to celestial music. "Now—now, at last it will be found. I shall be rich once more."

"Think," urged Severson, impatiently, "how to get inside. We have no tools."

"The roof!" cried the Spaniard. "My knife!—with my knife I can make an opening through the roof."

Instantly the two men ran out into the *placita*. Severson stopped to study the roof and fix in his mind the location of the inner room; but Miramonte, carrying his unsheathed hunting-knife in his hand and trembling with eagerness, began at once to clamber over the fallen and moldering outer walls.

"Be careful!" cautioned Severson; "you'll break through the roof. The tiles are heavy; the tiles are old and rotten! Be careful!" But the Spaniard scarcely seemed to hear.

Kneeling now upon the uneven roof, he flung the loose tiles aside, and when Severson joined him, he was hacking the tiles and rending the thongs that bound them together. Severson could only hear him reiterating in Spanish while he worked: "The money—at last—the money!"

Soon a hole was made two feet in diameter. Miramonte thrust in his head till his shoulders rested upon the roof. Severson saw his body shake and heard him utter a hideous oath. "It is dark! I can not see!" he cried aloud, in a fury; "we must make the hole larger!" and he fell madly to work again.

At last the opening was four feet long. Miramonte's hands were bleeding; his face was smeared with sweat and dirt; his eyes shone like smoldering coals. The dust which had accumulated for a century on the

roof swirled in a cloud about them, and it was impossible to discern anything below. But gradually the dust settled, and slowly—how slowly!—the air cleared; and the two men, kneeling on the verge of the opening they had made, gazed down into the apartment beneath them.

The Spaniard's face became ashen under its grime; his eyes were glassy and dull. "*Virgen santissima!*" he whispered, slowly making the sign of the cross; "Mother of God—what do I see? *Das Esqueletas!*"

Below them, in a narrow chamber—a mere cell, not four feet wide, without windows or doors—on a floor paved with square brick tiles, lay two skeletons the skulls resting close together.

Looping his lariat around a rafter which crossed a hole in the roof, Severson lowered himself into the cell. Graven in Spanish upon a tablet in the wall, he read this legend:

"Here, shut in a living tomb with her lover, is Don Frederico Miramonte's faithless wife. Accursed be her soul!"

AMY ELIZABETH LEIGH.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Ballad of Lief.

Where the stormy cliffs of Greenland frown down the Arctic seas,

While the short, glad days of summer made soft the icy breeze,

Came the dauntless Viking Eric, in his search for fame and gold

What time the Norseman's banner ruled land and sea of old

There built they hall and fortress, stout walls for house and byre,

Good bolts to guard their treasure, broad hearths to heap with fire;

And high above the thresholds their mighty gods did place, Great Thor, and Father Odin, and Loki's crafty face.

Rare sport from floe and hillside the sturdy warriors drew, Right well both beast and skraling their hurtling spear-heads knew,

The white bears of the mountain before them stood at bay, The swift deer of the meadow was far less fleet than they.

But when 'round camp-fires blazing the winter's watch was set,

And song of skald outwining woke daring and regret, The young men's eyes grew brighter and hot breath went and came

When loud in verse or story was heard Bjorne's name.

Bjorne, son of Herjulf, who once—O crown of fate!— With daring keel south steering had found a new world's gate,

A land of vines and flowers, bedecked in living green, Bright fields knee-deep in grasses, bright rivers sown between.

And Lief, the heir of Eric, would toss his fiery head While the swift heart-throbs beating stained cheek and brow with red,

And swear he, too, would venture that strange and lonesome track

Should all the dread Valkyrie dark-frowning call him back!

One day his barque flew southward across that unknown sea, To glory or to danger naught recked or questioned he;

With five-and-thirty comrades full armed in spear and mail, And the proud Norseman's banner flung broadly to the gale.

Behind them in the distance the home-roofs fell away, Before, nor coast nor harbor rose up from day to day,

Till saw they in the distance the lone and grewsome shore Of Helluland the Stony, off stormy Labrador.

And "Onward!" cried the Norseman; "Not this our land of bliss;

Our kine would never fatten on such harsh food as this!" So sped their good boat onward before the north wind's blows,

Through many a dawn's glad promise and many an evening's close.

Till on the west high rising with sheltered fords and bays, Rose Markland, the Well-wooded, to greet their eager gaze;

But "Nay!" said Lief the Stalwart; "not here we anchor set;

The land that woos the Viking must be a fairer yet!"

Then southward still, slow rounding a stormy cape of sand Lo! set before their vision a rich and gracious land;

A shore of vines and flowers bedecked in living green, Bright fields knee-deep in grass, bright rivers sown between!

"Here in these smiling valleys, with joy and plenty crowned, Shall kin arise to bless us, and flocks and herds abound;

Here shall the gods smile kindly their children's pride to see,

And the plenteous furrows gladden, and the bounty of the sea."

So spake the son of Eric on Vinland's headland hold; While to his eager fancy the future years unrolled

Their scroll of fame before him—his name set high in place As a star that lends its splendor to the glory of a race.

Nor deemed he ere three summers had waked to joy and glee The blossoms in the valley, the wild bird on the tree,

That where the lone white headland spreads white arms to the wave

The arrow of the skraling should have left him but a grave.

Would his eye have lost its cunning, his arm its stormy might, Could he have known the silence of the long, forgetful night

That would hide him in its furrows from kindly human ken, Till his name and fame had faded from the living thought of men?

Nay! for not such the heroes! They work through pain and loss,

Content to reach their crowning through shadows of the cross; Content to know that surely, in spite of fate unkind,

The brave man's deed lives ever to help and bless mankind.

And that, however slowly the lengthening ages fall, At last their meed of honor is meted unto all,

At last his crown of glory heeds the hero's grave, As now rings song and story with the name of Lief, the Brave!

—Mary Elizabeth Blake.

An exposition of fine arts, organized by the Society of Italian Artists, will be held in Florence, Italy, from November 1, 1910, to June 30, 1911.

ROSA BONHEUR.

Reminiscences of the Painter of "The Horse Fair."

Although widely known throughout the civilized world as the painter of the famous picture, "The Horse Fair," and remembered for one striking eccentricity, Rosa Bonheur is little more than a name to the great majority. Now, however, in "Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur," Theodore Stanton has gathered together a mass of information about the celebrated artist, from which it is possible to gather data representing all phases of her career and the many sides of her individuality.

Born in Bordeaux in March, 1822, of a drawing-master father and a mother who is supposed to have been of high descent, she passed the first four years of her life in the town on the Garonne, and was then taken to Paris, whither her father had gone in search of greater facilities for earning money for his growing family. In later years Rosa Bonheur set down some memories of her childhood:

The change from Bordeaux to Paris was at first hard to bear. I didn't like the great capital. Even the bread seemed insipid when compared to our southern loaves, which were salty and so to my taste. Moreover, I yearned for the sun of my native town, especially as the early spring days of that year were cloudy and chilly.

In the same building where we lived was a school kept by a M. Antin, who was a Jansenist, and who became a good friend of ours, my father showing thus early a tendency to break with established things in spiritual matters, a tendency which grew with the years and which has always left its stamp on me. Old Father Antin, as we all called him reverentially, remarking that I was unoccupied, proposed to my father to take me as a pupil; so I entered the little boys' class with my brothers Auguste and Isidore. This was, I believe, the first pronounced step in a course which my father always pursued with us children and which in modern times has been named co-education. The influence which it had on my life can not be exaggerated. It emancipated me before I knew what emancipation meant and left me free to develop naturally and untrammelled. I will remember that I was not at all shy because my only companions were boys. When, during the recess, we went to play in the garden of the Palace Royale—today, Place des Vosges—I was generally the leader in all the games, and I did not hesitate now and again to use my fists. So from the very start, a masculine bent was given to my existence. This school life, which did so much for me in so short a time, continued till 1830.

As my father's time was monopolized by his lessons, I was left a good deal to myself. But soon after this, two friends of his, M. and Mme. Bisson, who were engaged in heraldic painting and who colored plates of every kind, took pity on my idling faculties; and, remarking that I was interested in their work, gave me some easy drawings and kaleidoscope views to color. Whenever I think of the pence I earned in this work, it makes my heart beat more quickly, for it was the first money I ever made in art, such as it was. Mme. Bisson, by the way, was an amusing original. Mother of three boys and inconsolable at having no girls, she had re-baptized her sons with girls' names. The youngest, who was my friend, was called Eleanor.

As the matrimonial affairs of famous persons are of constant interest, it may be well to state at once that Rosa Bonheur never married. This was not altogether her own fault. "I was never asked in marriage," she said, "except on one occasion by an apothecary at whose shop I used to stuff my pockets with a provision of cocoa. We soon got tired of one another. The courtship lasted a week! An apothecary's cannula did not inspire me with high respect." A friend of the artist gives a slightly different account:

When asked why she had never married, she always answered: "Nobody ever fell in love with me; I have never been truly loved." More than one man, however, really worshipped her. But she inspired such deep respect that no man seems to have dared to reveal his feelings to her. There is a curious example of this fact, taken from the humble walks of life and which came under the special notice of my own family. On several occasions Rosa Bonheur had done service for a workman, who, throughout his life, spent his savings in buying engravings of her principal pictures and photographs of herself. His simple dwelling was a temple to her kindness. He described himself as "the earth-worm in love with a star." The person here referred to—Mr. E. A. Bautray, of Clermont-Ferrand—tells me that Rosa Bonheur once asked him why he was not married, and he replied by asking her the same question. Here was her answer: "Well, sir, it is not because I am an enemy of marriage; but I assure you that I have never had time to consider the subject."

Perhaps, as has been the case with so many women, her failure to find a suitable male mate explains why he became so deeply attached to a member of her own sex, the Nathalie Micas whose acquaintance she made at the beginning of her career and who remained her close companion until death. A sketch of this friend is given by Paul Chardin:

As Rosa Bonheur's friend, Nathalie Micas conceived a taste for painting. She used in preference to paint cats, one picture in particular, I remember, representing some kittens lying with a ball of wool. It was an awful daisy; yet Rosa Bonheur, with that naive goodness so characteristic of her, took the trouble to advise Nathalie and even to add a few touches to the wretched canvas. At times, she would even encourage her and say: "Well, my old Inés, and what have you done today? Come, that's not bad." Whereupon, Nathalie, greedily swallowing the flattering words, would return the compliment, and, sticking herself in front of Rosa's easel, would launch into congratulations and critical remarks, quite like a connoisseur.

Moreover, Nathalie Micas had a strong dash of sentimentality in her nature. Whenever she spoke of her mother, it was with a tremor in her throat that smacked of melodrama; and yet there was really no affectation. She was naturally tragic, both in her waxen-colored face and her majestic gestures, and every word that issued from her lips seemed solemn and prophetic. When a dreamy fit came on her and she went to air her melancholy in a solitary walk, her head surmounted with the red and black plumed hat, it was almost impossible for a person meeting her to help bursting into laughter. I recall having surprised her in one of these moods, and having made a sketch of her as Hamlet,

holding in her hands a skull, which was mine, and exclaiming: "To By or not to By." My had pun she did not understand, but being very good-natured, she never lost her temper over a joke made at her expense.

Many fantastic and unauthentic explanations were offered of the warm friendship which existed between Rosa Bonheur and Nathalie Micas, one being to the effect that the latter had the power of hypnotizing animals while the artist sketched them. She was not even the artist's amanuensis, but just her "well-beloved friend." The two made many travels together. Here are glimpses of them on their journeys:

Fame is not without its inconveniences as well as its agreeable side. Up to now I had succeeded in keeping my incognito; but at present I am receiving cards from all quarters, and my hotel landlord, who is an artist of his kind, is so proud to have me in his house that he walks about the streets singing my praises. Yesterday, just as I was preparing to go and dine with Princess Kourakine, an excellent woman and lady-in-waiting to the Russian Empress, M. Pradet, the landlord in question, presented me with a missive on a salver, politely informing me that it was prepaid. I opened it and read: "Ode Addressed by J. Pradet, Landlord of the Hôtel de l'Europe, Cauterets, to the Great Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur." I am keeping the poem for you, it being really worth reading. We enjoyed it yesterday at the princess's, and you may imagine our dessert was a merry one. The princess, by the way, is intending to call on us in Paris and wants to know us all. Her children she is bringing up with the utmost simplicity, and tells them they are the brothers and sisters of the poor little peasant children. This is sensible and noble.

Such are the honors that attend your sister everywhere, and they are sometimes useful. All the country people like me and the Spanish men look at me with a favorable eye. Mariano, a famous smuggler, whom it is impossible to capture, he is so clever and so much dreaded, and who says he has never sat for his portrait to any one but me—what an honor for me!—has been to lunch with me at the hotel. In spite of the distrust which he inspires in me, he appears to have taken a fancy to me, and goes about the country saying he would give his life for me.

I have tamed a still wilder specimen; a man who never remains here more than an hour at a time. Like a bear, he is always in the mountains. I refer to the famous Navarros, who has had so many fights with the customs officers. You would hardly believe it, but we got on capitally together. He has sat to me, and allowed me to become acquainted with his tiger's smile—a thing rare enough. During an excursion which I am planning with some friends, he wants to carry me on his back, saying he would be so proud to do this and that he would find the burden light. However, I should not care to trust him; and if I go to Panticosa—the wretched village and famous springs just over the Spanish frontier from here—as I feel inclined to do, I shall take Jean Marie, who is a sure and faithful guide.

On our return from Scotland to Wexham, where my guest stayed for a short time to sketch, Mr. Ruskin, the eminent art critic, was invited to meet her at dinner. His arrival turned the little village upside down. Two days before, his servant came to hire rooms for him, and as the furniture was not considered suitable, some better had to be fetched from Windsor. A cook came down also, in order to prepare his breakfast, and when Mr. Ruskin himself entered the village it was with his own carriage and domestics, the railway being disdained. After dinner his conversation with Rosa Bonheur gave rise to some interesting discussion. I remember that at one moment, his antagonist's arguments seeming more weighty than his own, Ruskin cried out: "I don't yield; to vanquish me, you would have to crush me."

"I wouldn't like to go so far as that," answered Rosa Bonheur.

One of the principal charms of this volume is that, wherever possible, it allows Rosa Bonheur to speak for herself. She was a prolific letter-writer, replying to all her correspondents with her own hand. To unknown admirers her epistles were naturally brief, but to her family and her few intimate friends she wrote constantly and at great length. One letter from a series addressed to a young artist may be cited for the sake of its personal revelation:

August 23, 1867: One finally becomes so enervated and worn out by the things of this life, whether they affect one nearly or remotely, that unless one lets one's self drift, it is necessary to react against the laws of physical nature which each day deprive us of a little of those we love, and of ourselves, too, happily! One has to become, if not hard, if not selfish, at least tough, and to brace in order to go on to the end without allowing one's self to drop like a rag.

As for me, I must own that I am in the position of the old rat who, after sniffing about over hill and dale, retires, quite satisfied, to his hole, yet, in reality, somewhat sad to have seen the world without taking a part in it. So I shut my door in the face of all that is commonplace and keep only three or four sincere affections, after studying those who wished to do the same, a thing allowable to each; so that, after having chosen one's friends, one keeps those that please and neglects those that don't. Now, my good Rapin, you of course belong to the smaller number of those I really like, and you will find me always happy to receive you, but more and more hurried in my small shell, with my door shut against the indifferents. For you, then, I will open it and for three or four other friends of my predilection.

As soon as her means permitted, Rosa Bonheur established her home in the forest of Fontainebleau, in and around which were developed the greatest French landscape painters of the last century. It was in the hamlet of By, on the northern edge of the forest, that the great limner of animals pitched her tent:

The castle of By—villa or country house would be a more exact description—which Rosa Bonheur and the Micas bought in 1860, is very ancient. Its history goes back for at least a century before the discovery of America. The artist during her long residence made many changes in the old edifice, some of which are mentioned in her letters given in this volume, and before she died the house was rendered rather comfortable. There was even a touch of spaciousness about it. The fine large studio was worthy of her fame, and today it is a touching spot to visit, filled as it is with so many interesting souvenirs of the dead artist, and just as she left it when she passed away, almost brush in hand.

Rosa Bonheur's grounds at By are in the form of a long parallelogram, and are to all appearances cut out of the very forest itself, the trees at the end of her property and those of the contiguous forest being of the same kind. In the wall, at the back of her grove, is a wooden double-gate, which opens directly into the forest, from which it is separated

only by a narrow shady lane. Through this gate the great artist could get into the woods quite unobserved.

In order to take her almost daily drive of the closing years of her life, Rosa Bonheur would pass out by a narrower wooden door in the west wall that opened on to the neat little macadamized road running from By to the station—the Rue de la Gare—the municipality having had the bad taste to give the name of street, as has already been said, to the rustic lanes of its village suburb.

A few rods from this last-mentioned door begins, in the forest, the Route de la Fontaine, a grassy avenue lined with fine oaks, heeches, and elms. This was Rosa Bonheur's favorite short walk. On these occasions, when she did not go far from the house, she would take with her dogs and monkeys. The latter—Boniface and Ratata—would run up trees, but would return on her calling them, and perch themselves on her shoulders. The only thing to disturb the silence of the spot and remind one of the near presence of the busy world was the occasional rush and rumble of a train on the Paris-Lyons Railway, which skirts the western edge of the forest.

Many reminiscences of those who were familiar with the artist's forest life are laid under contribution by Mr. Stanton, and in a further chapter he cites some interesting particulars as to her love of animals:

I was Rosa Bonheur's neighbor at Fontainebleau. She was familiar with every nook and corner of the forest. During the fine season, her delight was to start at dawn in her tilbury, attended by her faithful servant, Stephen. Encircling herself in the wildest and most picturesque spot, she would hang her watch on a branch, place her revolver within reach, and then dismiss her servant, who came back to fetch her at an appointed time. During these excursions it was sometimes my happiness to accompany her.

At By, she used to get up as soon as it was light and would paint all day till night forced her to lay down her brushes. In winter she even sketched by candlelight. What hored her most was going to Paris, for it meant the discarding of trousers, smock, and felt hat, as well as the putting away of cigarettes, which she constantly smoked.

Rosa Bonheur once said to me: "To be loved by wild animals, you must love them." She adored La Fontaine and the good Cherville. On one occasion when I visited By, I praised her for offering such a noble example of a retired life which was not an abandonment of the world at the same time; whereupon she answered: "Well, no, not exactly an example that has anything noble in it. The most that can be said is that it has got to be a habit. I deserve no praise for leading this life. I need the society of no one. I care nothing for the fashionable. What can the world do for me? A portrait painter has need of these things, but not I, who find all that is wanted in my dogs, my horses, my hinds, and my stags of the forest."

During the lifetime of Rosa Bonheur many statements were made about her liking for male attire. Why she donned it, and to what extent, is explained thus:

An external and material thing contributed largely to the notoriety of Rosa Bonheur. I refer to her assuming masculine attire. Yet here, as in so much else published concerning her, there was a good deal of exaggeration. Thus, M. Louis Passy writes: "Much has been said about Rosa Bonheur wearing man's dress. Now, curiously enough, I can not recall ever having seen her so attired. When she came to Gisors she always wore a sort of Brittany costume. Even at By, the only masculine garment in her get-up, as I remember her, was a kind of sack-coat. When I was there, she always had on a skirt, just like every other woman." And the elder Peyrol adds: "Rosa Bonheur at least was not coquettish. Provided she had a decent and comfortable gown, she was satisfied. She cared nothing about jewels, and would have given all the finery in the world for an animal that she wanted." M. Eugène D'Eichthal's recollections do not differ much on this point from those of his fellow-member of the Institute, M. Louis Passy: "When we were children, my sister and myself, Rosa Bonheur often dined with my father and mother, and, after the meal, she would draw pictures for our amusement. She was then dressed in a perfectly plain skirt and a sort of dark blouse. Her hair was worn just like a boy's, and I always remarked that in her studio she looked still more like a young man." "When Rosa Bonheur went to Paris or out in society," M. Paul Chardin explains, "she always put on woman's clothes, which consisted generally of a black silk gown and a rather long cloak of the same material. On grand occasions she would sometimes display all her orders on her breast, which made one think that she might be some great general or high functionary." Her cousin, Mme. Lagrolet, adds a few particulars: "Her skirt was more like a night dress, with its unstarched collar and cuffs. She used to say that starched collars and cuffs worried her. I always remarked that she seldom wore gloves."

The elder Peyrol explains as follows how it was that Rosa Bonheur began to don masculine garments:

When engaged in painting the "Horse Fair," she went often to the Paris Tattersall's of that day. Then were repeated the same disagreeable experiences as at the slaughter-houses in the earlier period of her career, and, as she could not hope to find a second Father Emile, the thought occurred to her to assume man's attire. Her strong face and short hair lent themselves to this disguise and its trial proved a complete success. Rosa was everywhere taken for a young man and no attention was paid to her comings and goings.

A short time before this she had met at a friend's house M. Monval, the police commissioner of her ward, and she asked him to aid her to obtain a regularly authorized permit to wear male attire. He made the necessary application to the prefect of police and it was granted. Thenceforth, Rosa Bonheur dressed as a man almost continuously at home and when she went on horseback, though in the streets of Paris she wore a gown.

As to her other masculine trait, her fondness for tobacco, there is little to be said save that as a rule she confined her smoking to her own studio. But one day, when she had been driving about in Paris for three hours making calls, she said to her companion, "I can resist no longer. Give me a cigarette." To the objection that it would not do to smoke in the streets she retorted by bidding the cab driver pull up the cover of his cab, and when that was done she "lifted up her skirt, beneath which were her men's trousers, and was soon enjoying her smoke."

In addition to a frontispiece reproduction of her most famous painting, the original of which is in New York, the volume is liberally illustrated from other finished pictures and sketches and studies.

REMINISCENCES OF ROSA BONHEUR. Edited by Theodore Stanton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Spirit Trail.

All those stirring days in Dakota in the early 'seventies which were associated with the last struggle of the Sioux Indians for the lands granted them under treaty live again in this swiftly moving story. The authors have evidently taken unusual pains to get their facts and atmosphere right, and have been remarkably successful in giving an imaginative air to their material. Of course, too, there is the inevitable love story, the central figure of which is the kidnapped daughter of the Indian agent, whose perils are thrown into tense relief by the compulsory inaction of her lover. That, however, is broken ere it is too late, and he is thus given the opportunity to effect her rescue, which is achieved at the cost of thrilling adventures. Another well drawn character is that of Hugh Hunt, the frontier missionary, who is made the mouthpiece of a gospel of friendliness toward the Indians.

THE SPIRIT TRAIL. By Kate and Virgil D. Boyles. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

The Spread Eagle.

Perhaps the first desire of the reader when he has perused two or three of these stories will be to place them in a category. But such an effort at classification must fail. Mr. Morris can not be tabulated; he has a note entirely his own, and to speak of his tales as being fantastic, or tragic, or romantic, is no solution. Evidently he is conscious of this himself, and hence his rebuke to the reader who told him that one of his stories resembles a tale in the Arabian Nights. "And so it does. Most damningly. And this is printed in the hope of saving other persons postage." Mr. Morris does well to be humorously wroth; and his forbearance must give pause to any attempt to characterize his work. Let it suffice to say that these stories are unique, and that it is impossible to read any one of them without experiencing reflex emotions such as are likely to widen and deepen one's human sympathies. In craftsmanship, too, they attain a level which places Mr. Morris in the first rank.

THE SPREAD EAGLE. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.20 net.

The Holy Land.

As has happened to so many more, Mr. Hichens's realization of a long-cherished dream to visit Palestine resulted in a certain measure of disillusionment. Perhaps it can hardly ever be otherwise. There are some spots on the world's surface which are best seen through the glamour of imagination. But notwithstanding that personal experience, the pages in which Mr. Hichens sets down the record of his pilgrimage have a singular fascination. It is a notable fact that we do not enter into the disillusionments of others, and that being the case this reverent and sympathetic description of "those holy fields" can not fail to appeal with much force to all to whom Palestine is of a truth "the Holy Land." Mr. Hichens's text is full of color and is strongly enforced by the admirable blend of photographs and pictures in their original tints as drawn by Jules Guérin on his tour through Palestine. There is no jarring in this dual method of illustration, for the photographs have been chosen with much care and are of scenes so unusual that they have none of that harsh realism so often associated with the product of the camera. In the actual making of the volume the publishers have spared no pains; the page is amply planned and printed in noble type, and the binding and the reproductions of the pictures are all that could be desired. The result is a superb volume of varied attractions.

THE HOLY LAND. By Robert Hichens. Illustrated by Jules Guérin and with photographs. New York: The Century Company; \$6 net.

Popular Law-Making.

Professor Stimson has written a volume of absorbing and practical interest to legislators, politicians, and citizens. It is a pioneer effort to expound what, in the realm of law-making, has been done in the past and what we are trying to do now. That such a study is imperatively needed must be obvious to all who recall the fact that in America there are forty-six legislative bodies in the States, two in the Territories, besides the Federal Congress. These bodies on an average frame five hundred statutes a year, giving a total of twenty-five thousand annual laws.

Hence the contention of Professor Stimson that the changes wrought by steam and electricity are as nothing compared with those which have come into play by reason of the enormous body of legislation produced in recent years. "These statutes, which at any moment may revolutionize a man's liberty or his property, are not as they were in old times—a mere codification, or attempt at the best expression of a law already existing and well understood of the people; but may and probably will represent a complete reversal of experience, an absolute alteration of human relations, a paradox of all that has gone before." What Professor Stimson wishes to enforce on the attention of his readers is that the people do not realize that

their power and practice of immediate legislation is not only the great event in our modern science of government, but is also the greatest change in the rules and conditions of our living, and doing, and having. It will be seen, then, how pregnant with practical interest this volume is, and what weighty reasons there are why it should be thoughtfully pondered by all classes.

POPULAR LAW-MAKING. By Frederic Jessup Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Handicrafts in the Home.

Although not intended to supersede the instructions given in crafts schools, these carefully written chapters contain ample tuition for those who wish, whether for pleasure or profit, to master the elements of any one of the twenty-four occupations described. These include working in sheet metal, repoussé work, pottery-making, wood-carving, stenciling, poker work, netting, and appliqué. In each case the knowledge necessary for the beginner is presented in a brief, lucid, and attractive manner, and every chapter is fully illustrated in an admirable style. Hence the volume should appeal strongly to those women who find time hang so heavily on their hands that they spend most of their hours in the stores, especially as, in addition to fostering a love of home, the crafts recommended do not entail expensive outfits and can soon be turned to profitable uses.

HANDICRAFTS IN THE HOME. By Mahel Tuke Priestman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net.

The Great White North.

Now that a chapter of polar exploration has been definitely closed the present is a suitable time for surveying the history of human endeavor to penetrate to the North Pole, and this is the task to which Helen S. Wright addresses herself in the present fully illustrated volume. The story begins with those Irish monks of the ninth century who appear to have visited Iceland, and continues through all the centuries which have witnessed the exploits of Hudson, Baffin, Ross and Parry, Sir John Franklin, McClintock, Hayes, Nansen, and countless others, culminating, of course, in the latest rivals, Cook and Peary. The latter is the theme of the somewhat fustian conclusion of the volume, a conclusion which mars an otherwise excellent piece of compilation. As far as possible the various explorers have been allowed to tell their story in their own words, a feature which transforms the book into an enjoyable anthology of polar heroism.

THE GREAT WHITE NORTH. By Helen S. Wright. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

A Vagabond in the Caucasus.

Nietzsche's Zarathustra drove Mr. Graham to his tramp life. From his earliest years he appears to have been unusually sensitive to the teaching of the authors he read, so that it was not surprising that the exhortation to "do the impossible," and to join the "free, very free spirits" caught him in a receptive mood. Well, the gain is considerable, for Mr. Graham's experiences of tramp life in the Caucasus have supplied him with material for a fascinating volume. It takes the reader to his own happy hunting ground: "Two thousand miles from London there are new silences, pregnant stillness, on the steppes, in the country places, on the skirts of the old forests. No word of the hubbub of democracy need come through; not a hoarding poster flaunts the eye; no burning question of the hour torments the mind. A man is master of himself and may see or hear or consider just what he chooses." His wide wanderings hither and thither, and his mingling with all classes, but mostly with the people, have taught Mr. Graham how little the outside world really knows of Russia. "The newspaper boom of the revolution has done much harm; it has given English people a false idea of Russia. That notion of Russia as a place of anarchists and gendarmes, secret societies, spies, plots, prisons, is ridiculous. As after the Slaves War the Romans lined the way home by poles on which the heads of the conquered were fixed, so to the ordinary outsider appears the boundary line of Russia—a palisade of heads on poles. In truth, it is only fenced in by passport officers, unless the outworks of lies in the European press must be counted." The book is fully and admirably illustrated.

A VAGABOND IN THE CAUCASUS. By Stephen Graham. New York: John Lane Company; \$4 net.

Methods of Attracting Birds.

Householders who are anxious to attract native birds to their home-lots, and farmers who are desirous of achieving the same result for the benefit of their crops, may be commended to Mr. Trafton's little book. Throughout, and notwithstanding the table which gives a formidable list of the kinds of fruits eaten by birds, it maintains the position that birds of all kinds—save the sparrow—are desirable in the garden and on the farm, and the book gives many hints as to how the object in view may be attained. Thus, the reader is told how to make attractive nesting-houses, how to build drinking and bathing

fountains, and what trees, shrubs, and vines to plant for the encouragement of different kinds of birds. All these suggestions are enforced by plan sketches and many admirable photographs. But Mr. Trafton does not hide from his readers the stubborn fact that all their efforts to attract birds may be brought to naught by the sparrow. He does give some hints on fighting that "persistent, quarrelsome, indefatigable nuisance," but has to confess with sadness that his efforts have proved "mostly failures."

METHODS OF ATTRACTING BIRDS. By Gilbert H. Trafton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Race Distinctions in American Law.

After forty-five years of freedom from physical bondage, how much does the negro lack of being, in truth, a full-fledged American citizen? Such is the inquiry to which Mr. Stephenson has devoted a large amount of research from the legal standpoint, in the course of which he has examined the constitutions, statutes, and judicial decisions, State and Federal, made since 1863. This carefully considered volume is the outcome, and it is a valuable contribution to the study of the proper and permanent relations of the white and colored races.

Having discussed the question, "What is a negro?" and examined the "black laws" of 1863-68, Mr. Stephenson passes in review intermarriage and miscegenation, the civil rights of negroes, the separation of races in schools and public conveyances, the negro in court, and the general question of suffrage. In a final chapter he shows that race distinctions are not confined to any one section of the country, nor to any one race, and that they do not appear to be decreasing. It is true that the distinctions of the "black laws" are no longer enforced, "but distinctions which are not the direct results of slavery have found an increasing recognition in the law. Thus, though Florida, Mississippi, and Texas had separate railroad coaches for freedmen in 1866, the regular 'Jim Crow' laws did not begin to creep into the statutes of the Southern States till 1881. Now every Southern State, except Missouri, has a law separating the races in railroad cars. Mississippi, in 1888, was the first State to require separate waiting-rooms. Louisiana, in 1902, took the lead in compelling separate street-car accommodations, being followed by most of the Southern States within the last seven years." Taking a broad view of the question, Mr. Stephenson finds that race distinctions are not based on race superiority, but are rather the outgrowth of race consciousness. "Thus, the widespread prejudice entertained by Gentiles toward the Jews, resulting in actual, if not legal, distinctions, is due, not to any notion that Jews are intellectually or morally inferior to any people, but to a race consciousness which each possesses." Mr. Stephenson's conclusion is that the welfare of both races requires the recognition of race distinctions and the obliteration of race discriminations.

RACE DISTINCTIONS IN AMERICAN LAW. By Gilbert H. Stephenson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Brief Reviews.

Eva March Tappan's "An Old, Old Story-Book" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50) gives in an attractive form the chief Old Testament stories, the text of which is based upon the Authorized Version. The book is fully illustrated, clearly printed, and well bound.

Percy Lewis Kaye's "Readings in Civil Government" (the Century Company; \$1.50) is an admirable handbook for the student of government, presenting, as it does, a remarkable wealth of selections from the writings of the most notable authorities. It consists of two parts, dealing respectively with the spirit of American government and the form of American government, and in every case the selections are made with extreme care and a fine appreciation of the student's needs.

All who are interested in the Elizabethan period of English literature will accord a hearty welcome to W. T. Young's "An Anthology of the Poetry of the Age of Shake-

speare (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net). By its wise selections it brings into clear view the kinds of poetry practiced by the Elizabethans, and is specially valuable for the light it throws upon the development of verse in its total effect it affords another valuable testimony to the supremacy of Shakespeare in a great age.

Under the most favorable conditions it is difficult to achieve success with the historical novel, and the conditions elected by Frances G. Knowles-Foster in "Jehanne of the Golden Lips" (John Lane Company; \$1.50) are hardly favorable. The period of the story is unfamiliar to the majority, as are also the characters introduced, and these are two obstacles which nothing save rare genius can overcome. Perhaps, then, it is hardly surprising that the story moves heavily and fails to arrest the reader's interest.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Great American Universities.

In view of the growth and transformation of American universities during recent years this is a particularly timely and valuable volume. It is the outcome of Mr. Slosson's personal investigations, in the course of which he spent a week in residence at each of the institutions described, which, by the way, include nine endowed universities—Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago, Cornell, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Stanford, and Johns Hopkins—and the State universities of Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, California, and Illinois. While not ignoring statistics and other dry details, Mr. Slosson's chief object has been to present a living picture of each university in its varied activities, and has succeeded to a notable degree. The account of California University is admirably written, appreciative, and well balanced.

At the close of his study Mr. Slosson indulges in an interesting chapter of comparisons and conclusions, in which he notes that although the scores of degrees granted by the universities have lost their significance, the most important, that of the doctorate of philosophy, still possesses a well-defined value. Yet he feels that even with that degree a more exacting standard is desirable. As showing how the newer forms of studies relating to the intellectual development of mankind make slight demands upon the student, he tells of a professor of sociology who discarded the lantern-slide method of illustration in favor of a moving-picture apparatus. At the close of the lecture he asked a student what he thought of the innovation, and received the reply, "Say, professor, couldn't you run in some illustrated songs to relieve the monotony?" On the question of athletics Mr. Slosson has arrived at these conclusions: "That athletic contests do not promote friendly feelings and mutual respect between the colleges, but quite the contrary; that they attract an undesirable set of students; that they lower the standards of honor and honesty; that they promote dissipation, gambling, and extravagance; that they corrupt faculties and officials; that they cultivate the mob mind; that they divert the attention of the students from their proper work and pervert the aims of education."

GREAT AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES. By Edwin E. Slosson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Romantic California.

To the accompaniment of numerous sketches which are distinguished for their poetic quality and for tonal values which impart a sense of color to their monotone reproductions, Mr. Peixotto offers a series of word-studies of the romantic beauties of the Golden Gate State. His plea that the hillslopes facing the channel of Santa Barbara, in their native attractions and superimposed activities, recall the vineyards of the Mediterranean country is well taken, and his efforts to accentuate the picturesque features imparted to the California aspect by the relics of the old Spanish missions are equally successful. Another division of the book takes the reader on a pleasant trip through Bret Harte's country, while a fourth is concerned with little journeys from San Francisco along the peninsula, to the district of Tamalpais, and the Piedmont hills. There are also attractive accounts of visits to the Farallones and a midsummer night entertainment in the redwoods. The volume is tastefully produced with a handsome page and decorative binding.

ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA. By Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Jane Addams's remarkable record of "Twenty Years at Hull House" is to be published by the Macmillans this week. The volume, which naturally takes the autobiographical form, will be illustrated with etchings and numerous text cuts by Norah Hamilton, of Hull House.

Marie Hay, under which name the wife of Baron Herbert Hindenburg became known to the lovers of historic gossip through her "A German Pompadour," has written a new volume, "The Winter Queen," which is a study of the life of Elizabeth Stuart.

During the coming year Guglielmo Ferrero, whose history of Rome has given him an international reputation, will contribute to the Century a series of papers on "The Wives of the Caesars," the first of which will deal with Livia, the wife of Augustus.

Several American bird books realized the highest prices at a recent sale in London. J. J. Audubon's "Birds of America" fetching £57 and Wilson and Bonaparte's "American Ornithology" £42.

Asked how it is that we have no manuscript plays or letters of Shakespeare, Sidney Lee says there is nothing extraordinary about that. Hardly any Elizabethan manuscript has come down to our age. There are no manuscripts left of Drayton, even his plays having disappeared. To the Baconians who make much of Shakespeare's references to law, Mr. Lee replies that Shakespeare's law is almost

invariably bad law. And Sir A. Conan Doyle wants to know, if Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon, how was it that an educated man he introduced cannon in "King John" and made Prince Henry, immediately after the battle of Agincourt, say: "We will go to Constantinople and pluck the Grand Turk by the beard," when the Turks were not in Constantinople until fifty years later?

Owing to the death of her distinguished mother, Maude Howe's "Sicily in Shadow and in Sun" has been delayed in publication. Another Little, Brown & Co. issue, George Wharton James's "Heroes of California," has also been postponed for a week or two. The same house reports that already two large editions have been required to supply the demand for Mary E. Waller's new novel, "Flamsted Quarries," which has been called "the greatest Catholic novel of America."

Zane Grey, the author of "The Heritage of the Desert," is a descendant of that Isaac Zane after whom the city of Zanesville in Ohio was named, and who spent thirteen years in captivity among the Wyandotte Indians.

According to the announcement of the Longmans, the collected edition of the works of William Morris will extend to twenty-four volumes, and be limited to one thousand copies. This means that four volumes will be devoted to "The Earthly Paradise" alone. The edition is to be published in six quarterly installments of four volumes each.

Being an author, declares Meredith Nicholson, the author of "The Siege of the Seven Suits," is a lonesome business. "The writer must lock himself up for a year at least to write any sort of a book. He has only his ideas, which are not always good company; and must face his pen and paper regularly every day. I have tried showing chapters as I have written them to members of my family or to friends, but one gets only the coldest sort of comfort out of this experience." And Mr. Nicholson also makes this confession: "I have always felt humble when asked for my method of writing. I suppose I ought to have a method, but I haven't. The best thing that ever happened to me was my training in a newspaper office."

High prices will undoubtedly rule at the sale in London next Thursday of an important collection of Meredith manuscripts. It will include many original drafts of his novels, which possess great literary interest owing to the fact that they deviate considerably from the published versions.

Although having so few readers today, the novels of Disraeli are yet sufficiently interesting to excite curiosity as to the identification of the actual models from whom the characters were drawn, and much light on that matter will be available in the first volume of the statesman-author's memoirs which the Macmillans are to issue shortly. The installment will reveal its subject as a personality not born in the purple, a young Jew without much money, lacking powerful friends, but withal a man of destiny.

All the reigning sovereigns of Europe have been presented with a unique volume in memory of King Oscar II of Sweden. The book contains a reproduction of the written views of each of the plenipotentiaries at the second Hague Conference upon the pacific part played by King Oscar at the time of the separation of Norway and Sweden. The letters are in all languages, from French to Chinese.

New Books Received.

FICTION.

JIM HANDS. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

A story centring round factory life, written with evident knowledge and much feeling. The chief character is a philosopher with humor.

COTTAGE PIE. By A. Neil Lyons. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

By the gifted author of "Arthur's" and "Six-penny Pieces," accomplishing for the rustic mind that apotheosis which his previous stories achieved for the town dweller.

THE END OF DREAMS. By Wood Levetie Wilson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50.

Introduces a mystery of a peculiar nature, and pictures the romance of the seamy side of life in New York.

MOTHERS AND FATHERS. By Juliet Wilhor Tompkins. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50.

Eighteen short stories dealing with the relations of parents to each other and to their children.

SECOND STRING. By Anthony Hope. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50.

A finely keyed story of modern English life with London and a country house for its background.

SISTER CLEMENTINA. By Frederick Hook Law. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.50.

A story in praise of convent life and its results on character.

UP TO CALVIN'S. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.25.

Further adventures of Calvin Parks, Mittie May, Ivory Cheeseman, and other of the characters who have won the affections of Mrs. Richards's numerous readers.

THE INVADERS. By John Lloyd. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.50.

An exciting story of the "Hole-in-the-Wall" country.

THE VULTURE'S CLAW. By C. F. Wimberly. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.50.

Sets forth the attractions of rural life, with the usual love story.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA UNDER THE EMPRESS DOWAGER. By J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$4 net.

An important history of the life and times of Tzu Hsi, compiled from state papers and the private diary of the comptroller of her household. Many interesting illustrations.

THE NEW NEW GUINEA. By Beatrice Grimshaw. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.50 net.

A record of recent travel, distinguished for its lively style, its wealth of information, and many attractive pictures.

UNDER THE OPEN SKY. By Samuel C. Schumaker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

Designed to "help people who are feeling in themselves the quickening modern longing for contact with, and understanding of, nature in her simpler manifestations."

PANSIES AND ROSEMARY. By Eben E. Rexford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

Graceful verse dealing largely with phases of personal affection and touched with pensiveness.

THE LITTLE SINGER AND OTHER VERSES. By Emily S. Lewis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.

Upwards of fifty short poems, many of which sing the joys of child life.

THE CONFLICT OF COLOR. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Discusses whether the white race is to maintain its supremacy over the black, yellow, and brown races.

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. By William F. Monypenny. Vol. I, 1804-1837. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

A biography based upon the personal papers of the famous statesman, and the first attempt to narrate his career officially.

POEMS AND DRAMAS. By Fiona Macleod. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An addition to the collected edition of the works written by William Sharp under the name of "Fiona Macleod." Edited by his widow.

HEROIC SPAIN. By E. Boyle O'Reilly. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50 net.

A sympathetic record of eight months' travel which taught that Spain can "give us lessons in mystic spirituality, in an unpretentious charity, in heroic endurance."

HOLIDAY PLAYS. By Marguerite Merington. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Five one-act pieces intended specially for the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, Memorial Day, the Fourth, and Thanksgiving.

THE STORY OF OLO JAPAN. By Joseph H. Longford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.75 net.

Tells, for the lay reader rather than the student, the story of Japan from the creation to the accession of the present emperor.

TALES FROM THE ALHAMBRA. By Washington Irving. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Some of the best of Irving's fascinating tales adapted specially for young readers and daintily illustrated in color by C. E. Brock.

FOLK TALES EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW. Edited by H. W. Mahie. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A good selection from the writings of Grimm, A. B. Mitford, and other masters of folk tales.

AMONG FRIENDS. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Delightful essays on the title theme and "The

Hundred Worst Books." "In Praise of Politicians," "The Romance of Ethics," etc.

HUMAN LIFE. By S. S. Knight. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

Dealing with man's place in creation, the length of time he has existed on the world, and the purpose of life.

TALES COME TRUE AND TALES MADE NEW. By Margaret C. Walker. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

Shows in an attractive manner and with many pictures the instructive possibilities of home-made dolls and other toys.

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN. By Henry C. Bunner and Oscar Weil. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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THE DRAMA IN LONDON.

Henry Arthur Jones Comes to the Empire's Defense.

Save for that spectacular and broadly painted revival of "Henry VIII" at His Majesty's Theatre, the new theatrical season in London has thus far been more remarkable for experiments than achievements. One of the experimenters has been so thoroughly seasoned a craftsman as Henry Arthur Jones, who, after an unusually long silence, has emulated the example of Sarah Bernhardt by appealing to a music-hall constituency in a vaudeville sketch with the cockney title of "Fall in, Rookies!"

A few years ago any prophet who should have foretold the day when Mr. Jones's name would be placarded outside the Alhambra would have been silenced with hoisterous ridicule. It is true that temple of entertainment arrogates the title of "Theatre," but for all that it is distinctly one of the "alls," and is as sacrosanct to "turns" and ballets as the Empire or the Tivoli. To associate a real dramatist with such a place was unthinkable. But the unexpected has happened, and the innovation has, presumably, to be placed to the credit of Mr. Jones's patriotism. He appears to have become inoculated with a malignant form of the German-scare germ, for "Fall in, Rookies!" is a dramatic attempt to supplement the zealous work of those recruiting sergeants who in the neighboring Trafalgar Square spend their days in trying to persuade lusty young men to accept the king's shilling. Inspired by the success of "An Englishman's House" or by the unwearied activity of Lord Roberts, Mr. Jones evidently wishes to hear his share in assuring the security of the empire, and to that end he has shown how much more heroic it is for a man to "fall in," that is, join the army, than squander his days as a loafing drunkard. His sketch is, in fact, a stage plea for conscription, and its enthusiastic reception by the Alhambra patrons must have puzzled any "intelligent foreigner" who happened to be present. He, however, may be excused for not knowing that London frequenters of the "alls" have always been distinguished for a bloodthirsty patriotism which has never yet added a single recruit to the army.

Another daring experimenter is Cecil Raleigh, who has perplexed the town with what he calls a "psychic drama" bearing the title of "Behind the Veil." Never has the Coronet Theatre held a more bewildered audience than that which made a valiant mental effort to probe the mysteries of that play. So far as one could judge, the story Mr. Raleigh is anxious to tell is that of a modern miracle, which concerns a dissipated Parisian prodigal, Prince Maurice le Noir, an atheist plus Don Juan, but a confirmed believer in hypnotism, otherwise "Power." He is under the delusion that he has given back to his cousin, the lady superior of a convent near Paris, her lost youth, though why the roué should wish to rejuvenate that worthy lady is unexplained. As a matter of fact, however, the rejuvenation is a swindle. For while Maurice is in the midst of those ecstatic vaporings—accompanied by thunder and red fire—which are to effect the transformation, the lady superior is hustled from the room and her place taken by another cousin, a young and wealthy Australian, who has donned conventional attire in readiness for her ambitious new rôle.

Now the substitute—Margaret—is credited with a mission to Maurice; she is determined to "fight for his soul." He, on the other hand, falls tremendously in love with the rejuvenated lady superior, and of course believes himself possessed of one of the great secrets to the universe. It is here the unintentional fun of the play comes in. Some of the audience were willing to permit any eccentricity to a demigod among the demimondaines of Montmartre, whose orgies had resulted in his seeing psychology where humbler roysterers might merely see snakes. But of course no one save Maurice was deceived by the fair impostor. She, however, plays the game to the end. When Maurice becomes half insane, and a brain specialist declares that he can be restored to reason only by discovering that he has made a fool of himself, Margaret joyfully pretends to be all that she is not, and joins a midnight carousal of Maurice's old-time boon companions. This gives him the necessary shock. He drives the mad merry-makers from the room, returns to reason, and the curtain drops finally on the couple kneeling on the steps leading to a chapel while an organ peals within. Such is "Behind the Veil," a medley of morphia-inspired mysticism, sham-miracle, and transpontine melodrama.

As an antidote Cosmo Hamilton's "Mrs. Skeffington," at the Queen's Theatre, is an infinite relief, even though it does rely upon the time-worn theme of life in barracks and introduces once more the "silly ass" officer. Equally restorative is W. Somerset Maugham's "Grace" at the Duke of York's Theatre, notwithstanding its obvious indebtedness to the French drama. The heroine, Grace Insole, is the wife of a young country squire, who,

owing to her middle-class origin, is snubbed by her mother-in-law and the county gentry, and is "hored stiff" by country life. To relieve the tedium of things she takes a lover, not dreaming that a lover may soon become as tiresome as a husband. She is unlike her French prototype in not being quite depraved enough to annex a second lover when the first becomes a burden. Instead, and this is Mr. Maugham's concession to stolid British propriety, Grace awakens to a bitter consciousness of her mistake and goes through untold agonies ere recovering her peace of mind. Imitative as the rôle is, Irene Vanhugh gives it a moving interpretation and is fully equal to the violently contrasting emotion of a woman ever on the verge of collapse.

By way of variety the playgoer was offered the other night an opportunity of hearing read but not of seeing acted Laurence Housman's censored "Pains and Penalties." The author himself gave the reading to a large and curious audience; to add that it was appreciative or enthusiastic is not possible. It was a daring experiment to challenge public opinion on the censor's judgment, especially as Mr. Housman might have anticipated that the general feeling left by the reading of the play might be adverse. And so it proved; it gave, indeed, much the same impression as the exploiting of an unsavory divorce trial. Perhaps that is why the lord chamberlain honored it with his blue pencil.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, November 10, 1910.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Sisters.

Says the wind, I can not find her,
And the house, I can not find her.
Birds can fly less fast than she,
Thistledown less tauntingly.
And when vapors veil the sun,
Then her rapid race is run,
And the falling raindrops lave
All she leaves us—just her grave.
Nay, that is not really she,
'Tis her sister, Gayety.

She, the true one, does not wander,
Seeketh not what lies beyond her;
Vagrant paths her footsteps shun,
And the boldness of the sun.
Rovers never share her smile,
Yet she smileth all the while,
And when dusk and raindrops come,
Still she sitteth in my home.

Gayety, how art thou less
Than thy sister, Happiness.
—From "Poems," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

Color.

The lovely things that I have watched unthinking,
Unknowing, day by day,
That their soft dyes had steeped my soul in color
That will not fade away:

Great saffron sunset clouds; and larkspur distance,
And miles of fenceless plain,
And hillside golden-green in that unearthly
Clear shining after rain;

And nights of blue and pearl; and long, smooth
heaches
Yellow as sunburnt wheat,
Edged with a line of foam, that creams and hisses
Enticing weary feet—

If I am tired, I call on these to help me
To dream—and dawn-lit skies,
Lemon and pink, or faintest, coolest lilac,
Float on my soothed eyes:

And emeralds, and sunset-hearted opals,
And Asian marble, veined
With scarlet fire; and cold green jade, and moon-
stones
Misty and azure-stained—

There is no night so black but you glow through it,
There is no morn so drear,
O Color of the World, but I can find you
Most tender, pure and clear.

Praise be to God Who gave this gift of color
Which you shall seek shall find;
Praise be to God Who gives me strength to hold it
Though I were stricken blind.
—Dorothea Mackellar, in London Spectator.

Women of Inver.

Women of Inver—'tis straight ye stand,
Full ankle deep in the shiffin' sand,
Your eyes on the sea an' your backs to the land
When the fishin' fleet set sail.
Grim are your eyes wi' the hunger then,
Sayin' "Godspeed" to your fisher men;
In your heart ye pray they may come again,
But your lips are makin' the Wail.

Women of Inver—ye work all day,
Mendin' the nets, your eyes on the bay;
'Tis much ye are thinkin' tho' little ye say,
As ye watch for the tide to turn.
Ye count the hours there's left of light,
Ye know the minute the sea breaks white,
Ye smell the fog as it sweeps into sight,
An' your cheeks wi' the salt sting burn.

Women of Inver—the night is long,
When death winds now an' the tide runs strong,
An' ye tell your heads in auddled throng,
While the turf on the hearth glows red.
"O Mary, Mother of God!" ye cry,
"Mothers are we, if our men must die—
Let us spade their graves where the earth is dry,
Make the sea give us back our dead."
—Ruth Sawyer, in Smart Set.

Pawlawa and Mordkin.

The final performances of those wonderful artists, Anna Pawlawa and Mikail Mordkin, with the Imperial Russian Ballet and Orchestra, will be given at the Valencia Theatre this Saturday afternoon and night, and Sunday afternoon. "The Arabian Nights" will be the offering on Saturday afternoon, and "Giselle" will be given at the remaining performances.

The appearances of this great organization have given the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to the crowds who have been attending them, and Manager Greenbaum hopes to secure one special farewell performance when the company leaves Los Angeles next week, en route for New York. Should this be possible it will be Sunday afternoon, December 4, and due announcement will be made in the newspapers.

Seats for the performances are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, but on Sunday the box-office will open at the Valencia Theatre at ten a. m., where phone orders will receive attention.

No one should miss seeing the truly great performances by this organization.

Ellen Terry Matinee

Theatre-goers of this city, at least as many as will be able to crowd into the Columbia Theatre next Thursday afternoon, December 1, will have an opportunity to enjoy the brilliant discourse by Ellen Terry and her illustrative acting of many of Shakespeare's rôles. This will be the first appearance here of the greatest of all English actresses in a number of seasons past, and it is to be deeply regretted that she is to appear but one time only. New York and other Eastern cities made a great deal of the Ellen Terry appearances and this city will follow in the giving of a brilliant audience to this famous star. Miss Terry will give her charmingly interesting illustrations of a number of rôles, such as Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind, Viola, Volumentia, and Virgilia. There is a great demand for seats, and the Columbia Theatre will be crowded to the doors when the great actress steps upon the stage next Thursday afternoon at three o'clock. Seats are \$2.50, \$2, \$1, and 50c.

The Tetrazzini Concerts.

Mme. Luis Tetrazzini, unquestionably the world's greatest coloratura singer and by many regarded as the true successor to Patti, arrived in New York from Italy last Thursday, and is now en route to this city, accompanied by Manager W. H. Leahy and the artists who will assist her in her transcontinental concert tour, which will open in this city. The accompanist will be Andre Benoist, and Walter Oetreicher has been engaged to play the flute obligato so essential to the big arias in this artist's repertory.

The concerts will be given in Dreamland Pavilion, which will be transformed into a

comfortable music hall for these occasions, the dates being Tuesday and Thursday nights, December 6 and 8, and Saturday afternoon, December 10. Seats will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Wednesday morning, and prices will be \$3, \$2, and \$1.50 for reserved seats on the lower floor, while the entire balcony will be offered at the rate of \$1. This will accommodate fifteen hundred people at the minimum price.

Mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and special attention will be paid to out-of-town orders.

In Oakland, Mme. Tetrazzini will sing at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Monday night, December 12. Seats for this concert will be ready at Ye Liberty box-office Wednesday, December 7.

The Emilio De Gogorza Concerts.

Signor Emilio de Gogorza, the Spanish baritone, and one of the most important concert singers before the public, is announced for two Sunday afternoon concerts at the Columbia Theatre, December 11 and 18. During the past summer Signor de Gogorza has been traveling in Europe, adding to his already enormous repertory of the songs of all countries, and in addition to standard and classic songs will introduce to us some of the compositions of the modern French, Spanish, and Italian composers.

Assisting Signor de Gogorza will be a young French pianist, Mr. Robert Schmitz, who was a prize pupil at the Conservatoire last year, and who is said to be quite exceptionally talented.

The sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Wednesday, December 7, and prices will be \$2, \$1.50, and \$1. Mail orders may be sent to W. L. Greenbaum from now on.

On Tuesday afternoon, December 20, Signor de Gogorza will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, offering a special programme.

Grace George has found another play, which gives promise of affording her greater scope for her talents than did either "Divorcons" or "A Woman's Way." The new piece is called "Sauce for the Goose" and is from the pen of Geraldine Bonner, who already has to her credit several successful comedies. Frank Worthing will again this season be seen as Miss George's leading man. "Sauce for the Goose" will be the opening attraction early in January at William A. Brady's new theatre in New York City, The Playhouse.

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BLANCHE WALSH AND HER PLAY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps

"The Other Woman" is rather a sadored entertainment. "The Other Woman" is the feminine third of the traditional triangle, and is an artist, and something of a hemian; likewise a widow. That sounds her racy and promising, for those who like to cheer at the theatres in the line of gay propriety. But, instead, there has been a lot of a majestic gloom prevailing this week at the Columbia Theatre. Blanche Walsh has one her conscientious best in the matter of expensive clothes, and—oh these poor, vicious, play-seeking stars!—has tried to get the tastes of the public in the choice her new play. I read a few extracts from the play, and thought there was really something to it. But it is a dismal, preachy, talky affair, and carelessly written, as the characters repeat themselves altogether too much. The author's idea is something akin to that of Hervieu's in "The Labyrinth," a play which we saw Olga Nethersole during one of her more recent engagements here. Those who saw it will remember that the Frenchman, true to the conservatism of his commitments, wished to prove the permanently binding nature of the marriage tie, in spite of the present prevalence of frivolous divorces. And similarly Frederic Arnold Kummer, the author of "The Other Woman," in exhibiting the sufferings of a neglected wife whose husband has ceased to love her, and who, indeed, contemplates the rupture of his marriage because of the weariness of spirit induced thereby, seeks to convince us that ultimate happiness in a second union is possible and wrong. The author, however, is about proving his point in a very unfortunate manner. He makes the wife such a singing affliction that we pity the unfortunate husband in spite of a total lack of any real claim that he has on our interest or care in other respects. The wife, as impersonated by Miss Anne Wendland, is young, good-looking, well-dressed, and well-dressed. But she is a first-class idiot, a whiner, a nagger, and a waver of her heart upon her sleeve. She looks at the unfortunate man in such a manner and with such frequency that one can't too warmly commend his intention of making himself loose from such a pest. So, then, we should pity him profoundly, and his very sweetheart also, in order to supply a proper proportion of interest and sympathy in a story that is meant to be deep and long. Unfortunately again, the character of the husband is so incompletely outlined that our pity is shallow and perfunctory. The husband doesn't really say or do a single thing to win our regard. He is short and absent in his manner with his wife, and there is nothing magnetic or compelling in the love which she shows "The Other Woman." The character of the heroine is assumed by Blanche Walsh, who has invested it with a lot of composite of the manner of all the great actresses and royalties she has ever impersonated in the past. Mrs. Gates, the lady in question, has a twice—or is it thrice—divided friend in whom she confides. This friend is a cheerful little brainless, green-patched parrot, and is supposed to supply the element of comedy in the play. But oh, how heavily her *bons mots* sink under the Queen Elizabethan tones and early English pressiveness of her friends. Miss Walsh looks like a statue in locomotion and speaks with majestic deliberation; she says "Per-s-s-s," and "You are r-r-right," with an elocutionary portentousness that the bal frivolities of Mrs. Gates's much divided friend are suggestive of butterflies at the North Pole. Added to this there is an element of ridiculousness in Mrs. Gates's glibly asking the advice of such a piece of irresponsible frivolity. And when she archly cries "Aren't you in?" to her lover, who is unwieldily teasing her, or does a sort of Lady Macbeth sit at the telephone, we grow sadder and sadder, and still more sad when there is another sporadic burst of comedy from the limp little green parrot. There is nothing in this world so melancholy as a person devoid of a sense of humor. I have never before seen anything by the author of this play, and possibly never will again, but I would be

willing to take an oath from a hearing of "The Other Woman" that the writer of it is of a nature to take the world too seriously. The traditions of the American stage constrain him to insert laborious comedy, and this further weakens an already faulty play, in spite of the fact that the lines in the rôle of Harriet Varnum are not bad. Miss Walsh, being also grave by nature—one could detect it easily in the expression of her face—probably is not aware that the scaffolding of the slight comedy in the piece, as, indeed, it is of the play in its entirety, is too clumsily constructed. I have hunted around in my mind for something in the piece to commend, but I can find very little. A few comprehensive sayings in the dialogue catch hold of the memory, for the author has a purpose in view—that is something. And in the first act, the device of bringing the wife to the studio of the portrait painter, in order to throw the two women together, unconscious of their rivalry for the affections of the husband, is a good one. But why clutter the play with so much unnecessary lumber! For example, when the wife comes to the studio, she asks first for Mrs. Gates's companion portrait painter; then, when she finds she is absent, begins to beg her unconscious rival to paint the portrait of her dead child. Why not have her come straight to Mrs. Gates in the first place? That device was admirably simple and plausible, and there seemed no reason for introducing a variation. When the husband makes his first entrance he is alone upon the stage for quite a time, and that temporary solitude should mean something. We look expectantly for some incident or utterance to give the clue to his character, but none is forthcoming, which omission causes a sense of blank and means another lost opportunity. And then the voluminous talks and preachments indulged in by Mrs. Gates had a tendency to lower our already failing spirits. Another fault is the feeble repetition in the dialogue, more particularly noticeable in the peevish complaints of the wife, and the defensive withdrawals of the husband. In fact, the wife is made to appear so feeble in character, so querulous, so undignified in her sorrow, and such a nuisance generally, that the author unconsciously fails in his contention by making the spectator feel that, in the husband's place, he would escape at any price. In the last act, the play seemed to be drawing peacefully to a close. The wife, unconscious of Mrs. Gates's identity as her rival, was bidding her adieu. Although slightly reticent at first, she seemed to thrive on the floods of good advice given by the portrait painter, and finally became inconveniently grateful, ending in a request for correspondence. Unluckily, Mrs. Gates gave her a card containing her European address. (I forgot to say that Mrs. Gates had nobly resolved to give up the husband, although he was well-beeled with eight hundred thousand dollars.) And then the fat was in the fire! The audience, which had hoped the thread was winding up, and which had begun to think of home and mother, patiently resigned itself to another tantrum from the wife, who had recognized on the card the handwriting of her hated rival. After that there were two more unwelcome surprises, and finally a *dénouement* which was meant to be heart-breaking and agonizing, but was felt by everybody to be a relief. If the author had only worked in his surprises during some of the stretches of talk and elocutionary good advice, they would have been more acceptable, but they came too late to lighten our gloom. When the parting came between the lovers, and the luckless wretch of a husband, hesitating to follow his peevish partner, made a tentative movement toward the woman he loved, Miss Walsh treated us to what she meant to be a *tour de force*. With the full strength of her unusually strong voice she cried, "Go away! Oh, go away!" and the man, his face crumpled with wretchedness, followed his wife. But what was it, after all, that we responded with but jangled nerves? Physical force was there, in her command, but nothing mentally arresting. That was the trouble with the performance. Miss Walsh, in all her long experience on the stage, handsome and imposing as she generally is, has never learned to be simple and natural. As to the rest of the company, Mr. Howard and Miss Cleveland went through the motions very well; extremely well, in fact, but everybody seemed to be acting every minute of the time, so there was no actual sense of illusion. Rupert Hughes's new light comedy, called "Excuse Me," has a most amusing satire on the American "Reno" habit. "Excuse Me" is to be produced in December by Henry W. Savage. Marriage, not divorce, however, is the chief theme of the comedy. When Rose Stahl opens in Charles Klein's new play, "Maggie Pepper," her leading man will be Frederick Truesdell, who is playing the part of Colonel Parsons in "The Deserters."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

De Wolf Hopper and his splendid company, including charming Louise Dresser, will give their second matinée performance of that delightful song comedy, "A Matinée Idol," at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday night will begin the second and last week of what promises to be the most successful engagement of the kind ever played in San Francisco. There are many claimants to the high distinction of being the best after-dinner speaker in America, and each walk in life has its own favorite raconteur. In the theatrical profession, where so many excellent story-tellers abound, the undisputed champion is De Wolf Hopper. An idea of what Mr. Hopper must be capable of under the stimulus of good viands, jolly company, and a rare vintage, can be gained by listening to one of his curtain speeches. They are always extemporaneous and never alike, and they are as much a part of the evening's entertainment that is provided in "A Matinée Idol" as its brilliant dialogue or its tuneful music. For the second and last week Miss Dresser will introduce two of her greatest song successes, "Queenie Was There with Her Hair in a Braid," and "Put On Your Slippers, You're in for the Night." Lillian Russell, in a new play that has caught the fickle fancy of the Eastern theatre-goers, is the attraction booked for the ensuing two weeks at the Columbia Theatre. Miss Russell begins her San Francisco engagement Monday night, November 28, when she introduces here for the first time the comedy hit, "In Search of a Sinner." It was written for her by Charlotte Thompson, and local theatre-goers will be interested, as this will be Miss Thompson's first complete play to have a hearing in her native city. The author is well known in local newspaper and literary circles, having worked here before she ventured East to try her hand as a dramatist. The central character of the new piece fits the fair Lillian. The rôle is vivacious and appealing and lends opportunity for the feminine touches and contradictions that make a comedy of this sort interesting. Its unique theme is of special interest to the ladies, but its general strength holds all audiences. The story concerns the efforts of Georgiana Chadbourne to find a second husband who will not be so good but that he may appear human in her eyes. She was married for ten years to a perfectly good man and it bored her to extinction. She says her next choice will be a sinner to the extent that he will be complex and exciting at least. Selecting an eligible party she learns that he, too, is a perfect man, and, nothing daunted, by mental suggestion sets out to make him think he is not as good as he seems. She succeeds easier than she had hoped, and then the feminine note and the ability to change her mind sets in and things tumble until all is satisfactorily adjusted. Miss Thompson has shown aptness and invention in elaborating the plot, and Joseph Brooks has produced the piece upon a large scale and surrounded his fair star with an exceptionally strong company. The usual matinées will be given during the Russell engagement. The Orpheum programme for next week will be headed by William Farnum, one of America's popular romantic actors, who is perhaps best remembered for his performance of Ben Hur. He will make his first vaudeville appearance here in Edward Peple's little classic, "The Mallet's Masterpiece," which affords him a fine opportunity, as Philotas, a Roman sculptor, to distinguish himself. The story of the piece relates to the creation of Venus and is ingenious and interesting. Originally "The Mallet's Masterpiece" was presented by Mr. Farnum at the Lambs' Gambol in New York, where its success was remarkable. Mr. Farnum's support includes Wells Knibloe and Olive White. The Duffin-Reeday Troupe will amaze the Orpheum audiences with its "casting" act, which is sure to prove an immense sensation. A triple somersault, a double full twister, and "the loop the loop" are its three most thrilling stunts. The Meredith Sisters, who have just returned from abroad covered with European laurels, will be included in next week's bill. For their engagement here they have several pictorial songs which they are confident will prove popular. "Radiant" Radie Furman, a petite singing comedienne, just back from London, where she appeared in the pantomimes at Drury Lane and other leading theatres, will give a series of new songs and character make-ups. Next week will be the last of James Callahan and Jenny St. George, Andree's Studies in Porcelain, the Temple Quartet, and the Six Musical Cuttys. Beginning Sunday night, December 4, "The Kissing Girl," a great musical comedy success, with Texas Guinan in the titular rôle, will begin an engagement limited to one week at the Savoy Theatre. The Italian-Swiss Colony's choice TIPO, Chablis, Riesling, and Sauterne are recognized as California's finest white wines. All grocers carry them.

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A comedy by Charlotte Thompson
Wed. mat. popular prices, \$1, 50c, 25c
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Only appearance, ELLEN TERRY

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With Louise Dresser and that Dandy Chorus
Night and Sat. mat. prices, from \$2 to 50c;
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VANITY FAIR.

Having been vigorously attacked for his reflections on the American woman, David Graham Phillips first explains that the views aired by his characters are not necessarily his own sentiments, and then stands to his guns in this determined fashion: "The American woman is a burden rather than a help in the domestic problem, and the fault lies largely with the wealthy and middle-class women, who neglect their opportunity to be of some account in the world. Laziness is the inherent tendency of most human beings. If you and I had the money to spend that is put into the hands of most American women, we perhaps would do what they do—vegetate. The remedy lies in the necessity of work for woman. She should be bred to feel the same economic independence as man, that she is responsible to the world for herself, not as a woman, but just as a human being. There should be the same moral status for both."

Closely examined, however, this impeachment recoils on the sex of the novelist. As one of Uncle Sam's daughters has insisted, the American man has been so flattered by the foreign estimate of certain characteristics of the American woman that he has pedestaled her as one of the national assets—in the abstract. He talks a great deal about "lovely woman," and "the ladies, God bless them," at his banquets. On the magazine covers he pictures angel-faced Amazons driving a golf ball—presumably into eternity—or wielding the tennis-racket with Boadicean strength. The foreigner finds himself word-poor before the complimentary epithets he is expected to expend on her. In other countries you may be gently urged for an appreciation of the architecture of galleries; but the American man will, in nine cases out of ten, make his first question of the visiting foreigner:

"Well, what do you think of our women?" To pick flaws in the American woman is to disregard the directions of the American man's mental Baedeker, in regard to what one ought to see and admire on this continent. So the courteous foreigner, who is generally keenest in his wish to know the lengths money will go with the people who seem just now to be making the most money, and has centred his interest on the millionaire class, is glad to save himself from the pitfalls of confessing that our nationality is as yet somewhat of a pill to his race, and renders unstinted tribute to the jewels, raiment, and physical equipment of the millionaire's wife—the typical American woman!

Another witness, however, and a woman at that, holds the balance more evenly. In expounding the characteristics man admires and wishes to find in a woman, Mrs. Chance writes: "Man loves two things in woman—the mysterious 'radiance of herself' spoken of by Emerson, in conjunction with certain qualities of worth which I have called purposefulness, sincerity, the ability to create a home, and companionship. I can not help feeling that in many cases of separation or unhappiness between man and wife the evil has its roots in, or is nurtured by, the failure of woman to do her part toward answering the just demands made upon her nature by her husband's. I do not for a moment wish to take away from men their share of censure where a marriage has turned out to be a failure. On the surface of things men are as much to blame, and more, than women. I only wish to suggest (and it is my firm belief), that man is easy to hold, easy to influence, and most abundant in his gifts of love and allegiance, where the wife realizes the few essential and well indicated needs of his being, and sets herself intelligently to satisfy them. I can not conceive of a man's deserting or being untrue to a woman who had made him a bappy, comfortable home and who had learned to share his interests in true companionship. I have not yet seen such a case, nor do I remember ever having heard of one. Too many wives consider that the sum of their obligation to man is to provide him a good table and a dustless home. Yet this is probably their least important line of effort."

That hen-pecked husband who figured in the divorce court the other day and complained bitterly of the ill-founded suspicions of his partner based upon her contention that he often returned from his office exhalting strange perfumes, should have comforted himself with the reflection that in that respect he was like Montaigne. "Tis not to be believed," wrote that voracious essayist, "how strangely all sorts of odors cleave to me, and how apt my skin is to imbibe them." His mustachios were the greatest absorbers; "they manifest where I have been, and the close, luscious, devouring, viscid, melting kisses of youthful ardor in my wanton age tell a sweetness upon my lips for several hours after." In single bliss that may be a precious peculiarity; in the wedded state it has its drawbacks. But after all this question of perfume is one that concerns the

ladies most, even though the days are long past when a fashionable dame could be "smelt" if not seen from a considerable distance. A perfume scheme, says an authority on such matters, is a pretty conceit. The dainty girl who intends to carry out this idea should have sachets filled with wadding that has been sprinkled with the same essential oil from which her favorite scent is made. These should be laid among her lingerie. The sachets may be sewn into her dress, but in these the scent alone is used, or the effect would be too overpowering. But, ladies, please remember that nothing is so suggestive of vulgarity as too much scent, and above all beware of implicating the Montaignes who may have suspicious wives.

An austere mentor of social manners warns American plutocrats that they have no right to decorate the hats of their coachmen with a cockade, inasmuch as that emblem indicates that the wearer is a servant of royalty. In that case about the only person entitled to so adorn his coachman is J. Pierpont Morgan, who is being so assiduously hailed King of America by grace of the mud-raking magazines. In England the cockade can be legally worn only by the servants of royalty, including naval and military officers, diplomats, and other high officials. As worn by these the color is black, and its introduction to England in that guise is attributed to the house of Hanover. In the days of Charles I a scarlet cockade was the fashion, which was superseded by the white badge of the Jacobites, and that in turn by the orange emblem of William of Orange. The latter color is still used in the Netherlands, but other European nations favor many hues, including the tricolor in France and blue and white in Portugal.

To those fashionable drawing-rooms in which afternoon tea has been installed another addition is absolutely necessary if their fair hostesses would be "in the swim." That essential article is a rabbit, a live rabbit. Such, at any rate, is the latest fashion in English society. It has been introduced by a lady of title who is said to be prouder of her rodent, Benjamin by name, than of her prize Pekingese and aristocratic Jap dogs. Like Mary's lamb, Benjamin follows his mistress wherever she goes, but afternoon teatime is the great hour of every day of his life. He drinks the best China blend weak with plenty of sugar, eats watercress sandwiches and sugar-cake and Egyptian cigarettes. From an early age, boasts his proud mistress, Benjamin learned to answer a call, and now he will beg and "pretend dead" like any trained dog. Besides, her ladyship avers that if fed from the hand from birth, any rabbit will become as clever and affectionate as a dog.

No ingrained gambler will pay the slightest heed to Frank M. White's warning that the big players have never succeeded in carrying away much money from Monte Carlo. Five years ago a Chicago man was credited with beating the bank to the tune of five hundred thousand francs, but the truth of that story was never substantiated. Of course there was the famous case of Charles Wells, the Londoner who "broke the bank at Monte Carlo," winning more than seven hundred thousand francs in a few weeks, but in the end he lost it all back and a good deal more besides. Even if there is some foundation for the story of the mechanic who got away with one million out of the three millions he won on a system, such a result is so rare that the bank is never in doubt as to its own position on the average. Why, for more than a quarter of a century the tables have paid all the rents and taxes of Monaco, the lighting and water, and the expenses of such religion as is thought needful, even the bishop drawing his salary from the profits. Altogether, if the Prince of Monaco's allowance of \$250,000 a year, with \$100,000 for the upkeep of his bodyguard, police, and law courts, be included, the Sea Baths Company earns and spends about \$5,000,000 before its profits begin. Yet its profits are between five and ten million dollars annually.

With the return of the season for turtle soup, many Americans must be reminded of that quaint old shop in London which still bears the name of Samuel Birch, the first purveyor of turtle soup in the English capital. Amid all the changes of the city, Birch's shop in Cornhill survives in the guise it wore when its owner was Lord Mayor of London in the memorable year of Waterloo. Samuel Birch achieved distinction in many fields; he was an orator and a patriot, he was colonel of the city militia, and accepted with great good nature his nickname of Marshal Turenne. He was a man of letters, produced plays that held the stage, and books that were readable, though now seldom read. One of his plays, "The Adopted Child," was popular long after its author had killed his last turtle. His daughter married Lamartine, and one of his sons, a fine classical scholar, begat a family of scholars. Yet Birch's claim to fame rests

most upon the fact that he was the man who made turtle soup popular. City merchants, templars from the inns, and dandies from the West End all flocked to Cornhill, the turtle house of all London.

Bostonians, says the Boston Herald, who read of the legacy of five hundred dollars left by a New York business man in order that twelve of his friends should eat a memorial dinner will recall that a little group of John M. Forbes's old friends are enabled under the terms of his will to dine at intervals free of expense and extremely well. The munificence of Mr. Forbes grew out of the pleasure that he had taken in periodical dinners with the beneficiaries under this provision of his will, and we are bound to say that his plan of a perpetually endowed dinner is more to be admired than the single expensive guzzle that the late New Yorker made possible. Indeed, we are tempted to urge the propriety of endowing such pleasant memorial feasts, rather than free beds in hospitals, for, after all, the hospital bed is but a stuffy kind of memorial. Has Mr. Carnegie, whose library endowments have occasionally been repulsed by sensitive committees, thought of changing the objects of his charity and creating a huge fund for the perpetual endowment of a large dining club in every city of the United States? Were the Scott-American philanthropist to lead the way by some such endowment, perhaps the excellent Mr. Rockefeller might consider the propriety of transmuting his surplus oil into wine for the public good. Nobody would think of employing Mr. Rockefeller's kind of oil for the purpose of making his face to shine, but a few billion gallons of crude petroleum would buy enough wine to make glad the heart of thousands.

Abbotsford has at last achieved the distinction for which it was evidently built. Sir Walter Scott had a notion that he was creating that mansion as his family seat, and it was to save Abbotsford that he undertook that mental slavery which shortened his life. "There is scarce a tree on it," he said, "that does not owe its being to me, and the pain of leaving it is greater than I can bear." But Scott was wrong; what he built Abbotsford for was that it might serve as a blind to the matrimonial plans of Frank Jay Gould. Smitten with the charms of a Gayety Theatre chorus girl, the once husband of Helen Margaret Kelly had the happy idea of bluffing his intentions of marriage by renting Abbotsford for six weeks, ostensibly for the purpose of entertaining a shooting party in the mansion sacred to the memories of Scott. Its vicinity to Edinburgh enabled its temporary tenant to bide him into "Auld Reekie" one day for a civil ceremony before the sheriff there, and thus Mr. Gould has bestowed upon Abbotsford an association beside which, in the eyes of the "smart set," all its connections with the immortal romancer fade

into insignificance. Thus do the stately bow of England receive benefits at the hands of the American millionaire.

Two things are needed in Portugal for joyment, the first is cheapness, and the second is shade. The heavy government on all places of entertainment obliges poor to circumvent the law if possible, often a theatre is run as a club, and tickets are shared out among the members. native talent of the village provides both orchestra and the actors. No actresses appear, as Eastern ideas of female seclusion are sufficiently strong to forbid the girls appearing in public, so the female parts taken by smooth-faced boys. The orchestra consisted mainly of guitars, and although one in ten of the adult population can read or write, not one in ten is ignorant how to play the guitar, or some other musical instrument.

In view of the approaching centenary of the birth of Charles Dickens special interest attaches to the "Centenary Edition" of novelist's complete works, which Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out, in conjunction with Chapman & Hall of London. This edition all the prefaces, dedications, notices which appeared in the various editions during the author's lifetime will be given, together with all the original illustrations which he gave his approval.

"Show me one of these old robber castles of the Rhine," commanded the tourist. "Ferber castles?" echoed the puzzled guide. "Does the gentleman mean a garage?" Washington Herald.

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Farmer Oats at a concert, during the performance of a duet, remarked to his friend: "Ye ken, Tammas, now it's got to ten o'clock, they're singing twa at a time, so as to get done sooner?"

As an instance of acute hydrophobia, it is difficult to surpass the story of the Scotch latman who, while crossing a loch, was asked if he would take some water with his whisky, and replied: "Na, there was a horse drowned at the head o' the loch twa years ago." The head of the loch was twenty-four miles distant.

Justice Sir Henry Hawkins, coming out of the Athenæum Club in London, told the driver a hansom to take him to the Courts of Justice. The cabman, who no doubt knew Hawkins perfectly well, said: "Courts of Justice, sir? Don't know 'em." "Don't know Law Courts?" said Hawkins. "Ob! the Law Courts!" said the cabman. "I know 'em; but you said Courts of Justice. That's a different thing baltogether."

A certain Methodist parson was loudly in-sin-gling, before a ministerial assembly, against schools of theology, and finished by saying God that he had never "rubbed his back up against one." "Do I understand the other to say that he thanks God for his ignorance?" asked the bishop. "Well, yes, if I want to put it that way," he replied. "Then all I have to add," said the bishop, "is that the brother has a great deal to be thankful for."

Expert witnesses are allowed to give evidence as to what is their opinion, and hence out of the reach of an indictment for perjury, which always bangs over the head of the ordinary witness, who can testify to only one fact. Apropos of this, there used to be a saying current, years ago, of a judge who recognized three degrees in liars: the liar simple, the d—d liar, and the expert witness. There is another version which is of interest—namely, the three degrees of liars, which are said to be the liar, the d—d liar, and the mining engineer.

A wealthy widow, whose goodness of heart matches her fairness of face, has an old Scottish servant, William by name. Her husband had been a very handsome man, and one day when she was looking at his portrait on the mantelpiece in the sitting-room, and William was fussing round the grate, in a moment of impulse she asked: "William, what do you think made such a handsome man as Colonel S. marry such a plain woman as me?" William looked from the portrait to the speaker, meditated a second, and answered, "Must have been heaven's will, mem!"

It was at St. Andrew's in Scotland, the time of golf, where the links stretch away over the moors by the sea, and dear quiet Aunt Mary had gone up from London to visit the golfing family of nephews and nieces. At the first afternoon some one managed to keep talking long enough to ask: "Well, Aunt Mary, and how did you spend the morning?" "Oh, I enjoyed myself immensely. I went for a walk on the moor. A good many people seemed to be about, and some of them called out to me in a most eccentric manner. But I didn't take any notice of them. And oh, my dear! I found such a number of curious little round things! I thought them home to ask you what they were!" Hereupon Aunt Mary opened her bag and produced twenty-four golf balls.

Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, the artist, tells us as one of his experiences in New England. He was stopping at the home of a man named Galusba, where he had lodged during the preceding summer. He had observed, on a previous visit, that the Galusbas were making great preparations for the annual fair at North Adams, and he was surprised to note that, at the time of his later visit, such preparations were being made. So he asked Mr. Galusba what it meant. The gentleman replied that there had been a crop, and that times were too hard to hold a successful fair. Mr. Gibson then turned to Mr. Galusba's grandson, Chauncey, a fine,apping boy, and facetiously remarked: "Why, there's Chauncey; he'd make a good exhibit at any fair." "No, I wouldn't," retorted Chauncey; "'cause I haint got no pedigree."

One of the professors in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology made a rather at-thrust, the other day, at certain literary tendencies of our time. He was lecturing on domestic relationships which exist among lower animals, and instanced, as one of illustrations, the case of a pair of mald ducks who had lived together for three years in a state of high conjugal felicity. At

the end of that time, however, a male pin-tail duck appeared upon the scene, and the lady mallard thereupon immediately forsook her former lord for the newcomer. The latter resisted her blandishments at first; but, in the end, consented to mate with her, and the unfortunate mallard was left disconsolate. "This anecdote," observed the lecturer, "contains, you see, all the details of the modern realistic novel, unless it be in the temporary virtue of the pin-tail duck."

There was once a robber in Cairo who fell from the second story of a house he was trying to enter and broke his leg. He went to the cadi and complained. The man's window was badly made and he wanted justice. The cadi said that was reasonable, and he summoned the owner of the house. The owner confessed that the house was poorly built, but claimed that the carpenter was to blame, and not he. This struck the cadi as sound logic, and he sent for the carpenter. "The charge is, alas, too true," said the carpenter, "but the masonry was at fault and I couldn't fit a good window." So the cadi, impressed with the reasonableness of the argument, sent for the mason. The mason pleaded guilty, but explained that a pretty girl in a blue gown had passed the building while he was at work, and that his attention had been diverted from his duty. The cadi thereupon demanded that the girl be brought before him. "It is true," she said, "that I am pretty, but it's no fault of mine. If my gown attracted the mason, the dyer should be punished and not I." Quite true," said the cadi, "send for the dyer." The dyer was brought to the bar and pleaded guilty. That settled it. The cadi told the robber to take the guilty wretch to his house and hang him from the door-sill, and the populace rejoiced that justice had been done. But pretty soon the crowd returned to the cadi's house, complaining that the dyer was too long to be properly banged from his door-sill. "Oh, well," said the cadi, who by that time was suffering with ennui, "go find a short dyer and bang him. Justice shall prevail."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Deck of Cards.

A deck of cards has many hearts
But never falls in love;
It has, I'm told, at times, cold hands
That never wear a glove;
Although the deck is often cut,
You never bear it squeal;
It ne'er complains when'er it gets
A downright shameful deal.
To draw a card, a pencil you
Will never need at all;
A hand of cards don't visit, though
It sometimes gets a call;
To hold one's temper in a game
Is very little use,
For if you pick a two-spot up,
You're sure to raise the deuce.
—Smart Set.

Monotony.

The same old face on the pillow,
The same old boots by the door,
They're all very well for a year or so,
But later they're apt to bore.

The same old weary chatter,
The same old accents shrill,
The self-same "Why did I marry you?"
The same "D'yee love me still?"

The same old hand at the teapot,
And—of this take careful mem.—
The same old voice on the landing
On returning at three a. m.

You soon get used to beauty,
And virtues are duller than sins.
These same old beauties and virtues
Oftentimes result in bas-beens.

The same old—but I tire you,
I've only myself to blame,
I married when I was twenty-three,
And you—you'll do the same.
—The Club-Fellow.

Men and Girls.

"Are men as black," she queried
"As they are painted, do you think?"
In Yankee style I answered her:
"Are girls," I asked, "as pink?"—Puck.

The Hunters.

A hunter popped a partridge on a hill;
It made a great to-do, and then was still.
It seems (when later on his bag he spied)
It was the guide.

One shot a squirrel in a near-by wood—
A pretty shot, offhand, from where he stood.
(It wore, they said, a shooting hat of brown,
And lived in town.)

And one dispatched a rabbit by his haul
That later proved to measure six feet tall;
And, lest you think I'm handing you a myth—
Its name was Smith.

Another Nimrod slew the champion fox.
He glimpsed him lurking in among the rocks.
One rapid shot! It never spoke nor moved,
The inquest proved.

A "cautious" man espied a gleam of brown;
Was it a deer—or Jones, a friend from town?
But while he pondered by the river's rim
Jones potted him.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The week has been gay with dancing parties especially planned for the pleasure of the debutantes and members of the younger set. Several large formal receptions, notably those of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schlacks, who have come here recently from Denver, and that of the Pacific Coast Congress at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening, claimed the attention of the older members of society.

Weddings have been temporarily relegated to the social background and bridge parties are furnishing the pastime for old and young.

Several of the elaborate luncheons and dinners of the week have been given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, who will leave shortly for their Honolulu home, thus completing a tour of the world.

The military dances of the week, the one at the Army and Navy Club and that at the Presidio, enlivened the social atmosphere of the service set, and the engagement of Miss Sally Simons furnished an interesting topic in naval circles throughout the country.

The advent of the Russian ballet furnished an excuse for a number of brilliant theatre parties, followed by informal suppers at the downtown hotels.

Dr. and Mrs. Manly Simons have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Sally Simons, to Paymaster Kirby Van Mater of the navy. The wedding will take place December 10 at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Edna Orr and Mr. Frederick Crist. The bride-elect is a niece of Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard. No date has been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Pattiani and Ensign Allen G. Olsen will take place next month. The maid of honor will be Miss Mildred Lansing, and Miss Muriel Pattiani will act as bridesmaid.

The most elaborate function of the week was the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler at the Century Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schlacks, who were greeted by several hundred guests. A large receiving party of fifty friends assisted Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler.

The dance of the Friday Night Club at Century Hall, on November 18, was the first of the season under the auspices of the club and was as thoroughly enjoyable as any during the past winter. The guests were received by the patronesses, included among whom were Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. George Ashton, Mrs. George A. Moore, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, and Mrs. James Otis.

The dance at the Army and Navy Club on Tuesday night was largely attended by the service set about the bay, as well as a representative contingent from local society.

Captain and Mrs. Isaac Irwin entertained at one of the informal teas of the week at the Presidio in honor of Miss Bridges of San Diego. About fifty guests were present at the tea.

Cards have been sent out for the Tuesday Night Skating Club, which has been organized by Mrs. Carroll Buck. The dates are November 29, December 13, December 27, January 11, January 24, and February 27. Mrs. Buck will be assisted by the following patronesses: Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. William Gwinn, Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon, Mrs. Robert Chester Foute, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, Mrs. Alexander McCracken, and Mrs. James King Steele.

The girls of the Alpha Phi Sorority entertained at a dancing party in the white and gold ballroom at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday evening. Among those who acted as hostesses were Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Dorothy Parker, Miss Jean

Wheeler, Miss Elizabeth Wheeler, Miss Cressy Stone, Miss Rose Barker, Miss Florence Aiken, Miss Dorothy Mann, Miss Elise Young, Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Dorothy Allen, and Miss Cora Scott Goodleu.

Mrs. Frank Fuller entertained at a luncheon on Saturday in honor of Miss Adeline Wright of Pasadena, the fiancée of Mr. Palmer Fuller. Those present were Mrs. Douglas Fry, Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Erna St. Goar, Miss Edith Lowe, and Miss Frances Morton.

Mrs. Norman Livermore was hostess at a tea Wednesday afternoon at which she entertained Miss Margaret Roosevelt of New York. Among her guests were Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Mrs. Bryant Grimwood, Mrs. Harry Stetson, Jr., Benjamin Dibble, Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mrs. Russell Selfridge, Mrs. Covington Pringle, Mrs. Conrad Bahecock, Mrs. John F. Bahecock, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Edith Bull, Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Nina Pringle, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Hazel King, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Natalie Coffin, and Miss Anita Mailard.

Mrs. William Cathcart Buttler's supper party on Friday night was given in honor of Miss Elsie Hinz, the fiancée of her son, Lieutenant Buttler, at their home on Van Ness Avenue. The other guests were Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan, Miss Ertz, Lieutenant Field, and Lieutenant Hill.

Miss Ethel McAllister was a bridge hostess at her home on Wednesday evening. Those enjoying her hospitality on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Allan MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Louise McCormick, Mr. Ethingam Sutton, and Mr. John Hill.

Mrs. Richard Bayne entertained at a luncheon Saturday at her home on Jordan Avenue in honor of Mrs. Osgood Hooker, who has just returned from abroad.

Mrs. John Drum was a bridge hostess on Monday at which the complimented guest was Mrs. Harry Macfarlane. Among those present were Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock, Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. Russell Selfridge, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Ethel Cooper, and Miss Helen Dean.

Miss Kathleen Farrell entertained at a luncheon at her home Monday in honor of Miss Marguerite Doe. Her guests were Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Bessie Zane, Miss Nell Mahoney, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Rhoda Niehling, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Elsie Clifford, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Mrs. Frederick Stott, Miss Phyllis de Young, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Irene Farrell, Miss Freda Smith, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Irene Farrell, and Miss Florence Cluff.

Mrs. George H. Martin was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Guy Hamilton Burrage. Her guests were Mrs. Frederick Zeile, Mrs. Florence Porter Pingst, Mrs. Eleanor Doe, Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Mrs. Walter Greer, Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon, Mrs. George Toy, Mrs. Charles Wilson, Mrs. John McKee, Mrs. S. L. Braverman, Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mrs. John Meyers, Mrs. Eugene Lee, Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis, Mrs. John Bermingham, Mrs. Lewis Pierce, Miss Jennie Stone, Mrs. Clinton Walker, and Mrs. G. H. Burrage.

Miss Cora Smith entertained at a week-end house party at her home in Berkeley and with her guests attended the dance at the Claremont Country Club on Saturday night. Among those who enjoyed her hospitality were Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Maude Wilson, Mr. Ethingam Sutton, Mr. Bradley Wallace, and Mr. Herbert Gould.

Miss Marie Louise Foster entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Edith Lowe, the fiancée of Mr. Hans Wollman. Her guests were Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Erna St. Goar, Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Fernanda Pratt, Miss Miriam McNear, Miss Martha Foster, and Miss Elsa Partridge.

Mrs. Edgar Preston was hostess at a supper party at the Fairmont Hotel after the theatre on Saturday night at which Mr. and Mrs. Faversham were the guests of honor. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. George Sperry, Miss Mary Joliffe, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Mr. Richard Tohin, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Mr. Barbour Lathrop, Mr. Willard Brown, and Mr. Knox Maddox.

Mrs. Philip Van Horn Lansdale entertained at an informal tea on Sunday afternoon in honor of Miss Dora Winn.

Mrs. M. H. de Young was hostess at a tea at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday at which she entertained the group of Hungarian dancers at the Kirmess. In the party were Mrs. Frank H. Proctor, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Enid Gregg, Mr. Frank Hooper, Mr. Willard Barton, Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. John W. Geary, Mr. George H. Busch, and Mr. Emile Kehrlein.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Ryer were hosts at a dinner on Saturday evening at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane of Honolulu. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mrs. William S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden, Miss Celia O'Connor, Mr. William Byrne, Mr. Samuel Buckbee, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt entertained informally on Friday evening in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon, who is being cordially greeted since her return from Paris.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker entertained at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mme. Liza Lehmann on Monday. Her guests were Mrs. R.

Harrison, Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. Homer King, Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Evans, Miss Helen Carlisle, Miss Cora Smedberg, and Miss Genevieve King.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff entertained at a dinner on Monday night at the Fairmont Hotel. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Kathleen de Young, Mr. Emile Kehrlein, Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. Frank Hooper, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Miss Helen Sullivan was hostess on Tuesday at the second of her series of luncheons, at which she entertained Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Erna Hermann, Miss Antoinette Keystone, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Mahel Gregory, Mrs. Adrian Spilvato, Mrs. Charles Breeden, and Mrs. Charles Sutro.

Miss Jennie Crocker gave a box party at the Savoy Theatre on Monday night, at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Taylor, and Mr. Duane Hopkins.

Miss Helen Bowie was hostess at a bridge party at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick, on Tuesday. Among the guests were Mrs. Stanley Ramage, Mrs. Frederick Murphy, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Edward de Laveaga, Mrs. Challen Parker, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Frances McKinstry, the Misses Barron, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Grace Buckley, Miss Violet Buckley, Miss Gertrude Joliffe, Miss Bessie Zeile, Miss Margaret Doyle, and Miss Emily Doyle.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick gave a theatre party on Monday evening, at which their guests were Miss Lily O'Connor, Miss Virginia Joliffe, and Mr. Thornwell Mullally.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst entertained a house party at her hacienda at Pleasanton over the last week end.

Mr. Willis Polk was host at a luncheon at the Pacific Union Club on Friday in honor of Mr. William C. Peyton. Among his guests were Mr. William B. Bourn, Mr. E. Duplessis Beylard, Mr. Richard M. Tohin, Mr. James Ellis Tucker, Mr. Thomas B. Berry, Count Rojstevnski, Mr. William H. Crocker, and Mr. George Garrett.

Mrs. John Drum was a bridge hostess on Thursday at her home. Among her guests were Mrs. George Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Latham McMullen, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, and Miss Helen Dean.

Mrs. Norman McLaren was hostess at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Friday complimentary to Miss Margaret Roosevelt. Present to meet the guest of honor were Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Helena Stoney, Miss Katherine Stoney, Miss Margaret Calhoun, and Miss Constance McLaren.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Goar were dinner hosts at their home on California Street on Friday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane of Honolulu. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Louise Beedy, Dr. Millicent Cosgrave, Miss Fernanda Pratt, Miss Erna St. Goar, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Dr. Frank Dray, and Mr. Fred St. Goar.

Miss Julia Langhorne spent the week end as the guest of the Misses Nora and Amy Brewer at their home at San Mateo. Her hostesses entertained for her at an informal dinner Saturday night. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Frances Howard, Mr. Edward Tohin, Mr. Frederick Nickerson, Mr. Philip Westcott, and Mr. Frank Brewer.

Mrs. Charles Deering entertained at a large bridge party on Tuesday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. H. D. Leonard of Los Angeles, who is visiting here.

A Never-Failing Remembrance.

For many years the *Argonaut* has printed in its issue preceding Thanksgiving Day an appeal for donations to sustain the good work of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, and as regularly and unflinchingly has an unknown friend of the paper and the Mission sent in response a contribution of fifty dollars. This is the letter which accompanied the gift this year:

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 21, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In answer to your annual appeal in behalf of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission please receive for this worthy institution, to be used for Thanksgiving Day purposes, the inclosed fifty dollars. Respectfully yours, M. R.-M. F.

In acknowledgment of the gift the Fruit and Flower Mission sends the following letter, through the columns of the *Argonaut*, to its unknown friends:

SAN FRANCISCO FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION, 1372 JACKSON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 22, 1910.

DEAR M. R.-M. F.: Once again the Flower Mission thanks you for your generosity. The annual gift of \$50, which never fails to help the mission at Thanksgiving time, is truly appreciated by each member of the society as well as those on the list of its poor and needy. We truly feel that the interest of such an old friend is the greatest encouragement to our good work, and can only say the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission hopes you will reap your reward.

Very truly yours,
META F. THOMPSON,
Corresponding Secretary.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King and their daughters left Tuesday for New York, where they will make a brief visit before leaving for Egypt, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Laura Pearkes is enjoying a visit with her cousin, Miss Vera de Sahla, at her home at El Cerrito.

Mrs. Henry Van Dyck Johns has returned from a trip to Seattle.

Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn have returned to the Presidio, after a visit at Mare Island.

Miss Wilson, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, has returned to her home in Los Angeles.

Major and Mrs. E. R. Stewart, who were the guests of Captain Frank Wilcox at the Presidio, left Saturday for Fort Leavenworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Riley (formerly Miss Genevieve Goad) have gone from Paris to Genoa, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne and Miss Agnes Hayne have returned to their home at San Mateo, after a sojourn of several years abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullen left Monday for the East, where they will spend several weeks.

Miss Jane Doyle and Miss Ida Ross have arrived in London, after a two months' tour of Scotland.

Mrs. J. B. Wright is in Dresden, having gone there from Paris with Mrs. A. N. Buchanan and the Misses Linda and Gladys Buchanan.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have arrived in San Francisco, after an extended visit in Europe.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith sailed from Paris a few days ago, and will be accompanied home from New York by Mr. Smith, who has gone East to meet her.

Mrs. William B. Bourn and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker have closed their country homes in Napa County and will spend the winter in town.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Innes Keeney are visiting Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson in New York, where they will remain until after the Christmas holidays.

Miss Helen Elizabeth Cowles has returned from abroad, and is a guest at the home of Mrs. James Marvin Curtis on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear and Miss Miriam McNear have come to the city for the winter, and have apartments at the Granada.

Mrs. W. S. Porter has returned from her Eastern trip, and will spend the winter at her California Street home.

Dr. William Hopkins has returned to San Francisco, after a trip to Europe. Mrs. Hopkins is still in New York, where she is the guest of her parents, General and Mrs. Patrick Egan.

Miss Mollie Phelan is expected to arrive in New York from Europe this week, and will return to San Francisco shortly.

Viscount and Viscountess de Tristan and Miss Barbara Parrott have returned from Europe, and are at the home of Mrs. Abby Parrott at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith are expected home this week from their summer place at Shelter Island. They will spend the winter at Arbor Villa, instead of abroad as they first planned.

Miss Inez Wilson, who spent last winter here as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Walter King, has gone to Naples, where she will spend this season.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith is in Florence, Italy, where she will spend part of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron (formerly Miss Genevieve Harvey) are en route home from Europe, where they spent their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey have come up from Del Monte and have been visiting Mrs. Eleanor Martin, but will take an apartment at the St. Regis for the winter.

Miss Jennie Blair has just concluded a delightful trip through Spain, and has joined her mother in Paris.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose have been spending several days in town at the Palace Hotel, and have been much entertained during their stay.

Mrs. L. A. Dorington, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Meuhlenberg, at the Presidio for several months, sailed on the last transport to join Major Dorington in Manila.

Mrs. John Irwin and Mrs. William Glassford, Jr., who have been visiting at Mare Island, have gone to San Diego for the remainder of the winter.

Miss Margaret Anderson is visiting Mrs. Tomb, wife of Lieutenant Tomb, who is spending the winter in San Francisco.

General and Mrs. John McClellan and the

Misses McClellan, who were the guests of Mrs. John A. Darling for a week, are now at the Vendome at San Jose. They will return to San Francisco for a brief visit before returning East.

Colonel and Mrs. George Apple have returned to the Presidio, after a month's visit in Southern California.

Miss Dorothy Boericke is visiting Miss Eleanor Lazere at her home in Hamilton, Ontario, and will spend the Christmas holidays with relatives in New York, and in January she will visit friends in Louisville, Kentucky.

Mrs. George McVior, who has been visiting her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Smedberg, at the Hillcrest, has returned to her home at Monterey.

Mrs. Veronica Baird has returned from Europe, and will spend the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin with her children has returned to San Francisco, after having spent the summer in Europe. Mr. Schwerin is still in New York.

Colonel and Mrs. Marion Maus have returned to Vancouver Barracks, after a visit of two months at Coronado.

General and Mrs. Daniel W. Burke, accompanied by Miss Burke, spent the week as the guests of Major and Mrs. J. P. O'Neil at the Presidio. They are en route to Los Angeles, where they will make a brief visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl and their sons have left their Mill Valley hangout and are again settled in their home on Ashbury Heights.

Among the arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week are Mr. A. Faget, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Smith, Mr. Bruce Fair, Mr. A. J. Howell, and Mr. Henry Stanford, of San Francisco, and Mr. P. F. Brown of Oakland.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte include Dr. Harold Sidchotham of Santa Barbara, Dr. Philip Chandelor of Pasadena, Mr. O. R. Rowley of Montreal, Mr. Allen I. Little of Ross, Mr. S. M. Carson of London, Mr. E. V. Price, Mrs. E. E. Kentfield, and Miss Ethel Kentfield of San Francisco, and Miss Winifred Mastick of Alameda.

John S. Huyler, the famous confectioner who died recently in New York, was a type of the old-fashioned merchant who set certain things above money-getting. His energy and progressiveness enabled him to build up a business that is a monument to his name, and to acquire a fortune that was more than sufficient for his needs. He was not content to keep it for his own use, but gave it freely in the causes of philanthropy and education. At least one great university and other large institutions are indebted to him for their support, and his private charities were many. It is said that at the time of his death he was carefully considering a plan that would enable him to give the bulk of his wealth back to the world.

Preparations are under way for the most elaborate and expensive theatrical exhibition ever attempted at Stanford University. The English Club is to present three miracle plays—"Annunciation and Nativity Play," "The Second Shepherd's Play," and "The Three Kings." Two of these plays have never before been presented in America, and Professor Basset of the English department has just finished translating them from the old English. The plays are largely musical in character and a chorus of more than one hundred singers clad as monks will be one of the chief features of one of the plays. The entire cast of the plays, including the chorus, will number more than three hundred.

On Saturday, November 19, the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association at Golden Gate Avenue and Leavenworth Street was formally opened. The new eight-story structure has cost \$750,000, including lot, building, and furnishings, all of which is paid. President Taft laid the corner-stone of the building October 5, 1909. Contributions for the fund which has been applied in thus renewing the home of the association on Mason Street destroyed by the fire came from all over the country, many prominent names appearing on the list.

Heirs of George Crocker, who died in New Jersey last December, leaving an estate of more than \$11,000,000, have protested against the payment of the California inheritance tax of \$95,193.90. It is stated that the appraisal of the estate was far above its actual value. The heirs are William H. Crocker, brother, one-third of the residue of the estate; Harriet C. Alexander, sister, one-third, and Jennie Adeline and Charles Templeton Crocker, niece and nephew, one-sixth each.

Lady Betty, an educated chimpanzee that had been exhibited in the vaudeville theatres, died Monday of pneumonia, though a corps of doctors had been in attendance on the animal for a week, among them a noted veterinarian who came by telegraphic order from New York to San Francisco. The titled monkey earned \$1000 a week for its trainer, and was insured for \$25,000.

Professor Bernard Moses, of the University of California, who was a delegate to the recent international conference in Buenos Aires of American states, was elected president of the Pacific Coast branch of the American Historical Association at its session in Berkeley last week, succeeding Professor E. D. Adams of the faculty of Stanford University.

Opening of the Emanuel Walter Galleries.

Last Thursday evening, November 17, the Emanuel Walter Galleries at the San Francisco Institute of Art were formally opened with a reception by the San Francisco Art Association. This collection of paintings was for many years in litigation and only lately has been given into the permanent custody of the Art Institute. The pictures were all hung at the time of the settling of the suit in the main gallery of the building, which was not large enough to show them off to the best advantage. As now hung, however, the remarkable groups of paintings are more than worth the seeing, including as they do originals by many of the European masters, and having in their range not only some splendid pieces of sculpture, but also paintings in oils and water colors and pastels, miniatures, studies in black and white, etchings and a little of everything that is included in the world of art. Some 400 pictures are shown altogether, forming the most remarkable collection of pictures in this city.

Literary treasures of the late Mark Twain are to be sold at auction in New York City, among them many manuscripts and documents the contents of which have never been published. His house, Stormfield, near Redding, Connecticut, is to be sold, and his daughter, Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, has decided to sell the bulk of the library, retaining only such books as have intimate family associations.

The will of the late Mrs. Anna M. Hutchinson, filed for probate this week, leaves the bulk of her estate, about \$45,000, to Bethany Church for various charities. A collection of antique furniture is bequeathed to the Park Museum. Mrs. Florence V. Bourne, said in the will to be a protégée of the decedent, was left \$5.

Many art lovers have enjoyed the Lester D. Boronda exhibition of paintings in the blue room of the Hotel St. Francis this week. Notable among the artist's work are some views of the Monterey beaches and some scenes in San Francisco. Several of the large canvases have been sold during the week.

Mrs. Clara L. Darling, guardian of Ella Hastings, has petitioned the superior court to appoint a trustee to administer the estate, now amounting to a million or more, owing to the death of William Giselman, the former trustee. No choice for administrator was declared in the petition.

Wireless messages from the Key West, Florida, station are frequently caught by the San Francisco operators. The distance is 3889 miles, but it is now believed that transcontinental messages may be sent successfully.

Professor Henry Morse Stephens of the University of California gave a lecture before the Caedmon Club Monday evening on the life of St. Francis of Assisi.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, the prima donna, appears on the list of delinquent taxpayers in Sacramento County.

Mello Creme Chocolates.

A new creation in chocolate creams, in four flavors, raspberry, vanilla, orange and nut. Daintily packed in handsome, chocolate-colored boxes. Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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Connoisseurs are invited to inspect the cellars and the new store of the Importation Company just opened in the Geary Street addition to the Hotel St. Francis.

The Company exists solely because of the demand of clubs, hotels, and private cellars for vintages not obtainable through ordinary sources.

Prices for all standard brands are as low as those of any reputable importing firm. Wine lists supplied upon request.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jack—I hear you had some money left you. Tom—Yes; it left me quite a while ago.—*New York Herald.*

Mrs. Reno—Do you believe in a uniform divorce law? Mrs. Nevada—Let's see the uniform.—*Smart Set.*

Crawford—Do you really like to please your wife? Crabshaw—I can't say that I do, but I've found out it's the best plan.—*Smart Set.*

Geraldine—You haven't been to see me since you asked father for my hand. Gerald—No, this is the first time I've been able to get about.—*Human Life.*

"Marriage," said the serious man, "is an education in itself." "Yes," commented old Grouch "it teaches you what not to do after you've done it."—*Boston Transcript.*

"And what did papa say when you asked him for my hand?" "I'd gladly tell you, but I'm afraid you'd never respect his opinion any more."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Sailor—Just at that moment my father received a bullet that cut off both his arms and legs and threw him into the sea. Fortunately, he knew how to swim.—*Le Rire.*

Mother—Why should we make Willie a doctor when there are so many new doctors every year? Father—But think of all the new ailments!—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

Employer (to office boy)—If any one asks for me, I shall be back in half an hour. Patsy—Yes, sorr; an' how soon will you be back if no wan asks for you?"—*Boston Transcript.*

"Has your wife a perception of humor?" "I think so," replied Mr. Meekton. "The tired look she always has when I start to tell a joke shows that she recognizes it at once."—*Washington Star.*

"He was certainly brave to crawl under the bed and engage in a life-and-death struggle with that burglar." "When he crawled under the bed he thought the burglar was in the basement."—*Houston Post.*

He—Would you be satisfied to give up your present beautiful home and live in a little white cottage? She—I might, if there was a little, red automobile hitched in front of the door.—*Montreal Star.*

"My largest item of expense is on account of advertising." "Indeed! I was not aware that you were in business." "I'm not. But my wife reads the advertisements in the newspapers."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Which is your favorite Wagnerian opera?" asked the musician. "Lemme see," said Mr. Cumrox, appealing to his wife. "There are several that I never heard yet, aren't there?"

"Yes." "Well, I reckon it's one of them."—*Washington Star.*

Indian—Did he miss again? Guide—Of course he did. Didn't you hear him shoot?—*Spare Moments.*

"Tea or coffee?" demanded the bustling waitress. He smiled benignly. "Don't tell me; let me guess," he whispered.—*Brooklyn Life.*

Mother—I jist got a letter from Ephraim sayin' as how he's took up fencin' in college. Father—Rail, stone, or barb?—*Cornell Widow.*

"And you really think, doctor, that you must perform the operation today?" "Oh, yes. There may be no necessity for it tomorrow."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Mother (at lunch)—Yes, darling, these little sardines are sometimes eaten by the larger fish. Mabel (aged five)—But, mamma, how do they get the cans open?—*Ideas.*

"I think the champion chump of the silly season was the man who married that French actress." "Well, I'm glad the championship remains in America."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"You're sure you can spare this fiver, are you, Shadbolt?" "Dinguss, if I had not been perfectly sure that I can get along without it I never would have lent it to you."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Did the audience weep while I was singing?" asked the temperamental soprano. "No," replied the music director, "you were making that noise all by yourself."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Hoyle—Your husband's business keeps him out of town all the week. I understand? Mrs. Doyle—Yes, he is at home only one day; I call him my Sunday supplement.—*New York Press.*

"He's a military-looking young chap?" "Ought to be. He's a veteran of nine wars." "Impossible! Why, he's only twenty-two years old." "I know—but he once spent six months in South America."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"What is this 'wanderlust' you read of so often as compelling people to leave home?" "I don't know," replied Mr. Cumrox; "but, judging from my observation of people who have it, 'wanderlust' is German for 'creditors.'"—*Washington Star.*

"Why did Mrs. Flimgilt insist on taking Mr. Slimnoodle for her second husband?" "Because of her superstitious fancy. She noticed that she nearly always won when she met him at a bridge party and concluded he was a mascot."—*Washington Star.*

"We didn't know what to do about Piute Pete," said the Crimson Gulch citizen. "He was a real good feller, but he would be careless about shootin' up the populace." "Did

you straighten out the matter?" "To some extent. We elected him sheriff, thereby makin' it look a little more legal."—*Washington Star.*

"In China people worship their ancestors." "So I have heard. Evidently they have no college sophomores in China."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Johnny," said the minister, reprovingly, as he met an urchin carrying a string of fish one first-day afternoon, "did you catch those today?" "Ye—yes, sir," answered Johnny. "That's what they got for chasin' worms on Sunday."—*Chicago News.*

"You can get an armful of daisies for a dime," pointed out the optimist, "and just look at their bright, merry little faces!" "What do I want with an armful of daisies?" growled the pessimist. "I'd rather have a cheese sandwich."—*New York Journal.*

"Ye hear a lot o' talk 'bout 'philanthropists' these days," said Mrs. Korntop; "them's people that goes 'round doin' good, aint they?" "Yes," replied Farmer Korntop, "I think I seen one the last time I was to the city." "Did ye? W'at did he look like?" "He had a sign onto him that said, 'I use Fakeley's Cough Cure. Try it.'"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Shoe on the Other Foot.

It was certain that, as union labor grew in the spirit of irresponsible despotism, it would be fought on its own ground, with weapons of its own devising. Lately, in this city, the public was interested in a "sandwich man" who walked up and down in front of a Market street shoe store proclaiming that the place dealt in union-made goods, which are "the products of a closed shop," and urging Americans not to buy on that account. At first people were puzzled by the scheme, but it appeared, when the store sued the Citizens' Alliance, which stood behind the "sandwich man," for injuring its business, that a test case was in which, if decided against the Alliance, would give that body a weapon to use in battle with the picket and patrol boycotts imposed by union labor. In other words, certain business men here had decided to join suit with the organized blackmailers who are and have been preying upon them, just as did the merchants

of New York, who finally got a decision that the curb-stone boycott is an actionable offense.

It was high time to take up the fight here and elsewhere, if only to learn whether the United States is, or is not, a free country. Labor unionism makes much of the "American" shibboleth, but if there is anything that flouts and menaces the basic freedom of American society it is organized labor's interference with the right of a citizen to sell his time and labor or to hire another man's as he pleases, subject only to the intent and provisions of the law. In the American magna charta the right of the citizen to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is affirmed as a matter of course, yet labor unionism has become so lofty in its arrogance, so criminal in its tendencies, that neither life, liberty, nor initiative is safe from the bomb or the boycott. The American revolution had a less inciting cause. In the colonial indictment of George III the offenses complained of were no such invasions of private rights as organized labor is making wherever it is strong enough for headway. The British king permitted taxes to be imposed without representation and was within the law; he used his undoubted prerogative to quarter troops on citizens when they had no other shelter; and in times of domestic menace or uprising his measures were the harsh ones of army policy or martial law. He tried his best—or worst—to safeguard the rights of the British crown. But in his most stubborn or irascible mood he would never have dreamed of such interference with the rights of the subject as American citizens are enduring here in San Francisco and in other cities of the State and nation at the hands of a banded community of supposed wage-earners. George III or any king of his race or time would hardly have dared to make the employer the bond-servant of the employed; to compel capital to put itself at the mercy of an organization of wage-seekers which would dictate the wages it must pay, the hours of work and even the volume of business it might do. He would be a hardy monarch who would dare make such edicts; and yet American citizens have endured this tyranny for years and will have to endure more unless they conclude, as a few of them are doing, to fight the devil with fire.

One of the latest counter-strategems resorted to is, when labor seeks to frustrate the proper ends of capital, to have the employers strike first. In St. Louis the general contractors have organized for mutual defense and appointed a labor committee to which any differences between a contractor and his men is to be referred. All contractors are under bonds to obey the committee's orders, and they represent all the building trades. In case union carpenters or plumbers or painters strike and refuse to arbitrate, work on their jobs all over the city of St. Louis will be closed by the contractors and stay closed until arbitration is accepted. Should a single contractor give in, he can procure no further bonds from the financial companies, all of which support the employers in their stand and are represented on the labor committee.

When it comes to a test between the waiting capacity or the fighting tenure of employers and employed, there can be, in this country, but one result. Troublesome as they are, the labor unionists are in but a beggarly minority of labor itself: the great unorganized majority stands for the absolute freedom of the individual, within the law, to work for whom he pleases, for the wage and the hours he and his employer are willing to agree upon, and for the freedom of the employer to exercise his legitimate proprietary rights. That the labor union has long had its way against the masses of American citizenship is explained by organization on the one side and the lack of it on the other; but now that the employers are getting ready for defensive team work the sympathy of the people, as well as the spirit of the law, is with them. Well for union labor if it sees the point in time and accepts the terms of arbitra-

tion which capital is willing to grant. But the attempt to nullify the natural and constitutional rights of American citizens so that a predatory organization of wage-earners may maintain a colossal system of blackmail will have to be beaten down. It has no excuse to give why it should not be punished for contempt of American institutions.

The Field of Politics.

The reassembling of the Sixty-First Congress brings us back to the conflicts of parties and factions in the legislative sphere. It is an old Congress, but it faces new conditions. Its lease of life will pass March 4th next, and with it the authority which the Republican party has held in the legislative department of the government since 1895. Probably, in view of the general situation, the divisions which rent this Congress at its last session will be accommodated; probably regulars and insurgents in the House of Representatives will act together in the sense that their action will be limited to matters upon which they can get together. Probably, too, Congress will be in harmony with the President, whose dealings with the legislative branch of the government, if not at all times entirely diplomatic, have been such that both factions may easily and naturally work with him to the end of carrying out a programme calculated to put the party in good position before the country.

In view of this situation special importance attaches to Mr. Taft's legislative plans. His programme, if we may credit the political gossips, has not been modified by recent events. Mr. Taft will continue to work "progressively," not indeed after the lawless and reckless fashion of the "new nationalist" group, but after his own method—a method in strict subordination to law, to regularity and legitimacy in procedure. There have been suggestions that the President should modify his policy with the idea of shaping up a situation calculated to confuse the Democrats. But against this proposal Mr. Taft has resolutely set his face. His idea is that straightforward action along lines already laid down will make a situation at all points better for the party than anything which might be hoped for as the result of mere political scheming. Probably we shall have no novelties in legislation between now and the 4th of March. Most certainly we shall have none if the counsels and wishes of the President shall be heeded. The expectation is that Congress will get quickly to work with harmony and energy and that it will carry out to a logical finish the suggestions put before it by the President last year.

Now, for the first time since his election, Mr. Taft is actually, as well as nominally, the head of his party. Even while Roosevelt was still on his tour of slaughter in Africa the shadow of his personality and pretensions was over the situation. There was a great faction, well represented in the government, which looked to the ex-President rather than to the President as the real head of party affairs. And when Roosevelt returned Taft was for the moment pushed aside. But the recent election has changed all this. Whether Roosevelt was responsible for it or not, the discredit of disaster rests with him. The popular feeling under a sentiment more instinctive than logical, it must be confessed, acquits Taft and blames Roosevelt; therefore, the former comes to the actual headship of party affairs free from embarrassments which would have weighed heavily upon him if the defeat of a month ago had been laid at his door. The party may now be expected to rally round Taft, to take his tone, to proceed in accord with his ideas and motives. Distinctions between regular and progressive will be lost—the party will become progressive partly because there is no other hopeful policy for it, partly because Taft will have it so.

The Democratic party in Congress, with the r

sibilities of a coming majority before it, will find it more difficult to get together than will the Republican factions. The trouble is that the party has become adjusted to minority practice, a practice in which each individual member has been allowed to find his own affiliations and make his own policy. There has been no real Democratic cohesion in Congress this ten years past. Even when the minority combined with the insurgent Republicans last year it was more for the joke of the thing, more for the sake of plaguing the enemy, than because of sympathy or unity of purpose among the members of the minority group. And it was a play destined to cost dear, in the form of embarrassment if nothing worse. For, be it remembered, the Democratic party in Congress stands committed both theoretically and by formal action to a scheme of organization calculated to weaken and limit majority control over the doings of Congress. Either the party must go back upon principles it has maintained and upon the record it has made, and so make itself a laughing-stock before the country, or it must reorganize the House under a set of rules tending to nullify the working effectiveness of the majority in that body. The dilemma is an awkward one, and it will probably be solved in gross disregard of consistency, precisely as it was solved before when Mr. Crisp succeeded "Czar" Reed in the Speakership. Before this change the Democrats, hopelessly in a minority, had fought the famous Reed rules, but the day they came into power they practically reenacted these rules, finding them, according to Mr. Crisp's embarrassed explanation, necessary to the expedition of legislative activities.

The new Speaker will undoubtedly be Champ Clark of Missouri, who under the rules of party promotion is fairly entitled to this honor. But it happens that this same Champ Clark has been the foremost and noisiest advocate of ideas antagonistic to the rules enforced under Speaker Cannon. It is difficult to see how Mr. Clark, with any kind of face, can change his principles over night, so to speak. He has gone too far in the direction of anti-Cannonism; he has been too active and too vociferous to take another position without subjecting himself to unmeasured ridicule and to conviction on the score of bad faith, if he shall now turn his coat and urge upon his associates the enactment of the Cannon rules.

If the present Democratic minority were a compact and manageable body, if too it could be assured of the temper of the Democratic majority in the next Congress, it might now formulate a programme tending to commend the party to the country. But there is little chance of this being done. As we have already said, the party has the minority habit; its members have become individualists in their legislative methods. Furthermore, the Democratic members of the present Congress are in no position to give pledges for the future. The expectation, therefore, is that the minority will do nothing this winter either positively or suggestively. They will take no position upon any important problem and probably this policy will be passed on to the next Congress, under the plea that since the Senate remains Republican, Democracy has received no positive mandate from the country. Every circumstance at the present time points to a policy of do-nothing on the part of the Democrats both in the present Congress and in the next. Practically, we shall have a legislative tie-up. It now remains for the Republicans in the brief period of authority left to them to make a record that will stand out in striking contrast with the legislative deadlock which is certain to come.

There has been a lot of talk, more or less ingenious and fanciful, to the effect that after the 4th of March the Democratic minority in the Senate may bring over into coöperation a sufficient number of insurgents to enable them to control the Senate and so coöperate positively with the Democratic House of Representatives. There is, however, more moonshine than substance to this speculation. The Democratic membership of the Senate, augmented by five, could indeed dominate the Senate. But where are the five? There are now thirteen insurgents in the Senate, and if the California legislature should elect another as the successor to Senator Flint, as the East appears to expect, the number would be fourteen. But careful study of this list fails to reveal a single possible deserter from the Republican fold. The insurgent senators are more or less at odds with the regular party scheme, but they are far from being Democrats. Furthermore, every man of them knows that he would seal his political death

warrant by abandoning his party and going over to the minority. No prize in the way of committee promotion, no bribe in the way of patronage, could be large enough to compensate for the contempt which would fall upon a man elected as a Republican who would thus abandon his party obligations. The thing is impossible, ridiculous; those who present it as a possibility speak without knowledge and without judgment.

What figure Mr. Roosevelt is to make in our politics in the near future has become a fascinating riddle. Mr. Roosevelt is indeed the victim of his own precipitancy; he has fallen into a pit of his own digging. At the same time, the common sense and judgment of the country does not accredit him as profoundly for the late disaster as the majority of his journalistic critics would have us believe. The *Argonaut* most certainly has small admiration for Mr. Roosevelt. Nevertheless in its judgment the result of the voting of November 8th would have been pretty much the same if he had remained in the wilds of Africa. On half a dozen scores the party was foredoomed to a defeat. And while the details would undoubtedly have been different, the result would practically have been the same with Roosevelt or without him. In our opinion, the party is a tremendous gainer through the bursting of the Roosevelt bubble, for the amazing popular vogue of the man, in combination with his presumption, his instability, his pretensions and his recklessness, had become a menace to the country. The defeat of last month, we think, is more than compensated to the party itself by the elimination of this mischievous man from the immediate political situation.

For the first time in his life Mr. Roosevelt appears to be stunned. But he is a poor observer of men and things who imagines that he has come to his "finish." A distinction so great, a power to impress the imagination of men so considerable—these are forces not lost upon the instant. Mr. Roosevelt will "come back," if not precisely in the old form, still in some form assuring him a very considerable influence in the affairs of the country and of his party.

Never in his life until now has Mr. Roosevelt faced adversity. He has, indeed, run up against stone walls again and again, but he has always been adroit enough and flexible enough in his purposes to climb over or burrow under them. He has never gotten out of step with the popular march, wherever it might be going; he has contrived somehow always to be in the swim whichever way the tide might be setting. Now he is up against a situation calculated to exhibit an untried phase of his character. He has broken silence long enough to reassert his devotion to his scheme of "new nationalism." A normal man thus committed would stand by the Osawatomie platform, expound it, plead for it, wait for it. Will Roosevelt do this? Can he do it? We think not. For all his everlasting moral bluster, in the opinion of the *Argonaut* the man lacks moral courage. He can shout moral platitudes and rush with the crowd in any direction; but we think he lacks the hardihood to stand as the champion of an unaccepted and discredited programme. Mr. Roosevelt, we think, will soon thrust aside his scheme of "new nationalism" as a cock that won't fight and look about him for something else that will have the immediate value which attaches to hot political stuff. He will not, we think, have the persistence, the self-control, to sustain himself through an extended period of personal and political eclipse. His vanity will lead him to seek a way out and probably it will come in the form of new proposals, well smeared with that unctuous "morality" which is his main stock in trade.

Navies and Civil War.

The naval outbreak in Brazil, like others there and elsewhere in recent years, has destroyed an old belief that, whatever armies may be tempted to do, navies do not revolt against the governments they are sworn to serve. For centuries faith in the loyalty of seamen was not misplaced. They were not affected by politics; they could not do much independently of their bases of supply, always in government hands; and for the maintenance of discipline among the men a strong body of marines stood between the quarter deck and the forecabin. Mutinies sometimes occurred, but they were local to the ship; they did not have a wider significance.

Brazil broke the ancient tradition about twenty years ago, when an admiral of her fleet led a revolt against the constituted authorities for the supposed purpose of

restoring the empire. The war that followed was marked by the sinking of the battleship *Aquidaban* and the deposition of the first President Fonseca, though the republic maintained itself partly with the moral encouragement of the United States, which kept a squadron of the North Atlantic fleet in Rio de Janeiro harbor during hostilities. The cost of the affair to Brazil in property and naval prestige was great; and reorganization of the navy was so ineffective as to make easily possible the bloody *emenda* which the government has just ingloriously closed by making vital concessions to the mutineers.

During the last four years there have been three other instances of navies starting civil war. Several ironclads of Russia's Black Sea fleet raised the flag of revolt and incited insurrection ashore. The abortive attempt to overthrow the Hellenic kingdom from within began on shipboard; and the Portuguese navy joined with a portion of the army in deposing King Manuel and the Braganza dynasty.

The story of the late Brazilian marine rebellion quite dispelled the prestige which the Latin republic got from the possession of Dreadnoughts. For what are Dreadnoughts worth to a nation which can not depend upon the men behind their guns for loyalty to the flag? Such ships, thus manned, are a source of weakness rather than of strength. How completely they had the capital and even parliament at their mercy is revealed in the haste with which the government made the most abject concessions to the mutinous crews. The latter had killed some of their officers and driven the rest ashore as a protest against the methods of ship discipline. They had even turned their guns on the town and shelled public and private buildings. The Brazilian colors had been hauled down and a red flag raised in their stead. To all intents and purposes the crews had turned pirates, and they richly earned the pirate's fate. But so sure were they of their ability to control the situation and so sure was parliament of the same fact that the Brazilian government meekly submitted to the demands of the mutineers, amended discipline to suit them, and then gave them amnesty. There was nothing else to do; and today every seaman in the Brazilian war marine knows that, in any sudden crisis between the foremost hands and the officers, and even with the government, he is in a position to have the best of it. Would it not be natural, under these circumstances, if Brazil should abandon her elaborate naval programme for which there never was any real need, and content herself with vessels for simple patrol duty which, in rebellious hands, could make no impression even against field artillery ashore. To be sure, such a course would keep Brazil from taking the offensive at sea, but so long as the crews of her warships are not dependable, it is to her interest not to enter upon a maritime war.

The Mayor's Little Game.

Mayor McCarthy's letter to the grand jury urging it to investigate some phantom rumor that he had taken bribes tried the risibles of that body as it did those of the public. It was perfectly clear that all his honor wanted was a vote of confidence. No one else than he had heard of his being accused of a felony, and, in point of fact, nobody could be found beside himself to say so. The witnesses to whom he referred the grand jury knew nothing in point, had made no accusations, and had no proof—at least of nothing graver than ignorance and bad taste and a more or less consistent devotion to the offensive objects of labor unionism. There could have been no other outcome of a grand jury investigation but a coat of whitewash; that is to say, unless evidence to which the notice of the district attorney should have been subsequently called revealed the mayor at the old trick of having himself tried and vindicated before the other fellow's testimony could be introduced. As there was nothing of this sort apparent, the grand jury informed the mayor that it found nothing to investigate.

Possibly Mr. McCarthy, in his devotion to the public welfare, could get some results of another kind from the grand jury if he had stepped aside himself and let the searchlight turn on the McCarthy Social Club about which some curious rumors are afloat. That corps of choice spirits was organized some months ago, it was said, to relieve the mayor of all responsibility for financing the party end of his government and giving him personally time to devise projects of public reform. There have been rumors that it collects 10 per cent of all city salaries that it can reach. A fell suspicion exists that the inner circle of the club has done

even better. Its members have had experience in union labor politics, benefiting by the example of Schmitz and Ruef and enjoying some of the usufruct; and so it would not have been difficult for the mayor to turn the grand jury in their direction. But McCarthy's soul is above base uses, as Mr. Flannery has testified, and his honor feels that he would rather let the lightning waste itself on his well-poised rod than to drop its bolts into the inside room of the club named after him. Possibly, however, the district attorney may feel at liberty to investigate the organization now that the man has been deemed negligible, and do it in his own time and with his own witnesses. If he does so, perhaps a look back at the methods of the Americus Club, founded by Mr. Tweed of New York and his friends Sweeny and Connolly—a club which was organized, however imperfectly, to carry on a brokerage business for the higher-ups might be suggestive of procedure here.

The Case of the Boston "Herald."

A dozen years ago the Boston *Herald* was perhaps the strongest journal in New England, and, regarded from a commercial standpoint, its most valuable newspaper property. It had high standing, wide circulation, a large advertising business. There was energy in its publisher's office; there was independence and force in its editorial department. In its character it cut midway between the slow-going conservatism of the old New England journalism and the hustling recklessness of the yellow newspaper. It definitely belonged to New England, yet quite as positively it was a journal of universal outlook.

For several years there have been more or less definite signs of decline in the prestige and business of the *Herald*. It lost its old energy in its "down stairs" department. It lost its old plain-spoken independence editorially. In the face of conditions so prosperous that other Boston newspapers were rapidly going forward, the *Herald* has lagged behind. The trouble has not been far to seek. The old editor and proprietor of the paper, after a highly successful career, had died, leaving it to a group of more or less competent heirs. No one of this group was strong enough to dominate his associates. Each had a finger in the pie and all contributed to a policy of uncertainty, vacillation, timidity, and, as time wore on and as business declined, of ruinous economy. The *Herald* ceased to be a journal of principle, but rather a journal of expedients. No one fixed idea ran through its policy; rather its policy was a compromise between conflicting ideas and plans. And now, as a result, we have the collapse of the *Herald*, with the retirement of those who took over the paper only a few years ago, when it was not only a great and prosperous property, but a voice of tremendous social and moral power in Boston and throughout New England.

This is the sort of thing which happens to any business which loses hold of a fixed and definite purpose, and when its courses are guided by weakness and compromise as distinct from individual strength and initiative. And it happens more swiftly and surely to a newspaper than to any other kind of business, because so great a part of the value of such a business is in the intangible form of what we may call *vogue*. And quite naturally, decline comes with especial swiftness and emphasis in the case of a newspaper of high standing which suddenly loses the moral ballast of character in its personal guidance. A yellow newspaper may indeed thrive under sinister courses. Its natural adjustment is to such a policy, and there is a very positive even though a vicious strength in it. But a newspaper established upon high standards declines and falls when it loses its character, precisely as a man of high character falls under a gross moral lapse. A journal of character, therefore, regarded merely as a commercial enterprise, is a much more delicate property than a paper of lower aims and standards.

We have now a curious scheme of reorganization in the office of the foundered and floundering *Herald*. The ownership has fallen into the hands of a New Yorker, of whom it may be said to his credit that he is more concerned over the moral deterioration of the paper than over its business failure. He has conceived the idea of restoring the property to its old-time prestige by separating himself absolutely from its editorial administration, giving it over to a group of Boston gentlemen of the highest standing. The paper, it is announced, will be controlled in its general policy by a committee made up of Richard Olney, Henry Lee Hig-

ginson, John H. Holmes, Robert M. Burnett, and Henry S. Howe. These are great names in Boston. They represent the highest intelligence, with ultra respectability. They are to act as trustees with full authority and are to serve without compensation. The new editor, Mr. Robert Lincoln O'Brien, is to act under the counsel and advice of the five gentlemen named.

There will be few journalists to envy Mr. O'Brien his job. An editor must act upon the moment and under the guidance not only of fixed purpose, but of special information. At times he will fall under the censure of whoever has not his motives and his information. Even the most conscientious of editors too often discovers that he has offended his best and truest friends because they can not at all times see things from his standpoint and through his eyes. Now, how will it be with the editor who must work under the criticism of five keen-minded and benevolent-minded old gentlemen, each of whom will feel it his special duty to censure every issue of the paper as it comes from the press. The motives, the opinions, the point of view, of each will be constantly at odds with the judgment of the editor. Indeed, the members of the committee will be constantly at cross purposes with each other. If the editor is an exceptionally strong man he may go his own head and inevitably break with his counsellors. If he be a subservient or a necessitous man, he will moderate his views, temporize, and become weak, if not in his judgment, at least in his utterances. No paper can possibly be strong, prompt, and fixed in its policies under such domination. The *Argonaut* registers this prophecy, namely, that the *Herald* under the control of its eminently respectable board of trustees will go from bad to worse, and in the end fail completely. Either this, or out of the situation there will emerge some personal force strong enough to push aside rivalry, to overcome the certain demoralizations of divided counsels. Nearly a hundred years ago Macaulay pointed out that no army had ever been led to success by a debating club; likewise no newspaper can be guided in a successful course by a town meeting.

Democratic Slate-Making.

Word comes from the centres of national political interest that two "camps" are forming in the Democratic party, one looking to the nomination of Governor Harmon of Ohio for the presidency in 1912, the other to Governor-elect Wilson of New Jersey. Neither of these groups is unfriendly to the other, and each is good enough to regard the other's first choice a good man for the second place on the ticket. That is, the Harmon men are for Harmon and Wilson, and the Wilson men are for Wilson and Harmon—a distinction involving a pretty radical difference.

There is much in the character of Woodrow Wilson to commend him to the party favor. He has unquestioned character, unquestioned talents, and thoroughness of purpose. And the voting last month in New Jersey shows that while he may lack knowledge and taste for the political game, he is not without strength as a vote-getter. But when all this is said, it must still be admitted that Mr. Wilson in the political sphere is an untried quantity. He has, indeed, a fine record in scholastic and social life, but he has had no experience, no training, in that sphere in which a President of the United States must live and work. Assuming his nomination, he would present to the country the spectacle of a presumptively good but undemonstrated man. It is true that he will have a year and a half in the governorship before the next national convention meets, but there is nothing in New Jersey affairs likely to afford either the essential experience or the essential personal exploitation desirable in a presidential nominee. It is further to be said that Mr. Wilson will appear to the country in the character of a school man; and everywhere, especially in the West, there is rather more than less distrust of the scholar in politics. In Europe the scholar is accepted at a higher rating than with us. We are apt to regard the words scholar and theorist as synonymous, and both with a certain lack of confidence so far as political matters are concerned. Then it is to be considered that New Jersey is among the minor States of relatively small account when it comes to electing a President. She has twelve votes in the Electoral College which Wilson's candidacy might turn from the Republican to the Democratic column, whereas Ohio, the home of Harmon, has twenty-three presidential votes.

Judge Harmon, on the other hand, is a seasoned man in the political sphere and no less attractive than Mr.

Wilson in other aspects. He has had service in a presidential cabinet; he has been a successful man along highly respectable lines in practical professional life; he has been governor of Ohio and has highly accredited himself in that office. His appeal is strong even to the men who prefer Wilson; likewise it is strong in vastly wider spheres. In the West, where Wilson would be relatively weak as a candidate, Harmon would be relatively strong, for he has the kind of record, the kind of temperament, the kind of "go" which appeals to the West. And it must not be forgotten that the probable Republican nominee, Taft, comes from Ohio, and that there would be an especial practical wisdom in putting at the head of the Democratic ticket a man whose name would be a bid for the twenty-three electoral votes of that State.

It is further to be considered that many things may happen between now and 1912 and that there are other Richmonds in the field. Mayor Gaynor of New York continues to grow with his party and with the country. Governor-elect Dix is a figure from whom anything may be expected. Plans made at this time must be left sufficiently loose for readjustment in view of developments to come between now and nominating day. The States plainly destined to be most important in the eyes of both national conventions in 1912 are Ohio and New York. And this fact gives to aspirants who directly represent these States a kind of importance which it will take much to outweigh.

Editorial Notes.

Hitherto the only statue to an English statesman on American soil—ignoring that effigy of George III in New York which has had so strange a history—has been that of the great Chatham, but a second has now been reared at Savannah to the memory of James Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia. It is a belated tribute to a man who never lost his interest in American affairs, and who refused a high command in the British army at the outbreak of the Revolution because his condition of "justice to the colonists" was scouted. Oglethorpe was the first Englishman of note to wait upon Mr. Adams when he reached London as American ambassador, and expressed to him in the heartiest manner his esteem and regard for the newly formed republic. To commemorate such early friends of the United States is a worthy object.

Great Britain will not have to wait long before learning what is to be the issue of the present conflict between the Liberals and Conservatives. Mr. Asquith has decided upon a swift appeal to the country, and the first elections take place this week, insuring that the complete returns of the new House of Commons will be known before Christmas. Not since the first Reform Bill agitation has so important a constitutional question been laid before English electors, for upon the vote they give will depend whether the House of Lords is to be deprived of its veto on appropriation bills and greatly restricted in its power over other forms of legislation. The election will also decide whether the House of Lords is to be reconstituted on the lines of Liberal policy or in agreement with the Conservative point of view. In either case it is certain that the hereditary principle will be abolished or greatly modified.

Senator Hale takes an optimistic view of the recent elections. He thinks the party will profit by its reverses and get together in Congress as men under the cloud of a common adversity are apt to do. The senator does not speak without a confidence which a great many others feel, when he thinks the Republicans will bear up "even under such calamities as the repulse of Roosevelt and the lamentable overthrow of Beveridge." Possibly, indeed, more fortitude will be shown on that point by the victimized than by the victims.

A law case which was begun in 1348, and was interrupted because Richard de Maundeville had to leave for the war in France, was resumed on Tuesday in the Chancery Court, gravely announces the *Liverpool Mercury* of November 12, 1910. The point at issue was the right to hold a market at Stowmarket.

The White Star Line's giant steamer *Olympic* was launched successfully on October 20. The *Olympic* is the largest steamer now afloat, being a triple-screw vessel 882½ feet long, 92½ feet broad, and having eleven steel decks.

More than nine million people live in New York State, and the census returns show a 25 per cent increase in the population in ten years.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Among the great friendships of the world none can have been more disinterested than that of Emerson for Carlyle. Other friendships, notably those of Dickens and Forster, Tennyson and Hallam, Goethe and Schiller, have had important issues in increasing the wealth of literature, but the comradeship of the philosophers of Concord and Chelsea was an amity based peculiarly, especially on Emerson's side, on a genuine regard for personality as distinct from agreement with a point of view. In his essays on his visits to England and in his letters Emerson drew many winning pictures of his regard for Carlyle, and now, in his hitherto unpublished journal, some notable additions are made to the record. In one place he writes "Carlyle is so amiable that I love him," and elsewhere he sets down at greater length an intimate account of his famous visit to the recluse of Craigenputtock:

I am just arrived in merry Carlisle from Dumfries. A white day in my years. I found the youth I sought in Scotland, and good and wise and pleasant he seems to me. Thomas Carlyle lives in the parish of Dunscore, sixteen miles from Dumfries, amid wild and desolate heathery hills, and without a single companion in this region out of his own house. There he has his wife, a most accomplished and agreeable woman. Truth and peace and faith dwell with them and beautify them. I never saw more amiable than is in his countenance. He speaks broad Scotch with evident relish; "in London yonder," "I liked him well," "ahoot it," "ay, ay," etc. Nothing can be better than his stories, the philosophic phrase: "The Duchess of Queensberry was appointed to possess this estate,"—"by God Almighty," added the lady. . . . T. C. made up his mind to pay his taxes to William and Adelaide Guelph with great cheerfulness as long as William is able to compel the payment, and he shall cease to do so the moment he cease to compel them. Landon's principle is mere rebellion, and he fears that is the American principle also. Himself worships the man that will manifest any truth to him.

On reviewing the experiences of his first English visit Emerson kept his balance sufficiently to be "thankful I am an American," admitting, however, that the best merit of England to his eye was that "it is the most resembling country to America which the world contains." His reflection on the voyage across the Atlantic can not fail to touch a sympathetic chord in the heart of quailish travelers:

The road from Liverpool to New York, as they who have traveled it well know, is very long, crooked, rough, and eminently disagreeable. Good company even. Heaven's best gift, will scarce make it tolerable. Four meals a day is the usual expedient (and the wretchedness of the expedient will show the extremity of the case) and much wine and porter—these are the amusements of wise men in this sad place. The purest wit may have a scurvy stomach.

George Ade's plea in the *Century* that Mark Twain was America's best emissary to Europe is well taken. "He never waved the starchy banner and at the same time he never went around begging forgiveness." As if to support Mr. Ade's opinion, Eden Phillpotts has just published the glowing sonnet which he penned as a welcome to Mark Twain on his last visit to England:

The voice of England welcomes thee again,
Thou well-beloved son of Freedom. One and all
Would be thy hosts; and where thy way shall fall
A myriad friends press forward to obtain
The bounty of a smile. There is a chain
Of pure heart's gold that links mankind in thrall
Before the magic sleight of him we call
After the watchful pilot's cry: "Mark Twain!"
Helmsman of joy, thy shining wake doth glow
Beneath the glory of the westering sun;
And by its gleaming ripple all men know
The steadfast course that thou hast ever run
Through life's uneven weather—steered to show
Sane Laughter and sweet Liberty are one.

Lowell of course made more personal friends in England than even Mark Twain, but that is easily accounted for by the longer term he spent in the country and by his official position. His many gifts and gracious personality set a high standard for his successors, but Mr. Choate and Mr. Whitelaw Reid have proved fully equal to the task Lowell set. It is happily too early to appraise Mr. Reid's mission as a bit of past history, but the impression left by his predecessor is well defined by Lady Dorothy Nevill in her social diary:

Amongst the great lawyers I have known, one of the most charming was Mr. Joseph Choate, who, as American ambassador, became such a popular figure in London society. I have always had a great liking for the clever men whom the great republic has from time to time sent us, and it was with real sorrow that I learnt this most agreeable and clever personality was to leave us. On coming to say good-bye he brought me his photograph, which hangs among those of some great men—Cobden, Disraeli, Bright, and others whom it has been my privilege to call friends. Mr. Choate was especially clever and witty in conversation. As a lawyer, many of the chief triumphs of an uninterruptedly successful career had been achieved by his fascinating humor and winning methods of persuasion, which, it was said, caused even the defeated side to leave the court in a state of mental exhilaration. Mr. Choate, indeed, possessed the rare quality of communicating the kindly geniality which was such an essential part of his nature, to all he met, and when he smiled even the most soured individuals who might chance to meet him, as a rule, could not help smiling too.

As if to round out this anthology of international friendliness, Professor J. G. Robertson of the University of London takes occasion, in his survey of the study of Shakespeare in other lands than England, to pay a generous tribute to American scholarship:

It seems supererogatory to add to this survey of Shakespeare abroad a word on Shakespeare in America; so far as our literature is concerned, America is not, and never has been, "abroad," and, in the case of Shakespeare especially, it would be invidious to set up any limits within the area of the earth's surface where the English tongue is spoken. But some tribute ought at least to be paid to the independence and originality of American contributions to Shakespearean criticism and research. By borrowing the best elements in

English critical methods and combining them with German thoroughness and patience, American scholars, in recent years, have thrown much light on dark places and contributed very materially to our understanding of Shakespeare's work. In the first line stands the admirable Variorum edition of Shakespeare's plays founded by Howard Furness in 1873. The leading American actors, too, such as Edwin Booth, J. B. Booth, and Edwin Forrest, have distinguished themselves by fresh and stimulating interpretations of Shakespeare's greater tragedies on the stage.

Rudyard Kipling is averse to interviews because he thinks he is entitled to all the royalties his brain can earn, and it is but rarely he can be induced to make a public speech which the newspapers can print without any honorarium. For once, however, he has been lured to the platform, the occasion being the banquet of the mayor of that Brighton near which he had his home for several years. He was intrusted with the toast of the Houses of Parliament, a rather delicate subject these days, and seized the opportunity to make a characteristic contribution to constitutional law. Premising that Parliament had not always been political in its nature, he added:

When the kingdom of Sussex was a sovereign independent state a few hundred years ago, the South Saxons regarded what we should call politics as much less important than piracy, navigation, trade, and sport. On rare occasions, when they interested themselves in politics, the member for Lewes was as likely as not to record his vote against the honorable member for Brightonstone with an axe or sword. This method, though conclusive, was found to be wasteful, owing to the expense of repeated by-elections. The survivors of the debates compromised at last on a counting of heads on a division instead of breaking them. There is much to be said for this plan. If you break heads you at least discover what is in them; if you count them you have to take what is in them on trust. If you take them on trust you get the whole business of politics as we know it today.

Two diverse collections of pictures are on their way to the United States, both of which will deserve well of lovers of art, but for different reasons. One is to give an adequate representation of the post-impressionist art of France; the other will reveal the aims and technique of Russian painters. The first will be welcome as a warning of the depths of imbecility to which art can descend when it is divorced from standards and discipline; the second not less welcome for the data it will provide for a reasoned appreciation of the achievements of modern Russian art. The French collection is to include examples of the crude abnormalities of Gauguin, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Henri-Matisse, the contributions of the latter being specially notable for their extremist qualities. His work is of the kind which might be expected from a child of eight who was given a full palette and bidden paint this or that. It has been urged in Henri-Matisse's defense that it should be the purpose of art to acquire the child's ingenuousness, a doctrine which, if applied to literature, would arrest us at nonsense verse. On the other hand, the Russian collection will reveal a return to strong realism, with full color, vivid relief, and directness and correctness of form. It may be that the pictures will suggest an absence of genuine enjoyment in the quality of paint as such, but this will be more than compensated by the seriousness of their work and the fullness of their expression of Russian life. Also those pictures will enable a decision to be reached as to the amount of truth there is in the contention that it is to painting rather than to literature we must look for the embodiment of the present racial aims and aspirations of the Slav.

Greatly, no doubt, to the chagrin of the Baconians, a bust of Shakespeare has now invaded that Verona where Baron Verulam laid the scenes of his "Romeo and Juliet." It is all the fault of the tourists, apparently, for they have for several generations persisted in throwing floral tributes or their visiting cards into that "horse-trough" which their hero-loving curiosity has associated with Master Montague and Miss Capulet. This relic and the courtyard in which it stands have recently been restored with mediæval fragments gathered elsewhere, and the picture has been completed by a bust of Shakespeare, which contemplates the scene from an angle of the garden.

As Austria has but a single seaport of consequence, the Austro-Hungarian empire has never been seriously considered as a naval force to be reckoned with. The Austrian government, however, seems determined that for the future the empire will play a more important part in naval matters. Two Dreadnought battleships are already under construction and five more are to be commenced the next year or two. In addition, Austria has in commission six other modern battleships, so that within a few years she will have thirteen battleships in addition to several modern armored cruisers in service.

The founders of Paris, emigrating from some Greek or Etruscan country on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, rowed their galleys up the River Seine, they took possession of the island in that stream on which their city is built, and according to the legends that have come down to the present time, called it "Baris," which is Greek for a boat then used upon the River Nile, whence Paris. The island on which the adventurers landed was held to typify a boat, and to this day the court of arms of that famous city is an ancient galley.

The third session of the Eleventh Parliament of Canada opened November 17 with pomp and ceremony recalling mediæval times. Earl Grey, as the representative of King George the Fifth, drove in state from Government House, escorted by dragoons, and was welcomed on Parliament Hill by the picked troops of the capital.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

W. W. Asquith, elder brother of the prime minister of England, has just retired from the position of master at Clifton College, which he has held for thirty-five years.

Baron Hallam Tennyson, son of England's great poet, who has been governor and commander-in-chief of South Australia, and governor-general of Australia, now lives at the family home, Freshwater, Isle of Wight. He has written several volumes of prose and verse, in addition to editing the works of his father, Lord Tennyson.

Mme. Bouguereau, widow of the famous* French artist, William Bouguereau, at the age of seventy-three still occupies herself with her brush at her home, the Villa Cambise, at Royat-les-Bains, a half-day's journey from Paris. It was as Elizabeth Gardner, that the New Hampshire girl went to Paris in 1866 to study art, and there met and married the painter. She was the first American woman artist to exhibit in the Paris Salon and to be awarded a Salon medal.

Edward Waterman Townsend, the "Chimmie Fadden" of newspaper fame, has been elected to Congress from New Jersey. It is not his first essay in practical politics, as he has been a candidate for various offices on the Democratic ticket at his home in Montclair, New Jersey, but without success until now. Mr. Townsend was born in Cleveland, Ohio, fifty-five years ago, but his early journalistic career was in San Francisco. It was in this city that he married Miss Annie Lake.

Harry Gordon Selfridge, the American merchant who has established one of the greatest department stores in the world in London, was born in Ripon, Wisconsin, in 1858. He entered the employ of Field, Leiter & Co. in Chicago in 1879, and was a partner in the succeeding house of Marshall Field & Co. when he sold out in 1904 to organize his foreign enterprise. With all his business activities he found time to perform duty as a member of the board of arbitration while he lived in Chicago.

Dr. Emil Reich, the eminent Hungarian historian, who was engaged by the British government to prepare its case in the Venezuelan boundary matter, is an indefatigable student of history from original sources. He spent five years in the United States, four years in France, and thirteen years in England searching libraries for authentic documents and observing popular movements at a close range. He has written many books and lectured often before institutions of learning, though he is only fifty-six years old.

Musicians are the real cosmopolitans. Adolph Brodsky, principal of the Royal College of Music, Manchester, England, was born in Russia fifty-nine years ago. He entered the Vienna Conservatoire when he was nine years old, and six years afterward left to join the court orchestra. He taught in Moscow from 1874 to 1878, toured Austria, Germany, and England in 1880, and a little later was head professor at the Leipzig Conservatoire. In 1891 he played in America and Canada in concerts. Now he is settled in a big manufacturing and English-speaking city, in spite of his continental memories and associations.

The Massachusetts Suffrage Association has commissioned Josephine Preston Peabody to prepare a series of tableaux of the noble deeds of womankind through history to the present day. Mrs. Marks, to give the poet her present name, purposes first to introduce the cave woman at her labors. The cave woman drifts into sleep and is a silent observer of the tableaux of succeeding ages. There will be depicted Queen Isabella giving Columbus her jewels; Catherine of Sienna, the saint; Joan of Arc. In the Victorian era, Mrs. Marks selects Florence Nightingale rather than Victoria. The present will be represented by the late Julia Ward Howe. A number of women, including Mrs. Howe, will be seen working upon a great American flag. At the back will be a door representing a balcony. The sound of the soldiers' voices as they march past will be heard. The tableaux will be staged next spring.

It is said that the personality of Sir Edward Elgar dominates music in England today, yet he has none of the traditional trappings of the composer about him—no long hair, or velvet coat, or flowing tie. Such things he despises as affectations. With his closely cut iron-gray hair and his military looking moustache, Sir Elgar is like a retired colonel or a distinguished lawyer or politician—anything, in fact, but a composer. He likes a country life. For years he lived on the beautiful Malvern Hills, and now has a house on the outskirts of Hereford Town. He has no hobbies, but is clever at a good many things. Like Caruso, he is gifted with the pencil and is an excellent caricaturist. Some time ago chemistry took up some of his spare time. No English musician has ever attracted so much attention, both at home and abroad, by his music. Elgar's career has been an extraordinary one. He has won his way to the front rank against many adverse circumstances. As a boy in Worcester he was without money and influence and cut off from the musical world. He had to fall back upon his own resources. If his boyhood had been spent in a more musical centre doubtless he would have been made a prodigy, for at fifteen he was writing music, and before that age he was a good player on the organ and violin.

POSTOFFICE VERSUS BUCKET SHOP.

The Postmaster-General's Vigorous Crusade.

The American public, says Mr. Hitchcock—laying down his little axe for the moment in order to attach two fresh scalps to his belt—the alert and vigilant American public has been swindled out of \$100,000,000 in the course of five years. The bucket shop and the unlisted stock concern have been abroad in the land, and the fool and his money have been disastrously and irrevocably parted. Moreover, the mails have been used in the aforesaid acts of piracy upon the high seas of finance, and so with that paternal benevolence that has always distinguished the postoffice Mr. Hitchcock has put on his paint and gone upon the warpath.

The larger of the two scalps mentioned is that of Messrs. Burr Brothers, whose name is still tenderly remembered in California, and who have always found it profitable to give to their operations that Western tint that has been found so effective in persuading money from the small investor, whose knowledge of this great and wicked city is of the theoretical kind. Burr Brothers once honored California by making it a sort of headquarters, and they would be still decorating the Pacific Coast but for the pestilent curiosity of the chief postal inspector in San Francisco, whose unworthy intrusion into their affairs was of so insistent a nature as to necessitate their removal to New York. Now it seems that not even in the rabbit warren of the Flatiron Building are they safe from the myrmidons of a postal inquisition that persists in the almost hopeless task of protecting fools from their follies.

The capture of this interesting crew was not without its dramatic features, and we may even extract a certain element of pathos from the fact that its chief leader was engaged, so to speak, in religious exercises at the moment when the brutal hand of the law descended upon his collar. It happened somewhat in this way, and after a recital of the facts it will be easy for readers to determine whether an act of positive sacrilege has been committed under the sanction of the law or whether we may take some lighter view of an incident that was at least deplorable. It seems that a body of officials, mostly policemen, all of them being under the instigation of Mr. Hitchcock, who must therefore take his full share of responsibility on the judgment day, determined to raid the office of Burr Brothers in the Flatiron Building. It may be urged in their defense that they could not have foreseen that Mr. S. C. Burr, the president of the company, would be actually engaged in spiritual devotion at the moment of their attack, but none the less they knew that it was only Monday, and therefore that some lingering religious fragrance must necessarily be in the air. But let that pass. Heaven forbid that we should be censorious, or that a mere thoughtless act of a giddy officialism should be set down as a crime. When the storming party arrived they found Mr. E. H. Burr and Vice-President Tobey engaged in the secular task of interviewing several dozen customers who had come to town to buy gold bricks and who had come unerringly to the place where such things are made. There were also about thirty stenographers writing letters for their lives, as well as clerks and messengers. It was a busy scene, a hive of industry, a nest of enterprise and skill. But at the moment the master brain was not there, and nothing would satisfy the little bevy of detectives but a sight of Mr. S. C. Burr, the president. His gifted brother knew where he was and was willing to oblige, and before he realized that he himself was under arrest he had directed Inspector Kincaid to the Christian Science rooms around the corner. Now it might be supposed that that simple statement would have brought a blush to the cheek even of a policeman; that the minion of the law would have hesitated to seize his prey upon the very steps of the altar, as it were; that he would have waited for his victim outside the sanctuary rather than profane the shrine with the tread of his official and copious boots. Not a bit of it. He went right in to that holy place and thus seared what we may humorously call his conscience with an act of sacrilege, for after all we can call it by no other name. And there, sure enough, was Mr. Burr. He had a book of devotion in his hand, and the priestess upon duty was expounding to him that matter is never mind and that mind is no matter. The sight would have brought tears to the eyes of a crocodile; it would have softened the heart of a rattlesnake. But let us draw a veil over the harrowing scene. Once more we see piety vanquished and brute force triumphant. It was ever so.

And so the tragedy reached its culmination in the Tombs prison. Will it be believed that these unfortunates were unable to secure the \$20,000 bail demanded by inexorable authority? Why, they had received more than \$20,000 in that one morning's mail. It was actually lying upon their desks at the moment of their arrest and yet these kings of finance must languish in durance vile for the lack of one day's income. On their desks were the contributions of the country clergyman, the village postmistress, and the rural school teacher, of every variety of the genus sucker, who must have been created by an all wise Providence for the purpose of ministering to those who need the money. And if not for this purpose then for what other? Was ever so cruel a fate as that of the Messrs. Burr?

The postoffice authorities have issued a statement that no doubt is intended to palliate their affront to the

cause of true religion. It is too long to quote to any great length, but they mention some twenty companies fostered and fathered by the eminent Burrs and which are not now in existence. The capitalization of these companies was about \$20,000,000, no insignificant sum, with eggs at 45 cents a dozen. And there are other companies, many others, that are either defunct or moribund, and most of the money that they represent is said by the postoffice to have been gathered in by the ingenious Burrs. The thing was not so much a system as a positive, an exact, and an elaborated science. If all the fools of the country had hoisted red flags they could not have been enumerated and classified with more skill and precision. Mr. Hitchcock says that the Burrs "sold stock at par value of from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 in the various companies. During the past summer they were driven out of California by the State authorities. In every instance they have promised large dividends on the stock sold, in addition to an increase in the value of the stock, but in not a single case have any of the companies paid any dividends and practically all have been complete failures."

Now what are we to think of it all? What are we to think of human nature? What is there left us to hope for? Is it any use to protect these poor helpless pigeons who flutter around in droves and positively beg to be plucked? Some time ago a judge showed leniency to a thief because the sight of a woman with her well-filled purse held daintily between finger and thumb must be an almost irresistible temptation to snatch and run. How much more irresistible must be the spectacle of this great army of dupes who are greedy enough to want money that they have not earned and too silly to keep the money that they have earned? It is a question for the sociologist, who must determine if the fool creates the knave or if the knave creates the fool. And yet with \$500,000,000 wasted in five years, carried upon bended knee to the stock shark, humbly offered to him and forced upon him, we are asked to believe that high prices have caused a real and a widespread distress throughout the country. Our real need seems to be not so much for low prices as for numerous, commodious, and spacious idiot asylums.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, November 25, 1910.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

London's Civic Festival with Shakespearean Innovations.

Rash reformers have been known to advocate the abandonment of the 9th of November for Lord Mayor's Day. They have argued eloquently that the yearly civic festival should be held on a date in the summer months, when there would be a reasonable chance of a little sunshine to brighten the gorgeous procession and add to the comfort of the waiting crowds. Those reformers have a strong case. The penultimate month of the year is usually a sorry affair in the English capital; to quote Keats with a difference, it is a

Season of mists and yellow hideousness.

At least, it used to be. But really a "London particular" is a much rarer phenomenon than it was twenty years ago. That in itself has lessened the force of the reformers' arguments, but even were it otherwise the genuine cockney would rather die at the stake than have his Lord Mayor's Day on any other date than the ninth of November. It would be easier to deprive him of a Bank Holiday, or make him forego the pecuniary delights of Boxing Day.

And for once he yesterday had the better of the reformer in the climatic argument. Shortly before the midday hour the sun actually struggled through and sent a shaft of golden light into the narrow spaces which lead to the historic Guildhall, the starting point of that time-honored pageant which for untold years has signaled the entry of London's new lord mayor upon his year of office.

From the Guildhall and back to the Guildhall again the procession was to traverse nearly six miles of London streets. The route is varied slightly from year to year in order that the lord mayor may sweep in all his glory through his own particular ward of the city, but whatever the appointed mould of thoroughfares the London crowd can be relied upon to fill its spaces to overflowing. Yesterday's route was packed to the limit of every sidewalk's capacity by the usual patient yet eager, orderly yet ebullient cockney crowd. In the windows of the shops and offices lining the course there were the inevitable family gatherings, for "the ninth" is the one set day of the calendar when the paterfamilias who is "something in the city" can play the gracious host at small expense and compound for his frequent moral lapses by taking his whole family to London. But whether those favored spectators enjoy the show more keenly than the crowd on the kerb is open to question. Their joy is certainly more tempered and circumscribed than that of the little cockney lad who views the spectacle from the vantage ground of his father's shoulder. It is his day of visions. Denied that hundred-millionth chance which the American boy has of being a President, his imagination, fostered by the legend of Dick Whittington, expatiates on the possibility that he, too, may one day be the centre of that glorious pomp. In his hand he holds tightly a priceless possession that penny "fishal panoram o' th' lord mayor's show" which the street hawkers

have been crying all the morning, and which he will gloat over for days and days, indifferent to its criminal lack of harmony with what he has seen and its atrocious coloring and its violently out-of-register printing.

Perhaps, however, the "fishal panoram" may be forgiven its anachronisms if not its crudities. For the show is a chameleon for change. There are, of course, certain aspects which are as unalterable as the British constitution. The Prince of Denmark would not be more missed from "Hamlet" than that stately, swaying, mediæval coach in which the lord mayor himself is borne through the applauding crowds. Its occupant of yesterday, Sir Vezev Strong, had a reception as enthusiastic as any of his numerous predecessors. That he is a staunch teetotaler detracted not a whit from his popularity; perhaps that was overlooked in view of the fact that he has captured the highest honor of the city at the unusually early age of fifty-seven, and will have the distinction of dispensing the hospitality of the city during the coronation year of George V.

If the "fishal panoram" managed to depict the lord mayor's coach with measurable accuracy, it failed woefully to perpetuate those Shakespearean pageants which imparted color and history to the show. Four London scenes from the immortal plays were attempted. First came a group representing the return from Agincourt of Henry V and his brothers-in-arms, a brave little picture of mediæval England, all the more realistic for the litter which bore the wounded Gloucester. That tableau made a rather exacting demand upon cockney historical knowledge, and left some of the onlookers puzzled, but a glad acclaim of "Falstaff! Falstaff!" spontaneously greeted the next figure in the procession. There was no mistaking that "ton of flesh," or the rakish looking crew—Pistol, Poin, and the others—that accompanied him. It was the fat old knight of the picture, with bibulous eyes and cheeks glowingly painted with burnt sack and old Canary. Something of his boisterous reception may have been due to the contrast he presented to the water-loving lord mayor. The other groups included Richard, Duke of Gloucester, leading captive his unfortunate nephews, and Henry VIII and his famous cardinal.

By devious ways, and ever to the cheers of the crowd and the clamoring of church bells, the procession duly reached the law courts, where the picturesque ceremony of swearing-in the lord mayor was observed as in countless other years. And then came the return journey to the Guildhall, where the great banquet of the day has been celebrated through all the centuries since 1501. Pepps was a guest once, and has left a picture of the feast which is strong in contrasts with the luxuries and appointments of the twentieth century:

"Many were the tables, but none in the hall but the mayor's and the lords of privy council that had napkins or knives, which was very strange. We went into the buttery, and there stayed and talked, and then into the hall again, and there wine was offered, and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras which do not break my vow it being, to the best of my present judgment, only a mixed compound drink. If I am mistaken, God forgive me!—but I hope and do think I am not. Anon comes the lord mayor, who went up to the lords and then to the other tables to bid welcome—and so all to dinner. I sat near Proby Barn and Creed at the merchants strangers' table, where ten good dishes to a mess with plenty of wine of all sorts, of which I drunk none, but it was very unpleasant that we had no napkins, nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes."

Few are the poets who have attempted to sing the praises of the lord mayor's banquet, but a century ago one versifier did attempt a parody of Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" in eulogy of the menu:

The course began with fish
As fresh as we could wish,
Brought down by mail, a lordly dish!
A turbot's spreading form bespoke the treat,
With luscious lobster sauce complete:
Soles, whittings, dories, Quin's great boast!
Who first them sought on Torhay's coast.
Tasted—nor from his palate hurried
But stamped their worth—himself the glutton of the world!

Probably the parodist wrote from exoteric knowledge only; had his experience been esoteric he would not have failed to exalt that turtle soup which is more essential as the climax of Lord Mayor's Day than the speech of the prime minister. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, November 10, 1910.

Near Dunkeld, in the Highlands of Scotland, is Birnam, Macbeth's country. There one may see two great trees standing on the banks of the Tay, which are said to be at least 1000 years old and among the few which remain of the original Birnam wood. These two trees, a sycamore and an oak, are large enough of themselves to have provided a goodly army with branches, and the trunks measure, at the ground, fifteen feet in diameter.

Senator Gore of Oklahoma was in Detroit a few days ago, and talked freely with the reporters, observing that he saw "no reason to maintain an Oyster Bay attitude"—this according to the *New York Evening Post*. And interested readers, to get a perfect understanding of the phrase in quotation marks, will observe that the paper bears a post-electoral attitude. Otherwise—but the application is obvious.

THE FAVOR OF THE KING.

Why the Dukes of Bowforest Do Not Go to Court.

It is a widely known fact that the Duchy of Bowforest—or, as some say, Beauforret—has fallen into disrepute in social highways, and that the last two holders of the title have not been summoned to court. But the reason is not, as many suppose, a political one; nor is it entirely on account of the *mésalliance* of the late duke, though it certainly resulted from that strange marriage.

The kings of Aul-Atlantis have always been—well, gallant. When the court is at Appledore the capital boasts that the most beautiful faces of the civilized world are to be seen on the King's Highway at the fashionable hour, and the present monarch's manners to women could only have been acquired as an inheritance. But the last Duke of Bowforest, even as a young man, did not take the king as his model like other of the younger nobility, and retired more and more to his enormous estates, where in his thirtieth year he completed the estrangement between himself and society by taking a wife from one of the small fiefs dependent on the duchy. There was no disguising the fact—though at first it was discredited in smart circles—the duke had married a peasant! She was not even of the *bourgeoisie*, an increasing and powerful class whose wealth was gradually entitling them to consideration. The young woman was the daughter of a man and his wife who worked on the duke's own farm lands—they were toilers of the soil, as the duchess would have been had she not been raised to such an extraordinary position. Naturally enough, the duke retained his office as hereditary grand almoner, for the dispensing of the king's charities was not seriously embarrassed by his wife's origin—the poor people indeed seemed to like it. But his position as premier duke and chief courtier dropped into abeyance, for he neither went to court nor took the duchess.

Having married Amoura the duke devoted the next year or so to educating her, and they lived very quietly on the immense estates of the duchy, doing good, it was reported, and much loved by the common people. Amoura was said to be a virtuous woman, and beautiful. But that hardly excused the duke from following the traditions of his race and country and marrying some lady of his own class whose name had escaped more than a little handling. He held strange views that appeared to deepen rather than otherwise as time went on, and showed no inclination to display his beautiful wife in the glare of social life, though being the Duke of Bowforest, and first in the nobility of Aul-Atlantis, no breath of opinion on the court had ever been imputed to him. Old friends who claimed a welcome in the duchy were sure to find it, and those who stayed with the duke and duchess reported her as outshining all the fair faces which made Appledore famous. She was a large woman, built on a generous scale like her peasant ancestors, and her burnished hair and wonderful white skin put admirers in mind of a white lily with a golden centre.

When their first child was born a larger gathering than usual was assembled at Bowforest for the christening; and from this, veritable and emphatic accounts of the glorious beauty of the duchess reached the court. The child was a boy, and as fine and fair as his mother, so that the duke seemed, even to those who blamed the eccentricity of his marriage, a fortunate man. The baby was a year old, and as strong as a child of two, on the day when the duke received notice of a more important visitor than any who had graced the great house for many years.

The king had been on a hunting holiday, being passionately devoted to sport, and proposed paying a private visit to the chief duchy in his kingdom. All that Bowforest contained was at his disposal, from the famous red stags of the country to the hospitality of the host and hostess. The royal guest, however, had petitioned for a perfect lack of ceremony, and his suite was confined to four or five gentlemen—one of whom, his equerry, Captain Saumerez, had brought the intimation of his advent. It was a golden afternoon on which the king arrived at Bowforest. His majesty drove in an open carriage with two of his suite, the rest being on horseback, and as the party swept round the curve of the drive into view of the historical house he was heard to utter an exclamation of pleasure.

"I have not been at Bowforest since I was a young man!" he said. "How grand that west front is, Saumerez!"

"Yes, indeed, sire!" said the equerry. But his eyes, following the king's, did not see the west front, which is the boast of Bowforest, and looks its best in the sunset. Buttress and archway stone carving and battlement stood out nobly in the glow from the west, and under the winged horses that guard the threshold stood the duke and duchess—a strong man and a fair woman. Seen for the first time in the ripeness of her beauty, there was that in Amoura's face which made men gasp. She was something more than a picture to be admired—the human reality of her compelled a kind of adoration.

There was no ceremony in the king's reception. The duke kissed his hand and presented the duchess, who in her turn curtsied, nor was there any awkwardness in the peasant's greeting of her monarch. She had large grave eyes with a frank width between them, and they

dwelt on his face with a softness that might have been respect or speculation, but was certainly not timidity. She spoke little at the dinner, during which the king sat at her right hand, but her attention to all he said was perfect courtesy. The king, who was a good talker himself, found it the best of breeding.

For the few days that the royal party remained at Bowforest the hours were chiefly given up to sport. The king was still a keen rider and loved shy game; his heavy figure was against him, but he was no laggard. Though middle-aged, he was still a handsome man, and his hairless, dusky face had the royal attribute of dignity. He was pleased with his entertainment, the equeries whispered; he rallied the duke on his absence from the court, and added that it was no wonder that he was satisfied to remain in retirement having such a home life; he admired the prosperity of the estates, and wished that all his kingdom were as wisely sub-governed as Bowforest; he—looked at the duchess.

It was the king's custom to rise early. On the day of his departure he was abroad before breakfast, and strolled through the grounds enjoying an exceptional spell of fine weather. The duke did not know of the royal fancy for early rising, and was not in evidence to join his majesty. The equeries knew it, but they had not informed their host. Perhaps the king was glad for once to be without companionship, for it is not given to monarchs to escape from the least surveillance very often. The king walked across the lawns slowly, and brushed the dew from the daisies with a heavy footstep as he passed into the rose garden. He had brushed the dew from other flowers, too, in the years of his reign that lay behind him.

On the further side of the rose garden he found a bower, the perfection of artistic rusticity, the wooden framework being so cunningly twined with roses and honeysuckles, jessamine and creepers, that it was not visible. The place was a veritable shrine for Flora, and behold—Flora had come to grace it!

As the king approached, the duchess turned round, and showed him her kind, beautiful face in all its morning freshness. She had been reading, it would seem, among the roses, for she held the book in her hand, and stood aside, framed in leaves and petals, to allow him to enter.

"It is a lovely morning!" said the king.
"You will find none fairer at Appledore, sire!" smiled the duchess.

"No; one misses the freshness of the world in cities," said the king, breaking a spray of jessamine. He smelt it appreciatively, and tossed it outside the bower. The duchess's eyes followed it with a large grave glance. Something that might have been pity for the broken spray was in their slow comprehension; but a snapped stalk in mid-bloom must be weighed against the favor of kings.

"And when are you coming to court?" said the king, turning to the duchess with a smile. "The duke has hidden you among the roses long enough—has he not?"

"My husband loves his gardens, sire!" said the duchess, who was very sweetly literal. "We should miss them in your capital."

"But I have gardens as well as the duke," said the king, laughing, and his voice was the voice with which the kings of Aul-Atlantis have wooed and won. "You have never given my garden a fair trial!"

The woman, who was first a woman and then a duchess, looked at the man who was first a king, according to the law; and her cloudless gray eyes were contemplative. She did not seem to comprehend the compliment that was being paid her; but her rich white beauty was ravishing in its silence.

"I am also a lover of flowers!" said a whisper at her ear. "The fairest flowers in the kingdom are said to be found in my gardens—but I find now that it has lacked an imperial lily." Amoura's attentive face appeared to follow his simile. He stooped suddenly and kissed the duke's wife, his eyes aflame. "Will you come into the king's garden?" said the king.

The duchess was a peasant, and understood no gradations. The slow peasant brain had followed him out to the full glare of the insult—that was to more refined minds a compliment. It takes generations of fine birth and breeding to appreciate the favor of the king. They of the soil call it by an ugly name unfit for delicate ears.

She did not answer in words. She lifted a beautifully molded hand and boxed the royal ears as soundly as she would have struck an impertinent valet. It was the first time that the king had been made to understand that he had made an error with regard to a woman. He drew back with instant and immediate courtesy.

"Madam," he said, "I beg your pardon."

But the duchess had boxed his ears!

The king left Bowforest that day in a hush of reverence. The duke kissed his hand, and the duchess curtsied to the ground. The equeries did not smile, but Captain Saumerez looked a little curiously in the king's face while his majesty was thanking his host and hostess in his best manner for their hospitality. No man in his kingdom could equal him in charm when he made such a little speech.

"H'm!" said Captain Saumerez. "The duchess has not appreciated the favor of the king!"—for he knew every shade and gradation of his royal master's mind.

And that is why the dukes of Bowforest do not go to court.—Dolf Wyllarde, in "Tropical Tales."

OLD FAVORITES.

Ode to the West Wind.

I.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of autumn's heing,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow and black and pale and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver—bear, Oh hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to wish this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst—O hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's Bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves—O hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision,—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?
—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Recently a man with his boots on fell from the top of a cliff at Dover the height of which was afterward found to be 400 feet. He was picked up floating insensible in some five feet of water, but his boots were off, which proves that he must have retained sufficient consciousness on reaching the water to enable him to draw his boots from his feet. This from a magazine article on sensational falls, and it is worthy of notice for the fact from which a wrong deduction is made. It is said by miners that whenever an underground worker falls down the shaft, his boots come off and reach the bottom before the body—that is, if the distance is considerable. A 400-foot fall would be sufficient to furnish this curious result, and a better reason for the absence of the man's boots.

Every Siberian village is surrounded by a big stockade, some ten or fifteen feet in height. This erection is to prevent the sheep and cattle from wandering into the forests and so falling a prey to the wild animals which swarm therein. In addition to this, each village makes common property of an enormous number of dogs of the wolf-hound breed, which are kept for protection from the packs of wolves which in winter, desperate with hunger, descend upon the villages. Such dogs are rightly prized, and, though they belong to nobody in particular, are kept well fed and cared for. They are huge beasts, almost as savage as wolves themselves.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Some of Its Prisoners and Dramatic Episodes.

Than the grim fortress which dominates the vista of the Thames as seen from London Bridge the English capital has no more popular "sight." This is especially the case with the tourist, who helps so largely to swell the hundred thousand visitors which throng the ancient building every month, the explanation being, no doubt, that there is no other structure which sums up so completely so many stages of English history. Its story has been often told, but Richard Davey is justified in setting it forth once more in his "The Tower of London," for he handles his materials with considerable skill and has added a number of new facts.

So far as history goes, he agrees that the Romans really had a hand in building the fort on this site, a structure afterwards transformed into the Tower we now admire. It is, of course, the result of many builders, whose efforts were spread over several centuries, but it seems certain that by December, 1066, a definite start had been made with the present building under the direction of William the Conqueror. Mr. Davey discusses the progress of the structure at great length, and then takes his reader on a tour round its walls. At last he reaches a spot which is always gazed upon with keen interest:

The famous archway under the Bloody Tower—the main entrance to the Inner Ward from Traitor's Gate—is fifteen feet wide and thirty feet long. Under its gloomy portullis and finely groined roof has passed a long procession of men and women notable in the annals of England, many of whom were destined never to return to the light of the free world without. This portullis, and those in the Byward and Middle Towers, are the only three in England which are still in working order. The ponderous machinery of that of the Bloody Tower is contained in a windowless room above the archway; the other rooms are occupied by a warder and his family. The first and greatest historical event associated with this Tower is the murder of the boy-princes, Edward V and his brother the Duke of York, said to have taken place in 1483, on the upper story. The bed in which the boys met their death is believed to have stood on the south side of the room, where, even now, there is a narrow passage in the wall, at the western end of which a door opens on to the ballium. Through this passage, it is said, the murderers—Tyrril, Miles Forest, a "fellow flesh-bred to murder before time," in the words of an old chronicler, and John Dighton, a horsekeeper by trade, "a big, broad, square, strong knave"—stole in to accomplish their fiendish work. It is generally stated, and with a good show of reason, that this incident gave the Tower its ominous name of "Bloody." Bayley's objection to this assertion—that the princes' death was not "bloody," because they were smothered—has no weight in the face of André's statement that they were put to death with a sword—*neque clam ferro feriri iussit*. We shall see elsewhere that some of the latest writers on this subject hold that Henry VII, and not Richard III, was the instigator of this "foul deed," a contention which, once proved, would put the whole matter in an entirely different light, and send us all to learn this chapter of our history afresh. A plausible suggestion is that the Tower takes its name from the bloody suicide of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, to which allusion has been already made.

In the olden days the officers of the Tower were numerous, but many posts which provided sinecures for needy couriers or royal favorites have been abolished. There is one body, however, familiar to the world through the music and book of Gilbert and Sullivan, which will probably last as long as the building stands:

The Tower officials best known to the general public are the Yeomen of the Guard, or "King's Bodyguard"—who, like the Pope's Swiss Guard, still wear a uniform of the early sixteenth century. They constitute a distinct corps from the warders, though their number was considerably increased in Edward VI's time by the transference to their ranks, at the instance of the Lord Protector, Somerset, of several members of the former body, as a reward for the kind treatment his grace had received from them during his temporary imprisonment in 1549-50. The majority of authorities hold that the famous corps of Yeomen—which now, with the Gentlemen-at-Arms, whose usual station is Windsor, forms the Royal Bodyguard—was founded by Henry VII about 1485, and composed of members of a private guard which had fought with him at Bosworth. The original Yeomen of the Guard were armed with bows and arrows, and not, as at present, with pikes and halberds. The corps then consisted of not more than thirty-four men all told. The officers of the guard, which is supported out of the Sovereign's Privy Purse or Civil List, number a Captain (generally a Cabinet Minister and a peer), a Lieutenant, an Ensign, a "Clerk of the cheque and Adjutant," four "exons," and one hundred men. The name "Beefeater," as all know, is supposed to be derived from "hufetier"—an office now extinct, if it ever existed in fact.

Amongst the duties of the Yeomen of the Guard in the olden times was the singular one of making the King's bed every night, and searching it for any dangerous weapon that might be concealed therein to the detriment of his Majesty's sacred person. First, one of these stalwart soldiers had "to tumble up and down" the mattress. Then, "the Esquire for the Body" took the sheets and rolled them on his arm, or "stripped" them through his hands. Whenever the Yeomen touched the bed-clothes they had to make the sign of the cross and kiss the nlace: which must have rather prolonged the ceremony! Finally, when the bed had been made, with much quaint but interminable "ritual," the said Esquire sprinkled it with holy water, and then the martial hedmakers retired to a supper provided for them "without the traverse," i. e., across the corridor.

Henry VIII greatly embellished the Yeomen's costume and presented them with cloth-of-gold horsecloths valued at five pounds a yard. His first Queen, Katherine of Aragon, by the way, had a hodyguard all to herself, which, after her divorce, passed into the service of Anne Boleyn!

It will be a surprise to most students of history to learn that London's fortress has a connection with Magna Charta:

King John, it would seem, though legally married to Isabella of Angoulême, fell desperately in love, in 1214, with "Matilda" or "Maud," the Fair, the beautiful daughter of Robert, Lord Fitzwalter. This lady, remaining deaf to his entreaties, was treacherously abducted from her father's seat at Dunmow, by the King's order, and shut up in the round turret of the White Tower. On this, Fitzwalter made a vain

attempt to rouse the people to revolt, but was forced to fly to France with his wife and remaining children. Maud once safe in the Tower, King John renewed his suit, but only succeeded in driving her to utter silence, which so infuriated him that he sent her a poisoned egg for her breakfast, and she died early in 1215. A year later, her remains were translated to the family vault at Dunmow. When the news of this crafty murder came to the ears of Fitzwalter he forthwith returned to England, and discovered to his joy that the Barons were on the point of declaring war against John. He at once placed himself at their head, hoping, it is said, to combine his personal revenge with his duty as an English peer, and is indeed supposed to have forced the King to sign the Great Charter for the express purpose of humiliating his daughter's murderer. Thus from an egg was hatched the Great Charter of our liberties! Whether the story be true or false, it is a certified historical fact that the Barons held the Tower in pledge till John consented to accept the Charter and affixed his reluctant signature to the deed. About a year later, when the war with the Barons was at its height and John once more a power, the Tower again fell into his hands, and though the Barons laid siege to it, they were repulsed by the king's men. To complete its strange vicissitudes during this strenuous reign, the Tower became, on November 1, 1215, the temporary Court of King Louis of France, whom the rebellious Barons had summoned to assist in the adjustment of their grievances. Appearing before the gates with a large body of men, he so completely awed the officials that they handed over the keys without striking a blow for their rightful monarch.

In his chronological statement of the Tower's history Mr. Davey groups together the incidents of which it was the scene during the reigns of Edward IV and Richard III:

Edward IV greatly improved the Tower both as residence and stronghold. Skelton, the scurrilous Poet-Laureate of Henry VII, makes Edward exclaim, "I made the Tower strong, I wist not why—knew not for whom!" As a matter of fact, the first Yorkist King unwittingly strengthened the Tower for his brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who was appointed Protector in 1483 during the minority of Edward V. The Marquis of Dorset was then Constable of the Tower; and on May 4, 1483, he had the duty, unusual, though occasionally exacted from some of his predecessors, of formally receiving his legitimate King as a prisoner. Shortly afterwards, the little Duke of York was brought from Westminster to share his elder brother's captivity in the Bloody Tower.

During the following month the Tower witnessed one of the most dramatic scenes with which it is associated—the seizure and murder of Lord Hastings, so graphically described by Shakespeare. On the morning of June 13, Hastings, Morton, Bishop of Ely, the Archbishop of York, and Lord Stanley were called to a council, to be presided over by the King, in the Council Chamber of the White Tower. When the nobles first assembled, Richard assumed a light and playful manner, but returning later, he made a great outcry of indignation over his wrongs, practically accused Hastings of sorcery, and finally struck his fist upon the table, whereupon the arras parted, and with a cry of "Treason!" some men-at-arms, who had been lodged in an adjoining passage, still shown to visitors, rushed into the chamber, whilst the assembly rose from the table in great astonishment and alarm. The guards laid violent hands on Archbishop Morton, Lord Stanley—who received a severe wound in the mēle—and Hastings. The last-named nobleman was dragged out on to the Green, where, finding a convenient log lying near St. Peter's Chapel, his head was struck off without further ceremony. The King is said to have cried, when Hastings was taken, "By St. Paul! I will not to dinner till I see thy head off!" and so they fetched it to him before he sat down to his mid-day meal. Morton and Stanley were imprisoned in the Tower and released a year later.

Under the Tudor monarchs the Tower received many notable prisoners and witnessed countless cruel executions. There is, however, another side to the picture:

Fortunately the Tower records never, even in Henry VIII's reign, are unchanging in their gloom: there are various occasional glimpses of brightness, descriptions of some courtly pageant or other—principally in connection with the "Royal Bluebeard's" six wives! The 29th May, 1553, witnessed a triumphant show, when Anne Boleyn—whose secret marriage with Henry had taken place two months earlier—came to the Tower from Greenwich, whither my Lord Mayor and his civic court had gone to fetch her, rowing in gaily bedecked "foists," or barges, with musicians performing on "shalmis and shagbushes," and followed by boats manned by "terrible monsters and wild men," not to speak of certain dragons "continually moaning and casting wild fire with hideous noises." This weird escort—rather perilous, one would think, for a lady in the condition in which Anne Boleyn is supposed to have been at that time—followed her grace from Greenwich to the Tower stairs, where, under a canopy of cloth of gold, Henry waited to receive his consort, who landed at "five of the clock" amid "such a peal of gonges as hath not hyn harde (heard) lyke a gret while before." "Barges hovered before the Tower the whole evening making the goodliest melody." Indeed, the dragon and his attendant monsters continued capering and casting forth flame with increasing vivacity as the twilight of a mid-May evening descended on the admiring multitude. The entire river in front of the Tower was covered with boats of every sort, size, color, and gaudy ornament.

Perhaps of all the countless women who have suffered within the walls of the Tower not one has been the object of such universal sympathy as Lady Jane Grey, the nine days' queen. Mr. Davey describes her mockery of a trial at great length, and repictures her execution:

On the Green, then, and in front of St. Peter's Chapel, various officials and some of the ambassadors had taken their places early on the fatal day, amongst them a party of "matrons" who had previously examined Jane to dispose of the rumor (it proved false) that she was with child. The morning was misty, damp, and cold. The scaffold, like Anne Boleyn's, was low and covered with straw. On reaching it, Jane, who had walked the short distance across the Green northward from the Gentleman-Pensioner's House, attended by the usual escort of halberdiers and yeomen, with Dean Feckenham, Mrs. Elizabeth Tylney, and Mrs. Helen, or Ellen (two ladies who had been with her in the Tower), and the Lieutenant (we do not hear of Lady Throckmorton's presence at the last scene), made a short speech admitting the justice of her sentence, but protesting she had been an unwilling tool of others. She then repeated the responses in the Psalm "Miserere," which Feckenham read out in Latin, and this done, she took off her upper garment, with the assistance of her women, Mrs. Tylney hiding her eyes with a white handkerchief. She had burst into a violent fit of hysterical sobbing when she first perceived the headman standing by the block—and no wonder, for he was a gigantic fellow, fully seven feet high, dressed in a tight-fitting knitted suit of black

wool, and further disfigured by a hood with horns and a hideous mask. But she soon mastered her emotion, and, having been blindfolded, knelt down and groped for the block, asking timidly, "Where is it? Where is it?" "One of the standers by guiding her thereunto, she layde her head down upon the block, and stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,' and so she ended." With singular neglect, considering that both Jane's mother and her mother-in-law were at liberty and possessed of some influence at Court, her slender body, half-naked and streaming with blood, was left on the scaffold for several hours before being removed to a grave in St. Peter's Chapel, where it was interred, without any religious rites, near that of Guildford Dudley, and between the coffins of the two slaughtered Queens—Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard.

Not all the prisoners of the Tower have been safely guarded. There have been many notable escapes, several of which were effected during the reign of Charles I or the rule of Cromwell:

Four interesting escapes brighten the history of the Tower at this period. The first was that of Daniel O'Neill, an Irish cavalier and soldier of fortune, imprisoned for high treason in 1643. He dressed himself as a woman and calmly walked out of the Tower, the sentries probably mistaking him for the wife of one of the warders. He was not recaptured, reached Holland in safety, and lived many years. The next evasion was that of Lord Maguire and Colonel Macmahon, Irish Royalists. They were arrested in Dublin and brought to the Tower in 1643. In August, 1644, they managed to obtain possession of a saw, with which they cut their way through the prison door. Outside they found a rope, which they attached to a neighboring window-sill, and, following instructions concealed in a loaf of bread, which had been sent them by a friend, they lowered themselves, one after the other, down to the edge of the moat, and swam to the opposite side. Once across, they contrived, under cover of darkness, to reach the house of a French friend. The offer of a reward of £100 by Parliament, and the heavy fine inflicted on the Lieutenant in punishment for his negligence, probably spurred the authorities to a rigorous search, and the prisoners were both retaken in their place of hiding and brought back to the Tower. Macmahon was hanged and quartered at Tyburn in February, 1645, and Lord Maguire was decapitated on the 20th of the same month.

The third escape, that of Lord Capel, rivals Lord Nithsdale's in dramatic force. Capel, who had fallen into the hands of the Roundheads at the surrender of Colchester in 1648, was conducted to the Tower. After a time a friend managed to send him a strong rope and some grappling-irons. On a dark night the prisoner knotted the rope to his window-bars and let himself to the ground. Once on terra firma he made for the edge of the moat. He was no swimmer, and his friends had sent him directions as to where he would find a place shallow enough for wading purposes. Deceived by the darkness, probably, or misunderstanding the message, he found to his horror that he had stepped into the moat where he was almost out of his depth, the water coming well above his chin. There was nothing for it but to go forward and trust to Providence, and so across the poor fellow went, slipping and stumbling in constant fear of drowning. There was one horrible moment when his feet stuck in the mud and he was tempted to turn and go back to his cell sooner than stay and he drowned in the slimy waters of the ditch. However, he managed at last, by superhuman efforts, to reach the opposite bank, and there, after cautiously creeping some way in the dark, he came upon his waiting friends, almost frantic with alarm at the long delay.

While history has not preserved the name of the first prisoner of the Tower, it does record that of those who closed the long and dismal procession:

On March 3, 1820, Arthur Thistlewood, James Ings, John Harrison, William Davidson (a negro), John Wilson, John T. Brunt, Richard Tidd, and John Monument entered the Tower, on a warrant from the Secretary of State, charged with high treason, consisting in the organization of the famous "Cato Street Conspiracy." Thistlewood was the best born of all these strange captives, but even he had led a life of varied "ups and downs." The son of a respectable Lincolnshire farmer, he first entered the militia. Later he won the affections of a rich old lady, married her, and when she died, in four years, inherited her large fortune. Having partly squandered that in England, he went abroad, to America and the Continent, and after losing the rest of his wealth at the Paris gaming-tables (he was in Paris during the Terror) he returned to England and again married for money. After this he appears (as already stated) in connection with the Spencean agitation of 1816, and next we find him imprisoned in Horsham Gaol, charged with challenging Lord Sidmouth to fight a duel. Eventually he played the part of a "Reformer," and with a number of very dubious conspirators concocted the eccentric "Cato Street Plot," the last serious political conspiracy hatched in England. The scheme, briefly sketched, was to murder the entire Cabinet; and then, when the government, or what remained of it, had been paralyzed by this measure, to seize the Tower, the Bank, and the Government Offices, and then—well, nobody knew what might happen then! As things turned out, the Plot, which derives its name from having been arranged at a house in Cato Street, Edgware Road (now Homer Street), was revealed, before it was ripe, to Lord Harrowby, on whose father's estate the Thistlewoods had been tenants. Arrests were at once operated and the plotters sent to the Tower.

Monument turned King's evidence, and was set free; but Harrison and Wilson were deported for life. The remaining six prisoners, Thistlewood included, were sent from the Tower to Newgate to await their trial. On the day they passed out through the Lion Gate, the active history of the Tower of London as a state prison closed forever.

In the course of his narrative Mr. Davey gives a full account of that chapel in the Tower which was the subject of one of Macaulay's most eloquent and moving passages, and at all stages he aids the reader's interest by numerous reproductions of old pictures or modern photographs.

THE TOWER OF LONDON. By Richard Davey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

In Madrid there are seventy-nine convents, in Barcelona, ninety, in Vittoria, twenty-five, and in other provincial capitals from ten to fifteen. The state budget for the support of the clergy and other religious institutions in Spain last year amounted \$8,427,200.

The British Museum originated with a grant by Parliament in 1753 of £20,000 to the daughters of Sir Isaac Sloane, in payment for his fine library and valuable collection of the productions of nature and art.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Prodigal Pro Tem.

Once more the maiden in distress and the knight errant to the rescue, but Mr. Bartlett has hit upon such a delightful variant that his use of the old situation is as refreshing as though it were his own invention. He has blended with it, in fact, a modern version of the old biblical story of deception worked upon a blind father, but in the present case the prodigal *pro tem* is not a son of the house. Indeed, young Barnes is no relation whatever to the blind old father who is pining for the return of the son who ran away to Alaska, but merely the artistic scion of a mundane manufacturer of cooking stoves. His presence in the lovely Catskill country is due to a search after subjects for water-color sketches, and it is by the wayside he meets the maiden in distress. She is the sister of the runaway, and is in tears over the letter in her hand announcing the prodigal's determination not to return. So Barnes offers to be a substitute for the prodigal, to the silent resentment of prim Aunt Philomela, who, however, condones the deceit in the hope that it may benefit the invalid father. Here, it will be seen, are opportunities for many lively situations, which Mr. Bartlett improves to his reader's delight. The dialogue is exceedingly bright and unforced, as the following example will show. Aunt Philomela discovers Barnes in the library.

"I was writing home," he took her into his confidence to ward off as long as possible whatever might be coming.

"I thought artists had no homes."

"On the contrary they have more homes than anybody else."

"I suppose that depends upon your definition of a home," she suggested.

"Doubtless," he agreed.

"To my mind it is where one is brought up."

"Lord forbid," he gasped, thinking of the apartment houses.

"And where one's own kith and kin are."

"Then if one got married—"

"That is quite a different matter," she snapped so decisively as to forbid further argument along this line.

While Mr. Bartlett's indoor scenes are always alive with incident and sprightly talk, his outdoor episodes are even more attractive for their poetic romance. He has, indeed, written a story of singular sweetness and delicate appeal.

THE PRODIGAL PRO TEM. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50.

Mark Enderby, Engineer.

Although a little crudely expressed at times, Mr. Hoffman's story of the romance and adventure of railroading in the Southwest is an achievement upon which he may be warmly congratulated. Not often has intimate technical knowledge been kept so well in hand. Just as the lawyer who writes a novel is apt to smother his fiction in legal technicalities, so the engineer is liable to forget that he is not penning a mechanical treatise. Mr. Hoffman has avoided that danger. It is obvious at every turn that he knows a locomotive to its last nut, but everywhere he transforms that knowledge and removes it into the realm of the imagination. For result here is a story of swift movement, in which, for one thing, the engine plays the rôle of a sentient being and is a factor of supreme importance. Here is one vivid passage telling

of the onward sweep of Mark's engine: "One by one, she took the strongholds from the grasp of the storm. The Chimney Cut, Sacromonte, the Smoking Hill, followed quickly in their fall before her heavy onslaught, while, flashing back the lightning, glare for glare, she fought onward to the greater heights, sped downward to the mouth of threatening El Soledad, and plunged, straight and unchecked, toward her final battle against its writhing heights." That is the spirit in which Mr. Hoffman writes throughout, keeping his reader in a mood of tense interest.

MARK ENDERBY, ENGINEER. By Robert Fulkerston Hoffman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

A Nation's Crime.

Although the opening scenes of Mrs. Lowenberg's new novel are laid in an attractive English village, the centre of interest soon shifts to America and, save for a brief deflection to Reno, remains in the neighborhood of Baltimore. That the reader is taken for a moment to the Nevada mecca of the divorcee is inevitable, seeing the serious purpose Mrs. Lowenberg has in view. Again and again, like the motive of a piece of music, the question of marriage and divorce crops up in the lives of her numerous characters, one of whom, at a reference to indifference to the marriage ceremony, exclaims: "What! Having no ceremonies, no God, no ministerial, no judicial sanction of marriage, would bring man down to the level of the animals. And the children, the poor innocents, would be turned adrift, à la Rousseau. The children, that beautiful bond between man and wife, children who literally lift up the world, who hold the social fabric together and develop the highest, spiritual qualities of man—are all these holy things to be shattered? It must not be." And again, as the climax of her story, Mrs. Lowenberg conceives a high mission for America: "The nation which has given liberty and protection to the friendless, to the oppressed, to the persecuted; which has emancipated slavery and placed the laurel on Lincoln's brow, will give the world through your instrumentality a Uniform Divorce Law which all nations with a claim to civilization must will—follow." The story is crowded with incident, the dialogue is lively, and the characters have an individuality peculiar to themselves.

A NATION'S CRIME. By Mrs. I. Lowenberg. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.50.

Tariff History of the United States.

More than twenty years have passed since Professor Taussig first published his history of the tariff, which at once became the standard work of reference on that topic. The events of last year naturally necessitated an addition to the narrative, which is supplied in this new and fifth edition. Hence the volume is once more brought thoroughly up to date and covers the entire period of protective legislation from 1789 to the present day. The new chapter devoted to the tariff act of last year is an admirable summary, in which Professor Taussig reaches the conclusion that the act brought no vital change in the American tariff system. It still left, he finds, an extremely high scheme of rates, and still showed an extremely intolerant attitude on foreign trade. "None the less," he adds, "a somewhat different spirit from that of 1890 or of 1897 was shown in 1909. Though the act as a whole brought no considerable downright revision, it was less aggressively protectionist

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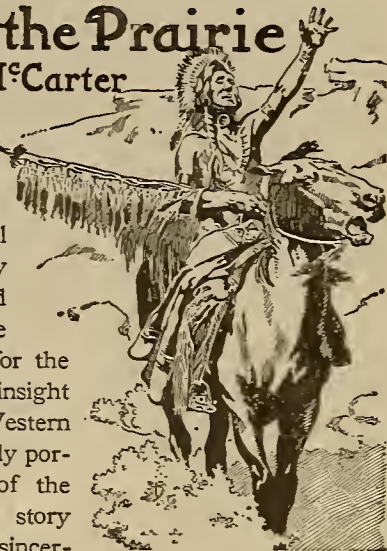
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than the previous Republican measures. The increases of duty were more furtive, the reductions more loudly proclaimed. The extreme advocates of protection were on the defensive. There was unmistakable evidence in Congress and in the community of opposition to a further upward movement. High-water mark apparently had been reached, and there was reason to expect that the tide, no longer moving upward, might thereafter begin to recede."

THE TARIFF HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By F. W. TAUSSIG. Fifth edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

France Under the Republic.

Distance seems to have lent enchantment to Professor Braque's view of his native land. It is undeniable that France has prospered exceedingly under the republic, that the work of political reconstruction has, despite some hinders, been carried forward with notable success, and that generally the country displays many signs of a healthy and progressive life. But in trying to make every fact square with his theory, Professor Braque does protest too much now and then. In appraising literature he accepts the labors of Maupassant and Zola without any qualification, and includes Verlaine among those who have "added new steps to the organ of French poetry," while later he declares, in spite of all recent proofs to the contrary, that "Frenchmen at large are better fed and for less money." These are the evidences of partial sentiment which detract from the value of this study. However, for those who are in a position to discount Professor Braque's occasionally over-colored statements it is an admirable picture of the France of today, and is especially valuable for its presentation of the religious condition of the country.

FRANCE UNDER THE REPUBLIC. By Jean C. BRAQUE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Socialistic Fallacies.

No more trenchant exposure of the fallacies of socialism has been written in recent years than by the eminent French publicist, Yves Guyot, whose damaging indictment is now available in an English translation. It gives

no quarter to those unscrupulous demagogues who prey upon the ignorance of the poor, classifying them all as plagiarists of the communist romances inspired by Plato, and showing with pitiless logic that "no socialist has succeeded in explaining the conditions of the production, remuneration, and distribution of capital in a collectivist system." In fact, as M. Guyot has no difficulty in proving, collectivists end in a government of police on the model of those of the Incas in Peru or the Jesuits in Paraguay. "The socialist ideal is that of slave labor, convict labor, pauper labor, and forced labor—a singular conception of the dignity of the laborer." Within the compass of less than three hundred and fifty pages this invaluable volume covers the entire field of socialism from theory to practice, and reaches the conclusion that there are three words which socialism must erase from the records of humanity: "Liberty, because socialism is a rule of tyranny and of police. Equality, because it is a rule of class. Fraternity, because its policy is that of the class war."

SOCIALISTIC FALLACIES. By Yves Guyot. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

In "The Second Post" (the Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net) E. V. Lucas has provided a delightful companion volume to his "The Gentlest Art." It is such an anthology of exquisite letters as Mr. Lucas almost alone knows so well how to compile, and is notable for the originality of its arrangement.

In view of the dependence of the cities upon rural districts for the replenishing of their manhood, J. O. Ashenurst's plea in "The Day of the Country Church" (Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1 net) is well taken. It is to the effect that the country church must realize its importance and its mission.

"A Manual of Spiritual Fortification" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net) is an anthology compiled by Louise C. Willcox of meditative and mystic poems which have been chosen for the depth and sincerity of their religious feeling. The book was undertaken originally for personal uses, but has wisely been made available for all readers.

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Celebrated Criminal Cases of America.

By wise selection and the careful elimination of all save essential details, Captain Duke has compressed into some six hundred and fifty pages an invaluable record of the most famous criminal cases in America during the last eighty years. It is obvious on every page that the volume is the outcome of patient and systematic investigations, and the authenticity of its statements is vouched for by the fact that they are based upon actual police records. The first section of the book is concerned to cases which have been tried in San Francisco; the second division is devoted to cases on the Pacific Coast; and in the third part are included cases east of the Pacific Coast. It will be seen, then, that Captain Duke has cast his net widely, and the result is a volume of great interest and value. For the student of criminology or psychology the book is a veritable treasure-house of information, but it has a still wider appeal in that no observer of human nature will fail to find a strange fascination in its sombre pages. There are numerous portraits of the most notorious criminals, an invaluable adjunct for all students of physiognomy. And it should be noted that the completeness of the volume extends to a brief history of the San Francisco police department. The volume has been printed and bound in San Francisco and is an admirable example of the printer's art.

CELEBRATED CRIMINAL CASES OF AMERICA. By Thomas S. Duke. San Francisco: The James H. Barry Company.

Christmas Books.

Among the books which can not be made available in too many dainty editions Mary Mitford's "Our Village" must always take a leading place. Its pictures of rural life are of an age that has passed or is rapidly passing, and hence the text which sets them forth provides many subjects adapted for imaginative treatment. Rarely have those themes been handled in a more intimate spirit than by Hugh Thomson and Alfred Rawlings in the sketches and color drawings which they have contributed to the edition edited by Lady Ritchie. The combination is a happy one, for "Our Village" and its author have a singular appeal to Thackeray's daughter. This, then, is an ideal edition and will surely secure a large Christmas audience.

Joseph Bedier's exquisite version of "The Romance of Tristram and Iseult" has been rendered into graceful and poetic English by Florence Simmonds, while Maurice Lalau's illustrations in color are unusually successful in catching the spirit of the old romance. Many of the color schemes have rich greens and blues for their dominant notes, tints which, somehow, have a strange power of suggesting the mediæval atmosphere. The pictures are artistically mounted, and the attractions of the book greatly enhanced by the well-planned page and dignified type.

Oliver Goldsmith's "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer" have already been presented in a more artistic manner than in the editions illustrated from original drawings in color by Frederick Simpson Johnson. The artist has been remarkably successful in catching the quaint spirit of the famous comedies, and the publishers have spared no pains in the reproductions of his admirable pictures. Each book has end-papers of a decorative quality, while the binding is dainty and in excellent taste.

Although somewhat lacking in a virile note, the colored illustrations of W. G. Simmonds or Shakespeare's "Hamlet" are certainly noteworthy for the aptness of their selection of the incidents to be portrayed and are obviously faithful to the period of the play in the matter of costume and architectural detail. The volume is exceedingly handsome in appearance and is enriched by an introduction from the accomplished pen of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

In "Mr. Pickwick" an admirable selection has been made from Dickens's famous hook for the purpose of providing themes for nu-

merous illustrations in color by Frank Reynolds. It is a difficult task to tackle so old a favorite as Mr. Pickwick, but Mr. Reynolds has been fully equal to the occasion. None of the characters depicted is out of harmony with the Dickens traditions, while such pictures as "On the Rochester Coach" and "The Bull Inn, Rochester," have an artistic quality rarely attained by the illustrators of the great novelist.

Four of the world's greatest fairy tales are retold from the old French by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in "The Sleeping Beauty," which is a volume of extraordinary charm. The illustrations in color are by Edmund Dulac, whose designs and color-schemes are characterized by those dainty qualities which are the best supplements to a fairy-tale text.

Delicate hindings and charming pictures and decorations by John Rae are the distinguishing features of Weymer Jay Mills's "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The story is of the "long, long ago," and is marked by the courtly old-world spirit and by that tender sentiment which never loses its spell.

That "A Garden of Girls" is richly illustrated by Harrison Fisher should be sufficient to insure the abounding popularity of this artistically produced volume. The subjects of the gallery are chosen from the verse of Herrick, Ayton, Beranger, and many another eulogist of female beauty, and Mr. Fisher shows all his wanted skill in translating the word pictures into alluring studies of fair girls.

OUR VILLAGE. By Mary R. Mitford. With an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.50 net.

THE ROMANCE OF TRISTRAM AND ISEULT. From the French of Joseph Bedier by Florence Simmonds. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.75 net.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN. SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. By Oliver Goldsmith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net each.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. Illustrated by W. G. Simmonds. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. PICKWICK. Illustrated in color by Frank Reynolds. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. Retold by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME. By Weymer Jay Mills. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2 net.

A GARDEN OF GIRLS. By Harrison Fisher. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"Frank Danhy," the pseudonym under which Mrs. Julia Frankau publishes her novels, is the result of a printer's blunder. When casting about for a pen-name, she decided on "Frank Berni," but the printer made it Danhy.

Napoleon's recognition of the fickleness of public adulation is shown in a passage from "The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in His Own Words," written on his return to Paris after one of his early victories: "Paris has a short memory. If I remain longer doing nothing I am lost. In this great Babylon one reputation succeeds another. After I have been three times to a theatre, I shall not be looked at again; I shall therefore not go very frequently."

Anticipating an inquiry from her reader as to why she undertook to write her "Twenty Years at Hull House," Jane Addams says: "I would instance two purposes, only one of which in the language of organized charity is 'worthy.' Because settlements have multiplied so rapidly in the United States, I hoped that a simple statement of an earlier effort might be of value in their interpretations and perhaps clear them of a certain charge of superficiality." Miss Addams's other motive was a "desire to start a hack-fire, as it were, to extinguish two biographies of myself, one of which had been submitted to me in outline, and which had made life in a settlement all too smooth and charming."

Sunday week will mark the centenary of the birth of Alfred de Musset, who perhaps is as well remembered today as one of George Sand's victims as by his own verse.

Paul Johann Ludwig Heyse, the veteran poet and novelist who has been awarded a Nobel prize in literature, is probably best

known through his play, "Mary of Magdala," which Mrs. Fiske produced some years ago, and his novel, "Children of the World," of which Henry Holt & Co. have had to print several editions.

Troy and Margaret West Kinney, the well-known New York artists, have left for Spain, where they will spend the winter in preparing for the McClurg Company a series of paintings designed as illustrations for a translation of Señor Vicente Ibanez's great story of hull-fighting, which is to be published in an English translation next year.

An appeal is made for further subscriptions to the Richard Watson Gilder fund, the object of which is to enable students to devote themselves as "Gilder fellows" to the investigation of political and social conditions in America. Upwards of \$50,000 has been received, but another sum of equal amount is required.

Stewart Edward White's new novel, "The Rules of the Game," has its scenes laid amid the Sierras of California and deals with the forest ranger service and the lumber business.

Robert W. Chambers has been christened "the Heinz of the kissing business" on the ground that he has invented, described, and copyrighted more than fifty-seven varieties of kisses. The hestower of the distinction avers that Mr. Chambers huids his novels around different kinds of kisses, and asserts that in any one of them "before three chapters have been read some one will be kissing madly, passionately, harshly, neatly, bravely," or in some other fashion.

Arthur C. Benson, in his latest volume, says: "Sometimes I have talked with the writers of hooks, and they have told me of the misery and agony that the composition of a hook has brought them. They speak of hot and cold fits; of times when they write fiercely and eagerly, and of times when they can not set down a line to their mind; days of despair when they hate and despise the book; days when they can not satisfy themselves about a single word; all this is utterly unknown to me; once embarked upon a hook, I have neither hesitation nor fear."

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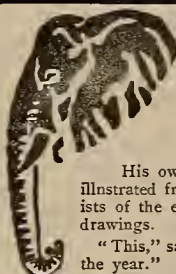
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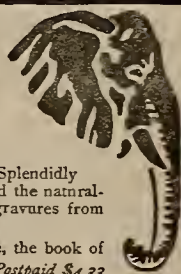


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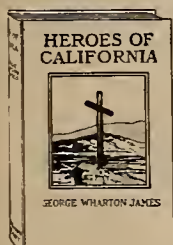
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ARTISTIC HOMES. By Mahel Tuke Priestman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net.

New Books Received.

FICTION.

OUT OF DROWNING VALLEY. By S. Carleton Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

Life on the southern frontier, with a gold mine as the centre of interest, is the theme of this stirring story of love and conflict.

PHEBE AND ERNEST. By Inez Haynes Gilmore. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

An attractive story of the typical American brother and sister at the high-school age, with a special appeal to parents as well as more youthful readers.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. By J. Fenimore Cooper. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Cooper's classical story of 1757 in an attractive form with many spirited illustrations by E. Boyd Smith.

WITH SULLY INTO THE SIOUX LAND. By Joseph Mills Hanson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

A vivid story of the campaign of General Sully against the Dakota Indians, with many graphic descriptions of fighting.

THE SLOWCOACH. By Edward Verrall Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company \$1.50.

A tale of caravan life distinguished for those graces and literary allusions the reader has a right to expect from Mr. Lucas.

PETER PAN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS. By J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

An attractive edition with numerous illustrations in color and monotone by Arthur Rackham. The pictures successfully supplement the quaint conceits of the text.

A MAN OF TWO COUNTRIES. By Alice Harriman. New York: The Alice Harriman Company; \$1.50.

A finely conceived story of life on the border line between Montana and the Province of Alberta.

THE SUPERINTENDENT. By Irene Welch Grisom. New York: The Alice Harriman Company; \$1.35 net.

Love and life in the sawmill country of western Washington depicted in an alluring manner.

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY. By Gustave Flaubert. New York: The Alice Harriman Company; \$1.25 net.

Lafcadio Hearn's remarkable translation, with a notable introduction by Elizabeth Bisland.

THE JUSTICE OF GOREN. By Eleanor Gates. New York: The Macaulay Company; \$1.20 net.

Thirteen short stories by the author of "The Plow-Woman" and other popular fiction.

GENTLEMAN DON. By Jessie A. Harshbarger. Topeka, Kansas: Crane & Co.; \$1 net.

An attractive and sympathetic "life story of a good dog."

THE GOLDEN GALLEON. By Lucas Malet. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

A brief but characteristic story by the author of "Sir Richard Calmady," with delightful illustrations in color by C. E. Brock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By William Milligan Sloane. New York: The Century Company; 4 vols.; \$10 net.

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THE STORY OF SPANISH PAINTING. By Charles H. Caffin. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

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THE BOOK OF FOOTBALL. By Walter Camp. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

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OUR VILLAGE. By Mary Russell Mitford. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.50.

Miss Mitford's classic in an unusually attractive form, with a hundred illustrations in line by Hugh Thomson and sixteen plates in color by Alfred Rawlings. There is a sympathetic introduction by Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie.

THE BOOK OF THE PROPHECIES OF ISAIAH. By John Edgar McFadyen. New York: The Macmillan Company; 90 cents net.

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THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vols. 5 and 6. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net each.

These volumes are devoted to the drama, which is traced from its origins and down through the morality plays to the achievements of Elizabethan and Jacobean times.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN. SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. By Oliver Goldsmith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net each.

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color from original drawings by Frederick S. Cornish. The page is of noble proportions, the type all that could be wished, and the binding decorative and in admirable taste.

STATE SOCIALISM IN NEW ZEALAND. By James E. Le Rossignol and William D. Stewart. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50 net.

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SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. Illustrated by W. G. Simmonds. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

A superb edition of the famous tragedy, with an admirable introduction discussing the story in a critical manner. Mr. Simmonds's illustrations in color are of unusual merit, notable for their interpretative and artistic qualities.

THE STORY OF GREAT INVENTIONS. By Elmer E. Burns. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25.

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By Robert Fulkerson Hoffman

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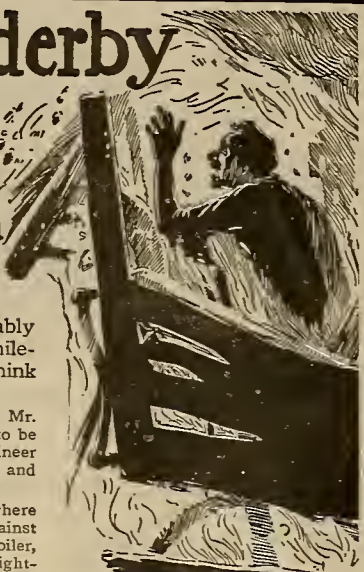
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By Josephine Hart Phelps

Lillian Russell has already proved to us conclusively that she can act, although hers not the brand of acting that flowers out on plant of very deep roots. Her long experience has given her perfect poise, a whole sortment of roguish expressions, and an aptness in holding the centre of the stage that keeps us bedazzled and amused. And, besides, she has plenty of humor. She shows in the quality of her glance. A player can get much with a mere glance of the eye, provided it is meaningful enough, and in this respect Miss Russell is never caught napping. So expert has she become in her panoply of light, mirthful comedy that she almost tries to succeed in her engagement at the Columbia Theatre a play that, in less capable hands, would be something of a blank, in spite of many evidences of cleverness in the dialogue.

Miss Charlotte Thompson has not yet arrived, but she probably will, yet. The trouble with "In Search of a Sinner" is, that while it has manner, it has very little matter. The author has devised a series of situations rich, even from the light-comedy standpoint, but sufficient reason for arising in the first place, and continuing in the second, and has clothed them in a plentiful equipment of dialogue that is often clever, although to the intent of strain, but is lacking in spontaneous humor. The best thing in the piece—that is, the most unforced—is Tommy Ratigan's slang.

The character of Tommy, however, has not, but that of beauty, "its own excuse for being," and we darkly suspect, as the play goes on, that the author introduced him in the piece because she is quite a dabbler at turning off using, up-to-date slang. Tommy is in the hands of a good actor, Joseph Tuohy, who on quite a number of legitimately earned laughs.

We were supposed to laugh at Miss Hattie Russell's Sally, but somehow Sally fell flat. Her lines strained to be amusing, and did not quite get there. Miss Thompson was evidently aiming in the rôle of Sally at a departure from established conventions. We all know perfectly well that there are plenty of clever, amusing, individualistic women of positive character, who attain to the dignity of white hairs, and sometimes even to grand old age, and still retain their vivacity, their originality, their irreverence, and a habit of using slang. Miss Thompson, I dare say, had the excellent idea of presenting such a character in her play, and making her, in a light way of course, at once untrammelled, realistic, and attractive. But she did not work out her idea very successfully, and the frequent "devils" and "darns" that adorned Sally's discourse left the audience in a slightly puzzled state. They were still under the white-hair tradition of dull decorum, and I think it would have been a better idea to stow upon Sally fewer of the silver hairs.

The weakest point in the play, aside from the insufficiency of real bubbling humor, is the lack of motive for the situations, particularly at the end in which the lively young widow tries to allure her approved suitor into making love to her whom he mistakenly conceives to be the wife of his friend. The scene lasted too long, but still Lillian Russell kept the situation well in hand, considering its intrinsic weakness.

The play was not a failure, therefore one sees lots of cutting, polishing, and interlating by the anxious author, who will possibly finally dress it up into something smart enough for Broadway. But she will have to work hard to do it, give a heedful ear to the silences of silence from an unlaughing audience, and save up a quantity of jokes to sprinkle over the duller places. And she will have to cut out some of the cleverness. Cleverness without sparkle is out of place in a comedy as light as "In Search of a Sinner."

An unremarkable company and an unsympathetic setting showed that the management was taking too many financial chances in a play that is something of a gamble. Olive Harper ranked next to Miss Russell in importance, and succeeded in well-pleasing the audience in the rôle of a vaudeville artist of usually violent temper and toilets. Harry C. Lowe's Jack Garrison lacked interest because of a corresponding intrinsic lack in the

character, and, except for the maid with a Scotch accent, the rest of the characters were all distinctly minor.

PAVLOWA AND MORDKIN.

By George L. Shoals.

In New York, as in London, the Russian dancers, Anna Pavlova and Mikail Mordkin, were recognized on their first appearance as artists of the highest rank in their profession. Only one other ballet dancer of the present generation has received attention or praise in anything like the same terms or measure. The fame of the Russian artists had extended to San Francisco before their coming was announced, but it did not insure their success here. Other famous artists have come to this city and found a strange indifference to their claims. But Pavlova and Mordkin, and their managers, have no reason to question the interest of San Franciscans in an artistic novelty or the lavish appreciation shown when they are pleased. The week's engagement was a remarkable success, though the theatre in which the dancers appeared is far from the amusement centre.

Miss Pavlova is much more than the premier ballerina assoluta familiar as the star of the ballet in grand opera. She has mastered the technique of her art as few have done before her, and those few the great ones of earlier days. She is young, slender, and symmetrical, and endowed with a beauty that gives a peculiar charm to her dramatic expression. For she is an actress of genuine power, as well as a dancer. The set smile of the ballet is not for her. Entreaty, coquetry, passion, fear, terror, even madness, and the simulated convulsion of approaching death, are all equally at her command. And the spirit of youth, the seemingly unstudied grace of nature, gaiety and freedom, pervade all her movements. Years of instruction, application and practice were necessary to acquire such finish. Her ability comes of knowledge and not of inspiration.

Almost equal gifts are possessed by M. Mordkin. He is physically fit to be a sculptor's model, and thought and emotion as well as manly beauty mark his face. There are feminine graces of the ballet which are set apart, but in lightness, swiftness, harmony of posing, he is no shade less of accomplishment than his co-star. Invaluable as he is as an aid and partner in the dances with Pavlova, strengthening and perfecting every phrase of the interpretation, he is quite as attractive a figure when dancing alone. The productions of the company are all of his arrangement.

The pantomime ballets, "The Arabian Nights" and "Giselle," which were alternately features of the performances, offered such pictures as are seldom seen on any stage. It may well be doubted if they could be given in such perfection in the absence of the two great principals. Not in these only, but throughout the programme, there were continual reproductions of scenes that the masters of painting have fixed on canvas, and that have become widely familiar through copies. "Nymphs and a Satyr" was a momentary pose in the second act of "Giselle," and "The Storm," as well known, was seen in the entrance and beginning of the "Bacchanale" dance, to name only two recollections that evidence the art drawn upon in these studies.

Pavlova's solo offering, "The Swan," M. Mordkin's "Arrow" variations, and the "Bacchanale" were perhaps the highest in merit of the miscellaneous numbers. Miss Pajitzka's characteristic Russian dance was spirited and picturesque, as was the dancing of the Hungarian rhapsody by Miss Pajitzka and M. Morosoff and their eight assistants.

There was quantity and skill in the orchestra, but seldom did the music reach such distinction that it divided the attention of the audience. The harp and cello duet in the "Swan" dance, the impetuous measures of Liszt's second Hungarian rhapsody, and the delicate pianissimo effects in the second act of "Giselle," were notable in the long and exacting service of Conductor Stier and his instrumentalists.

An incident of the opening night of the engagement deserves mention. Miss Pavlova permitted a fit of pique or professional jealousy to overcome her, and after a brief appearance left the theatre, disappointing the audience. A considerable number of those in attendance asked for the return of their money at the box-office as a rebuke to the artist, and the management unhesitatingly complied. Mr. Greenbaum, whose enterprise is to be credited for the visit of the company, may be congratulated on his success in removing in this instance the obstacles that so thickly strewed the paths of grand opera and ballet impresarios. Another achievement that is especially creditable to Mr. Greenbaum's diplomacy is his arranging for a supplementary and final appearance of Pavlova and Mordkin here next Sunday, after a short season in Los Angeles.

Francis Wilson in "The Bachelor's Baby" comes to the Columbia Theatre in January.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

This Saturday afternoon and evening will witness the farewell appearances of De Wolf Hopper in "A Matinee Idol" at the Savoy Theatre, and on Sunday night the latest Viennese comic opera, "The Kissing Girl," by Stanislaus Stange and Harry von Tilzer, will begin a week's engagement. Both the author and composer of "The Kissing Girl" have much to their credit. It is a combination of talent that should bring forth a light musical work of much excellence, and Manager John P. Slocum promises a notable rendition, with the entire production as used in the Chicago presentation at the Cort Theatre during its long run there. In the selection of principals discrimination has been shown, for the locale of the opera lies on the boundary of Austria and Bohemia and adroit dialect interpretation is required. The title rôle has been allotted to Miss Texas Guinan, who made such a hit here last year in "The Gay Musician," with Dick Temple as the comedy foil. An old San Francisco favorite, Harry Hermen, will appear as Hippocrates Muller, a German brewer, and Clara Farma, a coloratura prima donna, Ida Fitzhugh, an eccentric comedienne, and a dozen other principals will appear with an ensemble of seventy. The costumes and scenery are described as being most beautiful.

Lillian Russell's search for a sinner, at the Columbia Theatre, goes for another week with every indication of continued success. Miss Russell has seldom had a part half as well suited to her ability, and she never acted better or appeared more surely entitled to her characterization, the "fair Lillian." Miss Thompson found an attractive title for the comedy which Miss Russell offers, and the piece justifies its name. The engagement continues through this and next week, including both Sunday nights. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

At the Orpheum next Sunday afternoon Mabel Hite, one of America's favorite comedienettes, and her husband, Mike Donlin, the famous ball-player, will appear in Vincent Bryan's musical skit, "Double Play." It is said to be a capital vehicle for these two clever entertainers. James Cook and John Lorenz, or Cook and Lorenz, as they are more commonly called, will increase their popularity by an amusing offering of song and dialogue called "The Two Millionaires." This couple holds to its own original ideas of what specialty work should consist of, and were but recently the successful stars of the musical comedy "The Motor Girl," which ran for an entire season on Broadway. Richard Nadrage, the latest European ventriloquist imported by the Orpheum Circuit, will make his first appearance in this city next week. His offering is novel and amusing. Otto Scheda, the noted Polish violinist, will introduce what he calls "Paganini's Ghost." The New York Herald says: "Scheda is a genius. To say more of his mastery of the violin would be only descriptive. Well may he be called 'Paganini's Ghost.'" Next week will be the last of the Duffin-Redcay Troupe, the Sisters Meredith, and "Radiant" Radie Furman. It will conclude the successful engagement of William Farnum, whose triumph is the more worthy because it is accomplished wholly by legitimate and artistic methods.

Henry W. Savage will send his notable production of Alexandre Bisson's wonderful drama, "Madame X," to follow "The Kissing Girl" at the Savoy Theatre.

Of the many plays successfully offered here last season none will be more pleasantly remembered than Margaret Mayo's story of life under the big tents, "Polly of the Circus." Ida St. Leon, who triumphed so signally as Polly when the play was seen here last year, will again essay the rôle. With her in the cast will be a long line of well-known players. Frederic Thompson will send the same elaborate and spectacular production seen here before; and it comes soon to the Columbia.

The Tetrastini Concerts.

On account of legal proceedings in New York relative to the Tetrastini contract, the concerts scheduled for next week in the city will be postponed for possibly one week. All checks sent to Manager Greenbaum will be held until the dates are definitely arranged, when if not satisfactory to those who have ordered by mail, the amounts will be returned. W. H. Leahy is confident of victory, and definite announcements of the appearances of the great singer may be expected at any time after December 2, when the matter comes up for trial.

The regular French grand opera season in New Orleans opened November 23 with a performance of "Les Huguenots." Succeeding hills were "Manon" and "Sigurd."

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VANITY FAIR.

For the fourth time since the inauguration of President Taft a new cook has been installed in the kitchen of the White House. This is a touch of nature which makes the President and Mrs. Taft kin with humbler householders, but it must not be inferred that the master and mistress of the White House are as difficult to serve as the bare fact mentioned above would seem to imply. All the previous cooks have "given notice" for personal reasons, in one case a policeman figuring as a "reason," as he so often does in the matrimonial adventures of cooks. The new divinity of White House meals, who is young, Scotch-Irish, and unmarried, is described as being fully equal to her arduous duties.

After Mrs. Taft has personally approved the list of refreshments for a state reception, or the menu for a state dinner, which is submitted to the housekeeper by the head cook, says the New York Evening Post, the great kitchen of the White House becomes a beehive of industry. Long tables are brought in. Six or eight men and women, known as the best caterers in Washington, are employed. The work of cutting many hundreds of loaves of bread, baking and icing little cakes, and cutting meats for salads goes ahead. The head cook must be a woman of sufficient executive ability to command her little force of maids and caterers in a systematic manner, and to plan and estimate without waste-fulness, but on a huge scale. She must also have an unflinching eye for perfection of detail, for Mrs. Taft insists that the White House cuisine shall be the best. The cook must be a woman of a certain stolidity of temperament, as well as strength of muscle. She must be able to plan and prepare a great dinner of state upon twelve hours' notice, or in less time. Her pantries must be kept stocked, and the elaborate equipment of the kitchen constantly replenished and repaired, so that there can arise no emergency in the way of suddenly planned entertainments for which she is not prepared.

For some unexplained reason Caen, the capital of Normandy, has almost the monopoly for the printing of inscriptions on funeral wreaths, much as the little town of Nantes has a "corner" in the manufacture of communion dresses for boys and girls and wedding dresses for brides. Recently a ribbon printer in Caen received an order to print the words, "Rest in Peace, Au Revoir," upon a large black ribbon in letters of fine silver. The order came by letter, and two hours after its reception the customer telegraphed, "Please add 'In Heaven' if there is room." When the ribbon arrived at its destination the inscription read: "Rest in Peace. Au revoir in Heaven if there is room."

Direct criticism of manners, remarks a student of contemporary life, is rather a delicate business. A pity it should be so. Many excellent men go through life annoying their neighbors' nerves by some little peculiarity which parents or nurses should have corrected. What a delightful fellow that friend of yours is when he is not consuming soup! What a pity you can't tell him! Yet it would be easier to accuse him of murder or forgery. The reader plays bridge? Then it is perhaps an occasional discomfort to him when his partner treats him, not as an acquaintance helping to beguile a little leisure over a trivial game, but as a subordinate officer on active service whose gross ignorance of his profession and neglect of duty have lost a battle. New occasions demand new codes of manners when natural kindness is not sufficient for guidance without them. Motors have shown this distressing fact, and golf and bridge. And, by the way, Turkish baths. A special code should be drawn up for Turkish bathers, and a broken rule should be tattooed on the offender's back. For the perfect benefit and enjoyment of a Turkish bath, complete freedom from any irritation is necessary. Absolute silence in the hottest rooms, please, so that languorous poetry may lightly fan our brains: how can it when two dullards are arguing about a stupid play? And kindly kill the bather who is scolding an attendant.

Some curious statistics have been compiled of the billiard tables in France. They are extremely numerous, and exclusive of those in private houses, total up to 88,269. It is instructive to note that Paris and the Seine Department can boast of 10,254 tables, whereas Corsica possesses only sixty. But the average for the north of France is much higher than for the south. For instance, in the Bouches du Rhone, which comprises Marseilles, there are only 751 billiard tables altogether. The reason for this is that in the south of France the weather tempts customers to sit outside the café rather than inside, and billiard-playing is comparatively rare.

Life is being made worth living for the automobilist in Europe by the efforts of the Touring Club of France. The members are supplied with regular forms, so that they can

send complaints to the central office if any hotel on the list of the club fails to keep the rules laid down. Thus if a traveler is overcharged he need not incur the unpleasantness of a dispute with the proprietor. He need only insist on a detailed receipt for the payment he has made, which he sends to the central office, and if he has been overcharged he will not have to wait long before the unjust surplus is returned to him. By reason of their alleged ignorance of the gastronomic arts, British and American travelers are charged with being largely responsible for the deterioration of the cooking in the best hotels in Europe. To remedy this the club is making investigations and offering prizes to those hotels which maintain the local traditions, that persist in cooking the dishes for which the town or province is famous, even if the foreigner can not appreciate them.

Once more the tell-tale blotting-paper has figured in court as incriminating evidence against a faithless spouse. When his wife discovered the blabbing absorbent with the words "Your own true, ever-loving Leslie" in conjunction with a female name not her own, one conclusion only was possible. Some one ought to compile an anthology of the happy homes which have been disbanded by the law courts through the agency of blotting-paper, and then perhaps wayward males and females will learn how much more happily situated were those fellow-sinners in the

olden times who dried their faithless epist with sand. Clandestine lovers are too haughty to dry their letters by the fire, and the number is probably large enough to insure mammoth fortune for the genius who will invent a blotting-paper which will blot without telling.

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Dr. Marcus Herz of Berlin is credited with trying to a patient who read medical books iligently in order to prescribe for himself: Be careful, my friend. Some fine day ou'll die of a misprint."

The political boss of a small Western city rove his buckboard at top speed down the ain street on the morning of election. Hey, Johnnie!" he yelled to his son, "git own in the Fourth Ward quick! There's ople down there votin' as they blame lease!"

An apartment-house dweller claims that e janitor of the building in which he lives the meanest janitor on earth. "He never ves us enough steam during the day," said e complainant, "and at night the conditions re simply awful. Why, I frequently wake up d hear my wife's teeth chattering on the areau."

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont at a luncheon at ie Colony Club urged on women the neces- ty for union. "If we are to get the vote," e said, "we must stand together. Too many omen face this question as they face all hers—like the elderly belles at the charity ill: 'What a flatterer Wooten von Twiller 'I said the first belle. 'Why, did he tell you u looked nice?' said the second. 'No,' was e reply. 'He told me you did!'"

In a certain police court an exuberant foot- ller of the town was brought up on a rge of riotous conduct. The magistrate quired what position the defendant held. ie's a professional football player, your orship," said counsel. "He plays outside ght for his team." "Yes—ah. He does, es he?" said the magistrate. "Well, then, e must change his position. He'll be left ide for the next month!"

A one-legged Welsh orator named Jones as pretty successful in bantering an Irish- an, when the latter asked him: "How did u come to lose your leg?" "Well," said nes, "on examining my pedigree and look- g up my descent, I found there was some ish blood in me, and, becoming convinced at it was settled in the left leg, I had it cut i at once." "By the powers," said Pat, "it ould have been a very good thing if it had ily settled in your head."

Percy D. Haughton, the Harvard coach, lered at the Harvard training table the eryl about umpires and referees. "These aps should be strict," he said, "but Hop- nson was too strict. In a very important e, back in the 'nineties, a dispute arose 'tween two guards about a foul. The dis- te was involved and bitter, but Hopkinson's ay of settling it was simple—perhaps too mple. 'We'll have no argument,' he said. 'I just order you both off the field, and en there can't be any mistake.'"

An influential woman member of a fashio- le church in Philadelphia had gone to her stor with the complaint that she was greatl y disturbed by one of her neighbors. "Why," id she, "that man in the pew behind ours troys all my devotional feelings when he ies to sing. Couldn't you ask him to chang e his pew?" The pastor reflected. "Well," id he, at last, "I naturally feel a little deli- cy on that score, especially as I should have ve a reason. But I tell you what I might —I might ask him to join the choir."

Augustus Thomas's reappearance on the ump in behalf of Dix recalled an encounter at he had three years ago with Fingy Con- ners. Thomas, who was Bryan's representa- ve at the Carnegie Hall Convention, had op- sed the Connors-Murphy deals vigorously. was after one of his best speeches, but in is case ineffective, that Connors walked up Thomas and exclaimed roughly: "And ure Augustus Thomas, are you?" "I am," ell," snorted Connors, "when I see Bryan am going to tell him that there is one fool ew York State." "When Bryan sees u," answered Thomas, "I am sure he will ee with you."

There used to be a sheriff in a Green ountain county of Vermont who, for forty ars, had driven his prisoners—murderers, onshiners, thieves—through the woods in a buggy to the county jail, and yet who had ver carried a revolver nor used a pair of ndercuffs in his life. He had a strong hand, brave heart, and a stutter. "Weren't you er afraid?" some one asked him one day. N-well, I 'low once I w-wuz t-t-ol'rabl well eert," he admitted slowly. "I h-heard S-Si -Perkins, the b-barber, wuz g-gone d-daft 't wuz c-carvin' p-people up, an' I c-calc- ted it wuz my official d-dooty to g-go an' rest him. So I w-went d-down to S-Si's op, an' w-went in, an' S-Si c-come at me -with a r-razor in each h-hand. An' then I

'low I wuz t-t-ol'rabl well skeert." "What did you do?" "W-w-well," said the old sheriff, spitting thoughtfully into the sand box beside the stove, "I wuz s-so s-s-skeert that I t-took 'em a-a-away from him."

A young cotton worker and his wife had been married only a few months, but it was quite apparent to the wife that her husband's affection for her was on the wane. John de- veloped a tendency to stay out late at night, and now it was early morning, when his wife heard a violent knocking at the door. "Who's there?" asked she from the bedroom window. "It's me," replied John meekly. "I've just come from the meeting. We have been con- sidering the present strike." "Oh, have you? Well, you can sit on the doorstep and con- sider the present lockout!" was the retort.

Some politicians believe that the way to win in politics is to keep on saying something till every one gets to believing it. Job Hedges illustrated the idea with an account of his office-boy's experience. He went once on one of the fifty-cent boat excursions. He was late getting back to the boat, and by the time he reached it every chair on the desirable side of the deck was filled. He thought of a scheme. "Have you seen the whale?" he asked those near him. "They've got a whale tied to the dock and he's thrashing around with his tail like anything." Those he spoke to paid no attention. So he went on, and told the story to others. By and by a few rose and went to see the whale. He kept on telling the story. More went around to see the whale. At last the fever seized every one and they crowded to the other side of the boat to see the whale. The office boy was left alone on the deck. He selected the best chair, and placed it in the most desirable position by the rail. The crowd didn't come back. He wriggled about uneasily, and finally he jumped up and ran to the other side of the boat. "By gosh," said he to himself, "I believe mcbec there is a whale."

THE MERRY MUZE.

Up Against the Bars.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul; A merry old soul was he! He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, And he called for his fiddlers three. But only two of the fiddlers came; The third, they said, was barred From earning his living thenceforth, because He carried no union card. Nor came the pipe with its fragrant weed, Nor the bowl with its golden brew; For all such things had been driven from court by the W. C. T. U.—New York Evening Post.

Song of the Ironworker.

Well, gentlemen—swell gentlemen—in your frowsy, drowsy clubs, Take note o' me an' Bill McGhee, an' twenty other dubs Who're stuck agin the sky line, like flies agin a wall— Ho, think o' me an' Bill McGhee, an' watch us crawl Around the bars, between the stars an' up the shafts o' day; You hear the gang when the hammers clang an' the bulgines hoist away!

"Ho, give us a job to fix the moon; to tinker the golden stair! Give us a chance an' see us prance along a path o' air! We'll hang for hours by our teeth to the flowers that grow in the turquoise bed, An' rifle a seine through the silver rain for the tears that the angels shed!"

Aye, gentlemen—ugh gentlemen—in your frowsy, drowsy clubs, Take note o' me an' Bill McGhee an' twenty other dubs (The half o' them are come-ons, an' the other half's a scream)— But watch 'em as they sift between the banks o' risin' steam! Toward the clouds, above the crowds, above the dinky town— They follow the flight o' the shafts o' light that God Himself sends down!

Ho, gentlemen—so, gentlemen—at your hasty, wasteful ease, Get on to us an' hear us cuss, an' watch us as we squeeze The girders into decent snape, an' see the grace- ful way We swing like toy balloons to meet the comin' o' the day! Toward the sky we climb so high; through vacant space we grope— We're anchored there by earnest prayer, with God our chiefest hope!

"So give us a chance to paint the clouds, or prop the fallin' stars; Give us a crack at the mucky track, or a job to rivet Mars. We'll can the thunder and make Jove wonder who's stealin' his lightnin' bolts— An' step up to Venus, who'll say that she's seen us when we hand her a couple o' jolts!" —Alfred Damon Runyon, in Mobile Register.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The days following the Thanksgiving holiday have been well filled with social affairs of a pretentious nature, in contrast to the informality of the programme of last week's events. Dances for the younger set have monopolized the attention of the debutantes, several of these marking the passing week. The meeting of the Friday Night Club, and the dance at which Miss Ethel Wrampelmier was hostess at the Town and Gown Club were notable among these. The Neighborhood Dance and the hop at the Presidio furnished amusement for another dancing set, and the reception to the visiting navy officers of the Japanese fleet on Saturday night served to assemble a large contingent of the service set. Formal bridge parties have figured largely in the social programme, and the numerous small card parties have occupied the afternoons of every day. The advent of the Russian ballet furnished an incentive for much entertaining through the medium of theatre parties.

The engagement of Miss Ramona Bonner and Mr. Leavitt Baker was announced on Saturday. Miss Bonner is a Seattle girl and Mr. Baker is the son of Mrs. L. L. Baker of this city. He is a graduate of Harvard and a member of the University Club. The wedding will take place in June.

Miss Kathleen Farrell was hostess at an elaborate tea on Monday, at which she entertained in honor of Miss Marguerite Doe. Among the guests were Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Bessie Zane, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Fredra Smith, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Phyllis de Young, Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Nell Mahoney, Miss Rhoda Niebling, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Elsie Clifford, Miss Ethel Shorb, and Miss Kathleen Farrell.

Mrs. Horace Hellman was hostess at an informal tea on Sunday afternoon in honor of Miss Constance McLaren, one of the much-feted debutantes of this season.

The dance given by the "Neighbors" at Presidio Terrace on Friday night inaugurated this series of dances for a second season. Those who received the guests on this occasion were Mrs. E. D. Bullard, Mrs. James K. Wilson, and Mrs. R. H. Postlethwaite.

Miss Florence Hopkins was a luncheon hostess on Friday, which she gave in honor of Miss Lillian Goss, who is spending the winter here as the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott. Among those who enjoyed Miss Hopkins's hospitality on this occasion were Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Marion Zeile, and Miss Alexandra Hamilton.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton entertained at a bridge party on Monday in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane of Honolulu. Among the guests were Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Miss Maud O'Connor, Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick, Mrs. Russell Lukens, Mrs. H. Van Dyck Johns, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Miss Grace Buckley, Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding, Mrs. Leo Chenery, Mrs. Arthur Watson, Mrs. Alexander Fraser Douglas, Mrs. Le Boyteaux, Mrs. Jack Polhemus, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Charles Farquharson, Mrs. Josiah P. Howell, Mrs. Harry Williar, Mrs. Haldimand P. Young, Mrs. Eugene Freeman, and Mrs. Harry Bates.

Mrs. Henry Williams formally presented her two granddaughters, Miss Florence Williams and Miss Muriel Williams, to society at one of the largest receptions of the season on Saturday after-

noon. Those who assisted the hostess in receiving her guests were Mrs. Harry Allston Williams, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Charles M. Gayley, Mrs. Selim Woodworth, Mrs. Fred Magee, Mrs. William E. Pringle, Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet, Mrs. Charles Farquharson, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Ralston White, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Alice Payne, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Joy Wilson, Miss Ethel Wrampelmier, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Jane Selby, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Lucy Harrison, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Marian Turner, Miss Towne, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Edith Rucker, and Miss Marian Miller.

Mrs. Charles Deering's bridge party on Tuesday was in honor of Mrs. H. D. Lombard and Mrs. Frank Thomas of Los Angeles. Among the guests were Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. George A. Moore, Mrs. Charles Belden, Mrs. Laura Roe, Mrs. Robert I. Bentley, and Mrs. Harry Bates.

Mrs. John C. Wilson, Jr., entertained at luncheon in the red room at the Bohemian Club on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane. Forty guests participated in the affair.

Miss Amalia Simpson gave a tea on Wednesday at her apartments at the St. Regis, and was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, and Miss Jane Hotelling.

Mrs. Lathrop Ellingwood entertained at tea on Wednesday, at which her guests were Miss Leona Stone, Miss Florida Hunt, Miss Edith Treanor, Miss Violet Meyer, Mrs. Frederick Blackburn, Mrs. Hugh Owen, Mrs. Edward Tourney, Mrs. Harry Campbell, and Mrs. George Converse.

Mrs. Jane Keeney entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon, who has recently returned from Europe. Her guests included Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. Howard Coit, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss May Friedlander, and Miss Fanny Friedlander.

Mrs. J. F. Corey entertained at a bridge party at the Presidio Tuesday afternoon, at which she entertained Mrs. John Lundeen, Mrs. Frederick Stoppford, Mrs. James Wheeler, Mrs. T. B. Steele, Mrs. James Brooks, Mrs. Thyrion Crissy, Mrs. C. C. Billingslea, Mrs. Louis Chappellear, Mrs. William Carlton, Mrs. Frederick Prince, Mrs. Earle, Mrs. Richard Fumival, Mrs. Herbert Girner, and Miss Wheeler.

Mrs. William Elliott was hostess on Saturday at a luncheon at her home on Filbert Street, which is the first of a series which she will give during the winter for the service set. Those present included Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, Mrs. Haldimand P. Young, Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Mrs. William Land, Mrs. Louis Chappellear, Mrs. William Connell, Mrs. J. K. Hampton, Mrs. Arthur Cranston, Mrs. George Bell, Mrs. William Billingslea, Mrs. Charles Stanton, and Mrs. Euclid Frick.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley entertained at dinner on Thursday, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bentley, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Blair, Miss Blair, Miss Emily Huntington, and Mr. R. F. Huntington.

Miss Georgia Hammon and her fiancé, Mr. Scott Hendricks, were guests of honor at a dinner on Wednesday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brun. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. George Hill Stoddard, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Morrow, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Clarice Lucke, Mr. Alexander Stoddard, and Mr. Bruce Fair.

Mrs. Cyrus Walker entertained at a bridge party at the Palace Hotel on Thursday, at which she was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Ira Pierce.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale entertained at a luncheon on Monday in honor of Miss Helen Williams of New York. Among her guests were Mrs. Roy Bishop, Mrs. Pearl Bancroft, Mrs. Alason Weeks, Mrs. William Penn Humphrey, Mrs. Josiah Howell, Mrs. Francis Wayland Lucas, Miss Lillie Friedman, Miss Mabel Gregory, Miss Helen Dean, and Miss Frances Stewart.

Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels entertained at a bridge party on Tuesday, at which her guests were Miss Maud Montgomery, who is visiting here from New

York. Mrs. C. E. Greenfield, Mrs. Selby Hanna, and Mrs. Samuel Gardiner.

Mrs. Charles Baker entertained at a bridge party at Fort Scott on Monday. Among her guests from town were Mrs. Charles St. John Chubb, Mrs. George Grimes, Mrs. M. Bennett, and Miss Fanny Troope.

Mrs. O. P. Downing was hostess at a bridge tea on Wednesday at her home on Filbert Street. Included among her guests were Mrs. John A. Lundeen, Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Mrs. Louis Chappellear, Mrs. J. P. O'Neil, and Mrs. Frederick Stoppford.

Miss Eleanor Bliss entertained at a dinner at her home at Fort Mason on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Gladys Poillon. Her guests were Miss Laura Benet, Miss Cora Smedberg, Mrs. James Poillon, Mrs. Tasker Bliss, Captain Frank Ferguson, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Fritz von Schrader, and Mr. Arthur Scudder.

Miss Katherine D. Burke gave a luncheon Saturday last at her home, 2310 Broderick Street, entertaining Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Gertrude Creswell, Miss Cora Smith, and Miss Dorothy Woodworth. The luncheon was given in honor of the Misses Otis.

Mrs. Krebs, wife of Major Krebs, the commanding officer at Fort Baker, entertained at a bridge party on Saturday afternoon. Her guests were Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, Mrs. John Lundeen, Mrs. Ladd, Mrs. St. John Chubb, Mrs. O'Neil, Mrs. Louis Chappellear, Mrs. Frick, Mrs. Ruckman, Mrs. Fernald, Mrs. Billingslea, Mrs. Nyke, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Ide, Mrs. Metcali, Mrs. J. K. Hampton, Mrs. McCauley, Mrs. Waldron, Mrs. Meyer, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Councilman, Miss Girard, and Miss Billingslea.

The De Gogorza Concerts.

Signor Emilio de Gogorza, the eminent Spanish baritone, and one of the most important and interesting singers on the concert stage, is announced by Manager Greenbaum for two Sunday afternoon concerts at the Columbia Theatre, the dates being December 11 and 18.

This brilliant artist first visited us as a member of the Emma Eames Concert Company, and since then has returned twice as a recitalist. At each concert he was received by larger audiences, for after bearing De Gogorza there seems to be an irresistible impulse to bear him again. He is one of those gifted artists who in addition to a beautiful voice uses his head and heart in his work.

Mr. Robert Schmitz will be the assisting pianist, and in addition to his accompaniments will offer some new piano works by French composers.

At the first concert De Gogorza will sing four groups of songs. The first group will include three of the charming old works of Gluck, and one by the Italian master, Cesti. The second group, devoted to modern German songs, will consist of "Es blinkt der Tbau," Rubinstein; "Deception," Tschaiowsky; "Feldensamkeit," Brabms; and "Cecilia," by Richard Strauss. The third group contains some French works quite new to this city. There will be five numbers in this set and the composers are Ch. Koechlin, Caesar Franck, and Gabriel Faure. The final group will consist of songs in English, and will include "Mother o' Mine" by Tours, "Ballad of the Bony Fiddler," Hammond, and works by Hadley, Huhn, and Parker.

Mr. Schmitz's numbers will be the Bach "Chaconne," arranged for piano by Busoni, and three modern French works by Debussy, Widor, and Saint-Saens.

At the second concert an equally beautiful programme will be given. Seats are on sale at Sberman, Clay & Co.'s, and prices will be \$2, \$1.50, and \$1. Mail orders accompanied by current funds may be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sberman, Clay & Co.'s.

De Gogorza will sing in Oakland on Tuesday afternoon, December 20, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, offering a special programme.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William B. Hopkins, who has been abroad for some time, is expected home within a few months.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has joined Mrs. Redding and his daughter in Paris. After a short visit in the south of France they will return to New York in January.

Mrs. John H. Mee and her family will close their home at San Rafael after the Christmas holidays and spend the remainder of the winter at the Bellevue.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pugh have closed their home in Belvedere, and will spend the winter at the Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Chanslor are at Coronado, where they will remain for a few weeks.

Mrs. Mary Huntington, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Perkins, in Washington, D. C., will return to her home here for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Caroline Billingslea of Kentucky is the guest of Major and Mrs. Billingslea at the Presidio, where she will spend the winter.

Miss Adeline Wright, the fiancée of Mr. Parmer Fuller, who has been visiting friends here, returned Monday to her home at Pasadena.

Miss Marie Bullard is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sellar Bullard in Chicago, where she will spend the holidays, returning to her home here in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy) are enjoying their visit in Mexico City and will not return for several weeks.

Mrs. Robert Greer is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood, and will not return to her home in Seattle until February. Mr. Greer will spend the holidays here.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer will close their country home at Menlo this week and come to the city for the winter.

Miss Jane Flood and Miss Sally Maynard are enjoying the opera season in New York and will remain there several weeks longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman have returned from a trip to the Eastern States. They have been away since August and have visited in Montreal, New York, and New Orleans.

Mrs. Walter Macfarlane and Miss Beatrice Campbell have returned from New York and are at the Hotel St. Francis during their stay in San Francisco.

Mr. Tevis Blanding spent the Thanksgiving holiday with Mr. Karl Cate and Mr. William Gring at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh. They will leave again for Europe the latter part of December and will be joined in Paris by Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Reilly and with them will spend the winter in Egypt.

Mrs. Walter Hohart is spending the winter in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson have closed their home at Burlingame, and are at their town house on Broadway for the winter.

Mrs. John Edward Poillon and her daughter, Miss Gladys Poillon of New York, who have been visiting General and Mrs. Tasker Bliss at Fort Mason, will spend the next two weeks at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons spent the Thanksgiving holiday at their country home at Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fletcher (formerly Miss Caroline Mills) arrived from Yokohama on Saturday and will spend the holiday season here with Mrs. Fletcher's family.

Miss Helen Bowie has returned from a visit with her mother at Palo Alto and is with her aunt, Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick.

Mrs. George Doubleday of New York is planning to spend the winter here with her mother, Mrs. James K. Moffitt.

Mr. Ferdinand Reis returned Monday from a six months' tour of Europe. He was accompanied

by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stent, who have been abroad since spring.

Mrs. Annie K. Bidwell has returned to her home in Chico, after six months spent abroad.

Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke have returned from Paso Robles, and are established in their town house for the winter.

Mrs. Elkins, Miss Louise Elkins, and Mr. Felton Elkins have arrived from the East and Europe and will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William J. English has reached here from Paris, and will be at the Fairmont Hotel during her visit to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright are expected this week from Europe, where they spent the summer in sightseeing and travel.

Miss Marguerite Butters is planning to sail for Manila on the next transport, where she will visit Colonel and Mrs. Lincoln Karmany for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle has returned from New York, where she spent some time after her arrival from Europe. She was detained in the Eastern city by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith returned home from Paris on Monday night. They were accompanied by Miss Tiny O'Connor, who has been abroad for a number of years.

Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan with her son and daughter are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale and Miss Marie Oge have decided to spend the winter in Washington, D. C., where they have leased a handsome house for the season.

Mr. Raymond Armshy has come up from the Burlingame Club, and will spend the winter with relatives in town.

Miss Susan McNah has returned from Europe, where she traveled extensively during the time she was abroad.

Mrs. I. N. Walter is planning to go abroad in January, and will spend a year or more in foreign travel.

Mrs. Mary Cone Runyon has returned from Paris and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Dickinson Sherwood, at Seattle.

Mrs. Helen Hecht and Mr. Bert R. Hecht are at present visiting their brother, Mr. Summit L. Hecht, in Boston. They will make a short stay in New York and then come directly west, residing at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller has closed her country home at Ross and in company with her daughter Flora has gone to spend the winter months at Hotel Maryland in Pasadena.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mrs. O. A. Hale, Miss Clarice Hale, Mrs. Vesta Shortridge Bruguiera, Mr. Frederick Myrtle, Miss Elsy Schultz, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Pennoyer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Robinson, Miss Bertha Spalding, Miss Ruth Spalding, Dr. and Mrs. Harry M. Schumann.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week include Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Carder, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Deming, Mr. C. E. Pitts, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Shearman, Miss Geddes, Mr. Arnold Grazer, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Crapo, Miss Sara N. Lavine, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Finn, Mr. M. Davis, Mr. William O'Connor.

Extra Pavlowa-Mordkin Performance.

The Imperial Russian Ballet, headed by those wonderful artists, Anna Pavlowa and Mikail Mordkin, will stop over on the road eastward from Los Angeles, and give one more of the great performances of which all San Francisco is talking. The company will leave Los Angeles on its private train after a performance on Saturday night and arrive here in time to appear at the Valencia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, December 4, at 2:45.

The programme will include the two-act ballet "Giselle," the beautiful "Valse Caprice" by Rubinstein, and the delicious "Bacchanale" by Glazounow, in addition to other numbers. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will open at the theatre at ten o'clock.

In the play "New York" Miss Mary Shaw, as usual, impersonates a middle-aged lady who is not nice (observes Percy Hammond in the Chicago Tribune). As a Yukon dance-hall keeper visiting the metropolis in search of souhrettes, she is accused of being alcoholically feverish. "Well, if I'm not drunk," she stutters, "I say if I'm not drunk—therez been twenty-five good dollars washed!" The producer of this play is also the producer of that religious idyl, "The Rosary."

Franz Peter Schubert wrote over one thousand compositions before he was thirty-one, the age at which he died. Many of the greatest musicians who have lived since Schubert's time have not heard a quarter of his works; it would be impossible to hear them, but that is no reason why there should be such a dearth of information concerning him. There is no authoritative biography of the composer.

Edwin Stevens plays the maniac, homicidal doctor in "The Speckled Band," brought out in New York November 21. The play was made by Arthur Conan Doyle out of one of the most ingenious of his Sherlock Holmes stories, but is only a melodrama of the ordinary kind. Mr. Stevens has a part which even his remarkable ability can not make notable.

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CURRENT VERSE.

To Ellen Terry.

[Sonnet by Percy MacKaye, read by the author at the Hudson Theatre in New York, November 3.]

How shall we welcome back her image bright
Who from our hearts has never been away?
They never lived who never loved a play,
Nor ever loved who loved not in delight.
Therefore to her who, in Dull Care's despite,
Long since has taught the world's sad soul to
pray

To saints of joy, we bring an homage gay
Of hearts made lighter by her own pure light.

Juliet of love, Miranda of the mind,
Katherine of quips, and beauty's Rosalind,
Truth's Portia, Beatrice the maddcap merry,
All heroines wrought of the master's heart—
To these we bow, and these bow down to Art,
And Art to Time, and Time—to Ellen Terry.

Anne Hathaway's Garden.

When Shakespeare would a-wooing go,
Through lane and woodland roaming,
Methinks for him the merle trilled low,
The stream with sweetest song did flow,
While daffodillies, quaint to see,
In yellow gowns, danced on the lea.
Fair daffodils!

Then primroses and cowslips pale
O'erlhung the brook and starred the vale,
And violets in purple hue
Beneath his eye drew life anew,
When Shakespeare went a-wooing!

When Shakespeare would a-wooing go,
Within her twilight garden
Should not the faint musk roses know,
And eglantine the fairer blow?
Did rosemary "Remembrance" cry,
With fragrant breath as he passed by?
Sweet rosemary?

What whispered lavender and thyme
Of sunny days and wedding chime?
What secrets told the breeze that day,
That echo still from far away,
Of Shakespeare and his wooing?

—Elizabeth Minot, in Smart Set.

Spicewood.

The spicewood burns along the gray, spent sky,
In moist, unchimed places, in a wind,
That whips it all before, and all behind,
Into one thick, rude flame, now low, now high.
It is the first, the homeliest thing of all—
At sight of it, the lad that by it fares,
Whistles afresh his foolish town-caught airs—
A thing so honey-colored and so tall!

It is as tho the young Year, ere he pass,
To the white riot of the cherry-tree,
Would fain accustom us, or here, or there,
To his new sudden ways with bough and grass,
So starts with what is humble, plain to see,
And all familiar as a cup, a chair.

—From "A Wayside Lute," by Lizette Woodward Reese.

To a Sea Gull.

Sound the wild note of the wind and the sea,
Thou gypsy of the air.
Thy soul is uplifted on wings that are free
As the white spray that thunders
Where black reefs lie bare.

Scream to the storm winds that rage while you sleep;
They echo the cry of souls lost in the deep.
Like a white flake that's swept from the wrath
Of the seas,
Soar in the heavens and breast the cold breeze.
Symbol of wrecks and the world's misery—
Vagabond—heedless, unheeded and free.

—H. O'Connor, in California Occident.

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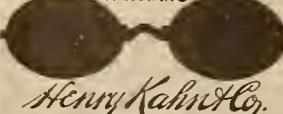
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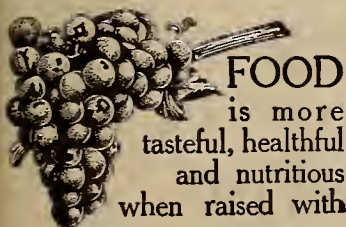
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The Argonaut has club rate arrangements with all prominent publications, and will furnish rates on request.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Askitt—What do you do when you have no news? It must be hard to fill up. *Editor*—We use larger type.—*The Club-Fellow*.

"The captain told me they kept you alive for eight days on brandy and milk." "Just my luck; I was unconscious all the time."—*M. A. P.*

"What kind of a man would you like for a husband?" "Oh, either a hachelor or a widower. I'm not particular which."—*Universalist Leader*.

Maud—Miss Oldum declares that she is single from choice. *Ethel*—That's true. The man she expected to marry chose another.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Graneray—My husband is anxious to get rid of me. *Mrs. Park*—Don't cry, dear. In that case he won't haggle over the alimony.—*Smart Set*.

"How is your wife getting on with her social settlement work?" "Great. She's had her picture in the paper twice this month."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"And this new gas burner will actually reduce one's gas bills?" "I didn't say that. I said it would reduce the consumption of gas."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"You're the waiter, aren't you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you'll lose your job if you don't take care. I've been waiting here longer than you have."—*New York Times*.

"Your husband seems less careworn than formerly." "Yes; now that the baseball season is over he hasn't anything but his business to worry him."—*Pittsburg Post*.

"Your sister's a long time about making her appearance," suggested the caller. "Well," said the little brother, "she'd be a sight if she came down without making it."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Romantic Miss—Don't you love the long fringed and widespread beauty of the chrysanthemum? *Athletic Girl*—Sure. It reminds me of the heads of the football team.—*Baltimore American*.

Kate—That Bragson girl claims to have made a thousand refusals of marriage. *Ethel*—That's true. When Gus asked her to be his wife she replied: "No, a thousand times, no!"—*Boston Transcript*.

"So the angels have brought your mamma a new baby from heaven?" "Yessum, mamma's got a new baby. But I don't fink it came f'm heaven. She gets all her fings f'm Paris."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Breathless Urchin—You're—wanted—down—our—court—and bring a hamblance! *Police*—What do you want the ambulance for? *Urchin*—Muvver's found the lidy wot pinched our doormat!—*Punch*.

"Queer, isn't it, that lawyer is such a lover of dogs?" "What is there queer about it?" "It is more natural-like for a lawyer to become attached to something more in the fee-line species."—*Baltimore American*.

"Mama wishes you to enter papa's factory, darling. That would do away with all his unwillingness." "But, dearest, I'm a poet." "All the better. You can write verses for our vinegar advertisements." — *Fliegende Blätter*.

"We won't print any such stuff as that!" said the editor loftily as he handed back the manuscript. "Well, you needn't be so haughty about it," retorted the irregular contributor. "You're not the only one who won't print it."—*Tit-Bits*.

"What has become of the political leader who used to threaten us with all sorts of things if we didn't behave?" asked one voter. "I don't know," replied the other. "I suspect he is giving us the silence discipline."—*Washington Star*.

"Oh, that my son should wish to marry an actress!" shrieked the proud, patrician mother. "Now, ma; don't take on so," he-seeked the undutiful heir. "She isn't really an actress; she only thinks she is."—*Washington Herald*.

Sanatorium Doctor—So Mrs. Pittsfield was here while I was away? *Nurse*—Yes, sir. She wanted to take her husband home, but he said he preferred to stay here. *Doctor*—I've suspected that case all along; the man is not crazy at all.—*Puck*.

"I understand," remarked the inquisitively inclined tourist, "that you have a man in this community who boasts of being the father of nineteen children?" "Well, not exactly," replied the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Arkansas. "He just is—that's all. He's too lazy to boast about it."—*Puck*.

"What do you consider the loudest crying evils of this country?" flippantly asked the reporter. The militant reformer and sociologist who had come from the other side of the ocean to straighten out the tangles in this crude and uncouth republic did not hesitate a moment. "Your harharous jails and

your half-civilized sleeping-cars!" he roared. "I have been incarcerated in both!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Well, I've had to fire the star who took the part of Eliza," said the manager of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company. "Why?" "She insisted on wearing a hobble skirt and there was danger of the dogs catching and eating her up."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I don't helieve any two words in the English language are synonymous." "Oh, I don't know. What's the matter with 'raise' and 'lift'?" "There's a big difference. I 'raise' chickens and have a neighbor who has been known to 'lift' them."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Have you anything to declare?" asked the customs inspector. "Yes," replied the lady who was returning from Europe. "I unhesitatingly declare that it is an outrage the way this government permits things to be mused up in one's trunk."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"An heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her thirteen-year-old boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son, and in some instances is greatly prized." "I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

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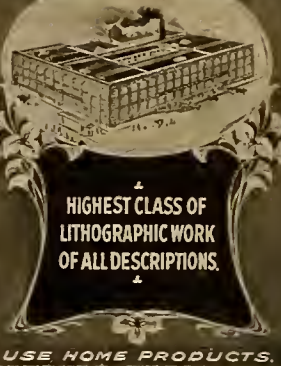
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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Brown Incident.

California has not witnessed a more grievous moral tragedy than that thrust upon public attention during the past fortnight with the Rev. Charles R. Brown as the victim, and with two women, one unspeakably foolish, the other unspeakably vain, as side figures. The story is too small and cheap for recital. In its substance it is too trivial to sustain the interest of a tea-table for a quarter of an hour. Yet, through this wretched incident, a man preëminent among us for light and leading, a man of infinite moral capability, a man whose character is as clear as sunlight, has been wrecked in his dignity and usefulness. Mr. Brown goes from us, convicted in no judgment, yet mortally wounded in those powers through which have been wrought his wide prestige.

It would be easy to point out the primary fault, first in the stupid and foolish woman, second in the vain woman. But stupidity and folly and vanity would quickly have run a shallow course, leaving no permanent track if there had not been behind them a vulgar and vicious press. It was the yellow papers that did the business—one in Oakland, another in San Fran-

cisco, with Blanche, Tray, and Sweetheart, eager to get into the running, all yelping behind.

The *Tribune* in Oakland and the *Examiner* in San Francisco have had their sensation. They have entertained the mentally vacant and morbid elements for a day and have passed on to fresher feasts. But at what cost? It has been at the cost of the moral power of a rare and worthy man. The mind, heart, and soul of Charles R. Brown have been the price of this impertinent and vulgar intrusion upon things of no account in themselves, yet of terrible import as magnified and exploited before the public.

Here, men and brethren, is an incident showing how mischievous is that vile and accursed thing, a sensational and morally irresponsible press.

The President's Message.

President Taft no more than his predecessors knows the trick of brevity. His annual message of 40,000 words is far too long. By its very bulk it defeats its purpose of public information and guidance, because only here and there is there anybody who will give himself the pains to plow through it. And yet it must be confessed that it would be difficult to cover fully so wide a range of interests in small compass. The better plan, we think, would be to send to Congress not one all-comprehending document, but a series of four or five messages at convenient intervals. This would make the work of both writer and readers easier, and it would surely give to the President's utterances a closer attention than it gets under the present practice.

Broadly speaking, the President's attitude is progressive. He takes no step backward; he urges the enforcement of every principle for which he has stood since acceptance of office, and indeed since long before the period of his presidency. At the same time he sees the country's need of repose upon some definite and assured basis. Therefore, he thinks it expedient to halt in the matter of legislation to the extent of taking stock of what has been achieved. The world of common sense will sustain this view, though we shall hear much criticism of it from a type of fool reformer, who is never so well pleased as when there is in progress some kind of a row tending to uncertainty and confusion. The President is right. It is time to try out what has been achieved, to see where we are at, so to speak, before initiating new schemes of legislation.

We get some hint in this message of the struggle which the President has made and is making to get the government back on a reasonable business basis at the point of its expenditures. The whole system was demoralized when he came into office. Between neglect of every business principle on the one hand, and personal favoritism on the other, the routine expenses of government had grown beyond all reason. The situation was ripe for scandal; indeed, it was scandalous. From the beginning of his administrative responsibility Mr. Taft has been working to correct the situation, working quietly and effectively. If any criticism of his course is justified it is this, namely, that he did not frankly permit the country to see the extent of a mischief which had been wrought by the neglect and recklessness of his predecessor. However, he is cutting out great spheres of extravagance, cutting down waste, lopping off abuses. The matter has been taken hold of systematically, and in the end, we hope not far off, the government will be reëstablished upon a basis of reasonable efficiency under a system of reasonable economy.

If the President sees his own mistake last year in acceptance and approval of an inadequate tariff bill, he does not admit it. But he does not make another in assuming that the tariff scheme is now what it ought to be. He sees the need for further modification and he aims to bring it about by the only method consistent with security in the general business sphere. He is for modification of the tariff, not by wholesale, not under the log-rolling process, but schedule by schedule under

the counsels of experts not in any way obligated to the political game. This method of change is not rapid nor sensational. It will not satisfy the radicals. At the same time, it is the one rational means of getting a better condition without playing havoc with the security upon which business prosperity depends. The country should sustain the President in this position, and we believe it will do it.

President Taft believes that the nation has a right under its engagements to fortify the Isthmian Canal. Indeed, he believes that it is under obligation to do it as a necessary means of sustaining the neutrality which in terms it has guaranteed. Not everybody is of this opinion. Diplomats will try to refute it. Lawyers will quibble over it. But the instinct of the country will surely sustain a suggestion which so positively accords with the patriotic spirit. It is an assurance that we will fortify the canal. Congress, under the suggestions of the President and prompted by the sentiment of the country, will provide the money. We shall do this thing whether it pleases Europe or not, but probably there will be no serious protest.

The desperate state of the American merchant marine naturally arrests the attention of the President. He would restore the American flag on the seas. To this general proposition there will be universal assent, but opinions will differ as to how to go about it. The bounty system which the President supports is, we think, questionable from many points of view. It should come, we think, after and not before the removal of those restrictions which have grown out of or have been developed upon the basis of our protective scheme. We can not, without great and constant outpourings of bounty money, sustain an American marine on the high seas when American ship-owners must pay 40 per cent more for ships than their foreign rivals and when they must pay double the wages for seamen. Before going deeply into the bounty system we think there should be such recast of the laws governing ships and labor in ships as would enable American ship-owners to take advantage of world conditions. This perhaps would postpone the day of national efficiency on the seas, but we would better be right than to establish our commerce on a false and therefore upon a temporary basis.

We can not at this writing go more deeply into the message, since it calls for a detailed study which can not hurriedly be given it. It is perhaps enough to say that in its tone and spirit it sustains the pledges and the purposes declared in Mr. Taft's utterances not only since he came into office, but in the considerable period prior to that event in which he was prominently before the public.

In connection with the opening of Congress, and especially interesting in relation to the suggestions of the message, it is gratifying to see that the President has established cordial relations with all elements of his party. He has not by any means gone over to the insurgents; he has rather brought the insurgents over to his support. In the work to be done between now and the 4th of March, when the present Congress shall expire, there will be a reasonable coöperation between the Republican majorities in both houses of Congress and the President, accompanied, we are glad to say, by good feeling. This implies much in its promise of helpful legislation and for the consolidation of those interests essential to getting the Republican party into good shape for 1912.

The Growth of California.

Surprise at the showing of population made for California in the thirteenth Federal census is felt at home as well as abroad. The public was prepared for favorable totals of growth, but it was uncertain how large a deduction should be made on account of the disaster of 1906, when, and for months, the outgo was full and the inbound ones comparatively small.

No one could have foreseen then that the next census of California would show the largest enumerative gain since the tumultuous decade of the gold rush. But such was the fact. Ten years ago, a time of national prosperity, California made a most creditable record of growth; but as against an uplift in population for the decade then closed of 22.9 per cent and an addition to the mass of 276,923, the enumeration made in 1910 showed a gain of 60.1 per cent, one nearly treble, and a total increase of 892,496. This rate of accretion is not equaled by that of any other State so far reported; and only one State, New York, has registered more new inhabitants in the aggregate. California has crowded in ahead of Ohio and Massachusetts, with their gains, respectively, of 609,576 and 561,070. In the enumeration of 1900 this State ranked as twenty-first in the general roster, but now it has displaced Minnesota, Iowa, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, and Virginia with the count of at least fifteen other States, not yet made up, to reckon on for a further advantage of position. It is a marvel that, after only sixty-one years of civilized growth, California has one-fourth as large a population as New York, with its advantage as the chief entrepot of European immigration, has taken between two and three centuries to accumulate.

Speaking in terms of local comparison, we find Los Angeles county recording a gain of 196 per cent. Nearly all the southern counties have more than doubled their population in ten years, and the counties of the San Joaquin Valley have done nearly as well, one of them, Stanislaus, which had 9550 people in 1900 and now has 22,522, having raised herself into the Southern California class. It is a veritable wonder-record that Los Angeles County should have jumped its population from 170,298 to 504,131; San Bernardino from 27,929 to 56,706; San Diego from 35,091 to 61,665; Riverside from 17,897 to 34,696; Imperial from practically nothing to 13,591; Orange from 19,696 to 34,446. Throughout the State the only counties of slow growth or none at all are those where the sole industry, gold-mining, has gone into few hands and where the Federal forest reserve system has encroached upon the sphere of agriculture.

Owing partly to the superior area of Northern California the bulk of population is registered there, though the larger percentage of increase is in the south. In the bay counties, which include San Francisco and its metropolitan area, there has been, considering the untoward events of 1906, an astonishing gain. As a whole, the population of this particular district is 200,000 larger than that which resides south of the Tehachapi, and it comprises 39 per cent of the grand total. Detailing figures of bay counties, San Francisco shows 416,912 people as against 342,782 in 1900; San Mateo, 26,585 contrasted with 12,094; Marin, 25,114 against the former exhibit of 15,702; Santa Clara, 83,539 against 60,216, a gain in one decade of more than 23,000. Incidentally the State, if Congress grants the reapportionment, will have gained from the increase of numbers here three congressmen, making eleven instead of eight.

The causes of the great uplift in California's population give promise of vaster accretions, not only in the next decade, but in many decades to follow. Principalities of soil still appeal for occupants. There is enough room between the Oregon and Mexican borders to serve the needs of three times the population of New York State, or 30,000,000 in all. Japan, a land of similar area, keeps body and soul together for nearly 50,000,000 people. So there is nothing imminently to disturb California with the fear of congestion; and there is everything to support the State's invitation to the world. No climate is more comfortable than ours to the needs and pleasures of mankind. No land is more productive. No human opportunity is greater on new soil; and all this has wrought an eager and intelligent interest in California throughout the Union not only, but the civilized world as well. Excepting possibly New York, this is, among Americans, the most talked of part of the country; and abroad it is the best known. Indeed, the reputation which the Riviera has in the United States is equaled by that which California enjoys in Europe.

In its potentialities and actualities of wealth California has aroused the interest of every one with money to invest or who has his way to make unaided and is free to choose localities. The amazing fecundity of agriculture is a condition in point. This is not a one-crop country. Freed from the trammels of the northern winter and from the languor of the tropical sun,

suffering neither from cold or heat, possessing rich soil and abundant water, California offers the farmer more bounty for his labor in a given period than any other part of the two Americas. Besides yielding the natural staples of grain and fruit, and all the products that go to make the delectable land of husbandmen

Fat of the meadows, vesture of the hills,
Colossi of the woods, the burthened vine,
The marts that teem with corn and oil and wine,

California, in its treasury of wealth, has a practically undeveloped supply of precious and useful metals, petroleum, natural gas, building materials, fisheries, water power, and all the materials of a profitable commerce and manufacturing industry.

Another supreme and inexhaustible attraction is healthfulness. In our emollient air the young and old alike find their needful medicaments; and the tonic of the sea and mountain gives the busy man and woman the inspiration of continued effort. California has no peculiar diseases; no epidemics. No one has to travel from here to get a better physical or mental tone. In the larger part of the State an open-air life is possible the year around; and this free contact with nature, which one can hardly avoid, is showing its effects in an improvement of stature and in a new guaranty of longevity.

Unlike the Southern States of the Union, California has no permanently disturbing politics, no incubus of race to confuse social life and repel immigration. The white man's burden has, by means of the exclusion laws, been made negligible. Education is free and widespread; society is hospitable and without malign inherited prejudices; the best and not the worst European labor comes here and Oriental immigration has been stopped. We are developing, on every side, one of the finer types of American civilization. In all California there is nothing to defeat, however some things may temporarily retard, the ends of progress. If union labor is exacting, the remedy is at hand in concert of action by good citizens, the number of whom the inrush of a sound rural population is adding to year by year. If harm is done by the ultra conservation of our resources, an aroused public sentiment will put a stop to that, relieving our surplus forests and other natural utilities from uneconomic conditions of disuse.

With facts as they are there is no room for pessimism about the future of California. There is every reason why, the better the State is known, the more it should thrive. The reasons which have given it such prodigious growth must last indefinitely; its railway inlets have increased and the canal is coming. The public demand for its special products can not stop; the trend of national population will keep its westward way until it exhausts the prizes that it seeks. Barring catastrophes of nature, may not California, in its time, become in wealth and influence and in the swarm of its inhabitants the chief State in the Union, the first emporium of the new world?

Alone in Washington.

Is not Mr. de Young's talent for public service being overworked? Through that impartial medium, the *Chronicle*, it is learned that he is bearing, almost singly, the intellectual burdens of San Francisco's fight in Congress for the world's fair. Resourceful as the *Chronicle* concedes Mr. de Young to be, we still hold that it is asking too much of him to carry all the visible responsibilities which this city allotted to the large committee of public men who escorted Mr. de Young to the scene of action. Surely the others should not leave their chief to sustain alone the common cause. The readers of the *Chronicle* note, now and then, the presence at the front of Father McQuade, Mr. Sloss, Dr. Wheeler, Governor Gillett, Governor-elect Johnson, Colonel Irish, and Theodore Bell, but they merely serve as an applauding claque for the otherwise unsupported champion. Of course the *Argonaut* can not, in view of the *Chronicle's* daily assurances, contend that Mr. de Young really needs help, least of all that he calls for it. He is equal to the task of Atlas, and certain things, made familiar by his experience in director-generalizing the overflow fair which was added to the attractions of Golden Gate Park several years ago, must be left to him; but are there no details from which he could fairly be relieved? Is it necessary, if a blunder in congressional tactics is made, in the presence of the former members of Congress on the committee, that Mr. de Young should have the sole trouble of correcting it? Yet, as his paper attests, it is put up to him every time. If a business, political, or financial problem arises, Mr.

Hale, Mr. Sloss, and the governor step out of the way and Mr. de Young advances to the spotlight to say the solvent word. If interest lags, Mr. de Young, instead of Orator Irish or Spellbinder Bell, has to make the speech which arouses the utmost enthusiasm. If New Orleans gives challenge, it is Mr. de Young who gets on his tired feet and accepts it in ringing words that disconcert the enemy. Meanwhile the others shirk their duty. It is not like some of them to do it, yet if we interpret the *Chronicle* aright their presence in Washington is superfluous. There will be few to sympathize with them when the victory is won and Mr. de Young stalks proudly through the columns of his great newspaper bearing the palm alone.

The Death of Mrs. Eddy.

Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, "the discoverer and founder of Christian Science" as she is called, was one of several Americans who, in her time, established new religious faiths or restored old ones to meet modern exigencies. Joseph Smith, the self-ordained "seer and revelator" of Mormonism, was one of them, and John Alexander Dowie, who proclaimed himself the reincarnated prophet Elijah, was another. Mrs. Eddy gave early promise of religious fanaticism. As a child she developed spiritual precocity, and like the Maid of Domrémy she "heard voices" and felt inspirations which she ascribed to an occult source and which shaped her aftercourses in life. Her father, pious but practical, thought her brain too large for her body and feared cataleptic seizures, so he deprived her of books and restricted her schooling. But in one way or another the girl got knowledge of abstruse things. She delved alone and after a fashion in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew and was sensitive to high themes of theology as they were debated by friends of her parents at their fireside. In time she got glimpses of so-called spiritualistic phenomena; and then, coming to know a mesmeric healer, she grew interested in mental suggestion, by means of which she practiced the ancient art of curing human ills by hope and faith and called it Christian Science. Very soon, as is true of all religious movements which can find Scripture to their purpose, the new or resurrected doctrine gained converts whose numbers hostility and ridicule swelled to a multitude.

It was in 1856 that Mrs. Eddy made her first public appeal for Christian Science, but the time was not propitious for the movement which was destined to follow. The struggle with slavery engrossed the mind and conscience of the nation; and there was no room for any other dominating moral issue. Nineteen years were to pass before the hour was ripe. A financial panic had come and hard times—ever the cause of special religious interest and inquiry—ensued. Moody and Sankey then started their great revival, and other evangelists, eloquent of speech, summoned men who despaired of helping themselves to the feet of the Great Physician. It was two years after the panic of 1873 that Mrs. Eddy, seizing the psychological moment, sent out her book, "Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures." The treatise found an eager if not importunate audience and it led, in the following year, to the formation of "The Christian Science Association," the nucleus of a church which was yet to have its many tabernacles.

"Science and Health" was not a great book; and it was far from convincing to scientists or clergy. It did not meet the simplest canons of literary art. It began in cant and ended in hysteria, but its system of remedial theology was based on texts which, literally taken, bore the majesty of a divine promise. Scripture torn from its context and without regard to the figurative usage of Oriental speech is the inspiration of most forms of Christian and Hebraic theology; and in making use of this device to enforce her peculiar beliefs Mrs. Eddy was at least in high fellowship. Her creed was full of defects, but that is true of all creeds, and where the cloak of logic fell short she, like other priestesses, eked it out with the convenient fabric of faith. Nor were she or her followers dismayed by results. Healing by mental suggestion is not empirical *per se*. Sometimes it proves its way. From the very dawn of medical investigation physicians have recognized the ameliorating power of the mind over the ills of the body. In all medical practice the effort of the true healer is to keep the intellect serene over the maladies of the flesh, either by withholding knowledge of the ailment or by producing faith in the skill of the practitioner. The mind, left to its dark imaginings, may

produce the harm it fears, or, brightened and filled with a sense of security, may be of aid in the cure. By means of faith even in finite skill the sick room may be robbed of half its terrors; how much more may be done when the patient is convinced of the intercession of a mightier hand. In this way, where disease had not impaired vital processes, the new Christian Science was able in some measure to justify itself, and it was always easy for the ministrant of the new doctrine to explain her failures by the sick man's want of faith. She was ever ready to meet doubt with a triumphant quotation: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, you shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you." And again: "The prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him." Taking these passages as her agencies of faith, Mrs. Eddy felt herself justified in teaching that time and spiritual growth would suffice, even, to remove the shadow of death from the world.

It is not necessary to ask if Christian Science will outlast its founder, or rather, its rediscoverer. The cult is already ancient. The world is full of newer ones which lost none of their momentum when their first teachers died and, indeed, took on new life with the need of it. What Mrs. Eddy reformulated will still be found in the book which records it and in the faith which she inculcated. Perhaps in time that faith will gather new props and safeguards, as it is now doing through the Emanuel movement, which seeks to form a community of interest and action in all the arts of healing? If the physician of the old school borrows what aid he can from mental suggestion to help his patient, may not Christian Science, if it can add to the therapeutic value of faith by calling upon the simples of the apothecary, find good logic and good texts withal to justify it? For does not Holy Writ bear promise that they shall be healed by the waters and by the leaf for medicine? And is not that science Christian indeed and worthy to survive which ignores none of the philosophies of cure, even if insisting on the superior efficacy of its own?

Mrs. Eddy was highly gifted with the qualities of leadership. She had the mental trait, apart from a certain hypnotic faculty which is common to great religious leaders or innovators, of true insight of human nature. She knew men. The practical cast of her mind is proved by the fortune she made. To amass a million of dollars by one's wits calls for rare quality; a clear understanding of the ambitions, weaknesses, and intellectual workings of humanity; a discernment of the deeper currents of affairs. Mrs. Eddy died with two millions to her worldly credit, not to count the fortune she had given away; but it is not as a mere seeker for material rewards that the world will have to judge her. The manner of her dying proved the sincerity of her belief in her spiritual and remedial mission. At a great age—for she was eighty-nine—she died as she had lived. She sent for no physician, though she had known herself, for nearly a week, to be on the borderland of eternity. She asked only for the prayers of her "students," as she called the devotees of her household, and, keeping the faith as she had taught it, she passed quietly beyond these voices.

Mexico and Her Strong Man.

Justification for the sustained rule of Porfirio Diaz in Mexico is not to be found in ideal or sentimental theories of government. Diaz came to the head of the Mexican system as a soldier—through the forms of law, indeed, but backed by military force. Mexico, while a rich and populous country, was wretchedly demoralized in government and in everything else. It was either anarchy or a dictatorship. There could be nothing else, for the people were for the most part sunk in ignorance; while even the intelligent elements were unused to the working of the representative type of government. Representative institutions as we have them in this country were impossible for Mexico then; they are impossible for Mexico now.

Let it be conceded that Diaz has twisted the constitution to his purpose. Let it be conceded that he is less of a representative in the presidential chair than a monarch. Let it be conceded that his rule is arbitrary. Let it be conceded that his methods are those of the iron hand and that there is not overmuch velvet in the glove. And when all these concessions are made, let it be shown that Diaz by his wisdom, by his power to sustain himself, by his broad statesmanship, has lifted

Mexico from a contemptible place in the family of nations and has made her a country of respectable position and of growing interests. He has given Mexico security and therefore found for her credit in the money markets of the world. He has tied up the interests of his country with the more advanced nations and so brought to her a financial and a social progress which probably would not have been attained in centuries under a less authoritative and arbitrary system. Diaz has given to Mexico the only kind of government which she was capable of sustaining. If the country had been given over to the ambitions and rivalries of the ordinary Spanish-American country we should have seen not a stable and respected government, not an advancing commonwealth, but a land deluged in blood, sunk in the miseries which come when consistency, confidence, security are lost.

The world esteems Diaz one of the great statesmen of his time—perhaps the greatest. Where is there another country which has made such tremendous progress within a generation? Where is there another man who has carried himself with equal distinction? And it is because the world estimates Diaz thus highly that it is sentimentally gratified over the latest demonstration of his power in stamping out an insurrection, possibly not without certain sentimental or even moral justifications. There is, too, another reason why the world is gratified at the success of Diaz. The United States has an investment of something like a billion dollars in Mexico, its value resting wholly upon the security and continuity of government. Other countries are similarly if not so largely interested in Mexican securities. For the value of these investments there is comfortable dependence upon Diaz; there would be uncertainty bordering on panic without him or without the system of which he is the head.

In time, no doubt, Mexico will be able to sustain a scheme of government more in conformity with the pretensions of her constitution. There is every reason to hope that the Mexican people will develop powers of self-control as other peoples have. But that time is not yet. A country whose population is made up of 19 per cent "mixed" whites, 43 per cent mongrels, and 38 per cent uncivilized Indians, and in which 80 per cent of the people can not read or write, is incapable of any real initiative in political matters—such a country is not ready for representative government as we understand it. Now, as Diaz grows old, the best hope for Mexico in the years immediately to come is for a new man as strong as he, as broad in his views, as patriotic in his aims, and as capable of sustaining himself against revolutionary forces. Mexico will be fortunate indeed to find such another ruler, no matter whether he shall call himself president, dictator, or king.

Editorial Notes.

At the time of writing nearly half of the new British House of Commons has been elected, and the probability is that when the returns are complete the position of parties will be little altered. In the late Parliament Mr. Asquith's government, in coalition with the Irish Nationalists and the Labor members, could count upon a majority of a hundred and twenty, a figure which is likely to be slightly smaller in the new chamber. Mr. Balfour's announcement, on behalf of the Conservatives, that a success for his party would not be regarded as a mandate for tariff reform without another appeal to the country has apparently had no great influence in turning votes from the Liberals, and the attempt to confuse the issue by the bogey of home rule seems also to have failed. On a broad view, then, it is probable that the election will fail to clear the air sufficiently to insure more than a brief period of office for Mr. Asquith, for his dependence upon the Irish and Labor vote will be so enhanced that his difficulties will be greater in the new house than in the old.

Sixteen counties in the State of New York show a smaller population by the late census than they had in 1860 and several of them less than they had in 1840 and 1830. Yet the State as a whole gained 25 per cent in population in the last ten years and, in the aggregate, has nearly 10,000,000 inhabitants. The delinquent counties are not unfortunate as to situation. Populous cities are near them, they have railroads and water-power, and the land is of average fertility. Seneca, Yates, Schuyler, Tompkins, Cayuga, Madison, and Tioga counties are in or near the famous lake dis-

trict, where large crops were once reared and good ones are still grown. Greene, Chenango, Otsego, and Schoharie are garden spots. All of them, however, are on branches of main lines of railroad and do not attract the eye of the home-seeking classes which travel on the principal routes. A vigorous system of advertising, with colonization work at immigrant depots, might rectify the whole trouble. But such devices, familiar as they are in the West, are utterly unknown to the stagnant rural communities of New York and New England.

Dr. Frederick Cook, having used up his lecture money, has come back with a plea in extenuation. He has managed to sell the latter to a magazine for a thousand dollars, and if his countrymen want to hear more he will doubtless be ready to make terms with a lyceum circuit. The doctor says he was crazy while on the icepack and is not at all sure that he found the pole. Later, perhaps, if the magazine bounty holds out, he will tell how he acquired the hallucination that he scaled Mount McKinley.

The bubonic plague, which is a filth disease, has spread over portions of Manchuria and China, and may be the means, through foreign interference of driving the people there into some respect for cleanliness. The average Manchurian village is sewerless, except for open pits in the rear of each dwelling, and the few conduit sewers in large towns are exposed in the middle of the main streets. Such places abound with rats. To make matters worse, public wells at the intersection of the busiest thoroughfares are close to spaces set apart for slaughtering. The dead of a Manchurian city are neither burned nor put underground, the remains of the common people being laid on the surface outside the municipal walls and covered by dirt in the form of hillocks which not uncommonly are invaded by dogs and pigs and even by wolves. Conditions are ripe for epidemics. Left to themselves, the native inhabitants would let matters go from bad to worse, but now that the Russians and Japanese have established themselves in Manchuria some effective hygienic discipline may be enforced from which, in the long run, the peasantry may learn the value of sanitary precaution.

Senator Ben Tillman of South Carolina, who half a year ago was given up to die by everybody, his physicians included, is again in Washington and has assured President Taft that he has "a lot of good fights" left in him. Senator Tillman's own explanation of his recovery accredits it to the complete change of interest and occupation involved in "building a big barn" on his South Carolina plantation. No doubt the senator speaks facetiously, and yet there may be a serious truth in his statement. Nothing is so good for a weary mind or a spent body as complete change. It beats medicine; its beats rest; it beats even the many schemes of exercise. Some time back the editor of the *Argonaut* sat at dinner next a physician of high distinction in San Francisco, perhaps of most distinction at the points of profound medical knowledge combined with profound judgment. The conversation turned upon exercise as an aid in maintaining human vigor. "The last word has not been said," remarked the physician, "with respect to exercise. In this as in many other things one man's meat may be another man's poison. Exercise, good thing as it is in most cases, may in special instances be a positive harm. But there can be no doubt about the value of diversion. Here is where all are on a level. Diversion—change of occupation, change of thought—is good for every human creature in any and all stages of life."

The "Angel House" in Tacoma has been closed on account of the old age of the woman who maintained it. The "Angel House" was the residence of Mrs. Mary Ann Cornelius, a clergyman's widow, and it was kept open for years for the benefit of boys and young men. Games, reading, and sociability were the means taken by the philanthropic woman of correcting evil tendencies in the boys, many of whom she was able to aid in various ways. Mrs. Cornelius is eighty-three years old and has gone to Chicago to live with a son.

An Englishman's assertion that cider is the national drink spurs the American to inquire whether his national drink be buttermilk. Cider was a favorite beverage in England three centuries ago, especially in Sussex, Kent, and Worcester. London "gilded youth" is said to have frequented some years ago a West End resort where cider was the principal drink.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

"Deliver gifted men from the temptation to use their gifts cheaply." Such is the terse plea of Professor Jastrow. It is an epigrammatic form of the complaint so often made that American professors are underpaid, and lends interest to the attempt which Oxford is about to make to call in the old world to redress the balance of the new. For the delegates of that ancient English university have founded a lectureship which is to be held by American scholars only, the subject-matter of which shall be the political, institutional, economical, or social history, or conditions of the United States. To prevent this announcement raising professorial hopes too high it should be added at once that the remuneration will be on a modest scale, that is, an annual payment of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and no one will be allowed to hold the lectureship for two consecutive years. However, the course will not involve formidable preparation, for in no case are the lectures to exceed six in number, and they may be as few as two. This is a small beginning, but a grain of mustard seed may have large issues. That there will be any lack of American professors to deliver the course is unthinkable; the fee is large enough to pay the ocean passage both ways and leave a balance of five hundred dollars to the good, for it goes without saying that there will be plenty of Oxford dons eager to extend full hospitality to the visiting lecturers. Even were it otherwise, there are doubtless many of our professors who would, for the mere honor, gladly lecture at Oxford for the purpose of instructing the future rulers of England in the essentials of American history and polity.

In addition to this lectureship, for which American scholars only are available, it should be recorded that at the sister university of Cambridge there has been founded, in memory of King Edward, a lectureship in English literature which is also to be open to American professors. As the foundation fund amounts to a hundred thousand dollars, this chair promises to be worth occupying, and in view of the fact that the appointments are to be made by the ruling sovereign of Great Britain, it looks as though the American ambassador will have another duty attached to his office.

All the novelists seem to be taking to the lecture platform. Last week Rudyard Kipling was to the fore; this week it is Thomas Hardy, who has waited until he is a septuagenarian before making his first public speech. And, naturally, his theme dealt with the past. He told how he had been called upon by an American gentleman who was in a bad temper, because he had diverged from his direct route for the purpose of visiting the ancient Dorchester, only to discover that he knew a hundred towns in the United States more ancient looking than that Dorchester which is known to so many thousands as the Casterbridge of the Wessex novels. Mr. Hardy is not indifferent to the difficulty of keeping a town in working order while retaining all its ancient features, but he adds:

Yet it must not be forgotten that these are its chief attractions for visitors. Old houses, in short, have a far larger commercial value than their owners always remember, and it is only when they have been destroyed and tourists who have come to see them vow in their disappointment that they will never visit the spot again that this is realized. Milton's well-known observation, "almost as well kill a man as kill a good hook," applies not a little to a good old building, which is not only a hook but a unique manuscript, and has no fellow.

That Mr. Hardy should have found his visitor from the United States so angry with Dorchester is of good omen for the United States. He will be a centre of genuine conservation in this country and he can not have too many supporters. Even Boston, where the past is usually preserved so carefully, has attained a repentant mood that the fine old Hancock mansion on Beacon Hill was allowed to be torn down.

If America is ever to have a school of architecture native to its soil, the colonial buildings must be preserved not only for the sake of their sentimental connection with the past, but as object lessons for the present and future. As Henry Van Dyke protests, the borrowings of American architects are graceless. It would indeed seem as though the majority of them go abroad not so much to study planning and construction as to get a portfolio of photographs of European buildings which can be reproduced or adapted to American use. Mr. Van Dyke adds:

Certainly they have laid violent hands on whatever has pleased them there and reproduced it here without preface or apology, and without, in many cases, a sense of propriety or a particle of humor. They are not able to see the grotesque in a Roman arch changed into a clearing-house, or a Veronese council-hall made to do service as a printing-shop, or a Greek temple turned into a bull-and-bear pit where brokers may roar the price of their stocks. What sense of fitness is there in a dry goods store that imitates a Moorish palace, or a railway station that resembles a temple of justice, or an apartment-house that looks like the square tower of an English cathedral? In what way do such things represent American life, or stand for American art, or best subserve an American purpose? New York, to go no further in the country, is filled with barbarities of taste, atrocities of style, that have no sanity in them. Many of them are, to be sure, blatant advertisements of business ventures in which the architects have not had their own way; but many of them are architectural attempts to graft the old on the new, and are mere caterings to the taste for foreign art.

From this wholesale condemnation the sky-scraper is excluded. Which is well. Perhaps most people are too near the sky-scraper to see anything but its commercialism, and are oblivious of the fact that it has no defect save its originality. But the condemnatory "hideous" is being less frequently applied to those sky-soaring buildings, and it may be taken as an axiom that to the reflective visitor they are the

best visible expression of the American temperament. One such visitor will not soon forget his impression on first seeing the Flatiron in New York, now almost a molehill in comparison with subsequent achievements. To stand at the base of that daring wedge of building and follow its lines skyward, and to reflect on the spirit which pioneered even in design such a departure from all previous hugging-the-earth styles of building, was to gain no mean conception of the American spirit in its scorn of convention. That feeling evidently inspired Temple Scott, a writer of English birth, when penning that suggestive study of the Paris-trained American which appears in the *Forum*. On his return to New York the young artist was impressed by the "barbaric daring" of the architects of his native land, and found tears welling to his eyes as he gazed along Fifth Avenue and thought of the Boulevard Saint-Michel in Paris. What a contrast! he thought; idealism and materialism, light and darkness, culture and ignorance, and all the rest. But, happily, he had a friend who could open his eyes:

Look at that Flatiron Building! There it is, stuck in the common rock. But, see, it mounts into heaven itself, a thing of heavy its sordid builders never dreamed of realizing. The sky has taken it unto itself as a part of its own pageantry. Let it be the symbol of your life.

And look back at this magnificent perspective! It breathes hope from every tower and turret, and ends in a cloud of glory. Let that be the symbol of your native land. So long, Weaver, my boy! Remember, here is your Paris!

And the lesson was not thrown away. The artist was able to put Cézanne in the background and to forget the Boulevard Saint-Michel as he looked up Fifth Avenue.

For many generations university plays have always been in closer and quicker touch with contemporary life than the more serious efforts of the dramatists who cater for the public stage. They are generally of the comedy order, and take for their themes the studies and experiences of students, or turn into ridicule some passing fad of the day. Such a play is that burlesque called "The Socialist," which enlivened Cambridge recently. Socialism flourishes there, thanks to a few idealist dons of the Fabian persuasion, and their theories gave the huddling playwright an excellent opportunity for fun with a moral. According to the story of the burlesque, Botolph Hall, one of the colleges, was in a bad way. Men were not industrious in their work. Only the Knavian Society was flourishing. Its members wore red shirts, red ties, and red socks, and carried tiny red flags. In due time they were reinforced by the arrival of the famous Professor Hank, the great revolutionist from Mars, and the whole college became his disciples.

"Did the dons build the colleges?" Hanks demanded. "No."

"Then why do they have the best rooms?"

Dons are abolished. The master is abolished. Each man sets his own examination paper and corrects it himself, and every man naturally gets a first. But the success becomes tiresome, and the students finally return with relief to the old system.

As Botolph is the original name of Boston, this burlesque would not require much adaptation for use at Harvard. There is no doubt a Hank among the professors, and for the rest the absurdities of socialism are the same the world over.

Thanks to the sympathetic pen of Matthew Arnold, the pathetic story of Maurice de Guérin is known to thousands of English readers whose acquaintance with French literature is otherwise limited, and they will be interested to learn that the centenary of the birth of that gifted writer was celebrated recently in a fitting manner. That occasion has called forth a volume by M. Lefranc, "Maurice de Guérin," which gathers into a convenient form all that is known of the youthful genius. Perhaps the centenary celebration and M. Lefranc's volume may achieve the desirable service of reviving interest in a writer who was so distinguished for his delicate sense of the life of nature and for his rare power of interpreting that sense for others. Such a result would aid in that reaction against the romantic school which is perhaps the most distinct feature of contemporary French literature.

Chinese rice paper has no rice whatever in its composition. That curiously brittle, pure white material used for the marvelous drawings of Chinese artists is manufactured from the pith of a tree peculiar to Formosa. The first paper was never made of raw cotton. The Chinese did not use it, and history began with the making of rag paper, both in Arabia more than ten centuries ago, and also in Europe when the Crusaders, having brought the industry westward, the first paper manufactory was established in the last years of the thirteenth century.

By a vote of the London county council blind persons are to be carried free hereafter on the cars operated by the council. The persons who benefit are required to have the indorsement of some institution for the blind and to carry a certified photograph of themselves. This philanthropic plan is due to a recognition of the growing dangers of London streets, on account of the increase in motor vehicles.

The new game ordinance in Uganda, which came into force last June, has caused a considerable amount of dissatisfaction among officials in the protectorate, and big game shooters in particular. Formerly a ten-pound license entitled the holders to kill two elephants, two rhinoceros, and ten antelopes, while now for this privilege forty pounds has to be paid.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The "war governor" of Rhode Island, William Sprague, has just passed the eightieth anniversary of his birthday. With Mrs. Sprague he is now in Europe.

Norman McFarlane Walker, the New Orleans journalist, has been loyal to his home city from his birth in 1853. He is an enthusiast in educational movement for progress, and the author of several historical works.

Henry Edward Krehbiel, the musical critic and author of many standard works on musical topics, is a native of Michigan, and is fifty-six years old. He has been a chevalier of the Legion of Honor in France since 1901.

Professor Stanley Lane-Poole, for a long time professor of Arabic in Trinity College, is the most eminent authority on Arabian history and Oriental art. He is only fifty-six, but has written a score of books on his studies in the East. He was born in London, but makes his home in Wicklow.

George John Murdock, whose inventions connected with electric lighting have been of remarkable value is fifty-two years old and lives in Newark, New Jersey though he was born in New York. More recently his studies have been confined to the improvement of combustion engines, in which field lies the successful future of airships.

Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne, daughter of Linus Yale inventor of the Yale lock, studied art and became a writer of magazine articles and stories, but found a greater attraction in the specialty of hand-wrought metals and has practically devoted her life to this work. Mrs. Wynne lives in Chicago, and is president of arts and crafts society.

Among the enthusiastic Welsh writers on national topics there are few who have become so widely known as the Hon. John Gwenogvryn Evans, who still resides at Tremvan, in North Wales. He was educated at Oxford, and has been writing steadily since 1882. Some twenty books have come from his pen, nearly all intimately connected with Welsh records.

Miss Johanna Redmond, daughter of John Redmond the leader of the Irish Nationalists in the British House of Commons, is a rising author, who though only twenty-two years old is now preparing her second play for production in London. In her first dramatic effort, a one-act piece, the part of the heroine was played by her sister Esther, who has recently married a New York doctor.

James Francis Hogan, secretary to the Colonial party in the British Parliament, has seen life in various parts of the kingdom. He was born in Tipperary fifty-five years ago, was taken to Australia by his parents when a child, and lived in the island commonwealth long enough to learn of its resources and attractions. He has written many books, history and fiction, and is now content to remain in London.

Major-General George F. Elliott, commander of marines, who retired last week from the service on account of age, was born in Alabama and entered the marine corps in 1870. He was a major at the time of the Boxer uprisings in China, and commanded the marine battalion on the march to Peking, which resulted in the rescue of the legation residents. General Elliott has been stationed in Washington since 1903.

Alfred Craven Harrison, Jr., of Philadelphia, is one of the few who are to be classified as scientific explorers. He was born in Philadelphia in 1875 and still has a residence in that city, but his search of unknown places for unknown things has taken him to almost every geographical division of the globe. India and its neighboring empires and provinces and the islands of the southern seas have been most attractive to him.

Count Goblet d'Alviella, member and secretary of the Belgian senate and professor in the University of Brussels, married Miss Margaret Packard of Albany, New York, in 1879. The count has been an active traveler in spite of his educational and national interests. His work on the "Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought in England, America, and India" was published in 1885, but it had been preceded and has been followed by other serious studies.

George William Joy, the Irish artist whose paintings have been bought by the governments of Germany, France, and New Zealand, studied in Paris after his course at Harrow and Kensington. He has been awarded medals at Paris, Munich, and Berlin, and at Chicago, where many of his military and historical pictures were shown at the exposition. The artist is a noted rifle-shot, and seldom misses a contest. He has participated several times in international shooting matches.

William Earl Hidden, the mineralogist, after whom the transparent green variety of spodumene called hiddenite was named for its discovery by him in 1880, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, fifty-seven years ago. In 1879 Professor Hidden was sent out by Edison to search for platinum mines, and he discovered in the Appalachian belt many deposits of monazite from which is derived thorium, used in making incandescent gas lights. He has made many other discoveries of gems and minerals, and since 1906 has been engaged in an exhaustive examination of the Canadian region about Cobalt.

IN MEMORY OF MARK TWAIN.

The Carnegie Hall Meeting.

Who would have thought that in this particular year of grace it would be possible to arrange a memorial meeting after a sane and common-sense pattern instead of by the usual methods of tearful conventionality? The vast audience that assembled in Carnegie Hall to do honor to the memory of Mark Twain were at first by no means sure as to the particular cast of countenance that they ought to assume. It was a memorial meeting, and an ancient and time-honored custom has decreed that memorial meetings must be lachrymose. But then again it was Mark Twain, and since the angels in heaven were probably laughing for good and sufficient reasons there could certainly be no cause why unangelic beings on earth should weep. Moreover, how could the idea of mourning be associated with the prince of humor and good fellowship? But then one never knows what human stupidity can do, especially when other stupidities have shown the way and set the precedent, and so it was with almost a sigh of relief that we heard Mr. Howells strike the keynote of the evening and declare that the occasion was not one of solemnity, that Mark Twain himself would have hated the idea of anything like an obsequy, and that sincerity alone should be the guide of human expression. Let our memory of Mark Twain, said Mr. Howells, be as composite as his own likeness, sanguine, sorrowful, despairing, exulting, loving, hating, blessing, cursing, mocking, mourning, laughing, lamenting.

It was Mr. Choate who made the speech of the evening. Since Mr. Choate accepted the embassy to England he has been past master in the saying of witty and graceful things upon all occasions, for as every one knows this is the main duty required of an American ambassador to England. Mark Twain once shot an arrow direct at Mr. Choate himself and transfixed him under the fifth rib. "Choate," said the humorist, "is full of history, and some of it is true." Of course Mr. Choate had to say something about the Englishman's proverbial difficulties when confronted with a joke. He knew it wasn't so, but he admitted that when the Englishman does arise to the occasion he does it effectually, and if his laugh is a little belated it will come some time. And so Mark Twain had found an audience in England that was even more enthusiastic than the home-grown article. It was an English scholar who professed to have found the original of the immortal jumping frog in an ancient Latin classic and who then read the extract to Mark, who listened attentively and then said, "Yes, sir; that's my frog." Mr. Choate went on to mention a fact that is not generally known. Mark Twain once enlisted in the Confederate army, but he "withdrew" after two weeks' service. "He got into the army by accident, but he got out of it by design."

The Rev. Joseph Twichell made what was perhaps the most intimate speech of the evening. Twichell and Twain were ancient cronies, which says much for the clergyman, for Twain was never among those who burned incense at the clerical altar. He once said to Twichell, "Oh, this infernal human race. I wish I had it in the ark again—with an auger. Would you—would you, I ask—start the human race again if you had it to do?"

Another interesting speaker was Mr. Joseph Cannon, who came to town for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of his old friend, and he was as frankly cynical on the platform at Carnegie Hall as he ever was at Washington. It is one of Mr. Cannon's charms that under no conditions does he varnish himself, nor does he ever hang art muslin over the rough places of his nature. No one will ever discover an unsuspected vice in Mr. Cannon. Every vice that he has in stock—and he is well equipped with this particular commodity—is kept steadfastly in its place where it will do its owner the most good and be most visible and most aggressive. And so Mr. Cannon told us all about Mark's lobbying for his favorite copyright bill, and he said that there was no "altruistic humbug" about him or about his efforts to pass a bill that would benefit himself. Mark expected to do a great deal when he went to Washington, but he knew no more how to do it than the babe unborn, and so he complained that his hands were tied by "those confounded Cannon rules." Eventually he appealed for help. "Dear Uncle Joe," he wrote. "Please get me the thanks of Congress, not next week but right away. Do accomplish this for your affectionate friend, by persuasion if you can, by violence if you must, because it is absolutely necessary that I get on the floor for two or three hours. I have arguments with me. Also a barrel with liquid in it. Get me a chance. Get this measure through for me yourself and let Congress ratify it later." Eventually Mr. Cannon lent his friend a room and a messenger, and then the members were bombarded with notes. Naturally they became as clay in the hands of the potter and the bill was passed. Mark Twain could have passed a bill through a three-inch board.

It is not easy to see why Champ Clark was invited to speak, for Mr. Clark can hardly be described as one of Mark Twain's friends, nor is he an orator of sweetness and light, at least not when the wine of victory is in his head. In point of fact he lacked tact, although it may have been mere cussedness that tempted him to say at such a time, and to such an audience, and upon such a subject, that he hoped to succeed Mr. Can-

non in the Speaker's chair as he had succeeded him on the Carnegie Hall platform. Mr. Clark's tirade against lobbying was equally superfluous, seeing that Mark's genial lobbying had just been the occasion of so much delighted applause. But perhaps Mr. Clark can not help this sort of thing, but it is to be wished that he could.

It is needless to say that Mr. Watterson was an orator of quite another calibre. He told some capital stories, some of them new ones, but there was plenty of room for the old one of how Mark persuaded Watterson to personate Halstead for the benefit of a cub reporter and to make the unfortunate Halstead say a number of things that quite justified the insinuation of the newspaper in which the extraordinary interview appeared that Halstead "had just dined." Mr. Watterson touchingly referred to Mark's marriage as "the most brilliant success of his life." The death of his wife was a staggering blow and one that he never survived.

And so the meeting passed off without a touch of the dreaded solemnity. There were no emblems of mourning, nothing that would have been incongruous with a first night at the opera. The most conspicuous object was a bust of the humorist, and it needed no great effort of the imagination to see a twinkle in the kindly eyes as speaker after speaker added to the store of anecdote and reminiscence. Solemnity would indeed have been strangely out of place, for Mark himself was never solemn, although he had once seemed for a moment to be very solemn when he accompanied Mr. Choate to St. George's Chapel in London. "What an awful thing it is—" he began in a hushed whisper. Mr. Choate leaned over to catch the weighty words. "What an awful thing it is to be in a place where one can not smoke."

NEW YORK, December 1, 1910.

OLD FAVORITES.

Two Loves and a Life.

To the scaffold's foot she came;
Leaped her black eyes into flame,
Rose and fell her panting breast—
There a pardon closely pressed.

She had heard her lover's doom,
Traitor death and shameful tomb—
Heard the price upon his head,
"I will save him," she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him, too;
She will *weep*, but Ruth will *do*;
Who should save him, sore distressed,
Who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came;
On her lips there rose a name—
Rose, and yet in silence died—
Annie nestled by his side.

Over Annie's face he bent,
Round her waist his fingers went;
"Wife," he called her—called her "wife!"
Simple word to cost a life.

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay,
But she coldly turned away;
"He has sealed his traitor fate—
I can love, and I can hate."

"Annie is his wife," they said.
"Be it wife, then, to the dead,
Since the dying she will mate:
I can love, and I can hate."

"What their sin! They do but love;
Let this thought thy bosom move."
Came the jealous answer straight:
"I can love, and I can hate."

"Mercy!" still they cried. But she:
"Who has mercy upon me?
Who? My life is desolate—
I can love, and I can hate."

From the scaffold stairs she went,
Shouts the noonday silence rent;
All the air was quick with cries:
"See the traitor! See, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream,
Saw the axe upswinging gleam;
All her woman's anger died—
"From the king!" she faintly cried—

"From the king. His name—hehold!"
Quick the parchment she unrolled.
Paused the axe in upward swing—
"He is pardoned!" "Live the king!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long,
All about the scaffold throng:
There entwining, fold in fold,
Raven tresses, locks of gold:

There against Ruth's tortured breast
Annie's tearful face is pressed,
While the white lips murmuring move:
"I can hate—but I can love."—William Sawyer.

It took 500 grains of cyanide of potassium, a deadly poison, to kill the Gypsy Queen, a trick elephant, a few days ago at Bartell's animal farm, Jersey City, in execution of the death sentence passed on her for the murder of her keeper, Robert Schiel, on October 20 last. Less than one grain is ordinarily fatal to man, and the first convulsive symptoms supervene almost before the victim can set down the glass from which he swallowed. But the Queen swayed backward and forward, flapping her big ears, for ten minutes before she showed the least uneasiness, and it was forty-four minutes before she was pronounced dead.

RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

A Glance at New Work of the Publishers in Paris.

"Regionalism" does not appear to be making much headway. That movement was started a year or two back for the purpose of showing that other places than Paris can inspire good literature, and it did produce a few excellent proofs that the protest against the dominance of the capital was well founded. At first it was confined to novels, but last year several poets entered the lists and broke a lance or two in favor of the provinces. Now, however, it would seem as though the poets and critics are content to leave the burden of protest on the shoulders of the novelists, and even they are no longer so zealous in the campaign as they were a year or two since. It would be straining the name of "regionalist" to the breaking point to apply it to René Bazin, even though his "La Barrière" has but a few of its scenes laid in Paris, but M. de Pomairols' "Ascension" may be claimed for "regionalism" with good cause, for the story is laid in the south of France and its theme has no relation to the life of the capital. Perhaps, however, "Ascension" should be described as a religious romance rather than a novel, for its interest centres in a young girl whose outlook on life is so perplexed that she seeks refuge in a convent, only to have that haven devastated by the dispersion of the religious orders.

Despite the brave efforts of the "regionalists," Paris still provides the novelists with their chief inspiration. For example, M. Louis Delzons's "Le Meilleur Amour" is a sprightly, virile, and deftly written story of the surface aspect of bourgeois society in Paris. The characters are unusually few in number, including a half-demented idealist and a great physician whose one passion in life is his affection for a child whom he has lost since her infancy. Paris, again, and its suburbs, provide the background for Brada's "Le Brèche," a story of popular appeal depicting the struggles of a deeply attached couple to insure happiness for their son. The main charm of the book is its glowing picture of parental love, but it is also notable for its many dramatic situations. The historical novel is worthily represented this season by Maxime Formont's "La Florentine," which deals with the period of Savonarola and Botticelli and has many brave pictures of Florentine life in the fifteenth century.

One of the curiosities of the book season has been the publication, with a preface by Paul Bourget, of "Etienne Mayran," the fragment of a novel written by M. Taine in his early manhood. Seeing that the torso gives the history of a youthful collegian and describes the expansion of his ideas, M. Bourget may well be correct in regarding the fragment as of autobiographical value. In any case, the book is remarkable for the prevision it gives of that literary intuition which distinguished Taine's later work. M. Bourget has also published a volume of short stories, entitled, after the chief tale, "La Dame qui a Perdu son Peintre," a sparkling study of art criticism.

No record, however brief, of recent fiction would be complete which ignored the realistic "Marie Claire," the work of a poor dressmaker named Marguerite Andoux, to which the Prix Goncourt has been awarded. It is an example of that one novel which every man and woman is supposed to be able to write by drawing upon personal experience. It is the story of its author's life, told with singular directness and much naïve charm, and recalls, in a different plane of society, the experience which Pierre de Coudrevin describes in her most popular novel. The Goncourt judges have never made an award more in harmony with the spirit of the brothers whose trust they administer, for the persistence of the poor dressmaker in carefully elaborating her story through ten long years would have made a cogent appeal to the two writers who every day set down in their journal what they have seen and heard. "Marie Claire" is already a "best seller," and its author correspondingly happy, for while the Prix Goncourt will enrich her by a thousand dollars that will be but a small sum compared with her royalties.

Unnumerable as have been the volumes added to Napoleonic literature during recent years, the end is not yet. Two new studies of much interest and value have already appeared this season, A. Espitalier's "Napoléon et le Roi Murat" and E. Guillon's "Napoléon et la Suisse." The first is based upon documents unearthed in the archives of Naples and Great Britain, and thoroughly substantiates the contention of its author that nothing connected with Napoleon's career can be pronounced definitive in view of the records which are being brought to light almost every day. M. Espitalier's study adds greatly to our knowledge of Napoleon's ill-fated brother-in-law and throws much light on the inner history of Europe. Of Napoleon himself there is probably more in M. Guillon's volume, which shows that from 1803 to 1815, and notwithstanding the amazing activities which employed him during that period, the French emperor yet found time to play a conspicuous part in the domestic affairs of Switzerland. The purpose of the book is to show that Napoleon was on the whole a good friend to the Swiss, even although his exactions were sometimes oppressive.

PARIS, November 21, 1910.

ST. MARTIN.

Work at clearing away the wreck of the great bridge has gone on for a year, and it is far from completion.

SPINNING TOPS.

What Genius and Perseverance Achieved.

For old Crutcher perseverance was neither a virtue nor euphemism: it was a mania, barren of praise and productive of scoffing. In the beginning he had minded the jibes; by the time he was sixty-five he had been long inured, even feeling grateful for them in a way. For he was an inventor, and can one who fashions things quite new escape obloquy? Is not slander, indeed, the tribute of the vulgar to ability? The admission of genius? The truest, albeit unconsciously rendered, honor to be expected?

"Some day—" he would mutter to himself, philosophically if vaguely, when he had gained his little room after running a gauntlet of gamins. "Some day—"

He had been comforting himself with those words, pregnant with future recompense, for a score of years now. The children who had followed him in the first days of his labor, babbling ridicule after the fashion of babes of the street, had begot another generation, that chided him now with more vehemence for the instinct that was their heritage. Only to children is such a game ever fresh.

For two decades harried by doubters, his own faith in himself had thrived and flourished the lustier because of his lack of some one with whom to share it. Carefully he had nourished it from the moment he first became engrossed in his problem; with all the force of his will had he preserved that faith through disappointment, till finally there was no longer need for him to guard it; so powerful had it grown that it overmastered the man, forcing him on in spite of defeat, gripping and swaying him as can only a passion. There was no retreat for Crutcher now.

His mania was perpetual motion.

"An' how's the machine today?" asked the Irishwoman on the second floor as Crutcher passed her open door, the uneven boards creaking beneath his steps. It was always the machine, and not the man, that people asked of. Crutcher himself had forgotten the man.

"It's getting along, thank you," he answered. "It's very slow work, you know. But then, big things can't be done in a day."

The old man spoke glibly, because he had been making much the same answer through many years: he spoke with a touch of gayety, for he was ever pleased to find one who would talk of his invention. This the Irishwoman knew. Nevertheless, her charity was limited to one question on wash day.

"Sure, an' I bet that's y'r dinner in th' bag," she said reproachfully, going to the door and pointing to his small package with a great, square hand, red and puckered by hot water. "Now why don't you take care of y'rself, Mistor Crutcher? That's no way for a man to ate. I got a bit o' soup left on the stove here—you take some of it." She turned back and ladled out a heavy fluid into a cracked plate. "There, that's good for what ails ye; take it," she commanded.

Crutcher obeyed. He carried the plate very carefully to the fourth floor, spilling only a few drops, but, his room gained, he set it down and forgot it in contemplation of his machine.

The room was in the front of a rear tenement, its one window giving out on a vista which ended, twenty feet away, with the back of the house that fronted the street. No other outlook had Crutcher: in that room he lived and worked, leaving it only to buy his meagre meals or, rarely, for a stroll to the square nearby. As a rule, the persecution of children spoiled these little excursions, which to the inventor had the infrequency and all the importance of holidays. The room was not quite square. Large, irregular stains were the sole decorations of the plastered walls save for a two-foot shelf, on which were a bottle of oil, a book dealing with mechanics, and a few stray tools. Almost opposite the door was a small, full-bellied coal stove—a forge as well—its pipe running into the chimney behind it, which ate into the scanty space of the room. In the corner farthest from the window was a cot, with its soiled linen and a quilt whose grimy, matted cotton showed through rents, lying as they had been tossed by Crutcher that morning. At the foot of the cot was a large soap box, standing on end and furnished with shelves in the form of a cupboard. On its top stood a big pitcher; a wash basin was on the floor beside it. Crutcher's dishes were strewn in an irregular line along the mantelpiece in back of the stove. Straddled over a small box, half filled with coals and kindling wood, was a chair. Directly under the window was Crutcher's work table, plain and strong, battered and grimed. At one corner was clamped a vise; about it were strewn tools, nuts, bolts, odds and ends of accumulated litter.

He unlocked the drawer of the table even while he still held the bag. There, on top of a mass of creased and soiled papers and mechanic's refuse, was his pride, his ambition, his hope—the machine.

It was elliptical, of steel, no longer than four inches, bound at its circumference with a girdle of bright nickel. It was studded with nicked screws and from each end protruded a pole of brass, tapering almost to a point. In that creation of metal, shining, sinister looking as an engine of war, were bound and riveted twenty years of John Crutcher's life; a bauble, in looks the toy of a child of Mars, it contained the ambitions of a human soul and the love and passion of a man.

"My beauty!" Crutcher murmured.

Eternal movement, everlasting life, embodied in a bit of transient metal—Crutcher saw nothing ridiculous in that. It was well that he did not, for man can do better, even at the cost of sanity, than to see the absurdity of his reason for being.

Crutcher's idea was simple. His initial motive power was a spring—a tiny coil for a man of machines to love. This acted on a propeller, sunk in the belt of nickel. The poles fitted two cups of steel, attached like the bowls of opium pipes to a pair of upright rods. Accurately adjusted, the invention would, once started, run forever—some day. Crutcher had only to overcome the troublesome friction.

"Here is the germ!" said the old man, his voice low but quivering with the ardor of exultation. "Only a little more!" He put into place the upright rods. Then he wound the spring, arranged his invention, and started the propeller. "Ah! That's it! Go it!" he cried excitedly, as it whirled rapidly, giving forth a shrill hum, the bright studs forming lines almost as solid as the belt about the circumference. He knew that, alone, the spring would run itself out in eleven minutes. The inventor took out his watch. He tried to suppress his enthusiasm. Now and then he leaned forward, his face aglow, as if he were the spectator of a race. "Go it! Go it!" he cried softly again and again.

Nine minutes passed, ten, twelve—and still the machine whirled. By and by it slowed, lurched around spasmodically for a bit, and then stopped, seemingly with reluctance.

"Twenty-two minutes and a half!" Crutcher whispered in suppressed delight. "More by a full half-minute than ever before."

Thus he was found by his nephew an hour later. Crutcher's dinner was still in its bag, where he had thrown it to one side of the work-table. The soup was cold and on its surface lay an icing of thick, yellowish fat.

"Hello," said the youth as he entered the room.

The old man was surprised; his nephew had not knocked.

"Hello, Danny. The machine's just run twenty-two minutes and a half! What do you think of that? I've almost got it, I know. It won't be long now, and then you'll see! Just a few more changes; but I know what has to be fixed. It won't be long now."

"S'hat so?" was the answer. Danny was indifferent. "Fine, aint it?"

The nephew looked around Crutcher's room, then walked across it and sat on the tangled bedclothes of the cot.

"Yes; twenty-two minutes and a half. That's in the stand, of course. Perpendicularly she'll go nearly as long. Come here; I'll show you. You just watch, now."

With great pride he wound up the contrivance again and prepared to spin it on the table surface.

"Oh, I aint got time tonight," objected Danny. "We had a big order to get out and I got stuck at the shop—got away late. I'd like to see it," he added, a bit sorry for having caused the disappointment that was so clear on the old man's face. "But I got to meet a felleh in a few minutes."

He paused for a moment. Then, trying to convey the impression that the idea had just occurred to him, he continued, "Oh, say, did you get yuh pension money on time? I'm a bit shy this week and I thought maybe you c'd help me out."

He waited anxiously.

"Why, yes, Danny," faltered Crutcher. "You know, though, it's all I got. And my work takes up a lot of money, a whole lot. But if you—that is, maybe—"

"Well, if you don't want to," said the youth in an aggrieved tone, after a while of silence.

"Why, Danny, now," pleaded Crutcher, hurt. "You know you're welcome to it. I'd be glad to have you take it. I can make it up some other way till you get ready to pay it back. And if you can't—Here."

The boy, the son of his sister, was his only relative, his only connection with real life and with the past. Crutcher pulled a thin roll of bills from his pocket.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Oh, three dollahs will do."

"All right, Danny; be a good boy. I wish you could stay. I'd like to have you look at the machine and tell me what you think of it. She's a little beauty, eh? Not much more, Danny, and then we'll show 'em."

But the youth, the money safe in his pocket, cut the old man short and hurried away.

Crutcher ate the contents of his paper bag, and then went back to play with the germ of eternal motion.

Two weeks later the boy was called to the bare room. Crutcher lay on the cot. The Irishwoman was hustling about. When Danny entered she gave him a look fraught with the news of a crisis—an appealing look tinged with hopelessness.

Crutcher's voice was thin and his tone was that of an old man who feels that he has not been treated fairly and yet knows the futility of protest.

"Now, what do you think of this, Danny?" he asked. "Just when I almost had it—here I am laid up and no one knows how long I'll be in bed."

He reached out with one scrawny hand and picked up the machine from where it lay at his side on the chair.

"And she ran twenty-four minutes just before I fell ill. I found two screws that needed fixing, and that

helped a lot. But now I can't work on it—isn't that a shame? Isn't it, honest? But I've almost got it Danny—just a little while now."

He stroked the bauble of bright metals affectionately. "A beauty, isn't she?" he demanded, holding it toward the light. The laundry hung from the lines of the front tenement reflected the sun brilliantly, almost gayly, into the small room. "If anything should happen—you know—of course it won't, but if something should, you understand, Danny, before I finish, I want you to take the machine. The plans are in the drawer. The patent papers are there, too. Take it, Danny, and make it your life work. There's big things in it, boy big things. It's yours."

Crutcher never sat down to his work-table again. When he died, Danny examined his room curiously. He rummaged through the table, the soapbox cupboard and along the mantel. He was surprised to find many things that he did not remember ever having seen before, though they must have been in plain sight. But he found nothing of value. He picked up Crutcher's invention, the fruit of two-score years, the product of much misery. It glistened prettily, the nickel screws contrasting with the darker steel. Danny set it going on the table, for a time listening to its high-pitched hum, and wondering what he would do with it. But he had not the patience to wait for the whirl to end of itself; he caught the machine up, gripping it tight, and let the propeller die out furtively. After he had taken it to his own room, he occasionally would set the contrivance to spinning its span of twenty-four minutes out of eternity. Sometimes he would set it in the upright bars, but oftener he did not bother, letting it whirl on the edge of his washstand.

"I wonder what good that'll ever do me," he would mutter. Less frequently he would add, "He was a good old guy, anyway." Then Danny would toss the machine back into the drawer of the washstand.

By and by he almost forgot it entirely, forgot the patent papers, forgot even his uncle. Christmas drew near. Danny, on his way home, now and then stopped to look in store windows, festooned with many hues and shapes, some speckled with hard glittering imitation snow or tufts of cotton, all brightly lighted, as brilliant as prosperous saloons. As he gazed idly at the display of a toy shop, his eye was caught by a large placard hung in the centre of the pane. "The Latest Novelty," it proclaimed; "the Scientific Wonder of the Year, the Auto-Propelling Top. Runs Fifteen Minutes Without Stopping. Take One Home to the Children. 25 Cents."

"Huh!" said the youth. "The old man did better than that by ten minutes."

He read the sign again. Then he ejaculated, "Why, say—Suppose, now there may—"

With the glowing excitement of an inspiration Danny rushed home. He tried the perpetual motion machine—it ran for twenty-four minutes. He read the dusty patent papers. The next day he saw a manufacturer.

"There might be something in it, if it were made cheap," admitted the business man, figuring as he talked. "In tin, yes; there ought to be money in it."

So they took Crutcher's machine—his germ of eternal movement, sinister looking as an engine of war, the bit of metal in which were bound and riveted a score of years of a human life and the love and ambition and passion of a man, and of it they made a novelty, a toy, a plaything of gaudy tin. M. B. LEVICK.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1910.

The name "Unionist," as now applied to one of the leading parties of Great Britain, had its origin in the split in the Liberal party in 1885-86, over Mr. Gladstone's proposal to grant home rule to Ireland. Mr. Chamberlain and the late Duke of Devonshire, who were leading lieutenants of Mr. Gladstone, left the Liberal party on that issue and formed a coalition with the Conservatives, then led by Lord Salisbury. The Chamberlain group called themselves "Liberal Unionists" because they were Liberals who insisted that the union between Great Britain and Ireland should be maintained in its present form. The coalition of Liberal Unionists and Conservatives thus came to be known simply as Unionists and, as the coalition has continued to the present day, so has the name. "Liberal," as applied to one of the political parties of Great Britain, came into general use in the second half of the last century, after the several great extensions of the franchise had made the old Whig party, the historic foe of the old Tories, or Conservatives, far more democratic in its membership. The word "Whig" is still sometimes used to describe aristocratic members of the Liberal party who inherit their politics from their Whig ancestors.

Field Marshal Hermes da Fonseca, a nephew of Deodoro da Fonseca, the first president of the republic, was inaugurated November 15 as the eighth executive chief that Brazil has had. Though the republic was proclaimed on the 15th of November, 1889, and a provisional government was organized the same day, the constitution, which was modeled on that of the United States, was not promulgated until February 24, 1891.

On the banks of the River Jordan there is a bottling works, equipped with American bottling machinery, engaged in bottling the water of the River Jordan for pious people throughout the world.

ELIHU VEDDER'S "DIGRESSIONS."

The Famous Artist as His Own Boswell.

As was the case with Rossetti and a few other painters, Elihu Vedder can wield a pen as effectively as a brush. Most artists are good talkers; few are good writers; the pen is as potent an awakener of self-consciousness as the camera in the photographic studio. Mr. Vedder, however, has the happy gift of being able to record the incidents of his varied and successful life with all the zest and directness and humor of a personal chat. Hence the unique charm of his "Digressions," which contains "the quaint legends of his infancy," and all the other happenings of his distinguished career.

In method this autobiography is unique. Unique because it has practically no method. He confesses that he could by looking over old letters get his dates right; but he has a repugnance to old letters as "such sad things," and so the reader is willing he should go on in his own way. Still, in the earlier chapters at any rate, there is some approach to orderly arrangement and not a few glimpses of his childhood. Here is an example:

In those early days no Christian home was complete without a Hell. This I could hear daily dinned into my companions, but my mother—God bless her!—being a Universalist, spared my life this nightmare, which I have seen afflict the lives of so many.

I am writing of long ago. At that time, as a matter of course, all good Christians quarreled among themselves, at least in Schenectady, but united most harmoniously in persecuting the poor Universalists. In Schenectady it was like the early days of the church. We met almost furtively, and the windows of the humble little chapel were constantly broken by stones, thrown, sometimes, during the meetings. And all this because they, the Universalists, held that a good God would never create any one for endless torture.

I notice that Dante provides a snug little place in Hell for all but himself. This idea of a Hell for others may make the belief more endurable for some—nay, even pleasant. I myself have known of people for whom some such arrangement seemed indicated.

Once met with a very good example of this gloomy belief which ruins the lives of some people—especially in age. One evening I went to call on a worthy consul in Venice, W. D. H.—not our friend W. D. Howells, who is worthy, and was once consul in Venice, but another W. D. H. He was alone, the console, held by all to be the real executive, being absent. He was sitting by the fire in a most gloomy state of mind. On my asking him why he seemed so melancholy, he told me he was thinking of Hell.

"But," said I, "my dear Mr. H., we all know you to be one of the best and most harmless of men; how on earth can you be afraid of Hell?"

He said, "We are told that we are all in danger of hell-fire." Here I could not help bursting in and saying that I thought they might be better employed than causing a good man to sit in his old age in fear and trembling at the idea of a Hell which did not exist.

"Ah, but it does exist! You have not studied it out as I have; some day you may believe as I do."

I could not help thinking of the Frenchman's remark after the perusal of some portions of the New Testament: "Wouldn't it be funny if it turned out to be true after all?"

One touch more. I was in a gondola with H. and his wife, when he broached again this cheerful theory of Hell.

"Now, H.," said his wife, "I wish you would just stop talking about Hell. You have become perfectly foolish on the subject."

He, evidently following out some train of thought, turned and said: "Well, my dear, I'm not so sure about you, either."

As becomes so faithful a disciple of Omar, Mr. Vedder is not averse to the wine when it is red, and it is fitting that as he tells how he escaped hell he should also record another notable deliverance:

My escape from teetotalism happened at school. It was not so much an escape from that as it was from breaking the pledge, for I should have signed it, had there been a pledge to sign. I really did take the pledge—as it was called—in my heart, but the lecturer having forgotten to bring the printed form, I could not sign it; thus I was prevented from breaking it in the letter at least. This lecturer was very young, but he knew his business. He commenced by showing how much alcohol is contained in such a seemingly innocent beverage as beer. By means of an alembic he drew from a pint of beer what seemed to me a quart of spirits; this left to our imagination what quantity must be contained in the hery and fatal whisky.

This was an appeal to the mind. The next was to the eye. He now displayed what appeared to be a series of landscapes; these were views of the drunkard's stomach, showing the effects of alcohol, from the first social glass in its rosy eruption, to the fatal fiery ending. This last picture was truly terrible: a perfect volcano; great streams of red-hot lava running down; and all it needed was the reflection of the flames in a bay, and the black lines of shipping against it, and a moon, to make it a perfect picture of an eruption of Vesuvius. We shivered.

He made his last appeal to the heart. The drunkard, abandoned by all but his faithful dog, reduced to abject poverty, staggers one freezing night into a shed and there sleeps the sleep of drunkenness. Saved from perishing by his faithful friend, what does he do on awakening when he feels the insatiate craving of the fiend? His bloodshot eye falls on the dog, and he kills him that he may sell his skin for yet another drink. We were in tears, and little birds never held out their beaks for food as we held out our hands clamoring for the pledge. The lecturer searched in vain in his pockets: he had forgotten to bring it, but promised to send it to us in the morning. But the night brings counsel. We talked it over. The near approach of Christmas and New Year's, and the memory of currant wine and liquorish lollipops and strong-tasting cake, induced us to postpone the signing, and I at least was saved from the inevitable backsliding.

While still a youth he made a second visit to Cuba which was notable for the awakening of the art instinct. He carved a head out of a piece of soft limestone, which was proclaimed a "wonder." It met an untimely fate at the hands of the black boy about the house:

But the spirit of art was strong within me, only it now took on one of its most primitive forms. I had been struck with the gorgeous ceremonial of the church, and in the Spanish school I went to had been duly taught the legends of the saints; so that, collecting all the tinsel and most gaudy

materials I could, and little highly colored prints of saints and gods and goddesses, and fashionable beauties, I erected an altar in a large unused room, and fitted it up beautifully with flowers and little candles, and then was ready for business. I formed my congregation by getting together all the little darkies of the neighborhood, who came willingly enough to see the splendid sight. I then taught them how to worship on bended knee, and no doubt should have arrived at passing the plate, had not a recalcitrant boy, larger and stronger than I was, held my hand when I attempted to make him kneel. This threw me into a great rage. Ah, how willingly I would have made an early martyr of him right there in the courtyard, and added him to the calendar! This happened when the candles were all alight and the altar was a dream of beauty and magnificence. It lasted but a moment—it was too fair to endure, and went up in a general blaze quite as amusing to the congregation as the worshipping. Had it not been for that beast of a boy—Luther, or Calvin, or Savonarola, I might have founded a cult of the beautiful, a religion of art for art's sake. Who knows? I never tried it again.

In due course came the inevitable visit to Europe, and Mr. Vedder looks back upon his stay in Venice as an important epoch in his career:

In any case, at that time so much art burst into my unprepared mind that the resulting confusion has lasted me for the rest of my life; and if I gave a confused impression of that period, I can assure the reader it does not equal the confusion of my recollections. I studied by myself, and sometimes wish I hadn't, for my pictures always have to me a home-made air which I don't like. I mean, they lack the air of a period or school, and this—I say it seriously—seems to me a great defect. I believe that all my defects have arisen from my trying to cure them. I commenced with a great love of color and a strong sense of the solidity of form; but drawing killed the color, and atmosphere weakened the form, and reduced me to what I am. I loved landscape, but was eternally urged to paint the figure; thus my landscape was spoiled by the time devoted to figure; and the figure suffered by my constant flitting with landscape. What I felt strongly I could strongly express in the sketch, but the finished picture killed the feeling—and then in addition all became sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. I was accused of having imagination. I never said I had imagination, but they thought I thought it, and people are mistrustful of imagination, some going so far as to deny its very existence—or at least resent its intrusion in art, especially when I intrude it. I could copy nature beautifully, and how often I have wished that I had dedicated myself to the painting of cabbages! I mean painting them splendidly, with all the witchery of light and shade and color, until the picture should contain all the pictorial elements needed in a Descent from the Cross or a Transfiguration, and no gallery would be complete without a cabbage by V. I fear, however, I am so constituted that had I done differently from what I did, I should have always thought I would have done better had I done otherwise.

Boston comes in for much eulogy from Mr. Vedder; it is "the always faithful Boston" to him; and among his memories of the city is one which reveals the ladies of the Hub in a new light. Another reminiscence gives a delightful glimpse of Emerson:

The good people of Boston—meaning the eminent ones—I had the pleasure of meeting have described themselves mutually so thoroughly that there is nothing I can add; but the thought strikes me, as it has often done in thinking things over, that had I been somewhat older when I was younger, how much more I could have profited by my opportunities. The Studio Building was naturally my headquarters, and as naturally its intimates became my good friends. First came lovable Ames, the portrait painter, with his great head of curly hair, his handsome, dark, gypsy-looking wife, and Emmie, the daughter. In Emmie, this feature of both father and mother—the hair—came out strongly and shaded her brow with dark, thunderous masses, which, however, only emitted heat-lightning, very effective in my case, but doing no permanent damage. Snell, the architect, had his offices in the building, and his partner was that dearest of fellows Jamie Gregerson, whose then sylph-like sister I now see in Rome from time to time. There I formed a friendship with William Furness, also a portrait painter, whose early death was such a loss. He painted my portrait for the Academy, to go among the portraits of the academicians; posing me with my back to the light, my yellow hair gave much the effect that Landor complained of, as I have told—the only resemblance between us, I fancy. Furness having a portrait to finish, the lady no longer being available, he advertised for a model, "for the arms only, none but ladies need apply." The effect was wonderful; "in flocking crowds they came." He soon had what he wanted, but had to consult me as to the surplus, so it was agreed he should pass them on to me. "Out. Apply at number five" was tacked on his door. I soon found one I thought I could make some good studies from, and put on my door, "Out. Apply at number eight"—Bicknell's. I don't know what Bicknell would have done had it not been for his regular model, a young lady who soon discouraged them all. But such a number!—and real ladies!—it must have been the romance of the thing. Some came shrouded in mystery and a few remained shrouded, but they mostly unshrouded with great readiness; they evidently thought it a lark. One I retained would have been a splendid model, but she had one defect; she was a schoolmistress and very well educated, but was an incessant, incorrigible talker. I had with great regret to get rid of her, for fear of being talked to death. I do not know how it may be in other parts, but in the vicinity of the Studio Building I saw much of a Boston which does not appear in literature.

Circumstances concurring, Hunt and I made a pilgrimage to Concord. He had heard previously of a remark of Emerson to the effect that "nature being the same on the banks of the Kennebec as on the banks of the Tiber—why go to Europe?" We, having both been to Europe, could not reconcile ourselves to this dictum—in fact were quite riled about it, and determined that if either of us had the opportunity he should have it out with Emerson.

Now, when you saw Emerson, you saw Alcott; but when you saw Alcott, you did not necessarily see Emerson. Be that as it may—Emerson fell to my lot. I will not describe him—he was all that is most sweet and gracious; so was I. I said, "Mr. Emerson, I think there is a great difference between the literary man and the artist in regard to Europe. Nature is the same everywhere, but literature and art are nature seen through other eyes, and a literary man in Patagonia without books to consult would be at a great disadvantage. Here he has all that is essential in the way of books; but to the artist, whose books are pictures, this land is Patagonia." (And so it was at the time.) I continued, "Take from your shelves your Bible, Plato, Shakespeare, Dante, Bacon, Montaigne, etc., and make it so that you could not consult them without going to Europe, and I think it would soon be—Ho, for Europe!" Could impudence go further? I was very young.

"Yes, yes," said he, "that is certainly an aspect of the question which should be taken into consideration."

Many of Mr. Vedder's pages are enlivened by references to the charming girls he has had the good fortune to meet. He does not apologize for those allusions, and, growing bolder as he proceeds, he at last sketches a melting moment at full length:

At the inn where we stopped in Vitre were some very pretty girls—one in particular I had contemplated attentively, a contemplation which I fancied did not pass unperceived. She was the kind of girl that looks good enough to kiss, and the determination to do so gathered strength as the hour of our departure grew nigh. But then there was the landlady and the others, and what they didn't see may not have been worth seeing; but I thought otherwise, and so hit upon this expedient. As they gathered about us at leaving I made them a speech. I said, "It is true we are but a rude nation, yet we have virtues and some beautiful customs, one of which is we always kiss the girls good-bye, and this custom forms so much a part of our natures that to omit it would leave us desolated; we should feel dishonored in our own eyes, so this rite must be performed." Whereupon I did most gallantly tackle the landlady; she was only too glad to be classed with the girls; and so by discreet degrees and by this most devious course I came to the one over whom I vain would have lingered but for "les convenances." How paltry seemed the useless restriction of society! Through my example my friend seemed also to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion; and thus amidst much laughing and blushing we left with flying colors and all the honors of war—but I am sorry to add with only fifteen sous in our combined pockets. We had our tickets for Paris, however, and on the road were to find again how nice the French can be, thus going from one niceness to another, as you shall see.

Fellow artists make a frequent appearance in these lively pages, all the vignettes being outlined in a telling manner, but always with good humor. There is a full page given to the one known in Rome as "Tintoretto":

To leave out "Tintoretto" in describing the Rome of those days would be like leaving the big drum out of a band, or, in describing Whistler, leaving out the white lock; so I feel I am committing no indiscretion in telling of two incidents, one always told about him, and the other told me by the ladies themselves, to whom it happened. It appears that T. was sitting at a table one evening in the bower of "Tragedy in Retirement," plunged in gloomy meditation. Only ladies were present, and they tried in vain to lighten his gloom, when suddenly T., seizing a pencil before him, wrote something hurriedly on a scrap of paper, and with no more ado, quitted the room. The ladies rushed to see what he had written and found these words, "I must have fame or dye." He was young. I remember when I was young, having had trouble with that same word.

The three ladies lived where from the windows of their apartments they could see the back of T.'s studio. One morning, seeing T. out on his balcony clad in an old-fashioned American linen duster, engaged in the laudable occupation of dusting his pictures, they concluded it would be a good time to call on him, as they would not be interrupting him in his painting. They did so and were kept a long time waiting. When he did appear, he came to the door clad in a velvet jacket, with a copy of Browning in his hand.

I must tell another incident, showing how cleverly he exorcised himself from a bad position. Meeting him one day, I told him of having read the account of a sale in which one of his pictures changed hands. "Do you know which picture it was?" he asked. "Was it one of my large ones?" "Yes, it was one of your large thousand-dollar ones," "And what did it bring?" "Exactly three hundred and fifty." "I am amazed; it was the worst thing I ever painted."

In all his travel memories, apparently, Mr. Vedder gives pride of place to those which cluster around the land of the Nile:

I will here mark the end of this—for me—sublime and sustained flight, and not waiting for the critic, lure my Pegasus down to earth and tie him to my bed-post, by saying that to me at least there was nothing funny in Egypt—nothing to be laughed at. There the people seemed more happy than the crowd in Broadway during business hours, in spite of its blessings of liberty and vast wealth. The song of the Sakich and the groan of the Shadoof did indeed recall the plaintive cry of an oppressed people, but that oppression is now but a tradition. I have seen more poverty and more unfortunate, distorted cripples in one day in the streets of Rome than during my whole stay there—and women can walk the streets of Cairo without being insulted. Throwing stones is a poor business, yet one can not help chucking a pebble now and then, just for fun; so I will say that the Arabs at the pyramids compared favorably in courtesy, dignity, and dress with the check-suited, Murray-laden camera-snappers, who write about them, and if laughter there must be, the native has the best of it. The landscape seemed beautiful, simple, and grand, with a total absence of that exaggerated color, that expensive jewelry, with which the modern landscape in many pages is bedight. A little amber, a little amethyst, a little pearl, perhaps, but like salt in a salad, nature seemed to use these things like sage. Now the afterglow to me was a thing beautiful beyond words, so that a certain writer may be pardoned if to him it was "an exquisite spasm." At the same time I must confess that the afterglow which most impressed me was that after a long camel ride; then indeed I felt that I could echo his words—and that it was "like an exquisite spasm, a beautiful, almost desperate effort ending in the quiet darkness of defeat."

I saw Egypt, but did not live there, although I felt that I could have lived there forever. The two portions I liked the best were Nubia and the Delta. I merely read the menu, as it were, of the first, and had a glimpse of the second, passing through it. And then the desert! But how useless such discriminations when all was so absorbingly interesting. I felt that my interest and liking, could I have lived there but a short time, would have turned to love. And again I felt that it is being spoiled rapidly. Yet there is always the desert—perhaps the best of all. I wish—but why wish, after the lesson of the futility of human hopes one gets there?

Not the least amusing as well as instructive section of this entertaining book is the appendix giving a list of the author's works with the prices he received for them. Such a list, it might be imagined, must prove dull reading, but not Mr. Vedder's list, which is unique for its witty comments. And it should also be noted that the delights of this unusual autobiography are materially enhanced by its wealth of illustration.

THE DIGRESSIONS OF V. By Elihu Vedder. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$6 net.

At last those who are obliged to accept upper berths in Pullman sleeping-cars will pay a lower rate, the company having announced a 20 per cent reduction.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Tales of the Tenements.

Instead of a large Dartmoor canvas crowded with those human and nature details which Mr. Phillpotts knows so well how to draw, here are thirteen vignettes of rustic life in that uplifted land. They deal in the main with the simple people who availed themselves of the easy laws of Dartmoor, laws which allowed those who would to claim the rights of pasturage on the moor. All over the moor are the deserted little dwellings of those who elected that simple life, and around those ruined homes Mr. Phillpotts has let his fancy play in these well-knit stories. They are remarkable for their subtle dissection of the hucolic mind, for their revelation of the narrow circle in which it moves; and once more display their author's gift of vivid delineation. Of the characters Tozer Grigg, a sad man in company who often shed tears of a Sunday, is a type: "Tozer was a wambling and a slack-twisted creature up over six feet high, with a head like a cocoanut stuck on a pole. He had huge hands and feet, and was gone in the back. He kept his jaws pretty far apart except when he was talking; then he shut 'em and mumbled in his speech, as though his mouth was full of food." Here and there, too, but naturally on a smaller scale than in his full-length novels, Mr. Phillpotts indulges his rare gift of nature painting, but always with regard to its necessities as a human background.

TALES OF THE TENEMENTS. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The Rest Cure.

Business men who are so absorbed in their commercial affairs as to have no time for cultivating the amenities of domestic life may be commended to Mr. Maxwell's latest story. It is an extended moral on that persistent theme, and holds up once more that example of wifely unfaithfulness in which such lapses are supposed to result. Perhaps, however, Mr. Maxwell would object to so much prominence being laid upon this aspect of his novel, and prefer that it be regarded from a broader standpoint as a study of the winning of power and success by an ambitious man, to whom they are more than love, and the tragedy which so often ensues when just as these are attained ill-health supervenes and mocks all his efforts. The story has that aspect, certainly, in addition to its moral lesson, and its force in that respect is strengthened by the episode of the recovery of a better nature effected by the "rest cure" of the title. In any case, the novel is full of interest, and reveals a marked ripening of Mr. Maxwell's powers. It is specially notable for the sureness with which it dissects the mental processes of its characters.

THE REST CURE. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

His Hour.

Mrs. Glyn is climbing swiftly. It is not so much that she has a prince for a hero, and one with such a paralyzing name as Gregoir Milaslavski, for not even the humblest manufacturer of fiction is forbidden to leave the servants' hall; but that—as per the dedication—she has been spending happy evenings in the "gracious presence" of "Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia." It seems—again, per the dedication—that that exalted lady listened to the reading of this story, and gave her "sympathetic aid" to Mrs. Glyn in her study of Russian character. This is an excellent testimonial to the realism of the atmosphere of the story, and for once the reader may be fairly confident that the things written down here are the things as they are. Tamara, the heroine—"I am only sixteen, and have never left the schoolroom"—met the prince with the gorgeous name in Egypt. He thought she would reach Russia in time, and "learn many things." The forecast was correct; but, such is the restraint Mrs. Glyn has attained, the reader is not asked to witness anything more shocking than the kissing of the heroine's stockinged feet. But there are plenty of impassioned moments, and the dialogue is at times highly strung: "My Doushka! my love!" "Darling! Heart of mine!" etc.

HIS HOUR. By Elinor Glyn. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

The Conflict of Color.

Mr. Putnam Weale, than whom few writers have so intimate a knowledge of conditions in the Far East, has written a book of serious warning, much on the lines of Charles H. Pearson's notable study of "National Life and Character." Since the latter volume was published, however, an important change has taken place in the East, the rising of Japan into a great power, and that is a factor which has altered the situation and is most insisted upon by Mr. Weale.

In his opinion there is one way by which the threatening dominance of Japan can be combated. This consists in "having it henceforth accepted as a general political maxim among all the Powers not only that China's complete independence must be secured, but that China must ultimately be made stronger

than Japan. Ever since the dawn of history in the Far East China has been the dominant power. Ever since the dawn of history she has used that power over tributary states not unfairly or harshly. But ever since Japan has taken her place there has been nothing but complication following complication, until it has become absolutely essential to secure a return to political conditions which lie rooted in what is sound because it is natural." Mr. Weale insists that we are face to face with the oldest of problems, the conflict between East and West, and he pleads that the white race must abandon its narrow views of all matters concerning the history of its relations to Asia and Africa, and that the equality between the two great races which once existed will have to be reestablished. Danger threatens from the rapidly multiplying black races, but "it is not from the chony-black that so much is to be feared as from lighter-colored men. It is these men who may rise against Europe and lead the others, it is these who may inspire a general black revolt, thus upsetting in many vital particulars in distant days the confident calculations of those who, born and bred in temperate climes, can never know more of men's thoughts and ambitions in such mysterious lands than they do of the thoughts and ambitions of the possible men of Mars." It will be seen from the foregoing that this is a serious and weighty contribution to the study of world-politics and world-movements, the importance of which is enhanced by its sobriety of statement and its marshaling of suggestive facts.

THE CONFLICT OF COLOR. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

The Corsican.

To describe this unusual volume as "the diary of Napoleon" is somewhat misleading; the compiler and translator—R. M. Johnson—defines its character more correctly as "a diary of Napoleon's life in his own words." The idea is exceedingly ingenious, and has been carried out with rare skill. Of course it is well known to all students of Napoleonic literature that the French emperor wrote many letters, made many speeches, framed many public documents, and talked with countless people who have put his words on record. From all this material the present volume has been constructed, and as the various extracts have been arranged in chronological order it does become "a diary of Napoleon's life in his own words." At the same time, as Professor Johnston warns his readers, the value of the book consists in its "psychological illumination" of a great career. "Objectively Napoleon rarely, if ever, speaks the truth; yet subjectively how can he speak otherwise?" With that caution borne in mind, the reader will find himself enchained by page after page and lured ever onward to the end of a singularly fascinating book. The arrangement is admirable, evidently the result of much arduous research and construction, and there is an excellent index to facilitate reference to any particular incident of Napoleon's career. It is a departure in biographical study which is likely to be widely imitated.

THE CORSICAN. A Diary of Napoleon's life in his own words. Compiled and translated by R. M. Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75 net.

How to Know Architecture.

Aside from his introductory chapter, in which he expounds a fanciful theory to the effect that "trade subdues the wilderness, and science, with art, builds therein temples to the ideal"—a theory which prompts one to wonder where men were living while they were subduing the wilderness—Mr. Wallis has written a book of great value for those who fain would learn how to "place" the various buildings which meet their gaze as they wander through the streets of cities. He treats his subject under four periods: Pagan, Christian, Intellectual, and Modern, and is careful to convey his information in untechnical language and to illustrate his points by admirable drawings or photographs. Mr. Wallis is thoroughly orthodox; "there is not," he writes, "the least question of our inability to equal the work of these daring experimenters of the Middle Ages. It is an extraordinary, almost inconceivable thing, of course, and one of the very big facts of the whole history of style." As to the future in this country, Mr. Wallis holds that the opportunities given the average American to express himself in domestic architecture are unique.

HOW TO KNOW ARCHITECTURE. By Frank E. Wallis. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

The Whistler Book.

One of the chief defects of the books which have been written about Whistler since he became famous is their uncritical attitude. The painter has been accepted at his own valuation, and the world knows how egotistical that was. Hence it is a relief to come upon such a study as this by Mr. Hartmann, who can see the flies as well as the ointment. He will not admit Whistler's claim that he was the sole judge of his work. "Creation is an unconscious process. Few artists have the critical faculty to analyze their work, and

years pass before he is able to get a clear view of his own work." So Mr. Hartmann does not shrink criticism when his view does not correspond with that of the artist. Nor does he omit to indicate the less attractive side of Whistler's character; he shows how all his friends, sooner or later, were forced into crossing swords with him.

In the main Mr. Hartmann's business is that of appreciation rather than biography, yet he presents his reader with a sufficient sketch of Whistler's life, and retells most of the famous anecdotes. The life, however, is always kept in subordination to the work, making the volume an exceedingly useful introduction to the study of Whistler's work as a whole. The book is also valuable for its numerous reproductions of the artist's most important paintings and etchings. On a broad view, Mr. Hartmann admires his subject for his colossal vanity and egotism, but more than all for the seriousness with which he took himself and his business as a painter.

THE WHISTLER BOOK. By Sadakichi Hartmann. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$2.50.

Briefer Reviews.

Mary H. Kroust's quaintly titled "Platters and Pipkins" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents net) is an ideal little volume for housekeepers. It has wise suggestions on many matters, including the kitchen, sweeping, dusting, cellar and attic, the dining-room, the spare room, and mistress and maid. The home-maker with ambitions will find it a perfect treasury of excellent advice.

An expression of gratitude for "quotation privileges" in the preface of Mary Crawford's "Romantic Days in Old Boston" (Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50) gives a clue to the kind of volume this is. There is, of course, some connecting text, but in the main it is an anthology of the writings of those who played a part in or wrote of the Boston of the last century. Miss Crawford seems rather hazy as to the meaning of the word "patriot," for she objects to it being applied to John Hancock because "he never fought at all." There are numerous interesting illustrations.

"Our Lady in Art" and "Christian Symbolism" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net each) are additions, by Mrs. Henry Jenner, to the admirable Little Books on Art series. The first traces in a deeply interesting manner the expression in art of the life of the Virgin; the second is a successful exposition of

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As an example of how present-day history is put a repetition of the history of the past Professor Davis's study of the economic and social life of ancient Rome is full of interest and fascination. He begins his story with an account of a financial panic in the year 13, and then examines in detail the various methods by which the Romans accumulated vast wealth. Men of letters did not share in that prosperity; "to undertake to live by one's pen was a frightfully hazardous venture." Still, other classes, and notably the bankers and merchants, made fortunes which would be considered large even today. What did they do with them? Spent them, apparently, in much the same way as the millionaire of the present time. They built costly villas, gormandized, and vied with each other in plate and jewelry. This extravagance was carried even to the tomb. Still, Professor Davis finds, the rich men of Rome were remarkably generous. "Avarice was not one of the vices of the imperial age. The humble were taught to look to the bounty of the rich; to expect to receive much or nothing; to prefer a life of idle indigence, relieved by decidedly indiscriminate almsgiving, to a career of honest toil." To further complete this informing picture of the past there is a chapter on the conditions which controlled marriage and divorce.

THE INFLUENCE OF WEALTH IN IMPERIAL ROMES. By William Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Supplementary to their fall list the McClurg Company are publishing immediately and in good time for the gift season an attractive volume entitled "In Town," by Janet A. Fairbank, with dainty illustrations by Rebecca Trutschnitt. The text is a series of conversations on such topics of the moment as the American husband, modern fiction, déshabantes, etc., all handled in a sparkling manner.

Arnold Haultain, who has prepared for the press Goldwin Smith's "Reminiscences," was educated at an English public school and a Canadian university, and was for eighteen years the private secretary of the great scholar and publicist whose manuscript he has seen through the press.

One of the most interesting chapters in an Addams's "Twenty Years at Hull House" is that in which she describes her meeting with Tolstoy. The Russian writer looked distrustfully at the large sleeves of his visitor's traveling gown, and finally took hold of an edge and pulled one of them out to an interminable length, saying, "there was enough

stuff on one arm to make a frock for a little girl," and asking whether Miss Addams did not find such a dress a "harrier" to the people. "Fortunately," adds Miss Addams, "the countess came to my rescue with a recital of her former attempts to clothe hypothetical little girls in yards of material cut from a train and other superfluous parts of her best gown until she had been driven to a firm stand which she advised me to take at once."

In "The Book of the Christ Child" Eleanor H. Broadus has gathered the legends which had their origin in the religious fervor of early Christianity. The book is illustrated by reproductions in color of paintings by the old masters.

As soon as novelists think they have a mission they are, in the opinion of Robert W. Chambers, lost. He scouts the idea that the fiction writer must experience before he can describe truthfully, and cites Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Deland as examples against the personal experience theory. "Those women have not found it necessary to knock around the low places of the earth, and yet their characters are by no means an array of saints."

Another claimant for the honor of being the original of the Blumine of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." This time the lady is a Kitty Kirkpatrick, who boasted of the glory in her lifetime and told how the sage made love to her when he was tutor to her cousin, Charles Buller.

Two of Julia Ward Howe's daughters—Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Elliott—have in preparation a life of their mother, and request the loan of letters or the communication of personal anecdotes. A collection of Mrs. Howe's later poems is to be published this month under the title, "At Sunset."

Seven editions have already been exhausted of Josephine P. Peabody's "The Piper," the prize play which was performed last summer in Shakespeare's town. It is to be produced this season in New York at the New Theatre.

Gertrude Atherton's advice to literary aspirants is: "Work on a newspaper until all your crude notions of life, and all your raw 'individualities' have been blue-penciled into limbo; then retire into obscurity and write your fiction. Travel, if possible. Do not marry. Do not dissipate. Do not imitate Henry James. Never read reviews of your own work."

An authority on the publishing trade affirms that the great difference between publishers twenty-five years ago and now is that nowadays publishers are much more ready

to deal with new authors, and are more on the outlook for new talent. In the old days publishers looked down upon authors, and expected them to crawl on their hands and knees and take it as a favor to have their books published.

Many readers of the Cambridge History of English Literature have expressed regret that the plan of the work did not permit a larger number of illustrative pages. To meet the wishes of such it has been arranged to prepare two supplementary volumes devoted to illustrative quotations.

Before his recent death John La Farge had completed the manuscript of a volume to be entitled, "One Hundred Masterpieces," which, fully illustrated, will deal with the greatest pictures of the most famous painters of the world.

Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" has been acted by Dorsetshire natives in the dialect of the county under the title of "The Mellstock Quire." An effort to in-

terview Mr. Hardy in connection with the event resulted in the interviewer being entertained with: "It is a beautiful morning. Look at the splendid countryside. If you want anything to write about, write about that."

Emerson Hough's new story, "The Purchase Price," is the second in the trilogy in which he aims to depict the development of the spirit of democracy in America. It deals with the ten years before the Civil War and the movements which were shaping to that event.

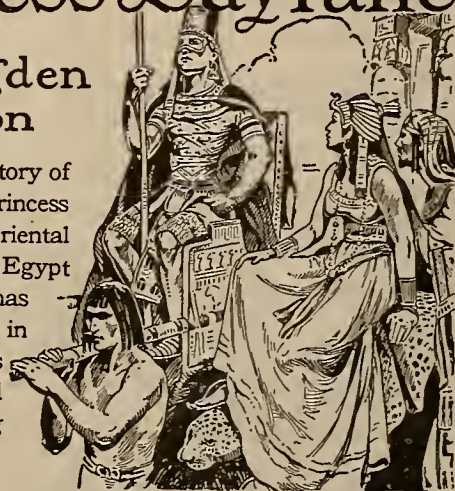
"Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast" is the title of a forthcoming volume in which S. D. Woods will relate the reminiscences of a long life beginning with interesting stories of '49.

"Find out what the publisher wants and give it to him when he wants it" is the practical if not lofty creed of an industrious compiler of hooks. It is probably largely subscribed to and accounts for much.

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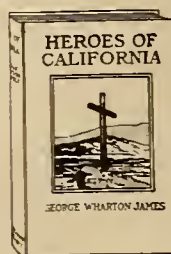
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THE BIG GAME OF AFRICA. By Richard Tjader. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

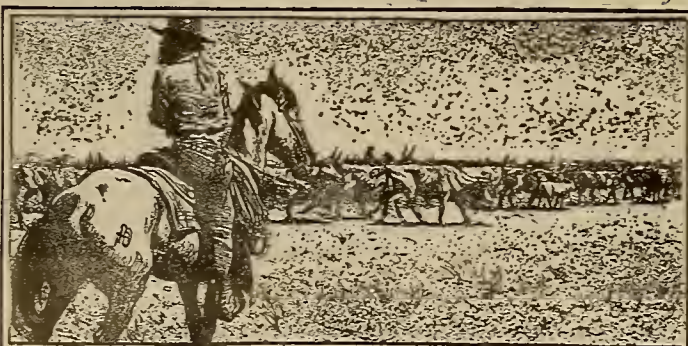
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MUSICAL COMEDY AND VAUDEVILLE.

By George L. Shoals.

Time was when not one American family in a thousand knew what a salad was; now it appears that most of them, at least the town and city dwellers, prefer to make their meals all salad. Not, perhaps, the rectangular, three-times-a-day sacrifice to the needs of physical convention, but the more necessary if less regular food supply of weakened nerves and flabby mental processes. Musical comedy and vaudeville are salad—their contents ranging from delectable peppery water-cress down the vegetable line to the indigestible cucumber and the plebeian cabbage. In some future time, not yet dawning, the opera-house chefs will throw everything aside except rare ripe tomatoes and real red cherries for these concoctions. Or the public will tire of salads as the staple of amusement menus.

"The Kissing Girl" at the Savoy Theatre this week is fresh and crisp, with considerable mustard in the mayonnaise. But this symbolism may be carried too far. Speaking plainly, the piece is an exercise in agility rather than a dramatic or musical spectacle. Nearly all its real dramatic action is in the first song, given with capital expression and a good voice by Louis London in the character of Karl Oppe, the king's forester. Mr. London is not quite the only singer in the company, but he atones for the evident faults of some other members of the cast. Dick Temple, as Fritz Kobus, an Austrian corporal, might do much better than he does, for when he sings the last stanza of his song, after having recited several verses atrociously, he makes the number seem possible.

Texas Guinan is the "Kissing Girl," and this phrase, far from being a good choice as a title for the production, is not so bad as it sounds. She is merely the beauty queen who awards a kiss to the victor in the annual contest of the schuetzenfest corps. Miss Guinan is personally attractive, fully in harmony with the skipping-merrily technic of the entire company, and perfectly at ease in even the most insouciant expression, but her singing voice is very light. Beatriz Michelena has been engaged for the rôle of Christina, the brewer's daughter, and will give it more distinction.

Harry Hermens, the eccentric German comedian, who seems always about to sneeze or just recovering from such a convulsion, makes all that is possible of his rôle, the brewer on the brink of bankruptcy. Good character parts are not often offered by the chefs of musical comedy. It exhausts their ingenuity to scheme for brilliant chorus costumes and novel effects in detail. The comedian who can make a living figure of the sketch furnished him must be a genius and practically unhampered by author, producer, or stage manager. Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper, and Frank Daniels make over their lines and business to suit their own style. Richard Carle writes his own parts, and those for the other members of his company, and he is not uniformly successful.

It is the chorus, after all, that makes the musical comedy. And that doesn't mean, necessarily, that pretty girls who can sing and dance are all that is required. There must be some sort of excuse for their presence, and for their costumes, and they must have something more than the grand-opera semicircle in the way of posing, and a gesture or two added to that time-honored up-lifting of the hand to heaven with the last note of the concerted number. In "A Matinée Idol," given last week at the Savoy, the chorus represented the young ladies of a seminary, and the usual mournful array of chorus men was noticeable by its absence. What does De Wolf Hopper need of a male chorus? In "The Kissing Girl" the chorus is assorted—two-thirds village maidens, one-third young men in picturesque shooting costumes of hunters' green. And the village maidens! How they run, and march, and wheel, and wave steins in the drinking chorus and shapely limbs in all the other choruses. Watch the one in the green hat! But the accomplishments of these young persons may not be so lightly summed up. When Christina sings her solo, in the third act, one of the chorus ladies appears in gipsy costume, a violin tucked under her chin, and plays an obligato accompaniment in a genuinely artistic way. Then the violin is answered by another, and the spotlight shows

a girl in white standing in an upper box, who echoes the strain played by the gipsy, and almost as admirably in execution. The leading dancer of the company, Mlle. Vanity, has much of the equipment of the schooled ballerina, and is most pleasing when she displays her training in that branch of the art.

The music of "The Kissing Girl" is distinctly good. For this Harry Von Tilzer is to be complimented. Of the book, by Stanislaus Stange, not nearly so much, though he modestly admits that it is from the German of Leo Stein, who wrote the story of "The Merry Widow."

When Harry Orndorff, stage manager at the Orpheum, writes a comedy, it will have as its motive the struggles of the potentate behind the scenes with the several vaudevillians who make up the weekly programme. It requires some diplomacy, and the art of the ready debater, added to the skill and away down underground knowledge of the theatrical veteran, not merely to decide but actually to make certain who shall open and who shall close the bill, and who shall precede and follow the trained animal turn. Sunday supplements give generous selections now from the work of the vaudeville bright lights, but they never have had anything half as pathetic as the stage manager's actual experiences. Should you be one of the several thousand who go to the Orpheum this week, guess why the later acts did not come on earlier.

There is one thing certain: it will be a long time before Mabel Hite and Mr. Hite—that is, Mr. Mike Donlin—are asked to open the bill. Mr. Orndorff could not afford to have late comers or early goers miss this inimitable pair. Mabel Hite was perhaps just as finished a comedian, and sang and danced as daintily, before she took as husband and dramatic partner the big filder of the New York baseball Giants, but he is such a perfect foil for her fun, and she takes such delight in guying and wheedling and managing him, and such evident pride in his possession that it adds a hundred per cent to her attractiveness. Without the tall, still somewhat shy, and altogether untheatrical partner, who is just as certain of her eminent ability as the newest and most impressionable spectator, Miss Hite would be simply a star vaudeville soubrette, but with him as raw material she makes of their turn an appealing comedy. She hardly needs Vincent Bryan's sketch. Her imitations—notably those of Eddie Foy and Ben Welch—prove her close observation, quick wit, and mimetic faculty.

William Farnum and his little company have a very pretty dramatic sketch in "The Mallet's Masterpiece," written by Edward Peple, author of "The Prince Chap" and other full-sized comedies. It gives a new explanation of the wonderful armless Venus of Milo, and will linger in the memory after the ordinary one-act pieces are forgotten. Mr. Farnum is a good figure as the ambitious sculptor, but his elocution is still Ben Hurried and strenuous. Even Forrest and McCullough did not make such long passages fortissimo. Olive White is pleasing and effective as the king's daughter, and Wells Knibloe, the envious rival who seeks to destroy the masterpiece, is capable.

Strange to say, Herr Richard Nadrage, the European ventriloquist, allows his two speaking clowns to copy his slight Scandinavian accent, but not to their or his own disadvantage. He is a clever illusionist, and his singing as a trio is remarkable. Quite as notable is the fact that the fun of his pretended comedy colloquy is on a plane above that of the usual performer of this class.

Cook and Lorenz are a versatile pair of comedians who excite roars of laughter at half-second intervals with seemingly insignificant effort. There is not a man of the thousands who have ha-ha'd till they cried while watching them this week who can quote a sentence from their more or less spontaneous remarks, but the fun is there, consecutively and unmistakably. The thin one plays the piano and the fat one dances and poses, but this is only one of the shortest chapters in their fifteen-minute interlude.

Sometimes you are not really afraid the acrobats will fall, you are much too pessimistic to look for such a consummation. But when you see the Duffin-Reday troupe of four aerialists you will experience a genuine thrill during several of their episodes, and you will really breathe more freely when they finish without an accident, no matter how tame other high-swinging and tumbling feats have seemed to you. Triple somersaults and loop-the-loop flights through the air untethered are a part of their exhibition.

Ethel Barrymore in Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells" will appear at the Empire Theatre in New York following the engagement of William Gillette. She will play Rose Trelawney, and will be supported by a newly organized company.

Lillian Russell and company at the Columbia Theatre are in the last nights of a successful engagement.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Polly of the Circus," Frederic Thompson's remarkable production of Margaret Mayo's comedy-drama of that name, with Miss Ida St. Leon in the name-part, comes to the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday, December 12. "Polly of the Circus," with its fascinating paraphernalia of the sawdust ring, is an offering that apparently exerts never-ending appeal. Its initial performance was in New York three years ago, and it continues to attract to the theatres where it is presented audiences that are remarkable for their size. Miss Ida St. Leon as Polly brings to this particular part an unusual amount of sympathetic congeniality, and there is justice in the belief that the part might have been created with her solely in mind for its portrayal. It is doubtful if the fascination of the tanbark sawdust ring and canvas tents ever wholly leaves any one who has once felt it, hence the realistic production of the big ring show which is the feature of the third act of "Polly of the Circus," will undoubtedly prove as much of an attraction to audiences upon this occasion as it ever has in the past. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The last performances of "The Kissing Girl," with Beatriz Michelena-Middleton especially engaged for the rôle of Christina, will take place at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday night "Madame X," the impressive story of mother-love which has created such a sensation in all of the principal dramatic centres of the world, will begin a two weeks' engagement. The story of "Madame X" concerns an unhappy woman who is driven from her husband's home for an indiscretion. Later he repents and searches for her in vain, and she becomes an adventuress and the companion of a criminal. In a state of intoxication she talks about her past and gives her companion the idea of blackmailing her husband, who has become president of the civil tribunal. She begs him to desist and, upon his refusal, kills him. When arrested she refuses to make any defense, and when arraigned in court the counsel assigned to her is her own twenty-year-old son, who, not knowing her identity, pleads eloquently, and in seeking to diminish the culpability of his client bitterly denounces the person who has driven her to what she had become, that man being, of course, his father. The company which Henry W. Savage sends to interpret Alexandre Bisson's celebrated drama includes Adeline Dunlap as the mysterious "Madame X," Howard Gould as Floriot, and Robert Ober as Raymond Floriot.

Hymack, the chameleon comedian who on the occasion of his vaudeville début three years ago at the Empire Theatre, London, set the play-going community of that city talking and a little later perplexed Paris and last season had New York guessing, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. He impersonates a man who is expecting the visit of a friend who is a hypnotist. The invited one does not put in an appearance, but demonstrates his ability from a distance by placing Hymack in a hypnotic condition during which some wonderful lightning changing is accomplished. Hymack was formerly prominent in the support of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. William Gillette. "Marvelous Griffith" will be another attraction. Without pen, pencil, or paper, without slate, blackboard, or chalk, this wizard of figures can raise a numeral to the sixth power in about eleven seconds. He nonchalantly deals in millions and quadrillions, and a diverting feature of his performance is announcing the number and sex of children of any person in the audience. The musical comedy star, Hilda Thomas, and the comedian, Lou Hall, will present the successful comedietta "The Substitute." Miss Thomas sings and displays clever character acting, while Mr. Hall compels laughter in an original style. Ruby Norton and John E. Stanley are expected to prove among the popular features. Their contribution consists of song and comedy. Miss Norton is a San Francisco girl who will be remembered as having played not unimportant parts in musical comedy at the Tivoli. Next week will be the last of Cook and Lorenz, Richard Nadrage, Scheda, and also of Mabel Hite and Mike Donlin in their successful skit, "Double Play."

That favorite comic-opera comedian, Jefferson De Angelis, will follow "Madame X" at the Savoy, commencing a week's engagement on Christmas in his latest success, "The Beauty Spot."

George Riddle, the Shakespearean reader and actor, widely known for his interest in classical productions, died November 26 in Boston, aged fifty-nine. Mr. Riddle was prominent in the assistance given to Margaret Anglin in the production of "Antigone" at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley last summer.

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VANITY FAIR.

A medical expert, who is also evidently a deadly opponent of the week-end habit, stakes his reputation on the assertion that it is a myth to suppose the week-end is the better prepared for his Monday duties than any other man. But the poet of the *Sketch* reminds the man of pills that the Mondayish feeling antedated the week-end habit:

Doctors are picking up facts at last,
And learning the ways of man;
But glossing it over in learned phrase,
As only the doctors can.
For one of them hastens to tell the world
That somewhere he's seen or read
Of the end-of-a-holiday,
After-a-jolly-day,
Old-fashioned Monday-head.

Laymen, going by rule of thumb,
Have known for ever so long
That Monday's the day when every one
And everything goes wrong.
But they've taken it all as a matter of course,
Shrugged their shoulders, and said,
"It's all that end-of-a-holiday,
After-a-jolly-day,
Old-fashioned Monday-head."

America's reputation as the breeding-ground of new diseases is seriously threatened. And by the vicar of a little town in England, who declares that *morbus sabbaticus* is the most disastrous sickness of the day. "It is very bad," he writes, "to see the prevalence of this illness, which is becoming more and more serious as it decimates all ranks of society. The attack comes on very suddenly each Sunday. No symptoms are observed on Saturday night; the patient sleeps well, wakes well, and on Sunday morning eats a hearty breakfast. The attack begins to come on toward church time, and continues with varying severity until the services are over. As dinner time approaches the patient rapidly recovers, grows quite easy, and again eats a hearty meal. In the afternoon he has quite recovered, and enjoys himself or herself, as the case may be, accordingly. Tea is enjoyed, but about church time, sad to say, a relapse is noticed, the symptoms develop with alarming rapidity, and continue again until evening service is over, and then there is no return of this insidious disease until the following Sunday." According to the discoverer of this Sunday sickness, the one and only remedy is a "regular habit of church attendance," but, such is the perversity of human nature, there appear to be countless thousands of patients who prefer the diseases to the remedy.

Diners grow so accustomed to the regular rotation of the various courses of a menu that they forget that it is not fashion or custom which has made them what they are. The philosophy of the dinner is one of man's proudest achievements, embodying the results of the scientific study of the true needs of the digestion. Here, for example, is a table of the different rôles played by the various courses, set forth by an authority on dieting:

Hors d'œuvres—A delicate, salty attempt to stimulate the flow of saliva in the mouth and to warn the various digestive organs to get ready for work.

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Game—An attempt to tickle the waning appetite and quench the last pangs of hunger.

Savory—A fine, salty stimulus to the flagging digestion.

As will be observed, this "perfect dinner" gives no place to sweets or ices. We are assured that such have no real place in the scientific dinner, as they only dull the sense of taste. Ices are declared to be useful merely for filling cavities in hollow teeth, the invention of some misanthropic and dyspeptic chef. Is that the right name for the chef who will introduce an iced sherbet in the middle of a long dinner? No! affirms the devotee of *Granite au Cliquot*, on the contrary he is a digestive genius, for he knows that the iced sherbet with its gratifying coolness will soothe the stomach in the midst of its labors. And as to ices or an iced pudding at the end of a dinner, why any authority on ailments of the stomach will assure, for the usual fee, that such are not only grateful but actively healthful for various formidably named medical reasons.

From all this to hash and prunes is a terrible descent. But, it seems, they have been maligned for many years. Such is the opinion of the spartan *Evening Post* of Chicago. Hash, affirms that organ of lowly dieting, is "one of the real delicacies of life, when properly made." And as for prunes, why, they are "taking their rightful place in our social economy, because the prune-growers have manfully defended them." It is obvious that not all the trusts direct their nefarious operations from Wall Street. The qualification of the ascent of the prune is suspicious of counting-house influence; the proviso about hash leaves us much where we were. Who has the

secret of the "properly made" variety? So far as the boarder or the hotel-guest are concerned, the recipe is one of the utterly lost treasures of the world.

Can anything polite come out of Berlin? Perhaps, in time. For a League of Politeness has been founded in the capital of the Kaiser, the aim of which is to inculcate better manners in that boorish city. Those who attended the first meeting of the league were agreed that such an organization is badly needed, and, as the society is framed on the lines of a similar body in Rome, it was resolved to choose as its motto, "Pro gentilezza." Those words are to be emblazoned upon an attractive little medal, with the idea that a glance at the talisman will annihilate any inclination to indulge in bad temper or discourteous language. "Any polite person," it is stated, will be eligible for membership, which is the only weak spot in the movement. It's the impolite people that the league needs to get bold of, and especially the store clerks, the trolley conductors, the railway ticket collectors, and countless other officials in Berlin. If the league succeeds in Germany, there are other lands in which branches should be established without delay.

What has become of all those teddy-bears which used to be the intelligent companions of fashionable ladies in their carriages or automobiles is not a serious problem, but it would be interesting to learn how the "smart set" of New York disposes of its canine and feline pets. To answer the question for Paris and London is easy, for the latter has its dogs' cemetery on the fringe of Hyde Park, while the pet of the Parisienne finds a resting place in "L'île des Chiens," that island in the Seine which has been transformed into a lovely garden. The laws of France are drastic where the bodies of dead dogs or cats are concerned. Many houses and flats in Paris have no gardens, and it is forbidden on hygienic grounds to make a graveyard of the cellar. Nor is it lawful to deposit Fido's body in the Seine. The river is carefully watched from the bridges, and any attempt to find a

watery grave for a deceased dog or cat is usually thwarted. As it is not considered good form to leave the body of the friend of man in the gutter to be collected as garbage, the dogs' cemetery in the Seine does a prosperous business. It is conducted on non-sentimental lines so far as the owners are concerned, with a regular tariff for interments. If a dog is brought in a closed box, the minimum fee for a grave is five francs; for fifteen francs a grave may be leased for three years, for a hundred francs for thirty years. A part of the equipment of the cemetery is a stonemason's yard, where suitable memorials are displayed. The rules, however, forbid the use of any kind of religious emblem, and anything approaching the appearance of a human grave is prohibited. In a retired corner of the island is a "quartier des chats," adorned with china cats in all sizes, shapes, and colors. Here and there, too, is a bird's grave, decorated with an empty cage.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The young man talked for ten or fifteen minutes without a break, explaining why he had missed his appointment with her, when the girl at the other end of the wire interrupted. "Just a moment, Guy!" she said. "What is it, Freda?" "I want to change the receiver to the other ear. This one's tired."

Bishop X had officiated in the college chapel; and, though his discourse was most excellent in itself, it had no obvious connection with the text. At dinner Professor Y was asked his opinion of the bishop's sermon. "Dear old man!" he exclaimed. "It was truly apostolic. He took a text and then went everywhere preaching the gospel."

A Scottish lady, who was spending her holidays in London, entered a hric-a-hrac shop, in search of something odd to take home to Scotland with her. After she had inspected several articles, but had found none to suit her, she noticed a quaint figure, the head and shoulders of which appeared above the counter. "What is that Japanese idol over there worth?" she inquired of the salesman. The salesman's reply was given in a subdued tone. "Worth about half a million, madam. That's the proprietor!"

A little girl, sitting beside her mother in a New York theatre, caused many amused glances by her frequent hursts of comment and laughter. For a time her mother, unwilling to be the centre of attraction, succeeded in holding the irrepressible in check. But when a Japanese troupe in pink fleshings came on the twinkling legs of a recumbent Jap, tossing a harrel in dizzy revolutions, proved too much. "Look, mother," piped the shrill trehle, "you could do that, too, if you wanted to; couldn't you?"

"I tell you," said a recently returned traveler, who was clad after the fashion of Mr. Richard Swiveller—"I tell you, Argentina's the place to go! Everything is dirt cheap there! Why, you can get a splendid fat turkey for 20 cents!" "Whew," said one of the interested by-standers; "if I'd been in your place, I should have stayed there!" "Would you, now?" remarked the traveler, eyeing his friend, meditatively; "well, then, since you'd have stayed, prohably you can tell me how I was to get the 20 cents in Argentina?"

An old Pennsylvania German living in the mountains had a hard three hours' dusty walk to accomplish one morning and he rose very early to make his start. He had gone hut a little way when he was overtaken by an automobile, which was prohably the first that had passed along that way. The driver picked up the old man and they were at his destination in about twenty minutes. "Danks so much awfully mit de ride. If I had known myself to be here already two hours in front of de clock yet I vud he at home fast asleep already to start unless I knew you vud not have picked me up since."

A certain nohleman, who may he called Lord X—, hears the reputation of heing somewhat stingy in money matters. On a wet afternoon he hired a cab to take him to Victoria Station. Arrived at the station he handed the cahman a shilling, and, of course, was met by the inevitable demand for an extra sumpence. "Certainly not," said the other, promptly. "You came the longest way as an excuse to extort money. Why didn't you go through St. James's Park?" The cahman saw he had no chance, and said, sneeringly: "Cos St. James's Park is closed; that's why." "Nonsense," said the other, sternly. "It's right, though," was the grave reply. "They say Lord X— dropped a shilling coming across the park last evening, and the gates are closed until they find it."

One day the white colonel of the colored regiment volunteered to take the place of an incompetent player on a company hall team.

As he was given a hase on halls he noticed the men on the coaching lines kept silent. "See here," he exclaimed, slipping out of his coat, "I've taken off my shoulder straps, and now you fellows want to treat me just as if I was a private." Again he was at the hat. He hit the hall and started for first. "Run, you gimpy-legged, sawed-off mud turtle!" howled the dark-skinned coacher. "Run, you miserable, white-livered chump!" The colonel reached first safe. Then he left the hase, walked over to where his discarded blouse lay and put it on.

A good-sized squad of newspaper men, citizens, and merry villagers flanked the entrance to the Taft summer home at Beverly and kept their eyes on the road hack of the secret service guard for the approach of the carriage containing Colonel Roosevelt and Senator Lodge. The wait was more than two hours long and conversation flourished at times. One knot fell to discussing Roosevelt. "The secret of his success," said a villager, "is that he is a good man." "That makes me think of the death of Casey," replied another. "When Casey lay in his coffin a neighbor looked long at his face and then said to the widow, 'He was a good man, Mrs. Casey.' 'He was that,' she replied. 'It always tuk more than two cops to handle him.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Still Enjoying Life.

Of boyhood days I write no rhyme,
For I avow
I'm having quite as good a time
Just now. —Pittsburg Post.

A Salesman.

When the train pulls in and you grah your grip,
And the hackman's there with his frayed-out whip,
You call on your man and try to he gay,
And all you get is, "Nothing doing today,"
Then you're a Peddler,
By gad, you're a Peddler.

When you get into town and call on your man,
"Can't you see any, Bill?" "Why, sure I can."
You size up his stock—make a rough count,
And "Bill!" presently says, "Send the usual amount,"
Then you're an Order Taker,
By gad, you're an Order Taker.

When you travel along and everything's fine,
And you don't get up till half-past nine,
When you see each concern and talk conditions,
And write it all home with many additions,
Then you're a Traveling Man,
By gad, you're a Traveling Man!

When you call on your trade and they talk "hard times,"
"Lower prices," and "decided declines,"
But you talk and you smile—make the world look bright,
And send in your orders every blamed night,
Then you're a Salesman,
By gad, you're a Salesman!
—Canadian Commercial Traveler.

Do It Early.

Do your Christmas shopping early, do it early,
mother dear,
For you know you were exhausted with the flurry
yesteryear,
Please go out and get the trinkets for the prattling
little ones—
Get the engines and the candy and the pistols
and the guns;
Better start right out tomorrow with your money
and your list—
But at ten o'clock on Christmas Eve you'll think
of one you've missed.

Do your Christmas shopping early, ere the drift-
ing snows are here,
For the day before is madder than all others of
the year—
At no odds how soon you do it, when the final
days have come
You will be right in the struggle showing how
to make things hum,
And on Christmas Eve, dear sisters, all of you,
including ma,
Will exclaim: "Well, goodness gracious. We
had quite forgotten pa!" —Chicago Post.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The December dates for society will be devoted largely to affairs for the debutantes, and this week has been marked by two such events. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase was presented at a handsome ball at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday evening, and Mrs. Eleanor Doe introduced her daughter at an elaborate reception, followed by a dinner dance, at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday, December 9. Several luncheons, teas, and theatre parties also took place this week as preliminary social attentions to these two huds. A number of bridge parties and teas planned for the pleasure for the older set completed the week's calendar of social events.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall have announced the engagement of their daughter Elizabeth to Mr. Arthur A. Chesebrough. Miss Newhall is the youngest daughter and a sister of Mrs. Athole McBean and Miss Marian Newhall. Mr. Chesebrough is the son of Mr. A. Chesebrough, and a brother of Miss Edith Chesebrough and Miss Helen Chesebrough, and a prominent society and club man. He is a member of the University, the Pacific Union, the Bohemian, the Burlingame, and Marin Country clubs. The wedding will take place in the early spring, but no definite date has yet been set.

An engagement of interest in local society, though it was announced in Honolulu this week, is that of Miss Lydia McStocker and Lieutenant Parsons, U. S. N. The announcement was made at a luncheon by Mrs. Frances B. Parsons. Miss McStocker is a niece of Admiral Whiting.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Pattiani and Midshipman Alan G. Olsen will take place December 20 at the home of the bride in Alameda.

The wedding of Miss Katie Belle Riggins and Lieutenant Charles Bernadon Elliott, U. S. A., will take place December 14 at Pine Bluff, Arkansas. After April 15 Lieutenant Elliott and his bride will be at home at the Presidio, San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Anita Orena and Mr. Wilson Dillhee took place on December 6 at the home of Mrs. Dario Orena in Los Angeles.

The wedding of Miss Mildred Tonn and Mr. Leo H. Sussman took place Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Tonn, on Clay Street. The couple will make their home here.

The wedding of Miss Anna Meherin and Mr. Ralph Merrill took place on Monday evening at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Arguello at Salinas.

The marriage of Miss Bernice Wilson and Mr. Robert Schurman, which took place this week in Shanghai, was of much local interest here, where the bride has always made her home. Mr. Schurman is the son of Mr. Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University, and he and his bride will make their home for the next two years in the Orient.

The wedding of Miss Christine Judah and Dr. Chester Linwood Roadhouse took place Friday evening at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. Floyd Judah. The matron of honor was Mrs. Floyd Judah, and the other attendants were Miss Dita Belknap, Miss Helen Pennell, and Miss Gladys Roadhouse. Mr. Alexander Stoddard filled the office of best man. After a brief honeymoon trip, Dr. Roadhouse and his bride will make their home in Berkeley.

The wedding of Miss Ada Rhodes and Mr. William Williamson took place last week in Honolulu, and was a brilliant social event. Miss Rhodes has many friends here, who entertained for her while she was the guest of Princess Kawanakoa a few months ago.

Mrs. H. H. Hart entertained at one of the elaborate luncheons of the season at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday, at which she entertained one

hundred and fifty guests. The affair was termed a 1915 luncheon, and was elaborate in the details of decoration.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Wooster and Mr. Rollo Fay will take place on the evening of December 17 at St. John's Presbyterian Church.

The Misses Olliver entertained at an informal tea Sunday afternoon in honor of Miss Edith Rucker.

Mrs. N. A. Dorn entertained about two hundred guests at a tea at her home on Pacific Avenue on Saturday afternoon. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Alexander Bergevin, Mrs. F. A. Dorn, Mrs. Joseph Masten, Mrs. William Stewart, Mrs. Sewall Dolliver, Mrs. Martin Regensherger, and Miss Frances Booth.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin complimented Miss Louise McCormick with a luncheon in her honor on Friday, at which were present the following: Mrs. Peter Martin, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Edith von Schroeder, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Lillian Goss, and Miss Ysobel Chase.

Mrs. Bowditch Morton made Miss Edith Rucker the guest of honor at a pretty dinner at her apartment on Van Ness Avenue on Wednesday evening. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann, Mrs. Demereck, Miss Edith Rucker, Mr. Frank King, Mr. James Phelan, and Prince d'Auro.

Mrs. William Wheeler entertained at an elaborate "at home" on Friday, prior to her departure for Washington, D. C.

Mrs. George Kenyon, who has recently returned from the Orient, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Monday by Miss Vivian Gedge.

The Monday Night Club met at Century Hall this week for the first of its series of this season's dances. Among the guests were Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. K. E. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard, Dr. and Mrs. John Harold Philip, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. William Drennan, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrman, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Felton Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Donzell Stoney, Mr. and Mrs. James A. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Devlin, Mr. and Mrs. Clem Horst, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Cambron, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hamman, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Seson, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lee, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lewis.

Mrs. Alden Anderson's luncheon at the Francesca Club on Saturday was a particularly attractive affair, at which she entertained Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. Thomas H. Williams, Mrs. C. W. Clark, Mrs. Norman Rideout, Mrs. Louis Pierce, Mrs. A. R. Pommer, Mrs. J. W. Shotwell, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. Joseph Martin, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, and the Princess Kawanakoa.

Mrs. Edward J. Bowen's new home on Clay Street was the scene of a brilliant gathering on Thursday, when one hundred of her friends as-

sembled there for an afternoon of bridge. Assisting Mrs. Bowen in receiving were Mrs. James Spiers, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. George A. Moore, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Spencer Buckhee, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Bashford Leavitt, Miss Ethel Beaver, Miss Margaret Foster, Miss Katherine Spiers, Miss Ethel Moore, and Miss Alice Schussler.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Lyman entertained at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday in honor of Colonel F. L. Denny, U. S. A.

Mrs. Alexander Keyes was hostess at a debutante luncheon on Thursday in compliment to her niece, Miss Dora Winn. The guests were Miss Cora Otis, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Ethel McAllister, and Miss Dora Winn.

Mrs. William Leahy entertained at a bridge party at the home of her mother, Mrs. W. P. Harrington, on California Street on Thursday in honor of Mrs. Chauncey Thomas, wife of Rear-Admiral Thomas.

Mrs. Mountford Wilson was hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss Lillian Goss. The affair took place at Mrs. Wilson's Burlingame home. The guests included Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, and Miss Alexander Hamilton.

The meeting of the Tuesday Evening Skating Club this week was largely attended by the members. Mrs. Carroll D. Buck was assisted in receiving by the patronesses.

Miss Dora Winn was a dinner hostess on Tuesday evening preceding the Skating Club party. Her guests were Miss Florence Williams, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, Miss Muriel Williams, Miss Cora Smith, Mr. Ward Maillard, Mr. William Crittenden, Mr. Frank Andrews, Mr. George Hill, and Mr. Leonard Abbott, Jr.

Miss Marian Huntington was hostess at a dance at her home Friday evening, at which she was assisted in receiving her guests by Mr. and Mrs. John Brockway Metcalf.

Mrs. A. B. Spreckels entertained at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Saturday, at which her guests were Mrs. Alexander de Brettville, Mrs. Charles Gibson, Mrs. Guittard, Mrs. Frank Somers, Mrs. John Meyers, Mrs. W. Davis, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Charles Warren, Miss de Brettville, and Miss Lyons.

Mrs. Frank Proctor entertained at luncheon on Saturday at the Hotel St. Francis, her guests being Mrs. C. F. McDermott, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Miss Mollie Mather, and Mr. Willard Barton, Jr.

Miss Alyse Warner was hostess at an informal tea Monday in honor of Miss Helen Ashton, who with Miss Ruth Casey will spend the next two years in Europe.

Miss Dorothy Chapman entertained half a dozen girls at an informal luncheon on Saturday, and with them attended the theatre afterward.

Miss Louise Boyd was hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss Katherine Stoney and Miss Helena Stoney, who have recently returned from Europe, and with their mother are spending the winter at the Bellevue.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Stott arrived Tuesday on New York, and during their stay in San Francisco will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Van Deventer Stott and Mr. and Mrs. Terey Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bogue will spend the holiday season in New York.

Miss Enid Gregg sailed Tuesday for Honolulu, where she will visit for several months.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, who has been visiting her parents, General and Mrs. Taylor, in Boston, expected back in San Francisco for Christmas.

Miss Margaret Roosevelt left Sunday for her home in New York, after a six weeks' visit in San Francisco with Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl, who have been guests of Mrs. Kohl's mother, Mrs. Godey, in Washington, are now in New York.

Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Jr., is making a short trip at the John D. Spreckels home on Pacific avenue, but will return to Coronado for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker returned this week from an interesting trip through Mexico, following a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport, whose wedding took place last week in Boston, are expected to arrive here on December 20 and will make their home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson have closed their home at San Rafael and have taken apartments at the Hotel St. Francis for the winter.

Mrs. Lawrence Austin (formerly Miss Roman) is visiting Major and Mrs. Day at Long and.

Miss Hilda Stedman is still visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker at Belvedere, and will not return to her home in St. Louis until after the end of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schussler, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Martin Preuss in Los Angeles, have sailed for home and will be in San Francisco for the Christmas holidays. Miss Alice Schussler returned from abroad in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their children returned this week from abroad, and have made their home on Broadway. They were accompanied here by Mrs. Adam Grant, who has been her home abroad for a number of years, and will spend the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy), who on their return from their honeymoon trip to Mexico made a brief stop at the Pomeroy home, have gone to Portland, where they will reside.

Mrs. E. J. Poillon and Miss Poillon, mother and daughter of Lieutenant Poillon, who is military attaché to General Tasker Bliss, will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel, instead of going to Santa Barbara as they had anticipated.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rideout have taken a house at Carmel, where they will spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor are at Coronado, where they expect to remain for several weeks.

Miss Justine McClanahan has returned from Los Angeles, where she was extensively entertained during her stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron (formerly Miss Genevieve Harvey) have returned from Europe, and will spend the winter at the Bellevue.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund King (formerly Miss Ida Dent Grant) have been visiting in San Francisco, and were entertained at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Watson Staman.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane will sail for their home in Honolulu on December 13.

Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry will accompany Princess Kawananakoa to Honolulu on December 10 and make a short visit with her before returning to China and Japan, where she will remain for a few months.

Miss Ethel Crocker has sailed for Europe, and will spend the winter with her aunt, Princess de Poniatowski, in Paris.

Miss Emily Carolan, who went East last week, will continue her journey to Egypt, where she will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Rolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dassonville (formerly Miss Gertrude Perry) have taken an apartment at the Gables, where they will spend the winter.

Former United States Senator C. N. Felton has closed his Mendocino country home and leased the Laine house on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Minter leave Saturday for New York and Philadelphia, where they will

spend the holidays with their two sons, Lucio and Billy, and will return about the middle of January.

Mrs. John F. Merrill, who has been spending several weeks at Santa Barbara, plans to return here about Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tyson have returned to their home at Alameda, after a visit of several months in Europe.

Miss Mary Richardson of Los Angeles, who has been the guest of her relatives Lieutenant and Mrs. Paul Beck, at the Presidio, has returned to her home in the south.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman have closed Sky Acres, their Ross Valley home, and have taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore have come over from Belvedere and taken a house on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Mrs. Claude Howland Smith (formerly Miss Bessie Wilson) will leave this week for New York, where she will remain for the winter.

Miss Bessie Zane is planning to leave for New York in January. She will be accompanied by Mrs. A. H. Loughborough.

Miss Helen Carlisle is en route to New York, where she will spend the winter. She plans to return to San Francisco in the spring.

Miss Agnes Tohin is in New York, where she will make a brief visit before sailing for London, where she expects to spend a year in literary work.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe have closed their San Rafael home and are occupying a house in town for the winter.

Colonel D. M. Appel, U. S. A., and Mrs. Appel will leave December 15 for Atlanta, Georgia, where Colonel Appel will be surgeon-in-chief of the Department of the Gulf.

Mrs. Ernest Witsee has returned from Paris and has joined Mr. Witsee in San Francisco for a few days. They will spend the winter at their home at Pasadena.

Mrs. James Dahlgren is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Frank Grace, at her home on Green and Broderick Streets.

Mrs. William Kohl will spend the winter at the Evans Pillsbury place at Montecito. Miss Minnie Price is spending a week or two with her mother.

Mrs. William A. Glassford, Jr., is visiting her parents, Rear-Admiral Thomas Phelps and Mrs. Phelps, at their home in Oakland during the absence of her husband, Ensign Glassford, who is with the Pacific fleet in the south.

Lieutenant Guy Brown, U. S. N., and Mrs. Brown will be stationed at the Mare Island Navy Yard for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Letts Oliver and Mr. Roland Oliver, who have been in New York, are expected home for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson and Miss Kate Peterson of Belvedere are at the Hillcrest apartments for the winter.

Captain W. C. Cowles, U. S. N., Mrs. Cowles, who is the sister of Colonel Roosevelt, and Miss Cowles sailed on Tuesday for Honolulu.

Mrs. Parker Whitney and Mrs. Francis McCormack came up from Del Monte on Monday to meet their mother, Mrs. Louise Parrott, on her arrival from Paris.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mrs. George K. Frink, Mrs. J. C. Howe, Dr. George K. Frink, Mr. and Mrs. P. de la Montanya, Mr. and Mrs. O. Scribner, Miss Dorothy Graves, Mr. Marion D. Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar T. Gleason, and Miss Olive Ange Errett.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mrs. N. D. Rideout, Mr. Edward Rideout, Miss Helen Stuart, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Leo H. Susman, Dr. and Mrs. Chester Lynwood Roadhouse, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lanier of Los Angeles, Mr. John F. Stevens of Portland.

The De Gogorza Concerts.

Emilio de Gogorza, the eminent Spanish haritone, and one of the most interesting and charming vocalists who visit this city, will give his first concert at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, December 11, assisted by Robert Schmitz, pianist.

The programme will consist of classic and modern songs in Italian, French, German, and English, and of course we are to expect some of those delightful Spanish melodies which no one else can sing like De Gogorza.

The second concert is announced for the following Sunday afternoon, December 18, when an entirely different programme will be given, when by special request he will sing the "Serenade de Don Juan" by Tschalkowsky.

The seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained. On Sunday the box-office will open at the Columbia Theatre at ten a. m.

De Gogorza will offer a special programme in Oakland on Tuesday afternoon, December 20, at 3:30, at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

The St. Francis Musical Art Society will hear this artist next Tuesday night, December 13, in the colonial hall room of the Hotel St. Francis.

Loring Club Concert.

The second concert of the present season of the Loring Club is announced for the evening of Tuesday, December 13, at Christian Science Hall, for which occasion the club has prepared an exceptionally attractive programme, containing many selections appropriate to the Christmas season. In addition to the accompaniments of Mr. Frederick Maurer, pianist, and Mr. Fletcher Husband, organist, the club will have the support of a sextet of strings under Mr. John W. Lewis. Mrs. Ernest C. Winchester will be the soloist, while the concert will be under the direction of Mr. Wallace A. Sabin, the conductor of the club.

Rain in the Harbor.

Wind from the east, and a wet rain falling.
A tide that moves with uneasy force,
Anxious tugs with hoarse voices calling,
Leadens waters that show no course.

Wet black wharves with slippery floorings,
Boxes and barrels in long defiles;
Anchored vessels that strain at their moorings,
Restless waters lapping the piles.

Wind from the east, and a drear rain beating,
The thick smoke hovers and settles low;
Far and away are the buoys repeating
Solemn warnings, steady and slow.

Gray-hooded launches in long rows swaying,
Sloops and schooners that rock on the tide;
Naked masts their slimmest betraying,
Whirling waters against the side.

Wind from the east, and a chill rain drifting
Over the city misty and gray;
Out in the open the sea fog lifting
And hiding the face of the sullen bay.
—Lois E. Bennett, in Harper's Magazine.

The Tetraxini Concerts.

The local managers having won the victory in the battle for the services of the great singer, Luisa Tetraxini, the definite dates for her concerts are now announced.

The events will take place in Dreamland Rink, which will accommodate more than double any theatre in this city, and which will also permit of over fifteen hundred people hearing the "diva" at the minimum price. The building will be lavishly decorated and special heating appliances will be specially installed for these occasions.

The dates are this coming Monday night, December 12, Saturday afternoon, December 17, and Tuesday night, December 20. A company of assisting artists and a grand opera orchestra under the direction of Paul Steindorff will combine in making the three festivals of melody.

While the complete programmes have not been arranged at the time of going to press, Manager Greenbaum announces that Tetraxini's principal numbers at the opening concert will be "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," "Una voce pocca fa" from "The Barber of Seville," and the mad scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

At the Saturday matinée the feature numbers will be "Ah! fors e lui," from "La Traviata"; "Polacco" from "Mignon," and "Bel Raggio" from "Semiramide."

On Tuesday night the rarely heard coloratura aria from "Star of the North" by Meyerheer, Benedict's variations on "The Carnival of Venice," and "Rondo e Adagio" from "I Puritani" will be given.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and mail orders will be carefully attended to if accompanied by check or money order.

Next Thursday night, December 15, Tetraxini will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse. The same prices as in San Francisco will prevail and the box-office will open at Ye Liberty on Monday morning.

Appropriate Christmas Gifts.

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S. S. Nippon Maru....About Sat., Feb. 11, 1911

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Yes, my mind is made up. Tonight I shall ask her to be my wife. B-h-by Jove, I b-bope she's out!"—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Baron (to creditors)—I see no bopes of being able to pay what I owe you. Why not organize a suicide club?—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"His death was very sudden, wasn't it?" "I don't think so. He'd been aeroplaning for several weeks before the accident occurred."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Lawyer (slightly deaf)—You say your husband lately left you a widow? *Matronly Caller*—No, sir! I said he lately left me for a widow!—*Chicago Tribune*.

He—They say that the face is an index of the mind. She—I don't know. It doesn't follow because a woman's face is made up that her mind is.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. X—When my husband stays out all night I refuse to get him any breakfast. Mrs. Y—When my husband stays out all night he never wants any.—*Boston Transcript*.

Little Girl (to apothecary)—Please, sir, I've brought the remains of the medicine you gave grandfather. He's dead, and mother thought you might like it for somebody else.—*Punch*.

"Don't you feel any personal resentment toward the man who got your job?" "No," replied Senator Sorgbum, "not if he is going to have as much trouble with it as I had."—*Washington Star*.

Jinks—Your dog bit my mother-in-law yesterday. Binks—Well, I suppose you have come to collect damages. How much do you want? Jinks—Nothing. I've come to buy the dog.—*The Club-Fellow*.

Griggs—After all, the difference between man and woman is one of wear and tear. Briggs—What do you mean? Griggs—Man spends his money foolishly on a tear and a woman on wear.—*Oakland Mercury*.

"What we want," said the citizen, "is an era of economy." "Yes," replied Senator Sorgbum; "but there is always bound to be more or less altercation about who shall do the economizing."—*Washington Star*.

"Everybody emits rays. An angry man emits violet rays; a contented person emits pinkish rays." "Sounds interesting. I wonder if my boss would emit a ten-dollar raise of salary."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Edith—Mercy! Here's a telegram from Jack. He's been hurt in the football game. Ethel—What does he say? Edith—He says: Nose broken! How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman?—*Boston Transcript*.

"That sunrise effect is all wrong," said the stage manager of a New York musical show. "What's the difference?" replied the scene painter. "Nobody who goes to a musical comedy in this town knows what a sunrise looks like."—*Washington Star*.

Foreigner—I don't exactly understand your system of government. For example, what are the powers of Congress? Native—Well, as a rule, there are two—the Speaker of the House and the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Do you think a secret ballot promotes honesty in elections?" "Can't say that it does," replied the painfully practical politician. "The secrecy of it tempts too many men whom you have paid to vote for you to go back on their words."—*Washington Star*.

"George, if there is war with Mexico and you go, will you take me?" "Good gracious, what for?" "Why, I'm just crazy about Mexican drawn work, and, of course, you'll capture lots of it—and then I can take my pick before it's all sorted over!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Old chap, what does 'cachinnation' mean?" "Loud and mirthless laughter, dear hoy. Why?" "Nothing; only I understand now what the papers meant when they said that my stories at the club banquet last night caused much cachinnation."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Litigant—Your fee is outrageous. Why, it's more than three-fourths of what I recovered. Lawyer—I furnished the skill and the legal learning for your case. Litigant—But I furnished the case. Lawyer—Oh, anybody can fall down a coal hole.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Do you believe in making a genuflection before you enter your pew?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "Mercy, no!" replied her bossess, as she flicked a bit of dust from the \$2000 grand piano, "if I have genuflections to make about people, I always do it outside of church."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

First Clerk—Isn't it fine the way the shoppers are coming in? I never knew them to do so much buying so early. Second Clerk—It's fine, all right, with one exception. "What

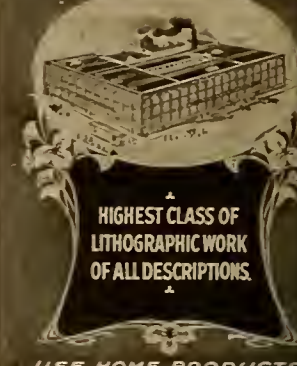
is that?" "It's Mrs. Jimpson. She did her buying so awfully early that she's already commenced exchanging things!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"My wife faints on the slightest provocation." "What do you use to resuscitate her?" "The last time it took a sealskin coat."—*Washington Herald*.

"The count has promised that he will never beat or kick me if I will marry him," said the beautiful beirress. "But has he promised to work for you?" her father asked. "Oh, papa, don't be unreasonable."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Manager—What's the leading lady in such a tantrum about? Press Agent—She only got nine bouquets over the footlights tonight. Manager—Great Scott! Aint that enough? Press Agent—Nope—she paid for ten.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"What is your name?" inquired the kind-bearded woman, as she banded the intellectual looking tramp a large piece of her best jelly cake. "Me real name, ma'am," the man replied between his eager bites, "is known only to tb' forgotten past, but ever since me gal turned me down, an' ber ol' man turned me out, I've went by tb' name of 'Gas.'"—*Chicago Daily News*.



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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Supreme Court.

If President Taft seemed—mind the word seemed—to listen for a time too attentively to those who would like to see the Supreme Court stocked with men who would substitute General Principles for The Law, he has fully condoned the error in his selections for the Supreme Bench. Judge Lamar of Georgia is a learned man, a sound man, and a gentleman. He comes from a noble breed; he is the product of the right kind of experience, has the right kind of character. Of Judge Vandervanter of Wyoming we may speak in relative terms. He is a fine lawyer and a fine man. The promotion of Justice White to the chief justiceship is equally to be commended. Here is a man not only schooled in law, but schooled in life—a man whose name and character command the respect of all classes, all sections, all parties. These three appointments taken together are the best possible answer to those who in enthusiasm for change would have us forget the obligations which rest upon the President to maintain the Supreme Court in its traditional and historical integrity.

The President, we think, has done well in the case of Justice Hughes. Much indeed may be said for Hughes. His appointment to the chief justiceship would in a way have been eminently worthy. Yet it

is to be remembered that his experience at the bar, while brilliant, has not been wide or extended. Of judicial experience he has had none at all. His prestige is great, but his most notable work has been in the sphere of politics rather than in the judicial sphere. In time Justice Hughes may become the Chief Justice. There are many reasons why this may be regarded as a probability. But it is better that he should wait—better for Justice Hughes himself, better for the country. The President has done well to put aside his first impulse and so to bestow the chief justiceship that no question of doubt presents itself in any mind.

Is There a New Democracy?

The extraordinary opportunity which the fortune of events has laid at the door of the Democratic party will come to nothing unless the party can "get together" and "stay together" on some definite and positive scheme of policies. Nor is the trick going to be turned by a twist of the wrist. Signs of internal dissension are already at hand—indications that the much-vaunted new leadership will not be permitted to lead, at least without friction, that the old forces presumed to have been overwhelmed will not stay overwhelmed.

Mr. Bryan, who as a party figure was thought a few weeks ago to be dead and buried, has declined to stay dead or even to have his measure taken for grave clothes. He bobs up, not indeed with open pretensions as a presidential candidate, but insistent upon retaining his place as the dominating figure in party councils. It had been arranged under the suggestion of a Baltimore newspaper, which in the last election abrogated its party obligations to the extent of supporting Taft, for a general party conference to be held at Baltimore on the 17th of January next. The plan was for an informal assemblage of representative Democrats to consider party conditions and to define a party policy. The new leadership was, of course, expected to take the helm. All went smoothly until Mr. Bryan was heard from. He was not able to see that a renegade newspaper had any right to call a convention even informally representing the Democratic party. He could not bring himself to concede that voluntary delegates to an unofficial convention had any right to parade the name of the Democratic party or to assume authoritative direction of party affairs. There was in this a certain logic which appealed to others prominent in the party, and the result is seen in a complete change of plan for the projected Baltimore meeting. It is to be held according to programme, but it is not to assume the function of party guide, philosopher, and friend, but rather is to be a love feast—a convention in celebration and ratification of a great victory. In other words, under forces set on foot by Mr. Bryan the purpose of the projected convention is to be modified and nullified.

It turns out, too, that Mr. Champ Clark, destined by all the rules of the political game to be the Speaker of the coming Democratic House, has not broken with Mr. Bryan; indeed, that he is not even in the way of breaking with him. Mr. Clark is thoroughly infected with Mr. Bryan's doctrines, has championed them in the House of Representatives and out of it—has, indeed, risen to his eminence in the party by virtue of them. He remains a Bryan Democrat and is by no means disposed to turn from the ladder by which he has ascended to take up either with the old Democracy of Mr. Harmon or the new Democracy of Messrs. Wilson, Dix, or Baldwin. Furthermore, it appears that Mr. Bryan's prestige with the rank and file of the coming majority in the House of Representatives has by no means been lost. Many of these men, perhaps most of them, are where they are because of their championship of Bryan principles and acceptance of Mr. Bryan's leadership. They are not so forgetful or ungrateful as to cast off Mr. Bryan, not so venturesome as to turn baldly to newer ideas and

standards. Mr. Bryan, it turns out, is far more likely to be the controlling spirit back of the Democratic majority in the coming House than any one of the champions of a newer Democracy whose names have been so often quoted since the outcome of the November elections.

Upon inquiry it has developed that Governor Harmon of Ohio, who has so widely been acclaimed the Democratic standard-bearer for 1912, has not a flawless party record. He was a Cleveland Democrat in the day when Clevelandism was a force to conjure with, and he continued to be a Cleveland Democrat even after the vogue of that famous name was lost. He was, indeed, among those who broke away from the party in the first Bryan candidacy to give his name and influence to the Palmer-Buckner ticket. In other words, in a great crisis Mr. Harmon refused to follow the banner of party regularity. He participated even as a leader in a movement quite independent of party authority organized for the express purpose of defeating the party candidate. In later times Governor Harmon has supported the party nominees, including Bryan in both his second and third candidacies, but this fact has not wholly, in Mr. Bryan's view, condoned his record as a bolter. Mr. Harmon will have to meet the personal objections of Mr. Bryan, and there are many indications that they are not likely to be easily evaded or overcome.

As Governor Harmon stands for the old Democracy as distinct from Bryanism, so Governor-elect Wilson of New Jersey stands for a new Democracy not closely related to either one or the other. He proposes to inculcate the party with the virus of a new stateism in direct contradistinction to Mr. Roosevelt's new nationalism. In his address before the Frankfort, Kentucky, convention of governors—where, by the way, he took the leading part—Mr. Wilson was the one and only man to suggest something new in the line of political policy. He gave due recognition to new conditions calling for new schemes of political regulation. But harking back to Democratic principles of a generation ago he argued against the enlargement of the national authority. He would have the new conditions and the old abuses which Mr. Roosevelt has proposed to combat through enlargement of the scope and powers of the national authority met by increased energy on the part of State authority. In other words, he is for enlarged State control of things as distinct from enlarged national control. He sees nothing in the situation justifying Mr. Roosevelt's scheme of new nationalism. Here indeed is something definite, something progressive. But there is nothing to indicate its acceptance by the rank and file of the party, much less by members of Congress elected under old standards and plans. Already Mr. Wilson is being styled a doctrinaire, a school man, a theorist; already there are grumblings upon the basis of his too sudden and too authoritative pose as Sir Oracle. He would, it is whispered, better show his quality and his devotion to Democratic principles by a period of probation rather than seek to leap at a single bound to the control of party affairs. Even his presumed advantage as a man of Southern birth is discredited by the statement that early in his life he abandoned the South to become practically a Northerner.

All of which opens up quite a new line of political suggestion. It serves to remind those who have drawn hurried conclusions that in the political sphere revolutions are not suddenly achieved. The party which abandoned Cleveland, which flirted with Populism, which gave itself over to Bryan not only once but again and again, has not been changed in its essential beliefs, practices, aims, character, by a single success at the polls, nor by the acquisition of a group of new leaders. In other words the new Democracy is a name rather than a fact, a theory rather than an achievement. And indications multiply that for all the explosion of

new conditions and new names we shall, when it comes to action, hear the braying of the same old jackass.

Liquor Legislation and the Saloon.

In the recent Oregon election prohibition, presented as a state-wide proposal, was voted down. The *Oregonian* newspaper took an active part in the campaign which preceded the vote, standing opposed to the proposition and sustaining its view by careful and insistent presentments. Now comes this same newspaper, with telling force, reminding the liquor interest that the vote against prohibition was by no means a vote for the saloon. It reminds the liquor men that the saloon as it exists everywhere is the chief cause of prohibition proposals, and that unless the saloon is modified or eliminated, the prohibitory scheme must ultimately succeed. It warns the liquor interest that if it would preserve what it calls its rights of traffic, it must find a way to suppress the vulgarities and abomination of the saloon.

Wise and timely counsel! There is no possible justification for the saloon as it exists not only in Oregon but in California and elsewhere. It is a thing wholly bad; furthermore, it is a thing wholly artificial; and, for the most part, it is what it is not through the wish of communities where it is to be found, but as a result of exploitation "enterprise" on the part of the liquor interest. Nine times out of ten it is the wholesale liquor dealer or the brewer who plants the saloon where there is no real demand for it and where it becomes a nuisance and a pest, in the sense of finding a man to run it and then supplying him with merchandise. Nine times out of ten it is the same interest which takes and holds leases of prominent corners in cities large and small. Nine times out of ten it is the same interest which directly or indirectly sets up bars in residence districts to the irritation and disgust of quiet neighborhoods. The liquor interest, not content with a natural and legitimate traffic, too often seeks to exploit and extend its business by various tricks of enterprise, which, legitimate enough if applied to the trade in bread, beef, and potatoes, is outrageous when the thing dealt in is subject to grave moral abuses.

The *Oregonian* is entirely right in warning the liquor interest of Oregon to be content with allowance to carry on its business in quiet and unobtrusive ways and to avoid those forms of exploitation which endeavor to crowd the gin-mill upon communities which do not want it, and to pour liquor down throats to which it is a direful injury. And the same counsel applies in California. Habits and sentiments are perhaps a little freer with us; nevertheless California will not permanently endure those special abominations of the liquor traffic which grow out of organized exploitation on the part of the liquor interest. The sentiment in California as elsewhere is against the saloon. It does not, indeed, seek to deny to the liquor traffic its normal rights, but it does resent its abnormal wrongs, and it will ultimately throw over the whole business if practices of moderation and decency shall not be observed. The time is about come when decent communities will not tolerate the indecent, vulgarizing, soul-destroying saloon.

The little town of Los Gatos in Santa Clara County affords an interesting and instructing exhibit of the tendencies of public sentiment in this respect. For many years there existed in Los Gatos three or four low-type saloons. They were established centres of every kind of vulgarity, tending to the general bad atmosphere and disrepute of the town, particularly vicious in their influence upon boys and young men who found admittance in spite of the law. Then public sentiment rose in its wrath and over the protest of moderate people undertook as a means of destroying the saloon to break down all traffic in liquors. After a fashion quite common in such matters, the measures of repression were oppressively extreme. It was made unlawful not only to maintain a saloon, but to bring liquors into the town, to have them in one's possession, to serve them even at hotel tables. This sort of invasion of private rights created wide resentment and resistance, and as a result, after repeated fights, the ordinance was so modified as to give local hotels the privilege of serving liquors at table, etc. But the liquor interest was not satisfied. Having gotten all that it was entitled to, it wanted more. There sprung up, of course under the usual patronage of wholesalers, a place pretending to be a restaurant but in reality a saloon. Public intelligence quickly recognized the "fake" and sharply resented it. A city government

dominated by the liberal element elected in opposition to the extremists promptly brought about a shut-down of the fraudulent restaurant. Los Gatos will not stand for prohibition as a principle. It will not penalize a transportation company for bringing in a case of wine. It will not penalize a citizen for having wine on his dinner-table. It will permit to a hotel-keeper the legitimate privilege of a liquor traffic. But it will not have the saloon.

This experience pretty well illustrates the present state of the public mind in California with respect to the liquor traffic. This traffic will not be interfered with so long as it maintains itself within legitimacy and reason. But if the wholesale liquor houses and the breweries will not be content with a kind of regulation essential to social welfare and common decency—if these interests insist upon the saloon because the saloon is profitable to them—then the whole business will be swept off the boards as it ought to be. If the liquor interest is wise it will be content to find what profit it may in the legitimate uses of the liquor traffic, and it will have a care to avoid those abuses, gross and injurious, which have made its name a stench in California and elsewhere.

The Deserted Champion.

But for the casual aid which his office has compelled Mr. Kahn to render on the floor of the House to Mr. de Young in the latter's fight for the world's fair, the *Chronicle's* Washington correspondent is still unable to report activity on the part of the other so-called "campaigners." These gentlemen, who started East with such fine promises, have hardly been heard from since, at least by those who read the *Chronicle*. They went, at the presumed expense of the exposition fund, to help Mr. de Young, yet what have we but the daily spectacle of such former leaders as Governor Gillett and Governor-elect Johnson, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Leon Sloss, M. F. Tarpey, the two Scotts, David Rich, President Hale of the exposition company, Theodore A. Bell, and all but one of the State's delegation in Congress standing idly by, leaving Champion de Young in travail alone. Can anybody talk soberly of California public spirit in the teeth of a circumstance so depressing? Who would have supposed that men so energetic and successful in other fields of effort would fall down when it came to a matter so vital as that of helping the metropolis of their own State to impress its claims upon Congress!

Yet here is the day-by-day record, impartially made by the *Chronicle* itself for the week past, one scarcely deviating from that of weeks before. On Friday the only incident of the fight worth its space was the visit of Mr. de Young to the President, from which he retired "smiling broadly." In Saturday's paper, eighty-seven lines of *Chronicle* type had to be given to the labors of Mr. de Young exclusive of the reference to them in the big heading, while thirty sufficed to reveal Joseph Scott in the act of making an outside speech in which, as our contemporary says, "nothing was mentioned about the exposition," and to tell of Mr. Sloss and two of the congressmen participating in social diversions.

On Sunday morning the *Chronicle* could make no better showing for the recalcitrants than that of listless spectators while Mr. de Young, single-handed, met the enemy in the person of Congressman Rodenberg and brought him to his knees. The next day things were no better excepting that the full committee, with Mr. de Young at its head, held a "council of war," the result of which seems to have been merely to agree with the conclusions of that same indefatigable leader as republished in the *Chronicle* from an interview in the *Washington Post*. And so it has gone since.

We do not know what the ten errant campaigners will say for themselves when they return, but they have much to explain. The public wishes to know why they allowed all the labor, for which they were jointly responsible, to devolve upon one self-sacrificing man? Nor is this the sum of their misfeasance, for they have left Mr. de Young exposed to the mortification which any gentleman would feel over having to bear all the publicity of a great achievement which his own widely circulated journal is bound, by an implied contract with its readers, to give. Scorning as he does to see the name of De Young in any part of the *Chronicle* but the head, he has been forced, day by day, to let it be projected even from his social columns, because the men whose business was to crowd between him and the

glare of his spotlight would not do their part. Even though victorious he will come back sore, his only balance being that the other San Francisco dailies will continue as they have cheerfully done all along, to ignore the conspicuousness which Mr. de Young, in his high character as a journalist, has felt compelled to affront himself with, morning after morning, for the common good.

At the Union Altar.

San Francisco is used to union funerals, but is new to union weddings. On union obsequies, in some form any man has long been able to count. Indeed, he could hardly avoid them without previous removal from town. To be put in a certificated, standard-made union-labeled coffin, drawn by a union-built hearse, the horses duly shod by the Horseshoers' Union, and the body committed to earth under the authority of a walking delegate in the promise of a happy reunion beyond the grave, has been the common lot of man—at least in these parts. No cemetery is boycotted here and no warning of "Unfair" has yet fallen on the ear of the mourners. But there has been one lack, which is now supplied, the services of an organized minister who is opposed to all scab committals. Such a man has risen to the occasion. True, there is no organization of labor except a miscalled Ministerial Union in which a preacher can hold a card; but our esteemed labor contemporary, the *Post*, has found a man of the cloth whose principles are as acceptable to organized labor as were those of the white preacher at a negro funeral to the congregation which was assured that "while his skin am white his heart am as black as ours." This gentleman, the Rev. William Nat Friend, of the Howard Presbyterian Church, is organized labor sanctified in the flesh. We learn from the *Post* that Mr. Friend has given out that the presentation of a card will entitle any dead person, in good standing with his union at the time of his decease, to enjoy a thoroughly unionized funeral in ground presumably consecrated to St. George's.

But it is of weddings instead of obsequies that we wish, principally, to speak, the availability of the Rev. William Nat Friend being equal to either function. Arrangements for the more cheerful ceremony at the Howard Presbyterian are also quite complete. The church was built by union labor and has been successfully in boycotting the devil and all his unorganized works. The pulpiteer, Mr. Friend, issues valid passports of bliss at any time within the limit of the eight-hour law, the same being duly stamped with the label of the electrician. This makes it unnecessary for a labor man to expose the marriage sacrament to the tender mercies of a San Francisco alderman. The happy couple, costumed like the clergyman in union-made garments, warranted not to have been cleaned, sponged, or laundered by Oriental labor, may now present themselves at a purer altar. Flowers may be carried which the district council will certify to have been grown by white labor. No odor of Japanese paganism at \$1.50 per day will attach to the bride's American Beauties or to her orange blossoms or to the groom's shirt. The carriages used will come from the nearest hack-driver's stand, and if desired there will be a walking delegate in his usual seat. As for the horses, they will be harnessed by the Horseshoers' Union, and, of course, will wear the authorized unionized shoes. We depend on the *Post's* labor columns to confirm the story that the marriage service will be read from a book bearing the imprint of the Typographical Union; and that the Musicians' Union will supply the choir, providing the organist has taken out a card. There will be no cut-rate fee for the minister and the ushers must receive pay according to the scale. It is rumored also that the ministerial blessing will be conveyed in the name and by the authority of the labor council.

It is intended, as soon as practical, to unionize the bridal jewelry and wedding gifts. The Jewelry Workers' Union has the matter in hand. By the first of the new year, according to the *Post*, engagement and wedding rings, also the gold and silver presents will bear the union stamp. It is expected that weddings involving the use of scab rings will cause the customary patrol donkey, significant of the virtues of the San Francisco labor unions, to be paraded in front of whatever church permits them, and that a sandwich man will stand in the lobby to shout "Unfair" during the ceremony. Of course there will be nothing of this kind permitted at the Howard Presbyterian, where everything will conform to the rules of the labor organizations and assure a perfect and unblemished union.

to the wedded pair. While the change is not yet ordered, it is said that only notices of union weddings will be permitted to appear in the San Francisco dailies. We are not yet assured that the marriage of any woman to a non-union man will be permitted; but at the rate the union outlook is improving here, such a splendid victory for the cause we all have at heart may be confidently looked for.

Mr. Roosevelt at New Haven.

There is that in Mr. Roosevelt's address before the New Haven Chamber of Commerce on Tuesday night to show that he is learning some things good for an American to know. In the first place, he had the grace to start with a toast to the President of the United States. This is a happy improvement upon his attitude during the famous Western tour, when President Taft was scarcely mentioned and when every significant utterance was an indirect reflection against him. Mr. Roosevelt's tone was gentler than anything we have heard from him in recent times. His late imperial pose was not in evidence. He talked to his audience not as one anointed to obedient subjects, but as man to man. Then for once in his life he was personally gracious. He called no man liar or crook. He was even civil, so far as the report goes, to his entertainers. Perhaps the vacant chair of Governor Baldwin made its impression upon him; or, possibly, he had read the findings in the Lorimer case. Mr. Roosevelt was even apologetic, explaining that he is "no anarchist," only "a radical who would like to see a radical programme carried out by conservatives." This last suggestion is entirely safe from a political standpoint. If Mr. Roosevelt will now organize a party of radical ideas limited in their application by conservative agents, he will have put himself into a position where not even his severest critic will regard him as dangerous. Rhetorically the scheme sounds well, but practically it is like demanding a downpour of rain to an accompaniment of brilliant sunshine. Mr. Roosevelt stood by his new nationalism, not indeed to the extent of naming it in terms, but in declaring that he repeated in the East what he had said in the West. Technically, this statement preserves his consistency, but the spirit of it is not the spirit of Osawatimie. To say calmly to a dress-coated audience "As I said before," is a far cry from the hollering and bellowing with clenched fist and gritting teeth at the Osawatimie county fair ground. "As I said before"—this may serve after a fashion to bridge over the chasm between the West and the East, but it is not precisely the same thing. And here, let us say again what the *Argonaut* has often said before—here is to be the test of the much-vaunted moral quality of this extraordinary man. If he be, as he himself has so often asserted, and as his admirers are forever acclaiming, a man of high moral quality, he will stand by his Osawatimie speech through thick and thin. He will stand by it even though there shall be no voice for it but his own. His commitment to it is absolute; he can not escape from it without flunking. Will he do it? We think not. We think he will flunk. We think the man, for all his pretensions, lacks the moral quality to stand for anything which fails to command popular applause. We think that he will forget his Osawatimie platform because it has been rejected by the country; that he will not work and wait and hope for a turn of the tide, but that he will seek to go with the tide whichever way it may chance to be going. Here, we repeat, is the test. As Mr. Roosevelt shall stand in relation to it so will he be judged by thoughtful and consistent men. In the meantime Mr. Roosevelt is to be congratulated upon his improved behavior. It is a great gain when a man of Mr. Roosevelt's conspicuousness drops the tone of the autocrat, the bluster of the political boss, the manners of the cowboy, and conducts himself like a gentleman.

The Boy Scouts.

The organization known as the American Boy Scouts, which has been given the large publicity of Mr. Hearst's newspapers for some months past, and of which he was made president during his recent absence abroad, has lost his support by resignation. Mr. Hearst's stated reasons for dropping out are that his name has been misused in a campaign for funds and that the solicitors sent around by headquarters in New York have received 40 per cent of the revenue. Inquiry into these delinquencies by the attorney-general of New York State or by the district attorney of New York City will be prompted by Mr. Hearst as a means

of getting at facts which as president he was unable to secure.

This issue of a widely heralded movement, while disappointing to many, need not discourage those who have hoped that the Boy Scout enterprise would be a better means than it has proved of inculcating the manly virtues. There are other ways. This one has failed, chiefly because of its spectacular cast. Manly virtues can not be taught by parade, else the militia would by this time have produced the flower of American character. Emphasis has been given the idea that the Boy Scouts are little heroes, with the effect of making them little prigs. It is only necessary to watch them in their relations with ununiformed playfellows to discover that much publicity has turned their small heads. They are developing into a juvenile parody of the belted aristocracy which West Point is sometimes accused of producing, without the discipline and poise which has gone far to relieve West Point of that asperity in the minds of impartial men. If to all this the method of their organization has resulted in graft, the sooner the Boy Scout movement is changed into one for the quiet encouragement of open-air life, reasonable athletics, good habits, and some such civic discipline, without the circus features, as has made the George, Jr., Republic successful, the better for the boys.

But any form of reorganization or of substitution should have a sounder basis of pecuniary support than the one which Mr. Hearst has exposed. The plan of getting funds by paying a percentage on charitable donations usually ends in scandal. California knows this from its experience with competing systems for the care of orphans. The only safe way to get public support for new benevolences is to depend at the start on disinterested enthusiasm and in the end on the effect of proven benefits, not overlooking self-help, upon the normal sources of public and private philanthropy. The public can not be milked for long in the name of a charity which first makes sure of a large provision for those who carry it on. Men willing to subscribe a cent for the heathen and a dollar to get it to them are not so common as they were in any walk of life.

Editorial Notes.

Petaluma "parlor" of the Native Sons Society has done a truly fine thing in buying for preservation an old adobe house which for some years was the home of the late General Vallejo. Plans are in process looking not only to the preservation of this landmark, but to its proper furnishing and to maintenance of the grounds about it. Here is a suggestion which may well serve as an example to other "parlors" of the Native Sons Society. The landmarks of the Spanish era are vanishing. Only the other day the last notable Spanish house in San Jose was torn down to make room for a street-car barn. It is the same everywhere—the old order passeth. There is much worth cherishing in the Spanish era. It has given us a nomenclature which distinguishes California throughout the world, a group of romantic traditions, and suggestions out of which there is growing a distinct school of architecture. More and more the Mission idea is being worked into house construction in California. The Missions will of course be preserved, although the Catholic Church is not as regardful of them as might be desired. But local sentiment and patriotism ought to prevent the obliteration of structures which will surely be appreciated in times to come. The Petaluma Native Sons have set a good example. Now, let other branches of this order elsewhere follow their example. The preservation of landmarks is a work entirely proper for this society—a work, let it incidentally be remarked, vastly more creditable than arranging high jinks and mixing in politics.

The pleasures of hope in Champ Clark's breast have suffered alloy. He will, if he lives, realize his ambition to be Speaker of the House, but what is a Speaker shorn of his power to name committees and to enforce his will upon the rules? If Mr. Clark's party is consistent, and if it counts on help from insurgent Republicans, it will put its Speaker under the same parliamentary inhibitions that it forced upon Speakers Reed, Henderson, and Cannon. There is, to be sure, a precedent in the case of Speaker Crisp, whose fortune it was to succeed Tom Reed without losing any of the late "Czar's" despotic privileges, but these are not the times in which to exhibit Democratic reform in the guise of that same old elephant trying to hide behind an ass's skin pending from his tusks. The Democracy,

if it is going to keep its vantage ground, must not affront the quasi-Republican sentiment which, by staying away from the congressional polls, made room for it. But, meanwhile, what of Champ Clark? If he can not dispose of the Speaker's patronage in the way to suit himself, if he has to become a titled supernumerary of the House as the Vice-President is of the Senate, he may be sorry indeed to have foregone the more advantageous post of leader of the House majority.

The conflict between plumbers and water-pipe layers, of which mention was made in these columns a few weeks back, continues in an aggravating form. The pipe-layers, it will be remembered, have been carrying on their work since time out of mind at a wage of \$3.50 per day. The plumbers, less qualified for this particular work, claimed it as against the pipe-layers, under their scale of \$6 per day. The matter was referred to the American Federation of Labor, which decided that both crafts be allowed to work at pipe-laying, but at the plumbers' rate of \$6 per day. But the local Plumbers' Union, eager to get for itself a work hitherto done by the pipe-layers, has advised its members not to respect the decision of the American Federation on the ground that it conflicts with the by-laws of the Union Association of Plumbers, which prohibits plumbers from sharing their work with other crafts. No mention is made in this interesting conflict of the man who pays the bills, and who would naturally prefer to have his work done by pipe-laying experts at \$3.50 per day than by the inexpert plumbers at \$6 per day.

It is announced at Los Angeles that the Southern Pacific Railroad Company will electrify all its steam lines centering in that city and will use the trolley exclusively for freight as well as passenger traffic within a radius of from seventy-five to 175 miles, including Santa Barbara, Ventura, and Bakersfield on the north, Santa Ana on the east, and beach points south and west. This looks like the beginning on this coast of a system which is making rapid strides throughout the Atlantic and Middle Western regions. Everywhere the trolley is becoming the local means of transportation not only for passengers as originally planned, but for local freight traffic as well. Probably the time is not remote when the local traffic everywhere will be served by trolley systems, and when the business of steam railroading will be restricted to main or trunk lines.

There has been a little war in the high school at Stockton. Principal Williams objects to fads in dress, regarding them as distractions and tending to vanity. He issued an order that girl students should not wear curls. But despite the order the curls persisted. Mr. Williams might as well have tried to prevent the girls from breathing. After a week or ten days of hot warfare not particularly creditable to either party to the controversy Principal Williams withdrew his restrictive order, admitting that he had been routed. None the less, the principle of Mr. Williams's protest against over-adornment of school children is a sound one. Nothing tends more to disturb the wholesome routine of school life than competitions in dress. The Catholic educators understand this better than anybody else. In schools maintained by the educational orders it is a common rule that all pupils shall be dressed alike. At the Madam's School in this city and San Mateo this rule is strictly enforced, and the result is that there are no rivalries, no jealousies, no development of the spirit of vanity, no distraction on the score of dress from school duties. It would certainly make for the higher efficiency of our primary and elementary schools if this principle might be enforced. However, nobody looks for so desirable a change.

The notion that women if given the ballot would wipe out the liquor traffic has gotten a shock as the result of the voting in the State of Washington last week. At Anacortes there was a fierce fight on the "wet" or "dry" proposition, in which the women duly participated. In a poll of 936, of which one-third the votes were cast by women, the ticket representing the "wets" was victorious by a majority of upwards of 200. Charleston, the local town of the Port Orchard Navy Yard, voted "wet," women participating freely in the election. Broadly speaking, the issue was ignored by the women, who voted for their party candidates precisely like the men. Taking the local elections through, only about two-thirds of the women entered to registration availed themselves of the privilege.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Two new glimpses of General Grant on his travels are available, the first from the pen of Goldwin Smith, who did not think the soldier a success as a President. "He had a fatal notion," so the eminent publicist thought, "that supporting public delinquents of his own party was standing by comrades under fire." Although Goldwin Smith visited the army during the war, he does not seem to have made the acquaintance of the Federal leader at that time. But he was to be more fortunate later:

I met Grant and Mrs. Grant some years afterwards at a garden party at Lamheth Palace. A curiously rustic couple they looked in that assemblage of fashion. Grant was then touring under the auspices of politicians, who wanted a third term for him and thought it might be secured by presenting him to the world's homage. No showman could have had a worse lion. Stanley, who showed Grant over Westminster Abbey, said that of all men of rank whom he met Grant was "the most hoorish." Grant was no doubt unappreciative of antiquities, and Stanley had no opportunity of diving into the character of the man.

That judgment somewhat misses the mark. In some kind of "antiquities" Grant was deeply interested, as is proved by the reminiscences of Mrs. L. B. Walford, the Scottish novelist. During the last days she spent at her Highland home at Arrochar, Grant arrived in the neighborhood, and expressed a desire to see the novelist's father, a member of the Colquhoun clan. "There is a question," he said, "I want to ask him":

It was then arranged that though all the strangers could not be received at Arrochar, General and Mrs. Grant were to go over next morning, taking us en route for Inverary, where they were to be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll.

My father was anxious to know what the famous soldier was like? It was a somewhat rough-hewn face, we told him, ruddy and sunburnt, with a beard. "Not unlike Lord Seafeld," said one, pointing to an engraving of a former Earl of Seafeld which hung on the drawing-room wall.

But we little expected that the "question" to be asked by the Grant from over the water related to this very resemblance.

Out it came, almost immediately after greetings had passed. "You are Grants, aren't you?" quoth the general, with frank disregard of ceremony. "I know you are, for the heiress of Luss married a Seafeld, and that is why you Colquhouns had to get a new creation. I know all about it; and now tell me—he looked a little self-conscious, actually a little shy—"people say it, but I don't know if it is humbug or not; am I like the late Lord Seafeld?"

"You are his living image," replied my father—and took him up to the picture.

He spoke the simple truth, and I think I never saw a man more pleased than this American descendant—for he was a descendant, albeit through several generations—of the ancient Scottish family.

He stayed a long while and talked of many subjects; he was in a more genial and expansive humor than at the luncheon party of the day before—doubtless social entertainments were not in his line—but always his eyes kept wandering back to the Seafeld portrait.

Presently my brother accompanied the elderly couple to the verge of the Colquhoun lands, and came back smiling. "I believe they would have turned back if they could," said he; "they said they were more sorry than they could express to leave behind the beauties of Loch Long and Loch Lomond."

"He said that?" My father knew human nature. "Those are the sort of things people say, but"—and he laughed a little—"the general was more taken up with being a Grant man than with all the beauties of Loch Long and Loch Lomond."

And probably this shrewd opinion was correct, for in a letter which I had subsequently the honor of receiving from Ulysses Grant, he did not refer to the "beauties," but reiterated his intention of looking into the genealogical tree of the Seafelds.

All of which shows how mistaken Goldwin Smith was to charge Grant with inappreciation of "antiquities." Had Stanley been able to show him a Grant tomb in Westminster Abbey he would have found his guest far from "hoorish."

Notwithstanding the copious biography by her second husband, it is surprising how few personal glimpses we have of George Eliot. And the few we have are hardly of an attractive kind. Another reminiscence which has been added to the number refers to the novelist when at the height of her fame, and reaches the conclusion that she "did not shine in society—at least, she certainly did not shine that evening; and I am inclined to think that those who met her only in public found her as destitute of personal charm as I did." Such was nearly always the impression of those who met George Eliot in a casual way, but that it did the novelist an injustice is the only refuge possible for those who have heard the recollections of her more intimate friends. For example, Max Müller, the illustrious scholar, in his private chats used to admit that in meeting strangers George Eliot always seemed on the defensive; this was the result of her somewhat unusual social position, for she had the feeling that it was necessary for her to be on her guard. She was living with Lewes as his wife, while every one knew that Mrs. Lewes was alive and not divorced. Hence the restraint of George Eliot's public manner with those who met her in a casual way. But Max Müller was wont to affirm that once she felt sure of a friend no one could possibly be more charming in every way.

Signs are not lacking to demonstrate that many American artists are beginning to be suspicious as to whether it is altogether for the best that they should spend so long a time in Europe to learn the technique of their art. A generation ago the necessity was obvious, for then, as Will H. Low admits, it was only in the foreign schools that technique was well taught. Even then, however, the returning prodigals were assured that they had "lost something of the pristine glow" of their native originality. But Mr. Low adds:

There were curious contradictions in this reception accorded to us foreign-bred youths, and I remember one of my com-

rades remarking, "So and so is loud in blaming us for studying in Europe, but I notice that he is always ready to help himself to a free lunch of some of the knowledge we have brought back."

Conditions are different today, and that very difference is the surest ground for hopefulness as to the growth of a genuinely American school of painting. And there are changes in Europe itself which make it advisable for the American artist to learn at home as much of his art as possible. Mr. Low reminds us that across the Atlantic there is much unrest in the world of art, and a forgetfulness of the route by which art has traveled. Surely it stands to reason that the man who is to paint American pictures for Americans will be best trained for his life work by getting the hulk of his education at home. Otherwise he will see his themes through a distorting medium. The case of the Australian artist, Henry Tehbitt, affords a pertinent example. When he went to the southern continent from England he found that the differences in atmosphere, vegetation, and coloring were so enormous that it took him several years before he was able to suppress his feeling for English foliage and atmosphere and color. He had, in fact, to acclimatize himself all over again. And a recent illustrated book on Japan points the same moral. The pictures in color are by an English artist who went out just to paint a number of subjects, but everything he looked at he saw through the tints of his native land, and hence his Japanese views are so many bits of English landscape with a Japanese temple or a Buddha thrown in.

Unfortunately the art dealers have to share the responsibility for the slow dawn of an American school of painting. Mr. Low cites an incident which has probably been duplicated many times:

I know of an instance of one of our painters of long residence in Paris who during his sojourn there was able to count upon the purchase of two or three of his works annually, which were selected by a New York dealer on the occasion of his yearly visits to his Paris studio. Meeting this dealer one day in the streets of that city, the painter was told that in a few days a visit for the purpose of selecting some of his work was proposed. "You must hurry," my friend remarked, "for I am packing my things to go home." "On a visit to America?" inquired the dealer. "No, to settle there." "Indeed, well in that case I had better wait and come to your studio in New York," was the dealer's decision. My friend adds that from that day to this the dealer in question has never made the promised visit, and has never purchased another of his works.

Artists are poor business men, or they might ere this have hit upon the subterfuge of keeping a small studio in Paris as a sales department for the disposal of the pictures they paint in America. It is obvious that all the dealers want is the Paris hallmark to flourish in the faces of their clients.

Poe's disciples are never weary of reminding the world that their master is keenly appreciated in France, the home of refined literary judgment. But we hear little of the vogue of Whittman in Paris. Yet there was a time, in the heyday of *Les Jeunes*, when the oracle of Camden was all the rage. He was discovered by the *Jeunes* early in the decade, and the *Magazine International* translated all the strongest flavored "Leaves of Grass" and then went on to apply the gospel in a virile manner. Laurence Jerrold gives a vivid picture of those buoyant times:

It was all quite absurd, but delightful. The *Jeunes* tried spasmodically to live with peasants, to huttonhole 'bus conductors and other Divine Averages. One returned to nature, knowing little about her, as all were town-bred. In flannels and wideawakes, the *Jeunes* tramped field and forest and dreamt of establishing a Walden in the suburbs of Paris, studied birds, flowers, trees, with pathetic zeal, for hardly one of them could name a bird from its song or recognize more than half a dozen species of flora. "La Naturisme" was gradually evolved out of the religion of life. Besides the *Magazine International*, which started the Praise of Life, *Pan* in Germany raised a magniloquent voice. Munich and Paris were, of course, at the time furiously pantheistic. Brussels was also praising life vehemently.

All the periodicals which grew out of the *Jeunes* ferment are either dead or are *Jeune* no longer. Even the *Mercur de France* has become serious. All of which is of interest and suggestion because New York appears to be affected by the same disease.

During the fêtes which will take place in Italy next year on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the kingdom, when there will be great exhibitions in Turin and Rome, the former and the present capitals, a competition for rowing and motor-boats is to be held which seems likely to arouse considerable interest. The chief "event" will consist of a trip from Turin to Rome by way of Venice for large motor-boats. The start for the maritime section from Venice to Rome will take place at the beginning of July. It will be divided into ten stages of about 170 miles each. The arrangements of the whole competition are under the direction of the Italian Touring Club, which has already in hand a large sum to be awarded in prizes.

A London writer says that the name Quaker "sprang from the lips of a local Justice Shallow." This man was one Bennett of Derby. The name was a gibe at George Fox, who once declared in the justice's court that all ought to "quake" at hearing the name of God. The Society of Friends originally called themselves Seekers—a more beautiful and also more obvious, but much less picturesque, term.

Pierre Choteau, who died recently in St. Louis, was a lineal descendant of the founder of the city. He was properly a member of the Missouri Historical Society, and he was the first one to urge the holding of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

George W. Perkins, the Wall Street financier and partner of J. Pierpont Morgan, who is about to retire from active business, gave \$15,000 to the Roosevelt-Stimson campaign fund.

Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, the wife of the novelist, has seriously taken up aviation. Mrs. Hewlett, together with a French partner, M. Blondeau, is at the head of a flourishing aviation school in England.

Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, United States minister to Argentina, is one of the record men in college athletics who have made a high mark in professional life. He has written two books on travel in Europe, and was active in politics among business men in New York.

Lillian Matilde Genth, the artist who has won first prizes and gold medals at exhibitions of the National Academy of Design and the American Art Society, is one of the distinguished American pupils of Whistler. Miss Genth studied some years in Paris, but now lives in New York.

Henry Manson Byllesby, the electrical engineer, was associated with Edison in the early years of the inventor's development of incandescent lights, and has since that time been connected with many important enterprises in this field. He lives in Chicago, but is director in companies throughout the country, from San Diego to Mobile, and from Tacoma to Ottumwa.

Edwin R. A. Seligman, the economist, was born in New York only forty-nine years ago, but few workers in his field have achieved a greater fame. He was graduated from Columbia University, but studied as well in Berlin and Heidelberg. He has been president of the American Economic Association and has written many works on topics connected with his researches.

The Very Reverend J. Armitage Robinson, D. D., Dean of Westminster Abbey, has been translated to the deanery of Wells, a less responsible position. Dr. Robinson attracted attention to himself a short time ago by refusing to allow the body of George Meredith to be laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. He is known as a Greek scholar and has written books on theological subjects.

Mme. Aimé Dupont, a fashionable photographer of New York, recently opened an exhibition of portraits in her studio which is remarkable in its way. More than one thousand photographs of women prominent in society and in theatrical circles are shown, and few well-known figures in these divisions are absent. Mme. Dupont is the widow of the French sculptor whose work was notable in Paris several years ago.

Edith Wharton, the novelist, was born in New York in 1862, and married Edward Wharton of Boston in 1885. Her first story, "The Greater Inclination," was published in 1899. Since that time her industry has never flagged, more than a dozen volumes having come from her pen, though some of them were not stories, but records of travel. Mrs. Wharton is generally conceded first place among American women novelists.

That the United States will one day have to resort to conscription in order to have an adequate army is the belief of General Ernst von Richenau, an authority on artillery matters in the German army, and a representative of the Ehrhardt Works in Dusseldorf, Germany. General von Richenau arrived from Europe a few days ago to be present at tests to be made at the Sandy Hook proving grounds of projectiles sent here by his firm.

Frederick W. Lehmann of St. Louis, who has been appointed to succeed the late Lloyd W. Bowers as solicitor-general of the United States, is president of the American Bar Association. Mr. Lehmann was born in Prussia in 1853. He was admitted to the bar in Iowa and practiced in Nebraska until 1876, and in Iowa from 1876 to 1890, when he moved to St. Louis, as attorney for the Wabash Railroad. He is one of those whose names have been mentioned for one of the vacancies on the United States Supreme Court bench.

Robert Wilson Shufeldt, the ornithologist, began his studies of birds early, though his marriage to the granddaughter of J. J. Audubon took place in 1893. He is the son of Admiral Robert Wilson and served under his father in the Civil War. In 1876 and for five years after he was surgeon with Merritt, Crook, and Sheridan in the frontier Indian campaigns, and then became curator of the Army Medical Museum in Washington. He has traveled extensively, and written many scientific books on birds. His home is now at the national capital.

General Simon Bolivar Buckner, candidate for Vice-President of the United States on the Gold Democratic ticket in 1896, says that he is happier than anybody in the world. Once governor of Kentucky, and now in his eighty-eighth year, he was an honorary guest at the governors' conference in Louisville. "I wish I could have kept out of politics all my life, and probably I would have been a rich man," he said. "But I am happier than anybody in the world as it is. I am living in the same log cabin that I was born in, on my farm, in old Hart County. That cabin is one hundred and three years old. My father built it, and it is in as good a state of preservation as any one could wish. I raise my own tobacco, and I have a fine mint-bed."

TO THE HUSTINGS AGAIN!

Facts and Fancies of the English General Election.

Never before have the voters of Great Britain been called so suddenly to the polls as in this year of grace. Without there being any specific reason on which to base such a conclusion, it had become generally believed that the conference between the leaders of the two political parties would result in some sort of a compromise and avoid the necessity of an appeal to the country. That confidence was rudely disturbed when, almost without warning, the failure of the conference was announced, and the prime minister declared his intention of submitting the Liberal case to the test of a general election.

With Christmas so close at hand there has naturally been a great outcry from the shopkeepers and the book publishers. The winter sales of the latter were almost ruined by the election of last January, for people have little thought for literature in the hubbub of political strife, and now comes a second disturbance of their market within a year. The general traders are in an even worse case; with one voice they bemoan the ruin of their Christmas trade by a December election. Hence the rhyming protest of the shopkeeper, the metres of which afford pathetic evidence of the demoralized state of the sufferers:

You've fairly spoiled my Christmas trade,
My till I'd hoped of tin full;
Now scarce a copper will be made,
I call it downright sinful.

I only know this silly game
Me of my profits chouses:
And so with Shakespeare I exclaim,
"A plague on both your Houses."

Strangely enough, however, no poet has yet sung the woes of the men who are hardest hit by this second election within a year. What of the six hundred and seventy men who will finally be able to append "M. P." to their names, and of the other six hundred or more who will in vain aspire to that distinction? It is sometimes forgotten how costly a business it is to be a member of Parliament in Great Britain. The members of the government are of course paid liberal salaries, and the Irish Nationalists and the Laborites are guaranteed a modest income by their organizations, but more than five hundred of the British legislators give their services without any remuneration. Nay, they have to pay heavily for the privilege of giving those services. Take the case of Mr. Balfour, the leader of the Conservatives. Owing to his seat being contested last January it cost him £1618 to reënter the House of Commons. On the other hand, Mr. Asquith's expenses were less than half that amount, £792 to be exact, while his colleague, Mr. Lloyd George, got off still more lightly at the cost of £519. The smallest bill paid last January was £298, the largest £4440. Taking the United Kingdom as a whole, each vote given cost an average of nearly four shillings. For the last election the total expenditure of candidates, including all official charges, amounted to the goodly sum of £1,296,382, that is, over six million three hundred thousand dollars.

When, as is usually the case, ample time is given for the setting of the lists, one of the most notable features of a general election in England is the wealth of pictorial posters displayed on the hoardings. It is a harvest time for cartoonists and poets and ready writers. But this election has come so swiftly that most of the picture appeals and political verses have had to be confined to the medium of the daily press rather than the hoarding. As the veto of the House of Lords is the main issue with the Liberals, a favorite cartoon has been a simple drawing of a pair of scales entitled, "The False Balance," in which one peer is shown outweighing more than twelve thousand electors. Another is an adaptation of a New York *World* cartoon representing Mr. Balfour turning away from a poor woman who holds out a basket labeled, "Increased cost of living." The Conservatives, on the other hand, have concentrated their forces on the danger of home rule and the invasion of the American dollar. The dollar mark is everywhere; it figures in this style in the headlines of the newspapers: "Radicals Without a Party Cry \$ \$ \$ Down with the Lords Fails to Rouse the People \$ \$ Workless Bogeys \$ \$." One cartoon depicts Mr. Asquith with bandaged legs and head, visited by Dr. Redmond, who flourishes a bottle marked, "Home Rule Mixture \$1." Another shows the Irish leader clad in dollar-marked garments and riding a donkey (Mr. Asquith again) while he sings:

Yankee Boodle came to town
A' riding on his pony,
He stuck a dollar in his crown
And called it Pat Moloney.

Mr. Asquith also figures as a parrot on the hand of Mr. Redmond, who is exclaiming, "Say 'Home Rule.'" Nor does Mr. Lloyd George escape. His attack on the lukes who have bolstered up their estates by American dollars prompted a cartoon entitled, "The Democrat Swanking' at Blenheim," an allusion to his visit to the Duke of Marlborough. The fiery Welshman, who rarely makes a speech without declaring that he is a son of the people," is shown seated in a ducal chair with his feet on a ducal cushion, and attended by numerous flunkies who are priming him with champagne and cigars.

Neither Rudyard Kipling nor William Watson has burst into verse up to the present, but Henry Newbolt

has ventured on a new version of the old nursery rhyme to the title of "Sing a Song of Statesmen":

Sing a song of statesmen,
A pocket full of power,
Half a thousand new Lords
Baked in an hour!
When the House was opened
The Lords began to rat;
Wasn't that a pretty game
To catch a statesman at!

Pat was in the pigsty
Counting out his money,
Taffy was at Limehouse
Breathing milk and honey:
The Leader, in the Throne room,
Was down upon his knees,—
By came a mocking-hird
And stole his guarantees!

As if to give point to Mr. Newbolt's little prophecy there has just been published a government return showing that since 1832 the Liberals have created 239 peers as compared with 183 created by the Conservatives. It is a cynical fact that most Liberals who get into the House of Lords speedily suffer a sea-change into Conservatives or something like them. This must be a horrible thought to Mr. Asquith in the prospect of his having to ask King George to create the five hundred new peers who may be necessary to destroy the lord's veto.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, November 28, 1910.

At last the War Department has been able to devise an effective measure of ridding the commissioned personnel of the army of those officers who are unfit, for reasons other than physical defect, to perform the duties devolving upon them, and by the same token there will be an avoidance of the occasion of complaint, hitherto so frequent and insistent, that the army is in dire need of legislative relief to save it from itself. There has been entirely too much of this talk about incompetent officers (says the *Army and Navy Register*). Some of the comments have been couched in such terms and have been imparted from such sources as to justify the public impression that most army officers are in a state of hopeless decay and ought to be transferred to the retired list for the benefit to be derived from their separation from the military establishment. This extreme, and altogether unjust, view of the situation has created a demand for legislation which shall eliminate, regardless of the harm to the service and the injustice to individuals which might easily, and probably would, be wrought by a congressional remedy so drastic. It has been contended by conservative observers—and has been frequently advanced in these columns—that the War Department possessed, under existing laws, all the means to retire those officers who are really not competent. It now appears, somewhat belatedly, that such a situation prevails.

There is no foundation for any suggestion that the automobile has chased the horse out of this country (observes the *Utica Press*). It costs more money now to buy a good horse than it ever did, which may be taken as an indication of the way they are appreciated. John Madden, an old-time horseman, said at the New York show the other day that the horse is the greatest entertainer the world has ever known and "has given more pleasure under as many varied conditions than any painter, singer, or writer." The New York show itself is a pretty good instance in point. The horse show brings out bigger crowds and better gowns than any other attraction in the metropolis. Some one may say that the people really come to see one another, but it is the horse show which affords the opportunity, and there is a great deal of interest in the equine contests and accomplishments. The horse show is the most popular exhibition of its kind in the country, and continues to maintain its established reputation.

The cost of traveling second class in Europe with only hand baggage is about the same as the cost of traveling first class in America with only hand baggage. The cost of traveling second class in Europe with baggage of the average weight is thirty-three and a third per cent higher than the cost of traveling in America with the same baggage. This percentage will not be as large with a smaller amount of baggage; but whatever is paid on the continent of Europe on that account in the great majority of cases will be found to be in excess of the cost here. In America the possession of a first-class ticket entitles the holder to have 150 pounds of large baggage transported free, while in some parts of Europe the entire weight is charged for, and in others a small amount only is free. In both countries no charge is made for hand baggage taken along with him by the passenger, unless the quantity is excessive.

In a storm that beat their vessel until it seemed each plunge must be her last, a lion broke from its cage on deck, killed a seaman, and took charge until it was driven into the sea by a fusillade of revolver bullets. This was an experience of the crew of a German freight steamship, the *Berkenfels*, which reached New York from Bombay a few days ago.

Orphan asylums are unknown in Australia. Every destitute orphan child is sent to a private family, which takes care of it until it is fourteen years of age, and is remunerated by the government.

SARAH BERNHARDT AT SIXTY-SEVEN.

The Coping-Stone of Her Triumphs.

When Sarah Bernhardt was forty-five it was almost an indelicacy to say so. Now that she is sixty-seven it would be an indelicacy to hide it. It is the fact of her meaningless and impotent years that places the coping-stone upon her triumphs.

On Monday night Sarah Bernhardt appeared at the Globe Theatre in the rôle of L'Aiglon. On Tuesday night she played Jeanne d'Arc. In both she was magnificent, and she, was all the more magnificent because the miracle of the spirit's triumph over the flesh was carried out in full view of the audience. It was an old woman who came upon the stage in the opening scene. Her walk was feeble, her movements were stiff and weak, and there was that pathetic effect of pinching around the mouth that no human art can charm quite away. There were hundreds of women in that audience who had come in the vain hope of learning the secrets of perpetual youth, and for the moment it seemed that the great actress herself had lost them and that time at last had thrown an effective dart. But it was not for long, and that was the stupefying miracle of the thing. Sarah Bernhardt's secrets of youth are within herself. They have little or nothing to do with masseuses, cosmetics, or corsets, because the marvel happened in mid-stage and in full view of a thousand men and women who would swear by their fathers' tombs that her face and figure changed while they watched her and that the witchery of youth descended upon her like a mantle. Ten minutes after Sarah Bernhardt appeared upon the stage she was no longer acting L'Aiglon. She was L'Aiglon. And the next night she was Jeanne d'Arc, the living, moving, rhapsodizing, agonizing Maid. It was not a matter of imitation, but of transmutation.

Never was there a more tremendous scene than that between L'Aiglon and Metternich. One wonders if such a scene actually occurred and if L'Aiglon acquitted himself with half so much concentrated passion as Mme. Bernhardt. It will be remembered that Metternich drags the boy to the mirror and derides the image of the "pale wan boy" who would dare to grasp the mighty sceptre of his sire. And then L'Aiglon smashes the mirror, and the whole house rose in their seats to applaud the passion and the despair of it.

It was all so boyish after that first painful moment before old age was swallowed up in genius. There was none of that disposition that lesser artists sometimes show to jump from great scene to great scene and to save themselves in the interim. What Mme. Bernhardt finds to do she does it with her might. The word unimportant is not in her vocabulary, and she never for one moment descends from her pinnacle of perfection. Nothing finer of its kind was ever done than her portrayal of L'Aiglon at the moment when visions of empire sweep through his mind while his listless hands yet hold the toys of his childhood. Exquisite, too, were the blandishments that he showers upon the old emperor, and the by-play with Flambeau was frankly delicious. And the audience knew that they were witnessing a great dramatic miracle. Ten times the curtain rose and fell after the first act, and flowers fell upon the stage as the snow fell in the street outside. And at the end of the fifth act there was another ovation as great as the first.

She was no less marvelous as Jeanne d'Arc. In fact, as a mental *tour de force* she was greater as Jeanne than as L'Aiglon. Mme. Bernhardt can probably act a scene of violent, scorching passion better than any actress that has ever lived, but as Jeanne she shows a mental strength that is probably the higher form of art. During the trial scene she stands for forty minutes beside a table and answers the questions of the mitred ruffians who are thirsting for her blood. There was no declamation and no gestures. The overwhelming power of the scene was in its simplicity. She was a young, innocent, and ignorant maiden who would have been overwhelmed by her surroundings but for the lofty dignity that came from a consciousness of her spiritual mission. You could see the village girl and the saint merged in each other. Intellectual ignorance and a wisdom not of this world went hand in hand. And then at last, yielding to cunning and unbending persistence, she signs the recantation, but the notes of the Angelus strike upon her ear as the same angel voices that called her to battle and she snatches back the fatal paper and chooses death as the better part.

Mme. Bernhardt played Jeanne d'Arc in 1889. Probably she plays it better now than she did then. It is a new play by Moreau in which she now appears, and those who are familiar with both say that the old is better, as is often the case. Moreau's play has more declamation and is less psychologic.

Mme. Bernhardt was not over well supported either in "L'Aiglon" or in "Jeanne d'Arc." Decoeur made a good Flambeau in the former play, but Maxudian as Metternich lacked strength. The women were insignificant all the way through, but it must be remembered that Sarah Bernhardt makes a difficult background. To act with her is like being photographed in front of Niagara. There were no striking successes in the "Jeanne d'Arc" company. No one was particularly good and no one was particularly poor.

SIDNEY G. P.

NEW YORK, December 8, 1910.

THE CHRISTMAS LOTTERY.

How the Marquis Lost His Train.

Away back in the times of Godoy the estate of Torres-nobles was counted among the wealthiest and most powerful of the Spanish monarchy. But political vicissitudes and other misfortunes were diminishing its rents, and the remnant of them was dissipated by the conduct of the last Marquis of Torres-nobles, a spendthrift madcap who made much talk in the court when Narváez was young. When near his seventieth year, the Marquis of Torres-nobles adopted the resolution of retiring to his estate of Fuencar, the only property which remained unmortgaged. There he dedicated himself exclusively to the care of his body, which was not less ruined than his house; and as Fuencar still produced sufficient for the enjoyment of moderate ease, he organized his affairs so that he lacked no comfort. He had a chaplain who, besides saying the mass for him on Sundays and feast days, served him as partner at *brisca*, *burro*, and *dosillo* (such artless games diverted the *ex-conquistador* very much), and read and commented on the most reactionary political newspapers for his pleasure. There were also a *mayordomo*, or overseer, who looked keenly after the rents, and skillfully directed the agricultural details; an obese and phlegmatic coachman who solemnly drove the two carriage mules; a housekeeper, silent, solicitous, not so young as to tempt, nor so old as to cause nausea; a valet brought from Madrid, relic of the mis-spent past, now converted to the good like his master, discreet and punctual then and now; and lastly a cook, clean as gold, with hands dextrous in all the seasonings of that ancient national cookery which satisfied the stomach without irritating it, and which delighted the palate without perverting it. With such excellent wheels the marquis's house ran like a well-regulated clock, and the master rejoiced more and more for having left the gulf of Madrid to take port and repair in Fuencar. His health improved; sleep, digestion, and other functions necessary for the well-being of this poor, perishable garment that serves as a prison for the spirit were reduced to order, and in a short time the Marquis of Torres-nobles put on flesh without losing agility, straightened his bent back, and his wholesome breath indicated that the cruel gastralgia no longer consumed his stomach.

If the marquis lived well, neither did his servants pass their time badly. That they should not leave him, he paid better wages than any one in the province, and moreover he complimented them at times with gifts and indulgences. Thus were they content; not much work to do, and that methodical and invariable; a large salary; and from time to time little surprises from the generous marquis.

In the month of December of last year it was colder than usual, and the fields and boundaries of Fuencar were wrapped in a mantle of snow eight inches deep. Fleeing from the solitude of his great office, the marquis went down one night to the kitchen of the farm-quarters, and seeking the fellowship of man from unconquerable instinct of sociability, he drew near the fireplace, warmed the palms of his hands, snapping his fingers, and even laughing at the tales which the overseer and the shepherd told with their Andalusian drollery—and he noticed that the cook had very good eyes! Along with other rustic conversation that diverted him, he heard that his servants were planning to combine for taking a chance in the Christmas lottery.

Very early the next morning the marquis sent a messenger to the nearby city, and it was growing dusk when the generous master penetrated once more into the kitchen, flourishing some papers, and announcing to his domestics, with excessive graciousness, that he had fulfilled their desires in buying a ticket for the next drawing, in which he presented them two *decimos*, keeping eight with an eye to luck also for himself. On hearing this there was an explosion of joy in the kitchen, with *vivas*! and an exaggerated calling down of blessings upon him. Only the shepherd, a white-haired old fellow, vaggish and sententious, shook his head, affirming that he who cast lots in with gentlemen scared away luck. This annoyed the master so much that he denied the shepherd even so much as a *real* in the *decimos* in question.

That night the marquis did not sleep so soundly as had been his custom since Fuencar had sheltered him. Some of the thoughts that only vex old bachelors kept him awake. The greedy way in which his servants talked of the money they might get had not been pleasing in the least.

"Those people," said the marquis to himself, "only wait to fill their pockets before leaving me in the lurch. And what plans they have! Caledonio (the coachman) spoke of setting up a tavern—so that he may drink the wine, no doubt! And that dolt of a Doña Rita (she was the housekeeper) dreams of establishing a boarding-house. As for Jacinto (the valet), he kept very quiet, but looked with the tail of his eye at Pepa, the cook, who has certainly a wit of her own—I would swear they intend to get married. Bah!" On exclaiming bah! the Marquis of Torres-nobles turned over in his bed and covered himself better, feeling the fold on the back of his neck. "On the whole what does it all matter to me? We won't get the capital prize anyway and so—they'll have to wait for what orders I may choose to give them!" And in a little while the good gentleman was snoring.

Two days later was the time for the drawing. Jacinto, who was sharper than Caledonio, managed so that his master would have to send him to the city in quest of I know not what provisions and indispensable necessities. Night fell; it kept snowing harder and harder; and Jacinto had not returned, though he had left at daybreak. The servants were gathered in the kitchen, as usual, when presently they heard the muffled footsteps of a horse on the fresh snow, and then Jacinto entered like a bomb. He was pale, trembling and changed, and with a choking voice he managed to exclaim: "The capital prize!!!"

The marquis was at that moment in his office, with his legs wrapped in a thick blanket; he was smoking an Havana while the chaplain was reading to him the political gossip from the *Future Century*. Suddenly, stopping the reading, both lent ear to the clamor that arose from the kitchen. It seemed at first that the servants were having a dispute, but after listening ten seconds, they were convinced that what they heard was nothing else than sounds of joy, so discordant and delirious that the marquis, irritated, and feeling his dignity compromised, sent the chaplain to find out what was going on, with orders to impose silence. The envoy was hardly gone three minutes before he returned and, letting himself fall on the divan, exclaimed with suffocated voice: "I am choking!" He tore off his clergyman's collar and rent his waistcoat in his haste to unbutton it. The marquis ran to his aid, and while fanning him with the *Future Century* managed to catch a broken phrase that issued from his lips: "The capital prize—we ha-a-ve got—the capi—". Despite his ailments the marquis rushed to the kitchen. Reaching the threshold he stood astonished before the strange scene presented there. Caledonio and Doña Rita were dancing either the *jaleo* or the *cachucha*, with a thousand capers, jumping like electrified wooden puppets; Jacinto, embracing a chair, was waltzing rapidly and amorously; Pepa was beating the frying-pan with a pot-handle, making harsh music, and the overseer was lying on the floor, writhing and yelling, or rather howling savagely. "Hail to the Virgin!" As soon as they perceived the marquis these mad people threw themselves at him with open arms, and picked him up, singing and dancing and tossing him from one to another like a rubber ball. They whirled him thus around the kitchen, until, seeing that he was furious, they let him down. It was even worse then, for Pepa, the cook, grabbing him by the waist, whether he would or no, dragged him into a dizzy gallop, while the overseer, presenting a bottle of wine, pressed him to drink, assuring him that the liquor was exquisite, as he ought to know for a certainty, having poured into his own stomach almost all the juice of the butt.

As soon as the marquis could free himself, he took refuge in his room, intending to vent his anger by telling the chaplain about the boldness of his servants and discussing with him the capital prize. With amazement he saw that the chaplain, wrapped in his cloak, and putting on his hat, was starting out.

"Where are you going, Don Calixto, man of God!" exclaimed the marquis with growing astonishment.

Oh, with the marquis's permission, Don Calixto was going to Seville, to see his family, give them the happy news, and collect in person his share of the *decimo*, a sugar-plum of some thousands of dollars.

"And will you leave me now? How about the mass, and—"

At this moment the sharp snout of the valet peeped in at the door. If the Señor Marquis would give him permission, he also would go to collect his share. The marquis raised his voice, saying that he must be possessed of the devil to be off at such an hour, with eight inches of snow on the ground; to which Don Calixto and Jacinto unanimously responded that the train passed the nearest station at twelve, and to the station they would go, on foot, or any way they could. The marquis was opening his mouth to exclaim, "Jacinto must stay, because I need him," when in turn the rubicund face of the coachman appeared framed by the doorway. Without asking permission, and with insolent joy, he had come to bid farewell to his master, because he was departing—"ea! to get those moneys!"

"And the mules?" vociferated the master. "And the coach, who will drive it now, tell me?"

"Whoever your lordship wishes. But I don't have to drive any longer!" answered the charioteer, turning his back and giving way to Doña Rita, who entered, not timidly like one stepping on eggs, as was her usual manner, but with hair uncombed, bold and smiling, and shaking a thick bunch of keys which she handed to the marquis, observing, "Know your lordship that this is the key of the pantry, this of the wardrobe—this of the—"

"Of the devil, and may he take you, and all your breed, witch of the inferno! Now you want me to get out the bacon and pease, eh! Go to the—"

Doña Rita did not hear the end of the imprecation. Out she went whistling, and behind her the rest of the household, and after them the marquis himself followed furious through the rooms. He was on the point of pursuing them to the kitchen, but he dared not go across the courtyard, for fear of facing the glacial temperature. By the light of the moon that silvered the snowy pathway the marquis saw them go away, Don Calixto ahead, next Caledonio and Doña Rita arm in arm, and lastly Jacinto as if sewed to a feminine silhouette which he recognized as that of the cook. Little Pepa also! The marquis extended his

view over the abandoned kitchen, and saw the dying fire on the hearth; he heard a kind of animal-like snore and there, lying at the foot of the fireplace, sprawled on the floor, was the overseer in a drunken sleep.

On the following morning the shepherd, who had not wished to "scare away luck," made the Marquis of Torres-nobles of Fuencar a breakfast of bread crumbs fried in oil, seasoned with salt and pepper and a ground garlic. Thus this noble lord partook of frugal comfort the first day on which he awoke a millionaire.

It seems unnecessary to describe the sumptuous installation of the marquis in Madrid; but that which should not be overlooked is that he hired a cook whose seasonings were gastronomic poems. It is suspected that the exquisite dishes of this sublime artist, flavored for the marquis's especial delectation, brought on the illness that sent him to his grave. However, it is more likely that the fright and fall he had when his magnificent English horses ran away was the true cause of his death, an event which occurred shortly after he went to live in the palace that he furnished in the Street of Alcalá.

When the marquis's will was opened it was discovered that he had named the shepherd of Fuencar his heir.—Adapted from the Spanish of Emilia Pardo Bazán for the Argonaut by Frances Douglas.

SEA SONGS.

A Sailor's Wife.

Oh, he goes away singing,
Singing over the sea!
Oh, he comes again, bringing
Joy and himself to me!
Down through the rosemary hollows
And up the wet beach I ran,
My heart in a flutter follows
The flight of my sailor-man.

Fie on a husband sitting
Still in the house at home!
Give me a mariner, flitting
And flashing over the foam!
Give me a voice resounding
The songs of the breezy main!
Give me a free heart bounding
Evermore hither again!

Coming is better than going;
But never was queen so grand
As I, while I watch him blowing
Away from the lazy land.
I have wedded an ocean rover,
And with him I own the sea;
Yet over the waves come over
And anchor, my lad, by me.

Hark to his billowy laughter,
Blithe on the homeward tide!
Hark to it, heart, up and after;
Off to the harbor side;
Down through the rosemary hollow
And over the sand-hills, light
And swift as a sea-bird, follow;
And ho! for a sail in sight!

—The New Moon.

The Ships of Melton.

How sail the ships to Melton,
That lieth far and fair,
And dream-like in the heaven
Where skies are calm and clear?
With brown sails leaning whitely,
Sure-winged 'neath storm or star;
They straightly steer, for still they hear
The love bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton,
Within whose cots of white
Love dreams of love and listens
For footsteps in the night?
Like gulls, their glad way winging,
They speed from lands afar:
For still they hear, in music clear,
The love bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton?
Love-blown across the foam;
For still the sea sings ever
The songs of love and home;
Nor spicy isles with splendid smiles
Can win their sails afar,
While softly swells that chime of bells,
The love bells o'er the bar.

Oh, ships that sail to Melton,
With captains glad and grand;
The stars that light the ocean
Are the stars that light the land;
But say for me, adrift at sea
On lonely wrecks afar:
My heart still hears and dreaming hears
The love bells on the bar!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Mourners by the Sea.

By the side of the sea three mourners pale
Sat idly watching an idle sail.

"Where sank your ship?" One turned her head,
"By the sweet Spice Islands it lies," she said.

"And often I fancy on days like these
Their breath floats to me o'er southern seas."

"Where sank your ship?" "By tempests tossed,
On a shore of amber and pearls 'twas lost."

"Oh, I often dream of its beautiful bed,
And the rainbow gleams that are round it shed!"

"Where sank your ship? O wan, white face,
Does she know not then her lost love's place?"

"My ship sank not," she said, and cast
A tiny shell on the waters vast.

No balmy odors nor gems of price
Her dreams to its resting-place entice;
Her ship lies frozen in Arctic ice.

—Christian Register.

"DIZZY."

An Official Life of the Great English Statesman.

Gladstone outlived his great political rival by seven-tenths of a century, yet his official life has been for some time before the world. Of course there have been many volumes about Disraeli, but various circumstances have conspired to delay the publication of a study based upon the statesman's own personal documents. Now, however, nearly thirty years after his death, such a work is in process of completion, and the first volume of William F. Monypenny's "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli" affords the reader the opportunity of becoming familiar with the intimate life of "Dizzy" for the first thirty years of his career.

After introductory chapters devoted to his ancestry and his remarkable father, Isaac D'Israeli, some account is given of the future statesman's early years. Unfortunately the information available is somewhat slight:

The glimpses we are able to catch at this distance of time of the future statesman's childhood are few and of slight significance. "My son Ben assures me you are in Brighton. He saw you! Now, he never lies," wrote Isaac D'Israeli from Brighton, where he was a frequent visitor, to his friend John Murray when the boy was between four and five. Perhaps not only truthfulness, but a certain precocious alertness, is to be deduced from this. At the age of six, or earlier, Benjamin was sent to a school at Islington which was kept by a Miss Roper, and which is described by one who knew it as "for those days a very high-class establishment." Miss Roper had a Bucks connection, so that by an odd coincidence Benjamin's schoolmates included a number of boys belonging to families among whom the Disraelis afterwards settled in that country. From Islington in process of time he passed to a school of higher grade kept by the Rev. John Potticary, an independent minister, it is said, in Elliott Place, Blackheath. Here the atmosphere, we are told, was liberal "as to both politics and religion," though most of the boys appear to have attended the services of the Established Church. Probably it was only in a school of a certain latitude in religious matters that room could be found in those days for a professing Jew; and we learn that Ben was not only allowed to stand back at prayer-time, but in common with a school fellow who was also a Jew received instruction in Hebrew from a rabbi who visited them on Saturdays. Among his contemporaries at Blackheath was Milner Gibson, the well-known Radical politician, who in later days was to sit opposite him in the House of Commons. From another contemporary we get a pleasant picture of Mr. Potticary's most distinguished pupil:

"When my father took me to school he handed me over to Ben, as he always called him. I looked up to him as a big boy, and very kind he was to me, making me sit next to him in play hours, and amusing me with stories of robbers and caves, illustrating them with rough pencil sketches, which he continually rubbed out to make way for fresh ones. He was a very rapid reader, was fond of romances, and would often let me sit by him and read the same book, good-naturedly waiting before turning a leaf till he knew I had reached the bottom of the page. He was very fond of playing at horses, and would often drive me and another boy as a pair with string reins. He was always full of fun; and at midsummer, when he went home for the holidays in the basket of the Blackheath coach, fired away at the passers-by with his pea-shooter.

Few men who have attained to greatness have had so great a difficulty in deciding upon a career as Disraeli. In his seventeenth year he made an attempt to follow the legal profession:

My father had a great friend, the head of the most eminent solicitors' firm in the city except Freshfield's, of whom they were the honored rivals. He was very rich (the firm of five partners divided, though in unequal portions, fifteen thousand per annum), a man of considerable taste, with a fine library and collections of art, and one daughter, by no means without charm, either personally or intellectually. This gentleman wished that I should enter into his profession, and, in due course, his firm, and the parents wished and meant something else, also in due course. . . . My father was very warm about this business: the only time in his life in which he exerted authority, always, however, exerted with affection. I had some scruples, for even then I dreamed of Parliament. My father's refrain always was Philip Carteret Webb, who was the most eminent solicitor of his boyhood and who was an M. P.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the two years and more that I was in the office of our friend were wasted. I have often thought, though I have often regretted the university, that it was much the reverse. My business was to be the private secretary of the busiest partner of our friend. He dictated to me every day his correspondence, which was as extensive as a minister's, and when the clients arrived I did not leave the room, but remained not only to learn my business but to become acquainted with my future clients. They were in general men of great importance—bank directors, East India directors, merchants, bankers. Often extraordinary scenes when firms in the highest credit came to announce and prepare for their impending suspension; questions, too, where great amounts were at stake; the formation, too, of companies, etc. It gave me great facility with my pen and no considerable knowledge of human nature.

Unfortunately, if indeed I ought to use the word, the rest of my life was not in harmony with this practice and business. I passed my evenings at home, alone, and always in deep study. This developed at last different feelings and views to those which I had willingly but too quickly adopted when I was little more than seventeen. I became pensive and restless, and before I was twenty I was obliged to terminate the dream of my father and his friend. Nothing would satisfy me but travel. My father then made a feeble effort for Oxford, but the hour of adventure had arrived. I was unmanageable. Let me say one word about the lady. She died to me one day, and before I had shown any indication of my waywardness, "You have too much genius for Frederick's place: it will never do."

We were good friends. She married a Devonshire gentleman and was the mother of two general officers, of whom we have heard a good deal of late (Zulu War, 1879), and whom employed as a minister! Such is life!

During those years in a solicitor's office the young Disraeli could always count upon intellectual society in his own home. The stories which credit him with an early initiation into the world of society and politics are untrue; but he did meet many of the most studious men of the time. His father was naturally friendly with John Murray, the publisher, and now and then he took his son to the dinners which were held at Mur-

ray's house, where the guests always included some of the foremost writers of the day. Disraeli has left this record of one of those dinners:

November 27, 1822. Wednesday—Dined at Murray's. Present Tom Moore, Stuart Newton, John Murray, Walter Hamilton, my father and self. Moore very entertaining. . . .

Moore—This is excellent wine, Murray.

D'Israeli—You'll miss the French wines.

M.—Yes, the return to port is awful.

D.—I am not fond of port, but really there is a great deal of good port in England, and you'll soon get used to it.

M.—Oh! I have no doubt of it. I used to be very fond of port—but French wines spoil one for a while. The transition is too sudden from the wines of France to the port of Dover.

D.—Pray is Lord Byron much altered?

M.—Yes, his facing has swelled out and he is getting fat; his hair is gray and his countenance has lost that "spiritual expression" which he so eminently had. His teeth are getting bad, and when I saw him he said that if ever he came to England it would be to consult Wayne about them.

B. D.—Who is since dead, and therefore he certainly won't come.

M.—I certainly was very much struck with an alteration for the worse. Besides he dresses very extraordinarily.

D.—Slovenly?

M.—Oh, No! No! He's very dandified, and yet not an English dandy. When I saw him he was dressed in a curious foreign cap, a frogged great coat, and had a gold chain round his neck and pushed into his waistcoat pocket. I asked him if he wore a glass and took it out, when I found fixed to it a set of trinkets. He had also another gold chain tight round his neck, something like a collar. He had then a plan of buying a tract of land and living in South America. When I saw Scrope Davies and told him that Byron was growing fat he instantly said, "Then he'll never come to England."

M.—Rogers is the most wonderful man in conversation that I know. If he could write as well as he speaks he would be matchless, but his faculties desert him as soon as he touches a pen.

D.—It is wonderful how many men of talent have been so circumcised.

M.—Yes! Curran, I remember, began a letter to a friend thus: "It seems that directly I take a pen into my hand it remembers and acknowledges its allegiance to its mother goose."

D.—Have you read the "Confessions of an Opium Eater"?

M.—Yes.

D.—It is an extraordinary piece of writing.

M.—I thought it an ambitious style and full of bad taste.

D.—You should allow for the opium. You know it is a genuine work.

M.—Indeed.

D.—Certainly. The author's name is De Quincey. He lives at the lakes. I know a gentleman who has seen him.

Isaac D'Israeli was a kindly father. When he found that his son Benjamin had no aptitude or taste for the law, he allowed him to indulge his desire for travel. He took a tour on the continent, posting through Belgium to Cologne, and ascended the Rhine Valley. When he returned home again, however, the question of a career had not been solved. Later he was to curse his lot that the "want of a few rascal counters and the possession of a little rascal blood" should mar his fortune. How to supply the omission was the problem. Hence Disraeli's attempt to win fortune as a dealer in stocks:

The rascal blood could not be changed, but the rascal counters might be won, and to win them by some speedy method seemed the easiest solution of the problem. Even before his visit to the Rhine, Disraeli, in partnership with a fellow-clerk in Frederick's Place called Evans, had tried his fortune on the Stock Exchange, with what results we do not know, though the stakes were probably small. He now, however, increased them. The English people were at this moment suffering from one of those attacks of speculative mania to which they are subject. Some years of great national prosperity had preceded, and for the capital then accumulated and now seeking investment a new outlet had been found in the revolted colonies of Spain. Canning's foreign policy, of which these colonies were the pivot, helped to give an air of respectability, or even of patriotism, to the schemes of company promoters, and presently all the phenomena of the South Sea bubble were reproduced. The old stories of the mineral riches of the New World were revived, companies were formed in great numbers to exploit them, and the shares eagerly bought by a credulous public. Disraeli and Evans did not escape the prevalent mania. At the moment when they caught the infection the revolted States were clearly on the eve of receiving formal recognition from England, and the tide of speculation was nearing its height. Having found a confederate in another youth, the son, apparently, of a rich stockbroker, the partners began a series of operations in Spanish American shares, the first recorded transaction being in November, 1824. Their operations were disastrous from the beginning; by the close of the year there was a balance against them of nearly £400; by the end of January, 1825, their adverse balance was nearly £1000; and by the end of June they had lost about £7000, of which half had been paid in cash, provided mainly, it would seem, by Evans. It is not clear how the losses were distributed between the partners; the accounts that have been preserved are confused, nor is it worth while to disentangle them. What concerns us is that Disraeli at the age of twenty had incurred a debt of several thousand pounds, a debt which was not finally liquidated till nearly thirty years later, when he had already led the House of Commons and been chancellor of the exchequer. The "rascal counters" were thrown into the scale against him, and his folly or misfortune on this occasion was the beginning of financial embarrassments by which he was tormented through a great portion of his career.

Law and stockbroking having failed him, what was he to try next? He conceived the idea of fanning Murray's desire to found a periodical, and to secure support in the north he was sent on a mission to Sir Walter Scott. The journal was eventually started, and failed at the cost of a big loss to Murray. But the mission to Scott has enriched our knowledge of the author of the Waverley novels:

When I was quite a youth (1825) I was traveling in Scotland, and my father gave me a letter to Sir Walter Scott. I visited him at Abbotsford. I remember him quite well. A kind, but rather stately, person: with his pile of forehead, sagacious eye, white hair and green shooting coat. He was extremely hospitable; and after dinner, with no lack of claret, the quiggins and whisky were brought in. I have seen him sitting in his armchair, in his beautiful library, which was the chief rendezvous of the house, and in which we met in the evening, with half a dozen terriers about him: in his lap, on

his shoulders, at his feet. "These," he said to me, "are Dandie Dinmont's breed." They were all called Mustard and Pepper, according to their color and their age. He would read aloud in the evening, or his daughter, an interesting girl, Anne Scott, would sing some ballad on the harp. He liked to tell a story of some Scotch chief, sometimes of some Scotch lawyer.

Scott is not the only immortal of the early nineteenth century who figures in these pages. In the course of a second and more extended tour on the continent Disraeli visited Geneva and sent home to his father some recollections of Byron:

I take a row on the lake every night with Maurice, Lord Byron's celebrated boatman. Maurice is very handsome and very vain, but he has been made so by the English, of whom he is the regular pet. He talks of nothing but Lord Byron, particularly if you show the least interest in the subject. He told me that in the night of the famous storm described in the third canto of C(hilde) H(arold), had they been out five minutes more the boat must have been wrecked. He told Lord Byron at first of the danger of such a night voyage, and the only answer which B. made was stripping quite naked and folding round him a great robe de chambre, so that in case of wreck he was ready prepared to swim immediately. Lord B., he assured me, was out all night without even stockings, and up most of the night to his knees in water. I asked him if he spoke. He said that he seldom conversed with him or any one at any time, but that this night he (Maurice) was so employed in managing the boat and sail, etc., that conversation would have been quite impossible.

One day Byron sent for him and, sitting down in the boat, he put a pistol on each side (which was his invariable practice) and then gave him 300 napoleons, ordering him to row to Chillon. He then had two torches lighted in the dungeon and wrote for two hours and a half. On coming out the gendarme who guarded the castle humbly asked for *quelque chose à boire*. "Give him a napoleon," said his lordship. "De trop, milor," said Maurice, who being but recently installed in his stewardship was somewhat mindful of his master's interest. "Do you know who I am?" rejoined the master. "Give it to him and tell him that the donor is Lord Byron!" This wonderful piece of information must have produced a great effect on the poor miserable tippling gendarme. But in the slightest things was Byron, by Maurice's account, most ludicrously ostentatious. He gave him one day five napoleons for a swimming race across the lake. At the sight of the club foot Maurice thought he was sure to win, but his lordship gained by five minutes. Byron, he says, was not a quick swimmer, but he was never exhausted, by which means he generally won when the distance was great. One morning Maurice called for him very early to swim. Byron brought to the boat his breakfast, consisting of cold duck, etc., and three or four bottles of wine. He scarcely ate anything, but drank all the wine, and then amused himself, while they were sailing to the appointed place, by throwing the provisions gradually into the water. Upon this honest Maurice gently hinted that he had not himself breakfasted, and that he should swim much better if he had some portion of his lordship's superfluity. "Friend Maurice," said B., "it ill becomes true Christians to think of themselves; I shall give you none. You see I eat no breakfast myself; do you also refrain, for the sake of the fishes." He then continued his donations to the pikes (which here are beautiful) and would not bestow a single crumb on his companion. "This is all very well," says Maurice, "but his lordship forgot one little circumstance. He had no appetite; I had." He says that he never saw a man eat so little as B. in all his life, but that he would drink three or four bottles of the richest wines for his breakfast. I shall perhaps remember more when we meet.

But Disraeli must not be thought of as idling all his time. It was during these early years that he began his novel writing, and Mr. Monypenny gives a full account of "Vivian Grey," and four other of his stories. Disraeli also kept a diary, one passage in which is of interest for its self-analysis:

The world calls me conceited. The world is in error. I trace all the blunders of my life to sacrificing my own opinion to that of others. When I was considered very conceited indeed I was nervous and had self-confidence only by fits. I intend in future to act entirely from my own impulse. I have an unerring instinct—I can read characters at a glance; few men can deceive me. My mind is a continental mind. It is a revolutionary mind. I am only truly great in action. If ever I am placed in a truly eminent position I shall prove this. I could rule the House of Commons, although there would be a great prejudice against me at first. It is the most jealous assembly in the world. The fixed character of our English society, the consequence of our aristocratic institutions, renders a career difficult. Poetry is the safety-valve of my passions, but I wish to act what I write. My works are the embodiment of my feelings. In "Vivian Grey" I have portrayed my active and real ambition. In "Alroy" my ideal ambition. The "Psychological Romance" is a development of my poetic character. This trilogy is the secret history of my feelings. I shall write no more about myself.

Those reflections were written in 1833, and the reference to the House of Commons is significant. By a process of elimination he decided finally for a political career, but several attempts to secure a seat in Parliament resulted in failure. From one of his earliest speeches it would appear that he soon formed that slapdash style for which he was to become famous in his conflicts with Gladstone:

A denunciation has gone forth against the House of Lords, and from whom? From the paid agent of the Papacy. I am not surprised at this. It is as natural for Mr. O'Connell to cry out "Down with the House of Lords" as for a robber to cry out "Down with the galleys." Both are national institutions very inconvenient in their respective careers. . . . "Down with the House of Lords," cries Mr. O'Connell. Ay, down with the only barrier between him and his disastrous machinations. The House of Lords is a great breakwater of sedition that his waves of commotion will beat against in vain. . . . When I listen to him I am reminded of what the great Dean Swift said of a gentleman who was almost as anxious to plunder the people of Ireland as Mr. O'Connell himself, though not quite so successful—I mean William Wood, who tried to impose on them with brass farthings, "These are the last howls of a dog dissected alive."

It was in 1832 that Disraeli first became a candidate for Parliament; it was not until five years later that he succeeded in winning a seat. It is at this juncture the present installment of the life closes. The illustrations include many interesting portraits of the D'Israeli family and four of the statesman in his early years.

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BUCKINGHAM. By William F. Monypenny. Vol. I. 1837. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.00.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Jim Hands.

It is a homely story Mr. Child has to tell, or, perhaps, a story about a homely theme, but he is able to invest it with qualities which make the telling as appealing as a romance of knights and ladies. "The factory," he writes, "sees that some sort of a new civilization is replacing some sort of an old civilization. It sees . . . the movement of pay-day night, when the store windows are bright and the screen doors slam behind well-dressed wives of well-clothed factory workmen. It sees the modern hats of girls, gayly trimmed, mingling with the sombre bonnets of women who are in from the country." And so on. The economic reformers are so intent upon focussing public attention upon the forbidding aspects of factory life that it is a relief to have a picture in which there are lights as well as shadows. And Jim Hands, he of the face which "awakens in other men a warm and pleasant feeling," is just the man to paint the picture. Under Mr. Child's skillful guidance he fills in the canvas in a winning manner, setting forth a moving story of love and calling into being a rare company of lovable folk. Here, then, is an idyl of factory life for which Mr. Child is to be warmly thanked.

JIM HANDS. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

The Star-Gazers.

Eleanor Erne's letters to the astronomical professor of her old college unfold a lively story. Eleanor is "a rather splendid young creature with a respectable amount of book-learning and the heart of a child," and at the opening of her correspondence has to announce that her engagement to Lord Bobby is off because her father thought "England was a free-trade country and he didn't see why there should be a high tariff on imported wives." In other words, Lord Bobby's legal representatives were strong on a generous marriage settlement for that young noble, and Mr. Erne wasn't. It made matters a little worse that Eleanor really did care for Lord Bobby, but to cure her of her heartache she is sent off to Mexico and soon meets the man who is to succeed the lover of title. From this point onward the reader is entertained with bright descriptions of social functions in the city of Mexico, visits to country estates, and meetings with clever people. Even Lord Bobby finally appears on the scene, for he is not so mercenary as his lawyers, and would have married Eleanor for love alone had it not been too late.

THE STAR-GAZERS. By A. Carter Goodloe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

Out of Drowning Valley.

Drowning Valley was reputed to be rich in gold. Now and again there had appeared in Blaze Creek a young Indian with a handful or two of the precious metal, and such visitors had naturally led many hold spirits to prospect the valley. But they had never returned. Hence there grew up in Blaze Creek a wholesome terror of trying to prospect in Drowning Valley. Charles Scarlett, however, had befriended an Indian of the valley tribe, and had received a promise of much gold should he keep a solitary appointment at a certain place. It is at this point Mr. Jones opens his vivid story, which is packed with breathless adventure and tantalizes the reader with an ever-impending mystery. Love, of course, penetrates even to this fastness, and the climax shows how to the most primitive of men a woman may be more than gold. The Indian kept his promise in the best way: "You get," he says in farewell to the hero, "what is more than much gold—out of Drowning Valley."

OUT OF DROWNING VALLEY. By S. Carleton Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

The Lady.

By "lady" Mrs. Putnam does not mean woman: her subject is "the female of the favored social class." And this penetrating study aims to set forth the theories which typical societies have entertained of the lady, to note her changing ideals, to describe her daily life, and, in short, to define "what manner of terms she has contrived to make with the very special conditions of her existence." The types chosen include the Greek lady, the Roman lady, the lady abbess, the lady of the castle, the lady of the Renaissance, the lady of the salon, the lady of the Blue Stockings, and the lady of the Slave States. This is a comprehensive programme, the one weak spot of which is the inclusion of the Blue Stocking, who hardly affected society to the extent Mrs. Putnam imagines. It might be anticipated that these chapters would contain much of the Aspidochelone, for the author admits that it seems difficult to so classify the lady as to exclude her and her sisters; but refuge is taken in the reflection that "the true lady is in theory either a *virgiu* or a lawful wife." At every stage Mrs. Putnam provides her reader liberally with entertainment and instruction, and now and again she has a mordant comment on conditions which prevail today. The lady is, she

finds, a "somewhat dangerous element of society. Her training and experience when not antisocial have been unsocial. Women in general have lived an individualistic life. As soon as the division of early labor sent the man out to fight and kept the woman in the house, the process began which taught men to act in concert while women still acted singly." Hence the weakness of the lady's play at bridge is her tendency to work for her own hand.

THE LADY. By Emily James Putnam. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$2.50 net.

Through Five Administrations.

Were it only for its vivid pictures of Colonel Crook's three months' association with Lincoln as his body-guard these reminiscences of a man on duty in the White House should appeal to a large audience. One passage which sums up many impressions of Lincoln is of unique interest: "He is the only man I ever knew the foundation of whose spirit was love. That love made him suffer. I saw him look at the ragged, hungry prisoners at City Point, I saw him ride over the battlefields at Petersburg, the man with the hole in his forehead and the man with both arms shot away lying, accusing, before his eyes. I saw him enter into Richmond, walking between lanes of silent men and women who had lost their battle. I remember his face. . . . And yet my memory of him is not of an unhappy man. I hear so much today about the President's melancholy. It is true no man could suffer more. But he was very easily amused." The other Presidents to whom Colonel Crook acted as body-guard were Johnson, Grant, Hayes, and Garfield, the first of whom told him that he returned to the Senate with two purposes, one to do what he could to punish the Southern brigadiers, and the other to make a speech against Grant.

THROUGH FIVE ADMINISTRATIONS. By Colonel William H. Crook. Compiled and edited by Margarita S. Gerry. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.80 net.

Adventures in Home Making.

Beginning with an attractive account of their hunt for a suitable home, Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton proceed to describe in detail the many processes of bringing that home to the condition of their liking. There was the planning to do first, and then in turn came the evolution of the library, the old parlor, the dining-room, the halls, the bedrooms, and the grounds. No reader can fail to be deeply interested in the manner in which the various stages are described, and whose reads will at the same time gather many invaluable hints. All through the volume there is manifested a tender love for the home, and hence its influence is wholly for good. And, above all, the lesson the book inculcates is that the home should have individuality. "A home should represent the maker of it. No place like home!—an admirable sentiment, this, if interpreted in the terms of individuality. For a man ought to make his home so different from the home of every one else that he may rightly say there is none other like it." It is an exceedingly useful feature of the book that the various stages of the home-making are fully illustrated from excellent photographs.

ADVENTURES IN HOME MAKING. By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.75.

The Silent Isle.

All Mr. Benson's books are intimate, yet rarely has he put so much of his personality into a volume as in the present. We even learn that he keeps a coachman, which will come as something of a shock to those who think of Mr. Benson as an inveterate recluse. And will he pardon the fear that he is becoming a little hard? No doubt some of the acquaintances whose portraits he sketches in so vivid a manner were great bores, but it is not in Mr. Benson's character to be sensitive to horedom; that is, one somehow expects from him an all-embracing forgiveness. Yet even with those defects the volume can not fail of its welcome, its affectionate welcome it may be said, for Mr. Benson has surely a more attached audience than the majority of writers. He writes of many things; of his authorship, of the tendency of the modern novel in the treatment of love, of the Greek spirit, of village churches, and countless other topics, and concerning each and all he has something of value and suggestion to say. One realizes the companionship of a refined mind at every turn, and catches something of the pensive mood of a man who has not quite "captured the tranquillity" he desired.

THE SILENT ISLE. By Arthur C. Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

The Story of Old Japan.

Mr. Longford does not concern himself with any event subsequent to 1868; it is literally old Japan, the Japan of feudalism, which engages his pen exclusively. His object has been to supply in one convenient volume such a survey of the history of the Mikado's land as will meet the needs of the general reader anxious to inform himself of the mythology and history of a country now so prominent in the world, and in carrying out that pur-

pose he has been in the fortunate position of one who can draw upon a rich store of knowledge and experience acquired during more than thirty years' official residence in Japan. He is thus familiar with all the historic spots described in his book, and is consequently able to write of them in an intimate manner. In addition Mr. Longford's acquaintance with Japanese literature has served him well, and contributed materially to the thoroughness of a work which is interesting as well as informing.

THE STORY OF OLD JAPAN. By Joseph H. Longford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.75 net.

Brief Reviews.

All who love the sea and the ways of those who do business on the great waters will find much to their liking in Stephen Reynolds's "Alongshore" (the Macmillan Company; \$1.20 net), a volume of sympathetic sketches about sailors and fishing and the like. The photographic seascapes which illustrate the volume are unusually artistic.

Within the compass of some two hundred pages Raphael L. de Beaufort's "Franz Liszt" (Oliver Ditson & Co.) sets forth in a readable manner all the essential facts of the great musician's career, not forgetting his remarkable *liaison* with the Countess d'Agoult and his relations with George Sand. The little book also contains a list of his musical works.

W. E. Norris is evidently fond of heroes under a cloud. In "Not Guilty" (Brentano's; \$1.50) he gives the story of a man who is charged with murder and narrowly escapes

being hung because he will not tell where he had been at the time of the murder. Although dismissed with a verdict of "not guilty," the hero's friends are suspicious as to his innocence, and as a consequence he leads a life of much misery. The story is told with considerable dramatic force.

Described as a "book of ideals for girls," Mrs. Burton Chance's "Mother and Daughter" (the Century Company; \$1) may also be truthfully characterized as an ideal book for girls. It discusses in a wise and persuasive manner the relations of mother and daughter, and offers invaluable advice on health of body and mind, character-building, and many other important topics.

Not to be out of the running with Meredith and Hardy, Eden Phillpotts in "Wild Fruit" (John Lane Company; \$1.50 net) shows that he, too, can write poetry. And it is of a kind more likely to appeal to the average reader than the metaphysical verse of Meredith or the epic of Hardy. Now and again, especially in such a conceit as "To Anthea's Bosom," Mr. Phillpotts recalls the manner of Herrick.

Exceedingly timely is A. T. Mahan's "The Interest of America in International Conditions" (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net), which discusses from wide knowledge the relations of Great Britain and Germany and deals in a suggestive manner with the events which have left the navies of the United States and Japan to represent the balance of power in the Pacific. He holds that "it may even be questioned whether sound military policy may not make the Pacific rather than the Atlantic the station for the United States battle fleet."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Story of Spanish Painting.

Books about painters and pictures usually resolve themselves into albums. They are useful for their illustrations, but only irritating for their inane text. Hence the joy with which the reader, anxious for genuine guidance and criticism, lights upon such a book as this by Mr. Caffin. He has already made students of art his debtors by several admirable volumes, notably his "How to Study Pictures," and in the present effort he greatly increases that indebtedness. The book is, indeed, an ideal little manual, compressing into less than two hundred pages a wealth of biographical and interpretative knowledge.

At the outset there is a luminous chapter on the history of the Spanish nation which throws into relief just those facts which bear upon the development of the art of the country, and this is followed by a suggestive discussion of the characteristics of Spanish painting. Mr. Caffin admits that Spanish painting is singularly limited in scope and rigidly circumscribed, and shows that this was due to the self-centred and conservative racial character and to the fact that the art was developed under the patronage of the crown and the church. "Hence the art of Spain, while it might be incidentally concerned with portraiture, discovered its essential characteristics as the exponent of Bible story and saintly lore and as an exhortation to faith and pious living."

Having thus prepared the reader for a nearer approach to his immediate subject Mr. Caffin devotes two chapters to a panoramic view of the art of Spain from its origin to the present day. Then follow model and more extended studies of such artists as El Greco, Velasquez, Mazo, Carreño, Murillo, and Goya. The chapter on Murillo is admirable for its sanity and judicial spirit. Mr. Caffin notes the depreciation of Murillo on the part of artists and the growing appreciation of the public, and asks, "What, then, is the abiding something in Murillo's art which makes this perennial appeal? For my own part, I believe that, if you can sum it up in a word, it is the spirit of Youth." In this connection Mr. Caffin defends the man who, in matters of art, argues that he knows what he likes. "To tell such a man that he is wrong would be not only cruel but false. From his own standpoint he is not wrong; he is very much in the right, if the end of art is the heightening of a man's nature through contemplation of the beautiful." Even more excellent is the criticism of Goya, who is rightly appraised from the revolutionary standpoint, and described as "a nihilist, bitter therefore against quacks and empirics, whether priests, doctors, or lawyers." And this leads Mr. Caffin to pen a welcome word on the impressionist, whom he declares to be on his trial today. "The world is beginning to question the worth-whileness of his art, except as a necessary transition stage

to something more fundamentally vital that is in process of evolution. What this will prove to be is at present in suspense; but we are vaguely discerning that it will be something at once more organically basic than impressionism and more spiritualized in motive." In selecting his illustrations from the great pictures of Spain Mr. Caffin has manifested the discriminating qualities which distinguish his text.

THE STORY OF SPANISH PAINTING. By Charles H. Caffin. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

Cosmical Evolution.

In continuation of his exhaustive astronomical studies, Professor T. J. J. See has now issued the second volume of his "Researches on the Evolution of the Stellar System," a volume which for its profound learning and masterly discussion surely touches the high-water mark of American mathematical scholarship. For more than a quarter of a century Professor See has devoted his remarkable gifts to an examination of the theories of cosmogony, and his labors are now amply justified by the conclusions reached in this handsome volume. Merely to tabulate the important conclusions reached by Professor See would occupy several columns of the Argonaut, while a full discussion of his reasoning would be beyond the comprehension of the general reader. It must suffice, then, to say that the volume is notable for its incisive criticism of cosmical evolution theories, and that it is an achievement upon which its author may be unreservedly congratulated.

RESEARCHES ON THE EVOLUTION OF THE STELLAR SYSTEM. Vol. 2. The Capture Theory of Cosmical Evolution. By T. J. J. See. Lynn, Mass.: Thomas P. Nichols & Sons; \$10.

Sicily in Shadow and Sin.

To attempt a volume designed for permanent reading on so passing a phase of life as the earthquake in Sicily might seem a dangerous undertaking. Lessing's principle that nothing of a fleeting nature, and especially if it be painful, should be fixed on canvas or in marble, may be applied in a sense to books. However, Mrs. Elliott has fully justified her choice of a subject by the spirited and sympathetic manner in which she places on record her first-hand impressions of Sicily's great disaster, which is the "shadow" side of her picture; and for those who prefer the brighter side of things there are the lively and informing chapters in which she tells of the glories of the past. Once more Mrs. Elliott indulges largely in the dialogue style of writing, and the inevitable Patsy makes a reappearance to the delight of all who made the acquaintance of that desirable traveling companion in the author's book on Spain. There are numerous illustrations, which include reproductions of photographs and sketches by the writer's husband, John Elliott.

SICILY IN SHADOW AND SIN. By Maud Howe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3 net.

The Winter Queen.

No doubt there are many readers who prefer their biography in the lightest possible form, and to such the method of Marie Hay should have a potent appeal. It is not an easy method for the writer. To set forth a life career in a straightforward manner is not a difficult task; to weave fact into a garment of romance is, especially when the writer is so regardless of actual truth as Marie Hay has proved herself to be. How well she can write historical romance was proved by her "A German Pompadour," and fresh evidence is forthcoming in this imaginative and creative study of Elizabeth Stuart, the Queen of Bohemia. Here and there slight divergences from history are indulged in, but in the main the narrative follows authentic records, and everywhere turns them to a brighter use than is common in biographies. Much research has gone to the making of this volume, and more labor to its shaping into the attractive form which has resulted from its author's study and care. When a new edition is called for, or when Marie Hay undertakes another task of similar kind, she would be well advised to provide a brief note giving the stark biographical facts of her subject. In the present study it would be helpful to many readers to learn at the outset that the Winter Queen was the daughter of James I of England, and a few other pertinent facts. This would give the reader a useful point of view at the start.

THE WINTER QUEEN. By Marie Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4 net.

Edgar Allan Poe.

Although in the first chapter, the "biographical background," there is rather too much of "the cloak of Byron" and a straining after effect, as also rather too much of the author, Mr. Ransome's critical study of Poe is exceedingly valuable and suggestive for its insistence on the theory that "Poe's brain was more stimulating than his art, and that the tales and poems by which he is best known were but the by-products of an unconcluded search." Yet Mr. Ransome appraises the tales and the poems in a judicial and illuminating manner. Thus he notes that the

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province Poe took in the former "was not the wide and various territory of a Balzac, but rather a small grove closed in by tall trees, filled always with dusk. The ground must be trodden warily for fear of open graves." And with regard to the poetry he sums up thus: "Poe's verse was to the prose-writer what Rafael's sonnets were to the painter, that other art, not his, and yet particularly his own, cherished for a supreme purpose. In it, to paraphrase Browning, he gained the artist's joy, missed the man's sorrow, finding the work more complex, and so, to such as he, a greater pleasure, and fixing in it, and refixing in revision, those moments that seemed so fair as to be foreign to his life." After all, however, Mr. Ransome thinks that what Poe achieved was little in comparison with the ideal he had in view. A final chapter of this pregnant study gives an admirable survey of the French view of Poe.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. By Arthur Ransome. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$2.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Royal Cortissoz has undertaken a memoir and critical study of the late John La Farge and hopes to have the volume ready for publication in the spring. The book, which was sanctioned by Mr. La Farge, will embody recollections communicated to the author in the manuscript of his subject, together with numerous notes of conversations, etc. There will be many illustrations of Mr. La Farge's work in photogravure.

All the supposed old Serbian songs in "Pan's Mountain" were written by the author, Amelie Rives, who is greatly flattered by the assumption of some reviewers that they are genuine old Serbian songs. "As I like these more than anything in the book," she says, "I am very grateful for the kind words they have received."

Yet another edition is announced of the novels of Scott. It is to be distinguished by reproductions of some eight hundred illustrations from the paintings of nearly two hundred of the most famous artists of the last two or three generations.

Another link between Harvard and Oxford has been forged by the decision of the English university to publish the various volumes of those "Studies in Comparative Literature" which have been arranged for by the American seat of learning.

One of the most delightful glimpses of the winning side of Edmund Clarence Stedman's nature is that given by his own pen in description of a lionizing experience: "The most appalling and absurd scrape I ever got into was when Rose Cleveland beguiled me to tea at Mrs. Reed's finishing school. Then she took me into the big hall with its waxed floor. There were fifty full-grown girls, doubtless all thinking me an old prig. However, I sat down between the prettiest two—one in pink,

one in blue—and we soon were flirting at a great rate. Mark you! that horrid Mrs. Reed switched me up on the platform, and then presented all those fifty girls to me—until I felt like an octogenarian miff and a figure-head. They hated me, I knew, and I wanted to hug them and talk onse to them. I am not a bit of a show, and Mrs. Stedman justly says that I have no dignity. Girls are good to kiss—not to teach. I would rather have been Anacreon than Solon."

Rural Kentucky provides the background for James Lane Allen's new story, "The Doctor's Christmas Eve," the general theme of which is a study of a group of American children, the offspring of two families, whose parents are involved in one of life's great tragedies. Mr. Allee interprets the new spirit of American childhood with special reference to the miracles and legends of the olden time.

Willy Pogány, one of the newer illustrators whose work is attracting much attention, is a Hungarian by birth, but received his art education in Paris. His last season's successful interpretation of "The Rubaiyat" has been followed this year by an admirable series of pictures for Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

Although John Donne is today remembered and admired almost solely for his verse, in his lifetime his letters to his friends and patrons were as highly esteemed as any product of his pen. His son collected many of them somewhat carelessly in 1651, and there was another edition six years later, but from that date to this they have never been reprinted. Now, however, the Sturgis & Walton Company announce a limited edition of the "Letters to Several Persons of Honour." Their kinship with the poems is remarkable, revealing, as they do, the brilliant and insolent young man, the erudite and witty, but troubled and melancholy suitor for court favor.

Onoto Watanna, author of "Tama," the romance of an American professor and a Japanese girl, is the daughter of a Japanese mother and an English father. She was born in Japan, but has spent much of her life in America, for a time following the profession of a journalist in Chicago.

Amelia W. Truesdell's "The Soul's Rubaiyat" is a dainty little volume of quatrains with the true Omar flavor, but the author's object is to set forth a philosophy of life less material and pessimistic than that of the Persian poet. That "love is service" is her doctrine, and the conclusion of the matter is:

Flame-tints that shimmer on the desert air!
Love-lights that make Life's sands a garden fair,
Where joy and pain sing softly to the soul
That God in man is Love in human care.

The volume, which is published in San Francisco by A. M. Robertson, contains some quaint symbolical designs by Maria

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Japan and the Japanese.

Having been commissioned to visit Japan for the purpose of making paintings of the gardens of that country to illustrate a forthcoming volume on that subject, Mr. Tyndale improved the occasion by gathering material for a book of his own. Here, then, are thirty-two pictures in color from water-color sketches, many of which are exceedingly successful in portraying the floral glories of Japan. The best of the pictures, however, are hardly those into which bright colors enter, but rather those in which greenish hues predominate. When Mr. Tyndale found himself in front of a bit of landscape in harmony with the nature tints of his native England he was able to achieve results of greater merit than in his purely Japanese subjects. The text is unpretentious, but thoroughly sympathetic, and shows the Japanese at their best. Mr. Tyndale admits he took some prejudices to the country, but they were all overcome. He defends the mixed bathing on the plea that there is a "placid understanding" that when people undress for their ablutions they are "considered invisible." The places visited by Mr. Tyndale included Kobe, Kyoto, Shoji, Hakone, Nikko, and Tokyo, and in the account of the last-named city there is the inevitable reference to the Yoshiwara as "one of the sights." In another place some pages are devoted to the geisha, who are once more referred to as "geisha girls." Has any one ever heard of geisha boys?

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE. By Walter Tyndale. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$5 net.

New Books Received.

FICTION.

THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS. DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS. ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS. LORO ORMONT AND HIS ARMINTA. THE AMAZING MARRIAGE. CELT AND SAXON. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 per vol. by the set.

These six volumes bring to a conclusion the publication of the ideal Memorial Edition of Meredith's works so far as the chief novels are concerned, though the short stories and the essays and poems are yet to come. It is impossible to imagine a more delightful edition than this, in which all the best qualities of bookmaking are in evidence. The frontispiece and other illustrations have been chosen with unusual care and reproduced in the most artistic manner.

THE DRUMS OF WAR. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A moving story of the Paris of the Second Empire with an appealing love episode.

ANGELA'S QUEST. By Lillian Bell. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

Full of tragic moments in the lives of unconventional people.

LITERARY LAPSES. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

Sketchy little studies of character notable for the humor of situations, many of which are laid in America.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHER. By Romain Rolland. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

Includes the first four volumes of the French edition of this largely planned story which has been appraised as the most remarkable novel ever written in France. Its theme is the development of a musical genius.

THE READJUSTMENT. By Will Irwin. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.20 net.

Tells, against the background of San Francisco, the story of the wooing of a refined girl by a man of many attractions who is yet lacking in a sense of honor.

THE PURCHASE PRICE. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

An unusually strong story of the years immediately preceding the Civil War and worthily sustains the high reputation of the author of "The Mississippi Bubble," etc.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY POSTOFFICE. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

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WHERE THE WIND BLOWS. By Katharine Pyle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Ten fairy tales retold in an attractive manner. Illustrations and decorations by Bertha Corson Day.

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THE STORY OF "MADAME X."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Of late there is noticeable in fiction, dramatic and otherwise, a more assured tone as to the delicate matter of husbands forgiving wives for an infraction of the marriage vows. It is, naturally, more noticeable in continental literature, which must, of necessity, treat of the sentimental adventures and misadventures of matrons rather than maids, since in Europe the latter, outside of the more advanced circles in Bohemia, are debarred from having such romantic experiences as make fiction. Germany, which, in spite of the national sentimentality, always seems the home of staidness and sobriety in the matter of love, is nevertheless very advanced in this regard, Sudermann having become a sort of banner-bearer in championing the cause of women who have sinned, but who are not debased. Read the preface to "An Island Pharisee," and although your head may swim a little at its fine-drawn metaphysics, you may learn what Galsworthy thinks.

It almost seemed, during the prologue of "Madame X," that Alexander Bisson, its French author, was taking up this question and making it the motive of his play. In the prologue we are plunged at once into a painful domestic situation: a mother who has deserted husband and child returns, anguished, repentant, drawn by the irresistible lure of mother-love. The husband still loves her, still longs for her. But the man whose pride and love have been cruelly outraged can seldom be merciful while his wound still throbs. Fiercely, inexorably, he rejects her plea, and the woman is cast forth to fall into the abyss. For, in Europe, men foresee only that destiny for the gently nurtured woman who, in those overcrowded labor marts, has never entered into fierce competition to gain a living. Few indeed are the Magdas who return to the home of their innocence, crowned with glory and mistresses of their destiny.

Floriot's wife, subsequently known as Madame X, was not of the type of women who rise on their dead selves to higher things. The two men, her husband and her husband's friend, who argue hotly as to the rights of the case, when it comes to a husband forgiving the unforgivable, know instinctively that this lovely butterfly, true child of summer joy, will have its wings scorched and blackened, out in that torrid jungle where human beasts stalk their prey. The husband is finally won to forgive by the heartfelt eloquence of his friend, who, never having known the sting of the possessor robbed of his dearest possession, is able to reason from a less egotistic standpoint. They set in motion a search to find and restore to her home the poor stumpler, but in vain, and the second act exhibits the terrible spectacle wrought by twenty years of deterioration in the wife once so cherished and loved.

In those twenty terrible years, during which she has been obliged to consort with all sorts and conditions of men in order to have food in her stomach and a roof over her head, the wretched sinner has learned to dull recollection by the use of drugs. Youth, beauty, and grace have fled. Her outlook on life has limited itself to one craving—solitude. And the deadened stimulus of her drug. She is a creature, a chattel, of little worth and low price. She has but one vanity left—the pride of an artist in mixing absinthe.

We see her, with her latest passing lover, enter the bedroom of a fifth-class hotel. Her attire is neglected, and shows signs of habitual weary indifference; her back is bowed, her voice flat, coarsened, toneless; her eyes dead. Her lover is a cheap, jaunty, heartless rascal, the tie between them merely casual and temporary.

They drink together, a tipple of her mixing, and we realize, as we see the skill and deliberation with which she performs this rite, we horribly realize that it has become one of her merchantable attractions. As she stretches out her hand to grasp the glass a hideous resurrection slowly kindles life in her dead eyes. This is one of her few brief moments of living.

It is a dreadful picture. We are suddenly confronted with the reality of that fearful, sordid, hideous life in which the derelicts of the world wallow. We know it is there, but we do not think of it, habitually turning away our eyes and thoughts by instinct from that abyss full of writhing misery.

And then we begin to realize that Bisson

has no contentions to make, but just a story to tell; a story that leads to a climax so dramatic, so absorbing, and so full of tears for the average theatre-goer, that, in spite of an uneasy sense of things being too much arranged, too spontaneously contrived, and too carefully worked up toward the grand emotional climax, we must yield to the French author the palm for having written a notable play. As to its being a great play, that's a bird of another feather. Up to the last act our absorption in the story is unaltered by that sense of beauty, that joy in something rising above the dead level of mediocre goodness, which should inform all drama.

In the prologue the only gleam of gracious light is the quality of love which Noel has cherished in his heart for his friend and his friend's wife. The act which follows is an unrelieved exhibition of the squalid wretchedness of human nature gone bad. The second act is pleasant, but the lighter touches are not inspired, and the comedy is puerile. A comment, by the by, which may generally be made with safety on French plays adapted to American needs, because of natural differences in taste.

The defects in the play, however, are not great; the principal one seems to be a surface of artificiality which rests over an excellently built superstructure. Somehow, except for the brief scene including the ejection of the wife, it is impossible to feel very deeply until the last act.

A court scene is always imposing, and when it represents a hapless being trapped in the machinery of the law, and we see mighty efforts being put forth for its deliverance, a fellow-feeling begins to tug at the heart-strings. And here, too, Bisson introduces the tremendous motive of a son pleading, all unknowing, for the life of his mother who has committed a crime to save him from suffering. It is one that appeals even to seasoned theatre-goers, and soft-hearted men respond to its poignancy by tears.

And still further to soften hearts, and predispose them to tearful sympathy, there is the motive for the murder: the determination of a mother to spare her child the shame of learning what manner of woman is the mother he supposes to be dead.

With this big climax, the play undoubtedly makes a strong appeal, but it would make a much stronger one with players of real superiority to polish away with their more brilliant execution the hurrying effects of certain little staginess in the working out of details.

Adeline Dunlap is the only member of the company whose work we accept without cavil. I suppose we are lucky to get "Madame X" at all, but it is a little discouraging to realize that Eastern successes are so often sent out to us with players of only second-rate ability to present them. It is only comparatively often that we see plays done with metropolitan finish.

The members of the company which appears in "Madame X," for instance, are very evidently modeling themselves carefully upon their predecessors in the rôles. We see no signs of individual inspiration, not even with Miss Dunlap, who, nevertheless, deserves high praise for the thoroughness and fine detail with which she indicates the mental and physical deterioration wrought in Floriot's wife. Miss Dunlap showed, too, an abundance of emotional power in her representation of the transports of anguish which shook the repentant sinner while pleading with her husband, as well as in the outbreaks of despair ever and anon bursting through the weary apathy with which the murderess, deprived of the influence of drugs, listened to her trial.

Howard Gould, as the husband, acts purely on established lines. Robert Ober, as the son, is young, and therefore fresher in feeling, and the expression of it, but I take exception to the length of time with which he retained tears in his voice during his delivery of the celebrated speech.

There was about Vincent Sternroyd, who played Noel, Floriot's friend, a faint suggestion of being a comedian in exile, which prevented him from seeming the man for the rôle, in spite of the earnestness with which he made Niel's plea for mercy.

In fact, there was just missing to the performance that high yet delicate polish which should stamp it as first class. Our desire to see the play "Madame X" has been gratified, but not our wish to see it played as it was done in New York, or Paris. But, after all, let us be thankful for what we can get.

Henry W. Savage's gallantry to Mme. Sarab Bernhardt in giving gratis to that actress the right to play "Madame X" during her farewell tour of America is another evidence of the cordial good-will obtaining in the world of the stage. Mme. Bernhardt offered to pay roundly for the privilege, but Mr. Savage preferred to have her accept it as a token of his appreciation of her art. Mme. Bernhardt has agreed to give a special matinee performance for the benefit of each of the three distinguished actresses playing this rôle in the Savage companies. It is probable that one will take place in New York, another in Boston, and the third in either Denver or San Francisco.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Madame X," the big play of the season, will be continued at the Savoy Theatre this week and all of next. The play is reviewed at length in another column. The demand for seats for the coming week is large, and there is no doubt that the interest manifested will be sustained to the end of the engagement.

"Polly of the Circus," with its saw-dust ring, pretty love story, and many interesting characters, is once more a popular attraction here. Its engagement at the Columbia Theatre runs throughout this and next week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The Margaret Mayo play is one of the most convincing American works of late years, and Frederic Thompson has given it a good cast, spectacular stage-setting, and an altogether fine ensemble. The story of the little circus rider whose lot falls in with that of the young country minister, is one of heart interest and pathos. There is much comedy in the story and it serves to balance the entertainment during the three acts. There will be a performance on Sunday night, and on Monday "Polly of the Circus" will begin its second and final week. The Wednesday matinee will be given at special prices, \$1, 50 cents, and 25 cents.

Edwin Arden, the popular dramatic actor, comes to the Orpheum next week with a romantic one-act drama named "Captain Velvet," which he has written for himself. It is described as one of the tensest and best acted plays ever seen on the Orpheum Circuit. Mr. Arden is talented and has had experience, and will be remembered in this city for his clever work in "The Morals of Marcus," in which he shared the honors with Marie Doro two seasons ago. He is well supported by Olive Templeton, Edwin Fowler, and Raymond Meyer. Alexander and Scott, last season the most important feature of Cohan and Harris's Honey Boy Minstrels, are back in vaudeville and will present a new skit called "From Old Virginia," which has proved one of their great hits. Joe Jackson, styled "the European Vagabond," will introduce his unique, attractive, and humorous bicycle performance. Single-handed he provides one of the most remarkable cycling acts ever seen. There are no sensational features in it, but the tricks he does show new possibilities on a single and double wheel. "A Night in a Monkey Music Hall," which will be presented by Maud Rochez, will be remembered as a clever and amusing animal act. These simians give an entire vaudeville performance from beginning to end, even including the orchestra, card boys, and other accessories of a first-class stage performance, and all accomplished without a single person on the stage to direct them. Next week closes the engagement of Marvelous Griffith, Hilda Thomas and Lou Hall, Stanley and Norton, and Hymack, the camelion comedian.

An unusually pretentious musical-comedy attraction will begin a limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre, December 26, when Charles Froberman's "The Dollar Princess" opens there. This production will be identically the same as it was during its run of over fourteen months at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York City last season. It will be gorgeous as to costumes and stage-settings, while the company of American and English musical-comedy artists interpreting the various rôles will be of the best, and the chorus supporting them sprightly, good-looking, and thoroughly trained. "The Dollar Princess" is one of the few musical comedies of the present day that is entirely clean. Not an objectionable line or situation can be found in the piece, and this is one of the chief elements of its popularity.

Sunday evening, December 25, that favorite comedian, Jefferson De Angelis, will begin an engagement limited to eight nights at the Savoy Theatre in DeKoven and Herbert's comic opera, "The Beauty Spot."

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VANITY FAIR.

Vain are the efforts of the satirists who attempt to parody the "society" news so much affected by the daily and other papers. It is so hard to distinguish between the real thing and the travesty. For example, the following account of a "Déjeuner de Luxe at the De Smythe Residence" is so close to the genuine article that "society" folk may be excused for feeling affronted at not being invited to that resplendent function:

"On Wednesday morning last at 7:15 a. m. a charming little breakfast was served at the home of Mr. de Smythe. The déjeuner was given in honor of Mr. de Smythe and his two sons, Master Adolphus and Master Blinks de Smythe, who were about to leave for their daily travail at their wholesale Bureau de Flour et de Feed. All the gentlemen were very quietly dressed in their habits de work. Miss Melinda de Smythe poured out tea, the domestique having refusé to get up so early after the partie of the night before. The menu was very handsome, consisting of eggs and bacon, demi-froid, and ice-cream. The conversation was sustained and lively. Mr. de Smythe sustained it and made it lively for his daughter and his garçons. In the course of the talk Mr. de Smythe stated that the next time he allowed the young people to turn his maison topsy-turvy he would see them in enfer. He wished to know if they were aware that some ass of the evening before had broken a pane of glass in the hall that would cost him four dollars. Did they think he was made of argent. If so, they never made a bigger mistake in their vic. The meal closed with general expressions of good feeling. A little bird whispered to us that there will be no more parties at the De Smythes' pour longtemps."

There are so many palatial homes where "functions" are held without receiving the notice of the neglectful "society" reporter that the above chaste model of how to pen a write-up can not fail to be as useful as the model letter-writer. And to lighten the labors of "social leaders" who like to vary the déjeuner with a different kind of entertainment it may be useful to add another sample, descriptive of a "Delightful Evening in the Residence of Mr. Alonzo Robinson":

"Yesterday the family of Mr. Alonzo Robinson spent a very lively evening at their home on —th Avenue. The occasion was the seventeenth birthday of Master Alonzo Robinson, Jr. It was the original intention of Master Alonzo Robinson to celebrated the day at home and invite a few of les garçons. Mr. Robinson, Sr., however, having declared that he would be damné first, Master Alonzo spent the evening in visiting the salons of the town, which he painted rouge. Mr. Robinson, Sr., spent the evening at home in quiet expectation of his son's return. He was very becomingly dressed in a pantalon quatre vingt trois, and had his whip de chien laid across his knee. Mme. Robinson and Mlle. Robinson wore black. The guest of the evening arrived home at a late hour. He wore his habits de spri, and had about six poudres of eau de vie in him. He was evidently full up to his can. For some time after his arrival a very lively time was spent. Mr. Robinson having at length broken his whip de chien, the family parted for the night with expressions of good-will."

Another trust has been unearthed. Says a writer in Success: "If you have ever been a visitor to the dining-room of a large city hotel, you have been impressed with the eagerness with which a uniformed attendant relieves you of your hat and coat at the entrance. Your personal wishes are never consulted in this matter: the uniformed attendant always wears an expression which says, 'You carry your hat into that dining-room at your peril,' and so you give it up. When you escape from the clutches of a mercenary waiter and return to the door, you are met by the attendant wearing the same uniform, but a wholly different expression. Now it says, 'I have seen your hat safely through this crisis. I have a widowed mother to support, and you look like a generous person.' So you pay him for doing something for you that you didn't want done. We are told now that all these boys wearing blackmail expressions are only menials of the hat tip trust: that their uniforms do not contain pockets: that the tip company pays the hotel large sums for the coatroom privilege and makes a neat profit anyway. If you feel peevish about paying tribute to the hat tip trust, just reflect that maybe the trust magnates have widowed mothers, too."

Among the thousands of matters upon which the forthcoming new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica is to throw some light is the evolution that has taken place in the meaning of the word "gentleman." It will show that the first "gentleman" commemorated on an existing monument was a John Daundelyon, who died about the year 1445, and many examples are given to illustrate in how narrow a sense the word was used in by-gone centuries. The writer adds: "The

word 'gentleman' as an index of rank had already become of doubtful value before the great political and social changes of the nineteenth century gave to it a wider and essentially higher significance. The change is well illustrated in the definitions given in the successive editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica. In the fifth edition (1815) 'a gentleman is one, who without any title, hears a coat of arms, or whose ancestors have been freemen.' In the seventh edition (1845) it implies a definite social status: 'All above the rank of yeomen.' In the eighth edition (1856) this is still its 'most essential sense'; 'in a more limited sense' it is defined in the same words as those quoted above from the fifth edition; but the writer adds, 'By courtesy this title is generally accorded to all persons above the rank of common tradesmen when their manners are indicative of a certain amount of refinement and intelligence.' The Reform Bill of 1832 has done its work; the 'middle classes' have come into their own; and the word 'gentleman' has come in common use to signify not a distinction of blood, but a distinction of position, education, and manners. The test is no longer good birth, or the right to bear arms, but the capacity to mingle on equal terms in good society. In its best use, moreover, 'gentleman' involves a certain superior standard of conduct, due, to quote the eighth edition once more, to 'that self-respect and intellectual refinement which manifest themselves in unrestrained yet deli-

cate manners.' The word 'gentle,' originally implying a certain social status, had very early come to be associated with the standard of manners expected from that status. Thus by a sort of punning process the 'gentle man' becomes a 'gentle-man.'"

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Bonaventure de Fourcroy, a clever society poet of the seventeenth century, a splendid orator, an eminent advocate, and an intimate friend of Molière to boot, on being asked one day by a magistrate what he meant to do with his son, replied: "If there is anything in him I'll make him a harrister; if not, I'll make him a judge."

In a certain parish in one of the counties of Ireland, the congregation at the Episcopal church numbered only six. The rector and the Catholic priest were very good friends. One day the bishop of the diocese announced his intention of visiting the parish. Of course the parson was in serious concern lest his lordship should discover the smallness of his flock. Meeting the parish priest, he told his trouble. "Let that not grieve your soul," replied Father Ryan, "hegorra, as soon as mass is over, I'll send the boys along to the church."

Jackson Wentworth, after an absence of thirty years, returned to the home of his youth. Jackson had a slight affection of the skin which made his nose very red. Hence, when he called at the parsonage the old minister remarked: "Jackson, Jackson, my man, I'm afraid you've become a hard rinker." "Don't judge by appearances, Dr. teenthly," said Wentworth. "I hardly consume two glasses of beer a week." "Well, hen," said the minister, in a soothing voice, "I guess your face, Jackson, is like my gas meter. It registers more than it consumes."

On the steeple of an old Universalist church in Bath, Maine, there is a wooden figure of an angel. It is not a remarkably fine specimen of art, and has always been somewhat laughed about, especially because of its high-heeled shoes. The Bath Enterprise recalls the story that a former pastor of the North Congregational Church once accosted a devoted Universalist with the question: "Mr. Raymond, did you ever see an angel with high-heeled shoes on its feet?" "Why, no," answered Mr. Raymond, "I can't say that I ever did; but did you ever see one without them?"

A girl who inherited a snug little fortune of twelve thousand dollars has been rather ramped financially all her life, and she had always longed for the luxuries and frivolities of existence. Her uncle came to talk the matter over and advise her as to the investment of her little fortune. "Now, my dear," said he, in the tone of a genial but prudent counselor, "of course you have made some plans—have some idea of how this is to be invested? What yearly income do you expect from your twelve thousand dollars?" When the young woman replied: "I expect, dear uncle, to invest my money so that I shall have a yearly income of twenty-four thousand dollars for six months."

A young husband, finding that his pretty but extravagant wife was considerably exceeding their income, brought her home one evening a neat little account-book, nicely bound, and looking very attractive. This he presented to her, together with a hundred dollars. "Now, my dear," he said, "I want you to put down what I give you on this side, and on the other, write down the way it goes, and at a fortnight I will give you another supply." A couple of weeks later, he asked for the book. "Oh, I have kept the account all right," said his wife, producing the little leather volume; "see, here it is," and on one page as inscribed: "Received from Algy, one hundred dollars," and on the one opposite, the comprehensive little summary: "Spent it all."

In a breach of promise case, the harrister who held the brief for injured beauty, arranged that his fair client should be so placed that her charms should be well under the observation of the jury. He began a most pathetic appeal by directing their attention to her beauty, and calling for justice upon the sad of him who could wound the heart and betray the confidence of one so fair, concluding with a peroration of such pathos as to elicit the court to tears. The counsel for the defendant then rose, and after paying the lady the compliment of admitting that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums lavished upon her face, he added that nevertheless he felt bound to ask the jury not to forget that she wore a wooden leg. Then he sat down. The important fact, of which the fair plaintiff's counsel was unaware, was presently established; and the jury, feeling rather peevish at their tears, assessed damages at the smallest amount.

When Chief Justice Chase chose to unhedge himself he could be as witty as well as wise. At a social gathering in his house, when he was Secretary of War, the subject of taxation having been mooted, a distinguished naval officer present said he had paid all his taxes except the income tax. "I have a little prop-

erty," said he, "which brings me in a yearly rental, but the tax gatherers have not spotted it. I do not know whether I ought to let the thing go on that way or not. What would you do if you were in my place, Mr. Chase?" There was a merry twinkle in the eyes of Mr. Chase as he answered: "I think it is the duty of every man to live unspotted as long as he can."

It is a great thing to be a janitor, and most janitors know it. A certain janitor who fully realized his importance even went so far as to prefer his title of janitor to his name. The occasion came when a couple wishing to be married had stopped at the apartment of a minister. There were no friends of anybody in the bridal party within reach. But the lady was insistent. Somebody must give her away. About this time the janitor came in sight, and she seized upon him. "Will you give me away?" she pleaded. "Sure I will," said the lord of the apartment house. The minister took him aside and coached him carefully. "When I say, 'Who gives this bride away?' you answer, 'I do.'" When it came to the question in the ceremony, the reply was, "Me, the janitor."

When Marshal MacMahon was president of the French republic, an incident occurred which illustrates the Frenchman's love of what is dramatic. A French soldier sat on the summit of a hill overlooking a garrison town; his horse was picketed close by; the man was smoking leisurely, and from time to time he glanced from the esplanade to a big official envelope he held in his hand. A comrade passed by and asked: "What are you doing here?" "I am hearing the president's pardon for our friend Flichmann, who is to be shot this morning," replied the smoker, calmly, without changing his comfortable attitude. "Well, then, you should hurry along with your pardon," admonished his comrade. "Ah, no!" exclaimed the other, in some indignation; "see, there is hardly a soul yet on the esplanade, and the firing platoon has not even been formed. You surely would not have me rob my appearance of all dramatic effect, my friend!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

They Had Their Good Points.

Profane and sacred history bold here and there a mystery—
Some terrible example that would teach us what to shun.
The thoughtful person, maybe, sees as plain as though in A, B, C's,
That all these bad examples had their good points every one.
For instance, as we wonder on we often stop to ponder on
The crime that was committed by that wicked person Cain—
But when they apprehended him no expert great defended him
Nor did he plead to clear himself that he was then insane.
The case of Ananias, too, we think about with chias, too,
We cite him as a sample of the evil of a lie—
But wrong as was his sore offense he did not give the more offense
By saying that he suffered from a lapse of memory.

And Mrs. Lot, who, sorrowing, would fain still be Gomorrahing,
And possibly is standing now a statue made of salt—
She didn't claim her turning 'round was to see what was burning 'round,
She didn't add "Oh, just because!" unto her other fault.
Goliath, too, that giant man—he was a self-reliant man
And went with single purpose to the spot that meant his fate;
He didn't think financially and help himself substantially,
Insisting on a divvy of admissions at the gate.
Right here with all expedience we frown on disobedience
And Absalom the wilful we put in the culprit's chair—
He had his faults, he truly did, and was a most unruly kid,
But gave no testimonials for a tonic for the hair.
Delilah was a plotter, too, and stirred up lots of slaughter, too,
And in the Hall of Infamy she occupies a niche—
She acted very clammy for her Philistine family
But did not take poor Samson's hair to make herself a switch.

Lucrezia Borgia killed with drugs—she fed guests dainties filled with drugs,
And kept old Charon busy while she checked her lengthy list,
But though her ways affrighted folks no one says she invited folks
To come and lose their money in an evening at bridge whist.—*Walter D. Nesbit, in Life.*

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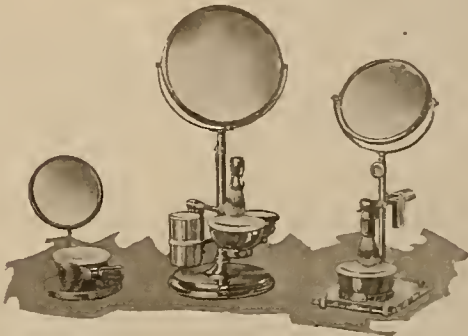
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The week just closed has been a gay one socially, the principal event being the launching of one more debutante into the social world at a brilliant ball at the Fairmont Hotel. Following the introduction of Miss Isabel Chase at the William Tevis dinner dance and of Miss Marguerite Doe at a reception and ball, was the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn in honor of their debutante daughter, Myra, which took place on Wednesday of this week. A large receiving party and about two hundred and fifty guests served to make the affair a memorable one in the social record of the winter. The large luncheon which Mrs. H. H. Hart gave on Monday was the forerunner of a number of these affairs during the week that, while not nearly so large or formal, were equally delightful. The Tetrizzini concert on Monday night furnished the incentive for many dinner and supper parties before and after the musical event of the evening. Notable among them were those given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. James B. Coryell, and Miss Jennie Stone.

The members of the younger set had their special portion of the week's pleasure at the meeting of the Skating Club, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Carroll Buck, on Tuesday evening. This is the second meeting of the winter's series, and it was attended by several hundred members of the club.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. S. Deal have announced the engagement of their daughter, Janette, and Mr. Alan Welton Dimood. The wedding will take place in January.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Thallita Barnes and Mr. Walter Blood of Denver. Miss Barnes is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Barnes of this city. The wedding date has not yet been definitely fixed, but will be some time in the spring.

The wedding of Miss Laura Doe and Mr. Pierston Lawton Pettigrew took place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webster Doe, on Laguna Street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Arch Perrin, and only the relatives and intimate friends of the two families were present at the ceremony. The bride's only attendant was her sister, Mrs. William Paul Johnson. Mr. Robert White was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew are spending their honeymoon in the south, and on their return will make their home in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Newhall and Mr. Arthur Chesebrough will take place in January at Trinity Church. Following the ceremony there will be a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

The wedding of Miss Sallie Simons and Paymaster Robert Kirby Van Mater took place Saturday at four o'clock in St. Peter's Chapel, and was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's father, Dr. Manley Simons. The future home of the young people will be at the Navy Yard at Mare Island.

Mrs. William S. Tevis was hostess at a dinner dance Thursday evening at the Fairmont Hotel, which she gave to introduce Miss Isabel Chase, the daughter of her friend, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, to society. The list of guests was a very long one.

Mrs. Eleanor Doe introduced her daughter, Marguerite, to society on Friday at one of the largest functions of the winter. The affair took place in the ballroom at the Fairmont Hotel, and consisted of a reception from five to seven, a formal dinner for fifty guests, and a ball at which the hours were from ten until two. Mrs. Doe and her daughter were assisted in receiving by Judge and Mrs. J. A. Cooper, Mrs. A. P.

Hotaling, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Loring B. Doe, Judge James V. Coffey, General and Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kittredge, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Henley, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Jane Hotaling, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Amalia Simpson, and Miss Kathleen Farrell.

Mrs. John Myers was hostess at a bridge party at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday, at which she entertained in honor of Miss Georgia Hammond.

Mrs. Fred McWilliams gave a bridge party on Friday afternoon last which was one of the prettiest of the season.

Mrs. Horatio Ward Stebbins presided at a tea on Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Horatio Stebbins and Miss Lucy Stebbins, who are visiting here from the East. Among those assisting the hostess in the reception of her two hundred guests were Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mrs. Russell Selfridge, Mrs. Marvin Curtis, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Mrs. Paul Goodloe, Mrs. E. Watkinson, Miss Josephine Pierce, Miss Jeanette Hooper, Mrs. Bradford Leavitt, Miss Ethel Beaver, Miss May Delaney, Miss Elsie Bowman, Mrs. Albert Gerberding, Mrs. A. E. Ridley, Mrs. R. Thompson, and Miss Thompson.

Miss Ethel McAllister was a luncheon hostess on Thursday in honor of Miss Anita Maillard. Her guests were Miss Katherine Donohoe, Miss Barbara Parrott, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Vera de Sable, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Fredericka Otis, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Katherine Stoney, and Miss Helen Stoney.

Miss Augusta Foute entertained at an informal tea at her apartments at the Hillcrest on Sunday in honor of Miss Isabel Chase. On Tuesday she was hostess at a tea at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Anita Maillard, the fiancée of Mr. Temple Bridgman.

Mrs. J. B. Schroeder entertained Thursday at a bridge party at her home in honor of Mrs. Alfred Harrell and Miss Bernice Harrell, who are visiting here from Bakersfield.

Mrs. Charles Crocker was hostess at a "bon voyage" luncheon on Friday in honor of her guest, Miss Hilda Stedman. The affair was given at the Hotel St. Francis, and among those who enjoyed the occasion were Mrs. E. Steiner, Mrs. T. Wood, Miss Hilda Stedmao, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Vera de Sable, Miss Louise Wallace, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Jane Hotaling, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Marie Dickson, Miss Harriett Stone, and Miss Elva de Pue.

Miss Helen Dean was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Marie Louise Elkins on Wednesday. Her guests included Miss Erna St. Goar, Miss Katherine McRae, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Marion La Tourette, Miss Anna Olney, and Miss Marguerite Doe.

Lieutenant Poillon, U. S. A., was host at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Sunday evening in honor of Mr. F. T. Scudder. His guests were Major and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, Miss Gladys Poillon, and Mr. Frederick Greenwood.

Mr. Frederick Hall entertained at a dinner on Wednesday in honor of his daughter, Miss Myra Hall, and afterward took his guests to the theatre. Included among the guests were Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Marie McHenry, Miss Nina Mosely, Miss Dorothy Taft, Miss Clare Howard, Mr. Charles Howard, Mr. Archibald Twining, Mr. Robert Weber, Mr. Philip Taylor, and Mr. Herbert Hall.

Mrs. Charles M. Plum was hostess on Wednesday at a bridge party which she gave at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin made Major and Mrs. Robert Mead, who are en route to their new station in the Philippines, her guests of honor at a dinner which she gave at her home on Broadway on Thursday.

Miss Ethel McAllister entertained at luncheon on Thursday at her Jackson Street home in honor of Miss Anita Maillard, the fiancée of Mr. Temple Bridgman. Her guests were Mrs. Hall McAllister, Miss Maillard, Miss Maude Wilson, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Helen Stoney, Miss Katherine Stoney, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Fredericka Otis, and Miss Vera de Sable.

Mrs. H. L. Haskell, widow of Brigadier-General Haskell, U. S. A., presided at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Wednesday complimentary to Mrs. Tasker H. Bliss and Mrs. Frederick von Schrader.

Mrs. C. B. Brigham was hostess at a reception last Saturday at her home on Broadway in honor of her sister, Mrs. George Stoney, and her two daughters, Miss Helen and Miss Kathleen Stoney, who have recently returned from abroad. Among those who assisted Mrs. Brigham in receiving her guests were Mrs. George Stoney, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Comtesse de Tristan, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mrs. J. J. Brice, Mrs. James Otis, Jr., Mrs. W. Reedes, Mrs. Clarence Kempf, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Katherine Donohoe, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Fredericka Otis, Miss Elizabeth Brice, and Miss Gerard.

The Colonial Dames entertained at a breakfast at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday.

Mrs. Nicholas Ohlandt entertained in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Olga Ohlandt, at her home on Steiner Street on Saturday.

Miss Margaret Gurney entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening at the Claremont Country Club in honor of Miss Edith Rucker.

Colonel Winslow Anderson, surgeon-general of California, who has been passing the past six months abroad, recently returned to New York. Colonel Anderson devoted special attention to the medical departments of the armies of England, Denmark, Germany, Italy, and France during his European trip.

Mme. Tetrizzini's Welcome.

In the record of musical events in San Francisco there are few incidents to be compared with the reappearance of Mme. Tetrizzini here, last Monday evening. Other great singers have been greeted by large and brilliant audiences, and scenes of emotional appreciation have been noted many times, but this was unique. San Francisco claims to have been first among the musical centres of American culture to recognize and appraise worthily the gifts of this great soprano, and her return after an absence of five years, during which she has sung in all the great cities and captivated the public and the critics everywhere, was an occasion of especial pleasure and satisfaction to Mme. Tetrizzini as well as to her audience.

Dreamland Pavilion was crowded to its greatest capacity. Mme. Tetrizzini sang first "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto," the aria which brought her the great applause on her debut at the old Tivoli Opera House in the character of Gilda which proved the appreciation of San Francisco opera-goers. Then the diva gave "Una Voce Poco Fa," and, later, the mad scene from "Lucia." Her voice is flawless, her art as a singer so finished that there is no thought of art in the mind of her hearers. Even in "Home, Sweet Home," the only English song of the evening, and one which the singer gives most simply and feelingly, as it should be given, her full sympathy and power of expression are shown. There is little need to speak of the enthusiasm which was shown. It was the inevitable.

Mme. Tetrizzini is assisted by Frederick Hastings, haritone; Andre Benoist, pianist and accompanist; and Walter Osterreicher, flutist. These artists are worthy of their association.

Managers Leahy and Greenbaum may be complimented for their success in securing for San Francisco so delightfully memorable an event.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bogue are in New York, where they will spend the remainder of the winter. Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, who has been visiting her parents, General and Mrs. Taylor, in Boston, is expected back in San Francisco for the holidays.

Mrs. Charles Cotton, who has been the guest of Mrs. William Hammer, sailed Tuesday for her home in Yokohama.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wiltsee have gone to their home in Pasadena, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. William Paul Johnson (formerly Miss Aileen Doe) has arrived from Klamath Falls, Oregon, and will spend the holiday season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webster Doe.

Miss Katherine McRae of Hanford is the guest of Miss Erna St. Goar, and is being much entertained during her visit here.

Mrs. Frank B. Anderson has returned from the East and will spend the season at the Hotel St. Francis.

Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Hardy are at present in London, where they will spend the winter. Mrs. Hardy's sister, Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop, is wintering in New York.

Mr. Henry Lund, Jr., is expected home this week, after an absence of several months in Europe.

Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne is spending the winter in New York with her sons.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Murray will spend the winter at their home in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullens of London arrived in New York on Thursday en route to California to spend the holidays with their daughter, Mrs. John Rodgers Clark.

Mr. Louis C. Deane arrived on the *Campania* on Saturday en route home, after a three months' trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker are leaving this week for the East, where they will spend the Christmas holidays.

Miss Alice Warner of Del Monte is spending several weeks in San Francisco, and is the guest of Miss Sallie Fox.

Mrs. A. M. Rosborough and her sons, Joseph and Alex, have reached home, after a three months' trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickenson Sherwood arrived from Spokane this week, and after spending a short time in town will go to their home at Los Molinos.

Mrs. Robert Mackenzie has arrived from New York for a visit of several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. James Mackenzie.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden and her son have gone to Redlands, where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus are in Paris, where they will spend the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McLeod Fenwick are spending several weeks at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Jacob Furth and Miss Anna Furth Terry, who have been at the Hotel St. Francis since their return from Honolulu, are leaving this week for their home in Seattle.

Mrs. Laurence Kauffman of Mare Island spent part of the week in town as the guest of Miss Marguerite Doe at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Joseph L. Eastland, who returned last week from Europe, will spend the winter at the Bohemian Club.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Dillingham sailed on Tuesday for Honolulu, after a trip around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sears Bates left Sunday for New York, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullen will return from New York before Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, who have been visiting Mrs. Kohl's mother, Mrs. Godey, in Washington, are now in New York, but they will return to San Francisco in two weeks.

Miss Enid Gregg accompanied Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton when they sailed for Honolulu this week, and will enjoy a few months' visit in the islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane sailed Tuesday for their home in Honolulu, after completing a tour of the world.

Princess David Kawanakoa, accompanied by Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry, sailed for Honolulu on Tuesday.

Miss Hilda Stedman, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker for several months, returned to her home at South Bend, Indiana, on Monday.

Colonel and Mrs. John A. Darling, after an absence of a year and a half, have returned to their home on Clay Street, where Mrs. Darling is at home on Thursdays to her many friends.

Mrs. Helen Hecht has returned to San Francisco.

cisco, after an absence of more than a year, and is staying with her brother, Mr. Bert R. Hecht, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Alfred Harrell and Miss Bernice Harrell, of Bakersfield, are spending the winter in San Francisco and are at the Bellevue.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair are expected in San Francisco shortly, after having spent the summer months abroad.

Ex-Governor George Carter of Honolulu and Mrs. Carter are in New York on their return from a trip around the world.

Dr. and Mrs. David Cohn and Miss Edith Cohn will leave for Europe at the end of the month.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Captain William Lewis Reed, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Walker, U. S. A., Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Ethel McLone, Mrs. J. H. B. Davenport, Mrs. Ward Barron, Mrs. Parker Whitney, Mrs. Francis McComas, Mr. J. L. Chibberg of Seattle.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. H. G. Martell, Mr. and Mrs. August E. Muentner, Mr. G. F. Garritt, Mr. S. B. Tohy, Mr. P. A. McDonald, Mrs. Alfred R. Kelly, Mrs. Stanley Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Martindale.

The Tetrastini Concerts.

Tetrastini will sing at Dreamland this Saturday afternoon, December 17, at 2:30, and will again be welcomed by an enormous throng. Her programme will include the arias "Ah fors e lui" from "La Traviata," "Bel Raggio" from "Semiramide," and the brilliant Polacca from "Mignon."

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until noon Saturday, after which the remaining seats for this concert will be on sale at Dreamland box-office.

The third concert will be given Tuesday night, December 20, with a still different programme.

On account of the enormous demand for matinee seats a special and farewell concert has been arranged for Monday afternoon, December 26 (a legal holiday), when a glorious programme will be given. The sale of seats for this event will open next Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order payable to Will L. Greenbaum. Those desiring their tickets returned to them must inclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Oakland is also to have an additional concert, for the house in that city was sold out within an hour of the opening of the sale. This concert will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Thursday night, December 22, and the box-office will open at the theatre next Monday morning. Mail orders for Oakland must be addressed to H. W. Bishop.

Immediately after the concert of the 26th Tetrastini will leave for a tour of the Northwest.

The De Gogorza Farewell.

Emilio de Gogorza, one of the most interesting, fascinating, and artistic singers on the concert stage, and his admirable pianist, Robert Schmitz, will give their final programme at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, December 18, at 2:30.

De Gogorza will offer songs in German, French, English, Italian, and Spanish, and by special request will render two of Tschakowsky's most beautiful works, "Deception" and "Serenade of Don Juan."

Schmitz will play numbers by Chopin, Widor, Debussy, Saint-Saëns, and Chahrier.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will open at the Columbia at ten a. m.

Oakland music lovers will hear De Gogorza at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Tuesday afternoon, December 20, at 3:30, when an entirely new programme will be given. For this event seats are now on sale at Ye Liberty box-office.

Mme. Gerville-Reache, the French contralto, who is said to be the true successor to Scalchi, and who has also been called "the Tetrastini of the contraltos," will be the next vocal star to appear under the Greenbaum management. This artist, with Mary Garden, Tetrastini, and Bonci, was one of the brightest luminaries of Hammerstein's career. She often appeared with Tetrastini and their voices blend in beautiful harmony. Mme. Gerville-Reache will make her debut in this city Wednesday evening, December 28, at a special concert for the State Teachers' Institute, and early in the new year she will appear in three recitals in this city and one in Oakland.

The San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, on Lake Street, near Fourteenth Avenue, now harbors sixty-one children under fourteen years of age, boys and girls. An appeal for clothing and edibles is made, and donations will be gratefully received at No. 127 Sutter Street, delivered in care of Mrs. R. S. Browne.

In the "Christmas Box."

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CURRENT VERSE.

Pan Sleeps.

He sleeps, he slumbers—
The great Pan sleeps!
The glare of noon
Engrossing him cumbers
The great god's brain.
There breathe from heaps
Of ripe sun'd grasses
Spells which solicit
Again and again,
Till drowsiness passes
Withstanding. He slumbers:
Profuse dreams visit
His deep tranced swoon.

The roe-deer, panting,
Lies couched in the brake;
Her eye scarce peeps.
Of flock and of herd
The least sounds fail.
On the sward lies the snake,
Not stirring a scale.
In the wood, no bird
But ceases decanting:
The tree-top numbers
Are mute—No word!
He sleeps, he slumbers—
The great Pan sleeps!

Tread tipto, Child,
And break not his rest!
Nay, stir not, but rather
Sit here in a nest
Where tall weeds darken
And deep grass wreathes;
Sit quiet and hearken—
His sleep, how mild!
How softly he breathes!

And so from aloft,
From the most high heaven,
So meek, so soft,
The dreams shall gather,
And o'er us creep,—
The sorrow-henunners,
The healers of man,
The dreams that leave
The great Pan's sleep.
He sleeps, he slumbers,
The great god Pan!

—After the Russian of *Maikov*, by J. S. Phillips, more, in *London Nation*.

Chrysanthemums.

The bleak, chill wind of November
Blows over the garden-beds.
In the bitter and frosty weather
The asters hang their heads.
Where the flame of the salvia frightened
The walks, a month ago,
Dead leaves hang black and withered,
Or litter the ground below.

In the first cold night of Autumn
The dahlia's pride was lost.
The hollyhock's splendor vanished
At the coming of the frost.
Even the brave little pansy
Hides under the leaves that fall,
And not one flower of the Summer
Answers the robin's call.

But lo! in the corner yonder
There's a gleam of white and gold—
The gold of Summer's sunshine—
The white of Winter's cold.
And laden with spicy odors
The Autumn breezes come
From the nooks and corners brightened
By the brave chrysanthemum.

Hail to you, beautiful flower!—
With royal and dauntless mien
Facing the frosts of Winter—
I crown you Autumn's queen.
Like a gleam of late, bright sunshine
You brighten the waning year,
And keep us thinking of Summer
Till the Winter we dread is here.

Brave, beautiful, steadfast flower,
You come with a message to all:
Smile in life's hithermost weather.
And brighten its loneliest fall.
Carry some beauty of Summer
In the heart till the season is past,
And let the dread Winter that cometh
Find a flower in the soul at the last.

—From "Pansies and Rosemary," by Eben E. Rexford.

The Sea-Mother.

Borne on the night wind wailing over the sleeping land
Comes the voice of the old Sea-mother to those who understand.

"Ye have wandered far, my children, ye have left me long alone,
But I wait with a patience eternal, for I can not lose my own.

My hand has been laid upon you, my seal is set on your brow;
Mine ye shall be in the ending though ye flout and scorn me now.

Long have I waited your coming, unheeding the passing of years,
While ye toiled in the busy city for bread made bitter with tears,
But never the strife of the city ye shall hear at the last my cry.

And hark when the night is falling ye shall creep to my arms to die.
Powerless shall fall and helpless the arms of the jealous land
When ye hear my voice through the darkness and listen and understand."

Prince and pauper and peasant, in prisons or stately halls,
Restless they turn on their pillows when the old Sea-mother calls.

—Marjorie Charles Driscoll, in *Outing Magazine*.

It is said that the new Tivoli Opera House will be on Ellis Street.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The man who owes everything to his wife seldom pays it back.—*Life*.

"Is she a bride?" "An inveterate one."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Teacher—And now, Willie, who holds the ascension record at the present time? Willie (instantly)—Elijah.—*Puck*.

The Egoist (sitting opposite a noisy diner)—Waiter, take this gentleman's soup away. I can't hear the hand.—*Punch*.

Hospital Physician—Which ward do you wish to be taken to? A pay ward or a—*Maloney*—Iny of thim, doc, tho'ts safely Democratic.—*Puck*.

Bobbs—I'm afraid it's going to rain today. Slobbs—I think not. I just saw the weather man going down the street with an umbrella.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Patient Father—Dearie! Baby's eating my glove now. Is it all right. Deerie (from above)—Oh, quite all right—(pouse)—you're sure it's your's?—*Punch*.

"What do you do for a living, Mose?" "I'm de manager oh a laundry." "What's the name of this laundry?" "Eliza Ann."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"What shall we say of Senator Smugg?" "Just say he was always faithful to his trust." "And shall we mention the name of the trust?"—*Pittsburg Observer*.

Morie—When you spoke to papa did you tell him you had \$500 in the bank? Tom—I did. Morie—And what did he say? Tom—He borrowed it.—*Boston Transcript*.

"These stocks of yours are worthless." "I don't care," said the woman. "The broker is very accommodating. He has exchanged them four times."—*Washington Herald*.

"Tell me," said the newly rich lady, as they were discussing points of pronunciation, "do you say 'the Rhine' or 'the Rhone'?" "I hear it both ways."—*The Christian Register*.

"Booker is awfully narrow, isn't he?" "Narrow isn't the name for it. Say, he asked me yesterday if I believed Santa Claus belonged to any church."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I am not ashamed of my latest book," said the author. "Of course not," said the local critic. "I noticed its gilt edges, and the beautifully colored frontispiece."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"I have declined marriage proposals from five men," said the fair widow. "Have you?" her friend asked. "I didn't suppose your husband had been as heavily insured as that."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Agent—Madam, have you a piano? Housewife—Yes. Agent—I am selling an attachment which I am sure—*Housewife*—We have one. Agent—What make is it? Housewife—Sheriff's.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"How much the baby looks like its father," said the visitor who meant to be agreeable. "It's only the bad weather," replied Mrs. Rasper. "The child is usually right cheerful and handsome."—*Washington Star*.

The Lady—Now that we are going to be married, we must economize. Promise me that you will do nothing you can't afford. The Man—What? Do you want me to break off the engagement?—*Cleveland Leader*.

Mamma—And you say your Uncle Titewad gave you a penny, Tommie! Tommie—Yes, ma'am. Mamma—And what did you say? Tommie—I was so surprised I couldn't say anything, mamma!—*Youkers Statesman*.

Creditor—Is your master at home. Servant—Yes, please walk in. Creditor—Thank heaven, I shall see some money at last. Servant—Don't make that mistake. If he had any money, he wouldn't be at home.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

The Mother—Now that Tillie is going to the young ladies' seminary she needs a new wardrobe. The Father—How much? The Mother—Oh, a couple of thousand. The Father—Um. Don't educate her. No one will know the difference.—*Life*.

"You want more money? Why, my boy, I worked three years for \$11 a month right in this establishment, and now I'm owner of it." "Well, you see what happened to your boss. No man who treats his help that way can hang onto his business."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

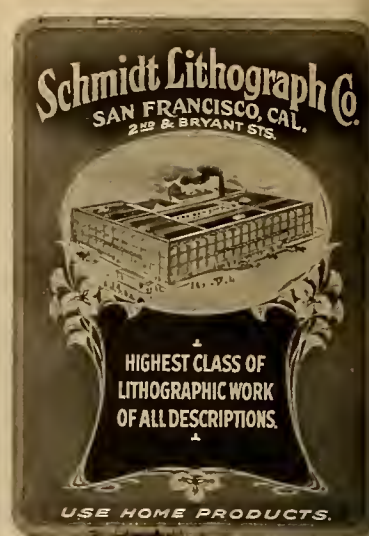
"Look here!" exclaimed the angry chappie in the evening suit, "this is an outrage! I've been mistaken for a waiter twice." "Sh-h!" whispered the proprietor of the restaurant. "Not so loud. I know it. Two waiters have already quit on account of the mistake, and I don't want the rest to go."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Your daughter looked very beautiful at the opera last night," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "I heard several people say they thought she was the best-dressed person in any of the

boxes." "Yes," replied her hostess as she hung her \$20,000 dog collar over the back of a real Chippendale chair, "both me and Josiah could see that she was the sinecure of all eyes."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

The Tramp—I've walked many miles to see you, sir, because people told me that you was very kind to poor chaps like me. Householder—Oh, they said so, did they? The Tramp—Yes, sir; that's why I came. Householder—And are you going back the same way? The Tramp—Yes, sir. Householder—Then, in that case, will you be good enough to contradict this rumor?—*Californian Christian Advocate*.

Jock McCraw, a hard-headed, non-committal Scotch farmer, was summoned to court, a witness in a case the evidence of which hinged upon the state of sobriety of the defendant. "I dinna think he wis dr-runk," testified Jock. "I think he wis only fu." "Ah," said the judge, with interest, "then you can distinguish between being 'full' and 'drunk'?" "Aye. Mony's th' time I hae been fu, but I wis dr-runk only yince." "Most interesting. This seems to have a most important bearing on the present case. Just relate your experience." "Well," responded McCraw, "it wis like this: Aye day I wis at th' market. The day's trade wis extra guid. Efter it wis a' ower I had a drappie wi' a wheen auld freens. Then we had a hit sang an' anither drappie. Efter an' hoor—weel, ye ken hoo it wis, yer honor. I mounted Meg, ma auld mear, tae gang hame. I had often been fu, as I wis tellin' ye, but Meg had aye taken me hame safely. This time I tummlt aff an' fell intae th' burn. When Meg cam' up tae th' door wi'oot me, ma wife beguid tae screech: 'Jock's deid! Jock's deid!' Gatherin' a' th' fairm haun's, th' hale pack o' them cam' rinnin' doon th' lane. Ma guid wumman saw me lyin' in th' bit burn an' fell ower in a fent, efter cryin' oot, 'Oh, ma puir Jock's droned!' Well, sir, when they cam' up, there wis I lyin' in th' edge o' th' burn, th' watter lappin' up about my lugs, an' me shakin' ma heid an' sayin': 'Nae mair, thank ye, nae mair, thank ye. I've had eneuch.' I think I wis drunk that time." "Yes," agreed the judge, "I think you were."



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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Our Reorganized Police.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Seymour was made chief of police a few weeks ago it was remarked in these columns that even a man so individually worthy as he would be unable to hold the police department above the moral level of Mayor McCarthy, in whose hands rests ultimate and all but absolute authority. In police matters, as in other things, nothing gets higher than its source. Time and events tend to justify this bit of prophecy, in spite of "shake-ups" at the hands of Mr. Seymour. Now, we have it upon the authority of the *Call*, something has happened which unpleasantly suggests an alliance between the police administration and the quasi-criminal element like that which was made so emphatically evident during the régime of the late lamented Flannery. The *Call* story is to the effect that Mrs. Margaret Alyward, a sister of Jerome Bassity, has been placed in charge of the telephone exchange board in the police office. When it is considered who "Jerry" Bassity is and what he stands for in this community, and when it is further considered that the police exchange board affords unrivaled opportunity for keeping "tab" on important confidences, the significance of this change becomes ap-

parent. When the hand of authority reaches into matters of such detail and dictates assignments so significant, it is idle to talk about the moral revival or the independence of the police administration.

The Senatorship.

Senator Flint's term in the United States Senate expires March 4, 1911, and the legislature which meets at Sacramento next month will elect his successor. The conditions and circumstances are worth attention. The manner of electing a senator, as set down in the Constitution of the United States is very simple and precise. The State legislature chosen next preceding the time for which any senator is elected shall, on the second Tuesday after its meeting and organization, proceed to elect his successor. There shall be a *viva voce* vote and the name of "the person so voted for who receives a majority of the whole number of votes cast in each house" shall be entered on the journal. At noon on the day following the two houses shall convene in joint assembly and the person whose choice is recorded by both journals, and who receives a majority of all the votes of the joint assembly, a majority of all the members elected to both houses being present and voting, shall be declared elected. The organic law provides further that if no person receives a majority, voting will be continued daily until a choice is made. There are no provisions to impel or compel legislators to accept outside advice or dictation.

Several States, however, including California, have adopted primary laws by which it is sought to control the legislative voting for senator, through an expression at the polls of the popular choice. Section 2 of the California law, pointing out the method of filling elective offices, says:

Party candidates for the office of United States senator shall have their names placed on the official primary election ballots of their respective parties in a manner herein provided for State officers; provided, however, that the vote for candidates for United States senators shall be an advisory vote for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiment of the voters in the respective senatorial and assembly districts in the respective parties; provided further that members of the legislature shall be at liberty to vote either for the choice of their respective districts expressed at said primary election or for the candidate for United States senator who shall have received the indorsement of their party at such primary election by the greatest number of districts electing members of such party to the legislature.

Thus our primary law, in an effort to bring the election "nearer the people," undertakes to limit the action of members of the legislature and at the same time sets itself against the spirit and letter of the national Constitution. It is conceded in terms that the primary law is "advisory"; it presumes to grant our members of the legislature liberty of choice between the man carrying the most districts, whatever his politics may be, or the man getting the most party votes in the greatest number of districts. The right of a member of the legislature under the Constitution to vote for the man of his choice for United States senator is ignored.

In the November election the Republican candidates who had been nominated at the primary were voted for. One Democrat represented the minority. Mr. Works (Lincoln-Roosevelt League), of Los Angeles, had a vote of 64,757, with 751 scattering, out of a grand total of 187,031, while Mr. Spalding, of San Diego, who carried twenty-four out of forty senatorial districts, had a vote of 63,182. Of the vote of the State Mr. Works polled 30.9 per cent and Mr. Spalding 29.3 per cent. The total Republican vote was 127,939, of which Mr. Works polled 50.5 per cent and Spalding 49.2. As it was the object of the primary law to express the popular will, it is clear that the vote of last November on the senatorship merely expressed the public and party uncertainty. The moral effect which Mr. Works got from a fractional majority of the party vote, which was an immense minority of the whole vote, was destroyed

by his failure to carry more than nine of the forty senatorial districts.

The situation has been further complicated by the fact that the Lincoln-Roosevelt faction of the Republican party practically repudiated Works after the election and that no pressure is being used in his behalf, while its attitude towards Spalding is either openly hostile or indifferent. One reason for these changes of heart is the grotesque unfitness of both men for the senatorship. Mr. Works is seventy years of age, with no record in public affairs and no identification with the progress of California which justifies his candidacy, while Mr. Spalding is known merely because of the fact that he has grown rich out of selling baseball bats made in the East. Personally he is all kinds of a good fellow, but without having the qualities that make an effective senator. As related to this State he is even a less representative man than Works; and neither, taken by himself, would be thought of by an uninstructed legislature as a proper candidate for a great official post.

What will the Republican legislators do? Will they act under constitutional prerogative or submit to the interference of voters, not constituting a majority of their party, who are beginning to regret that they expressed the preferences they did? It may well be surmised that, despite the new law, they will finally act under the clearly defined procedure set down in the organic law of the United States. That is what the *Argonaut* would do if it were a member of the legislature.

The Newest Agitation.

It is essential to an understanding of the attitude of the Secretary of War in the matter of defense against a possible assault on the part of Japan to run over matters more or less discussed during the past three or four years. In 1898 General Homer Lea, a youthful Californian whose military rank had been gained by a period of service in what we may term the Chinese militia, published a series of striking articles in *Harper's Weekly*. Later—in 1909—these articles, revised and enlarged, were given to the public in a book entitled "The Valor of Ignorance." General Lea's views were those of a very young man, of a man infected with the military spirit, sharply accentuated by the events of the Russo-Japanese War, of which he was an immediate observer. General Lea undertook to show that military efficiency in a people is not so much a matter of numbers or of financial resource as of war-like spirit. Studying the Japanese situation, he was convinced that there existed in this race a power which may be compared to that of the hordes which overwhelmed the Roman empire. He worked out a theory, to his own satisfaction, under which it became necessary for her natural evolution that Japan should control the Pacific Ocean. In his view of Japan he saw her with hundreds of thousands of trained soldiers, with a navy vastly superior in Pacific waters to that of the United States, and with a merchant marine capable of serving any military purpose calling for water transportation. He pictured Japan as possessing the Philippines, as already practically, through her thousands of ex-soldier immigrants, in possession of Hawaii, and aiming at conquest of the American Pacific States.

Turning to our own country General Lea's views were truly dismal. He could find no evidence of fighting spirit or prowess in the people of the United States, and to his eyes our incomparably larger financial resource seemed as nothing. Japan, he said, could land two hundred thousand trained men anywhere on the American Pacific seaboard in three weeks after a declaration of war or even prior to that formality, only to find the country helpless and at their mercy. He set forth in detail, from the military man's standpoint, the impossibility of effectively reorganizing the

military system and of getting its forces across the continent and in position for prompt defensive operations. He pointed out the ways and means of Japanese landing and progress, with plans for the conquest of our chief cities, illustrating the whole argument with elaborate maps. In his general view, the Pacific Coast not only lay open to attack on the part of Japan, but actually invited it, with no prospect or recourse but abject surrender. Once lodged in California, Oregon, and Washington, General Lea's opinion was that Japan could hold these regions indefinitely against any possible effort on the part of the American government to reconquer them.

All this was presented with engaging plausibility, and at the time of its publication and since it has made a very considerable impression. Read in Japan, it has tended amazingly to stimulate the spirit and pretensions of the militarists of that country. Read in Europe, it has been accepted as a striking exhibit of American weakness. Read in this country, it made almost no impression at all, excepting among those whose temperament leads them easily to take alarm and who take no account of forces which lie below the surface. Congressman Lachlan appears to have been very much impressed by General Lea's presentments, and, as events now prove, to have impressed his fears upon the Secretary of War.

Passing over the detailed theories of General Lea, it is sufficient to say that he has overlooked one all-dominating fact, and that is the difference in race between the Japanese and the Americans, with all that this fact implies. It is indeed possible that a Japanese or any other hostile army might land on the Pacific Coast and do infinite damage, just as any army might land anywhere and play havoc with established conditions. But nobody knows better than those who rule Japan that this course would be absolutely fatal to their country. In recent historic time, and especially since the Russo-Japanese War, there has been an unwritten but none the less positive alliance between all white races as against all dark or yellow races. An act of ruthless aggression on the part of the Japanese against the United States would call the world to arms. Paper contracts like the understanding between Japan and England would instantly be as if they had never been. The white race would read in an aggressive advance of the yellow race a challenge of the first magnitude. What would follow needs hardly to be recited. Japan would be driven back and her punishment would take a form of which history affords few parallels. All her high pretensions, all her ambitions, all the possibilities of her future, would be knocked on the head. She would be so beaten, so broken, that not in five generations could she again raise her head among the nations of the earth.

Japan knows all this quite as well as we do. She knows that the only possible way to work out her national destiny is through a course commanding the respect of the white race; above all, the respect of the United States. Whatever her dreams may be she knows that any act of gross aggression against America or any European power would surely bring about her practical destruction. She knows that to land an army on the American mainland or to violently wrench from American possession either the Philippine Islands or Hawaii would turn Christendom upon her with a fury like that which falls upon a miscreant who wantonly sets fire to a house. Here is the broad answer to General Lea and those who have accepted his crude and extravagant presentments. The President of the United States fortunately is a man to whom the facts are all familiar. No American knows the Pacific Orient so well as he. He knows that we are in no more danger from Japan than we are from Chile. He has seen in all the talk of which General Lea's discussions are the most extreme, only the extravagance of the military spirit running riot with true military recklessness, inspired to no inconsiderable extent by the wish to promote alarm in the United States and to enforce heavy appropriations for the army and the navy. The President takes no stock in current agitations, knowing how trivial and futile they are, because based upon partial studies and something less than half truths.

It is an interesting question if this whole Japanese agitation, including General Lea's extravagant and mischievous book, be not a direct product of the message sent to Congress by President Roosevelt some four years ago in connection with San Francisco's school troubles—a message which for its misinforma-

tion, indiscretion, and mischief has perhaps not been matched by any man in a position of high authority in recent times.

The New American Woman.

The discovery by Dr. Sargent, the physical director of Harvard, that American women are more mannish in frame than they were twenty years ago means that they, as a class, are reclaiming the physical attributes of natural human beings. Before 1890 they had done what they could by compression to defeat nature's purpose of symmetrical growth. How far they went from type may be seen by contrasting a composite figure of 10,000 of them, made two decades ago, with ancient statuary, that of the Venus of Milo among the rest. The difference was a deformity. The *fin de siècle* woman, as we began to call her, tried, as her mother had, to make her feet small, however much her body might need generous support; to reduce the waist line to a point which interfered with circulation and with the processes of digestion and maternity; and to fit her dresses as tightly as her gloves.

Since then the tendency has been quite the other way; and the first-of-the-century American woman is garmented loosely and beginning to take some of the interest which her stout and rosy-cheeked English cousin feels in the open air. Formerly, on the latter score, she was not given much chance. The little girl was expected to play at home with dolls and ribbons while her brothers were roughing it in games outside. She was taught to be, first of all, ladylike; and a lady was then an indoor product. Her duty as she grew up was to cultivate the graces of society, and only the decorative household arts. She must learn to play on the piano, crochet, and sing; her only approach to systematic exercise was found indoors at dancing school; above all things she must avoid sports that freckled her, or spoiled her clothes. She might, in moderation, play croquet. It took years for tennis to rescue her from devotion to this mock exercise on smooth lawns and then elevate her to the bicycle. Her world was better after that. There have been many "true friends of women" whose virtues are set forth in medical advertisements, but the man who invented a safety bicycle for girls was the best benefactor among them all. He emancipated the young woman from the hot-house culture that was destroying her nerves and vitality. A new régime of physical development for the gentler sex followed him. It was impossible after the bicycle era to force or beguile the healthy-minded American girl back to her satin prison. Gymnasiums and bathing pools, built for boys, found they must make special hours for her. She learned to take long horseback rides and hikes in the country or the parks. Rowing and yachting began to interest her, and after the bicycle she was claimed by golf. Country clubs had to let her in. The speeding motor-car is never the same vehicle of healthful joy without her; and she has learned to drive it herself. Indeed the athletic interest aroused in her by the bicycle carried her into the region of every healthful and exhilarating pastime and not only gave her a taste of nature, but an understanding of its value to her and to posterity. The result, in the processes of twenty years, has been to return her, in a marked degree, to the proportions of the women who, in a state of physical efficiency, were given the work of providing the primitive world with its strong-armed and sturdy-limbed conquerors.

The composite figure of American women in 1890, from which Dr. Sargent makes his deductions of relative efficiency, is one of oversized hips, undersized waist, undeveloped back and neck, small hands and feet. The figure, as Dr. Sargent points out, is "overwomanized." In contrast with measurements of today, the young American woman has capably narrowed the margin of physical difference between the softer and the stronger sex. A composite study now would reveal her with squarer shoulders, thicker neck, less obtrusive hips, and with an increase in size of the pelvic region and consequently of the waist. The limbs, withal, remodeled by exercise, are better shaped. Where now is the languishing, sloping-shouldered, ailing girl we used to know? Here is the energized figure of the grappler with problems. Not a line of helplessness appears in her erect and vital maidenhood; nothing of incapacity, nothing of diffidence, nothing of inferiority in material or in objective. There is a hint of a new and finer Amazon in her very poise. And may she hold her own against all cajolery, or fashion, or of ease!

Will she do it? Is it her destiny to go on or to fall

back into the primrose path of dalliance—the things that distort her form and weaken her health? Will she again be the slave of fashions that shorten her life, fashions made without regard to hygiene and merely to put money in the purses of tailors, bootmakers, and modistes? Or has she developed an independence of mind that will insist upon the hygienic point of view in the determination of modes, leaving variety to come and profit to accrue only in reasonable variations from it? Of course it is useless to appeal for the ungraceful and unchanging type of dress of the Chinese. There must be variety of color and design, but somewhere between the classic Grecian and the Japanese costumes may be a golden mean, or even in the prevailing styles of Christendom. All that may well be left to the women themselves, in the hope that, whatever they may do, they will not forego the advantages they have gained, the healthful principles of dress they have finally adopted. It is a good sign of tenacity that, broadly speaking, they are ignoring the hobble skirt, which so interferes with free movement of the legs, more and more limiting the rigidity of the corset, and insisting upon loose clothes. The freedom of movement they have gained means, if they keep it, a stronger and more perfect race, now and to come: a longer average of life, which, indeed, has been coincident with the sartorial progress of woman since 1890 and a better equipment for the duties and activities which nature has marked out for womankind.

The Republican Leadership.

There are many indications that the Annual Message to Congress, in combination with the President's good-fellowship and broad good-will towards all legitimate interests and factions, is tending to the consolidation of the Republican party. It dawns upon those who have been more or less blinded by political or personal presentments that the party stands now, as aforesaid, for things essential to the welfare of the country. It becomes apparent, too, that the opposing party, for all its brilliant success, is hopelessly infected with the fever of negation, and that it is rendered impotent by confusion of plans and the antagonisms of its elements. There is, in truth, no "new Democracy"; Democracy is what it has been this forty years and more, a thing of shreds and patches, bound together by no consistent, positive, or hopeful purpose, vitalized by no definite and workable scheme of procedure.

What the Republican party needs now is a clean-cut and forcible leadership. Mr. Roosevelt, whose perceptions in the political sphere are uncommonly keen, saw this upon his return from Africa, and it was clearly his idea to put himself at the head of affairs. But through his precipitancy, his pretensions, his errant radicalism, and his overwrought ambitions, he has destroyed himself as a leader, at least for the present. His newly projected Western tour, planned for the early spring months, indicates that he will try again, but it is not in the stars that he shall succeed—at least, not at this time. He can not rally the party because it will not march under his standard. He will fail, because there are multitudes of Republicans who would rather see almost any man of almost any party at the head of American affairs than one whom they have come to regard as a reckless self-seeker.

There is one man in the country who can lead the Republican party out of the wilderness of disappointment and defeat, and that man is William H. Taft. The country has come to regard the President as the head of the party which he represents, and properly so. The Republican party claims Mr. Taft as its head. It is now up to him to take a more positive position in the party than at any former time, to make himself its guide, philosopher, and in a just and proper sense, its master. The need of a strong, wise, and definitely personal leadership presses itself upon the attention of William H. Taft.

The extraordinary record of last winter's congressional session, the fine exhibit of reorganization and economy in administration now being made, the imperative need of the continuance of definite Republican policies—these things are putting the party in the best possible shape before the country. They tend to rouse the enthusiasm of all factions, and the approval and good-will of all intelligent citizens. With definite and high-purposed leadership, under the standards which Mr. Taft has so effectively established, the Republican party may look hopefully not only to the year 1912, but to the years to follow. Not in this generation is there likely to come a situation in which

policies other than those for which the best Republicanism stands will be accepted by the American people.

The Work of the Jingo.

War scares are coincident with the opening weeks of Congress. Since the Russian war, the supposed ambitions of Japan have been the preferred medium; before that time the war-mongers made a hobgoblin of Germany. Their objective in Congress is special appropriations for the army and navy, and they have been so successful from year to year in their aim that the United States now spends, in preparing for offense and defense and in paying the testamentary cost of past wars, more money than is totaled in the sum of the combined military and naval expenditures of France and Germany. And yet the chief of staff tells us that we are unprepared for war and it is broadly hinted that, as things are, we could not hope to defend the Pacific Coast from an enemy operating from a base between five or six thousand miles away. Nor is the effort withheld to impress Congress with the belief—or at least the suspicion—that the reputed policy of Japan in putting two army corps into Formosa and building forts there bodes no good to American authority in the Philippines; and that unless something is quickly done, at large additional expense, war may break upon us like a bolt from the blue.

Granting for the purposes of discussion that Japan is preparing for war, does it necessarily mean that she is seeking a quarrel with us? Is it not more likely that she is preparing for defense rather than offense? Look at the matter from her own point of view. Has she no reason herself to take alarm? In the last few years she has seen the American government leave its own sphere of influence and enter hers to establish an armed outpost within two days' steaming of Formosa. Manila and other points in Luzon are being fortified; and at Cavite a floating drydock for the repair of the largest vessels of war has been moored. Coincidentally the Panama Canal is building, giving prompt access to the Pacific for the North Atlantic fleet which, we all say, is to assure our "mastery" of an ocean which we really have no more right to control, beyond the three-mile limit from our shores, than Japan or any other Pacific maritime power. Nor is this all. We are turning Hawaii, the chief way station between Japan and America, into a fortress and naval base. Naturally Japan wonders what all this means if it does not mean war and, justly alarmed, and mindful of the growth of public feeling against Japanese residents in this country, she is doing what might naturally be expected of her in the way of the augmentation and strategic disposition of her forces by sea and land. Whereupon our jingoes, excited over the logical result of their own bellicosity, tell Congress that the United States is in peril of Japanese attack and advise courses which, if followed out, might make her desperate and leave her no choice. It is a curious commentary on the axiom that preparation for war prevents war, for in this case rapid armament, under jingo instigation, supplies the only reason to fear that hostilities may come.

Much has been said lately of reports on Japan and Formosa of secret agents; of confidential disclosures which the War Department could make to Congress; of the imminent need of expending vast sums on military account without making public the details. It is all very familiar; as usual the Secretary of War and the generals wear a look of mystery and importance and the yellow press can scarcely contain itself. Fortunately, however, the President remains safe and sane, and has, with a few magisterial words, smoothed the wrinkled front of war and given the country, or that part of it which does not know the game, a chance to breathe freely. All he asks for is moderate military and naval provision; he states his disapproval of a large standing army and he scouts the idea that the peace is in any danger of being broken. It will be, in view of his knowledge of the situation, entirely safe for Congress and the public to agree with him and not only to settle quietly down to the readjustment of our own finances, but to leave Japan free to go on, without piling an Ossa of needless expenses on a Pelion of debt, with the peaceful development of her markets.

Exposition Progress.

When Congress met two weeks ago the situation appeared by no means favorable to San Francisco's appeal in the matter of the exposition. Geography, logic, sentiment, were indeed on our side, but it looked

as if New Orleans had the votes. The South quite naturally was favorable to her demand, likewise the great railway systems both in the Mississippi Valley and on the Atlantic seaboard, which operate along north and south lines. Then the committees of Congress, having more direct authority in the matter, were inclined for various reasons to New Orleans as against San Francisco. But with the progress of the campaign, things look more favorable for us. Our splendid showing of financial preparedness struck the imagination both of Congress and the country, and those who went to Washington to represent our cause saw to it that the utmost was made of this fact. Our proposition asked for nothing in the way of a cash bonus, only that the United States government should participate in the exposition to the extent of making an exhibit and that it should make the exposition official by inviting the coöperation of foreign countries. New Orleans strained every nerve, but was unable to match our financial showing. Furthermore, there stands against her an unpaid debt due to the government on account of a loan made some fifteen years ago in support of the New Orleans Cotton Exposition, which was a financial failure. The more the comparative merits of the competing cities are discussed, the more sentiment turns to our support. It has now been decided that Congress will vote on the proposition January 17th. This date was fixed after a warm competition, in which San Francisco stood for an early date and New Orleans for a later one. The selection of January 17th was in its way a victory for San Francisco. It now looks as if we had a fair chance for the fair, although we have still to reckon with the solid Southern vote in Congress and with the adverse influence of the great railroad companies. The opinion of our representatives now at Washington is that San Francisco will get the fair. But this, it must be remembered, is not final. The fight has yet to be fought out, and we shall not really know anything about it until after the vote is taken on the 17th of January.

Editorial Notes.

The report of the commissioner of internal revenue affords a curious commentary upon the prohibition laws which have been put in operation during the past two or three years in many parts of the country, and which have been presumed to make for temperance in drinking and smoking. In the year ending last June there was produced in the United States 163,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits—30,000,000 gallons more than the year previous. In the same years there was produced 59,485,111 barrels of fermented liquors—an increase of 3,000,000. In the same year there were manufactured 7,600,000,000 cigars—160,000,000 more than in 1909. In the same year there were manufactured 6,830,000 cigarettes—an increase of 1,000,000. In the same year there was produced 412,000,000 pounds of smoking and chewing tobacco—4,000,000 more than the year before. Evidently the prohibition movement, however it may have affected the formal laws of the country, has not made much impression upon its individual habits. The commissioner adds the information that illicit distilling and manufacturing is on the increase, "especially where there are State-wide prohibition laws." All of which goes to show that temperance in drinking or in other things is not to be achieved by legislation. Men are never made temperate or chaste by enactment. The only kind of temperance movement which ever comes to anything is that which convinces the individual man and corrects his habits of life. In other words, any effective temperance movement must be a moral rather than a legal procedure.

A tavern-keeper at Pasadena, not blessed with the discretion to mind his own business, seems to have stirred up a trouble of real magnitude. It appears that when the Japanese flagship *Asama* was lying off Los Angeles Mr. Linnard, manager of the Maryland Hotel, struck upon a plan to turn the incident to social and advertising account. He invited the admiral and his officers to a ball at his hotel with the implied promise of meeting Pasadena "society." The admiral and his officers accepted the invitation, but Pasadena "society" did not accept it. In plain English it did not suit the young women of Pasadena or their parents that they should meet socially and dance with Japanese, even though they were officers of the navy. There are some of us who do not live in Pasadena who feel the same way about it. But quite naturally the Jap-

anese admiral and his suite felt themselves aggrieved. They had accepted a social invitation only to meet with a snub. Their mistake was in assuming that the function was an official one, whereas it was a mere advertising scheme on the part of the energetic Mr. Linnard. But how were the Japanese to know that the whole matter originated in the enterprise of an over-officious tavern-keeper, wholly without representative or other social or political authority?

In the days before Commerce came to transform California from a land of romance to a land of prosaic things, the city of Sacramento was the centre of an unique life. In numbers the community was never a large one, but in the quality of its human composition it has perhaps not been matched in this or in any country. With those who brought force of courage and force of brawn to delve into the gorges and mountain sides there came an element representative of higher and more enduring social values—youths vital and ambitious, trained in the professions, representative of the best in breeding, learning, character, that the world afforded. Naturally, they gathered into the centre of activities of that day and they made of Sacramento a community whose fame on the score of the moralities and amenities of life has become a historic heritage. As conditions changed, one by one of this brilliant group passed out or passed on. With the ending of the golden era some returned to their original homes, others transferred their energies to the new community at the "bay," others rose to national and even to world-wide eminence, passing out of the local life of Sacramento. But through these vicissitudes one fine figure remained, devoted alike through middle life and in his age to the scenes which had enthralled his youth. Dr. G. L. Simmons, in his own phrase, "never wished for any other home or sphere of activity." From the pioneer day until just now, when borne reverently to his grave, Dr. Simmons lived in unflinching love and devotion to Sacramento. And through all these years, in his personal walk, in his civic spirit, he stood a veritable tower of enlightenment. In him there survived, after all his contemporaries had departed, the spirit and tradition of the little city in its romantic era. In his death, in the fullness of years and of respect, a chain which has linked the life of pioneer Sacramento with the life of the modern world is severed.

The rebuff given by the Senate to its presiding officer, Vice-President Sherman, in the matter of counting the ayes and noes, is a fresh reminder of the determination of our highest legislative body to claim for itself unlimited privilege of discussion. The House of Representatives, as long ago as the day of Speaker Reed, ceased to be a deliberative body. It is worked under rules which shut off debate at the will of the Speaker. This undoubtedly is necessary for the expedition of business, none the less it destroys all privilege in the matter of debate. In the Senate, on the other hand, there has been care to preserve this privilege by resenting and rejecting every step looking to cloture. Unlimited privilege of debate does work to the delay of business, and at times it has been greatly abused in the Senate. But broadly speaking, the principle is worth sustaining, since it is right that there should be a platform upon which public questions may be discussed free from limitations.

Librarian Gillis presents a strong appeal for enlargement of the facilities of the State library. The institution has outgrown the house room available for it in the State Capitol. Utility, convenience, necessity, cry aloud for more space and this Mr. Gillis would gain through the construction of a special library building in the Capitol grounds or elsewhere. The need is not overstated; it is all that Mr. Gillis pleads and more. But there arises the question, shall the great collection, which ranks among the most notable in the United States, be retained in Sacramento, where it is relatively of small use, or reestablished at the centre of the life of the State—in other words, San Francisco? Here, suitably housed and arranged, the State library would be a thing of infinitely more service than it is in its present location. It is the only comprehensive library in the State, and it ought to be so placed as to serve the convenience of greater as distinct from lesser numbers.

Italy's colonies equal twice her own — and those of Germany five times her size.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Gog and Magog, those impressive and ponderous giants who adorn the ancient Guildhall of London, have been grim on-lookers of feasts to many an illustrious American guest at the lord mayor's generous table, for those images looked on while, among others, George Peabody and Ulysses Grant were made freemen of the English capital, but they have never witnessed a more unique gathering in their historic banqueting hall than when the admiral and officers of the American fleet were entertained at lunch the other day. The toast of the day, "The United States Navy," was proposed by the lord mayor himself in a felicitous speech, who recalled the fact that although that hall had been the scene of receptions to many British naval heroes, such as Nelson and Howe and Rodney, it was the first time in its five centuries of history that the chief magistrate of London had had the privilege to welcome the naval representatives of America. In his reply Admiral Murdock worthily upheld the credit of his country as the home of after-lunch speakers, paying a graceful tribute to the hosts of the fleet under the Southern Cross, and observing that since a London newspaper had mentioned that American sailors had ice-cream three days a week he had received many offers of enlistment. It is to be hoped that some of the hosts at that memorable lunch did not fail to acquaint the guests with the fact that they were within easy hail of the resting place of New England's first admiral, the indomitable Captain John Smith, whose brass memorial duly blazons his high-sounding sea title.

We are hearing little from Lisbon these days, for the cables are only kept busy when there is any spectacular event to record, but private advices seem to show that all is not well in the city by the Tagus. The moderate men of the new government are facing many perplexing problems, for the laborites are dictating terms on every hand and letting it be understood that those who engineered one revolution are capable of forcing another. One of the most significant features of the situation is the multiplication of new extremist newspapers, while business men who have been visiting the provinces lately report that a state of anarchy prevails in most districts. How authority is being set at defiance is illustrated by the case of an officer who was recently appointed by the provisional government to the charge of the torpedo school. When he went to assume his duties he found all the sailors drawn up awaiting him, and in their presence he was informed that he could not land, as his appointment was distasteful to them. It is not expected that any attempt will be made to reestablish the monarchy, but the best-informed Lisbonites fully anticipate the speedy overthrow of the present government. In fact, Portugal bids fair to compete with the South American republics in kaleidoscopic administrative changes.

Had Lafcadio Hearn ever become an American citizen it is highly probable he would have provided a substitute for Poe among those now objectless hesiegers of the Hall of Fame, for Steadman had a keen prevision of what was to happen when he said, "Hearn will become in time as much of a romantic personality and tradition as Poe now is." Happily the interpreter of Japan has a stalwart champion in the person of Elizabeth Bisland, his friend for nearly a generation, who declines to make any sort of peace terms with that Philadelphia doctor who claims to have given Hearn "a soul." Most of the "scandal" legends linked with Hearn's name are associated with his indigent days in Cincinnati and New Orleans, and with regard to the latter Miss Bisland writes:

Hearn's life in New Orleans has been referred to as base and gross, but the only specific charge brought is that he was allied to a Voodoo priestess. I happen to know that this charge rests on the fact that he was ordered to see her for the purpose of writing an article about her and that he met her exactly once. When examined, most of these whispered scandals are found to have an equally valuable and accurate basis.

Several times during his various changes of lodgings in New Orleans Hearn occupied rooms rented to him by colored people. Such lodgings were common enough in that day, and were no more unusual or scandalous than are lodgings kept by Irish or German people in New York. The same was true of the West Indies, and in such lodgings in Martinique he fell ill of yellow fever and was nursed with great kindness and his rent allowed to remain in arrears until he was able to repay it, though he always declared that no money could discharge the debt of gratitude. These are the facts on which are based the charges that he "lived with negroes."

Miss Bisland does well to set down all the facts as she knows them; to admit that Hearn "did not lead the life of a Galahad up to the time of his marriage"; yet the materials for "legends" will always be available for the literary scandalmonger. Some of the fault of this may be attributed to Hearn himself, who bemoaned the stratification of society in such frank terms as these:

How much better seems to me the wild days of Mormon evangelization in America,—of the Freelove phalansteries,—of Brook Farm and the Oneida Community,—of Hepworth Dixon's "Spiritual Wives"! Humbug, of course, but what a finely fluid aspirational condition of society the whole thing meant,—even with "Mr. Sludge, the Medium" thrown in! Anything is better than the crystallization of ideas, the hardening of conventions, the recognized despair of thinkers to oppose the enormous weight and power of Philistinism. "You!"—said a Jew to me not long ago (a Jew with Heine's soul, and therefore now dead and double-damned)—"You fight society. Oh, you fly! the elephant's foot will crush you without feeling you." What matter! In those days being supremely an ass as well as a fly, I thought I could overturn the universe. I was a new Archimedes: the lever was enthusiasm! all radicals were my brothers, and had I been in Russia I might have tried to blow up the Czar.

Many of the arguments advanced at the conferences which are so frequently held in support of the playground idea are

well founded, but there are dangers which are too often ignored. No doubt there is good ground for the plea that the city is illogical which prohibits street baseball and roller skating and does not provide a playground where youthful energy may be exercised without becoming a public nuisance, but even when such playgrounds are provided all is not done. The appeal of Joseph Lee, the president of the Playground Association of America, for the services of professional play directors has much in its favor. Such a guide is perhaps more necessary in the school than in the general playground, for without direction the play instinct is too liable to take a hunting or fighting turn. Some of the sanest educational authorities in America are agreed that as a nation we are more in need of being taught how to play than how to work. School playgrounds without wise directors become the scene of mere random scuffling and rowdiness. One of the great needs of the day is a policy which shall link the play life of school with the leisure interest of life. In this matter the example of ancient Greece is not without instruction for a republic. As Dr. Henderson has pointed out, "for the training of an aristocracy of free men the game has the great advantage of giving each a chance to participate in leadership and of compelling the leader to rely for his support upon the free consent of all rather than upon blind custom or terror." In the play of childhood too little attention is given to those games which appeal to the aesthetic sense—a sheer waste of opportunity to create preferences which might enrich adult life to so large an extent.

So the universal language is not to be either Volapuk or Esperanto. The observant student of contemporary life must have noticed that even the *North American Review* has grown lukewarm in its Esperanto campaign, while it is, a long time since Volapuk had even the smallest paragraph in the daily press. The arena being thus clear for a new claimant, Theo. Kruger takes the field in eulogy of his native language. What that is, Mr. Kruger's Teutonic name will enable the reader to guess. The universal speech must be "a Germanic language, and of these the most fitting, the most deserving, and the most beautiful one is the German." Mr. Kruger's objections to English are its wayward spelling and pronunciation, its lack of grammar, and its enormous bulk of words. But the greatest fault of all is that nobody can learn and master English. He affirms he has been trying for more than thirty years, and has "given up all attempts to learn it." In proof whereof he writes to the *New York Evening Post* a lengthy letter couched in as good English as any one need wish to write! But, it seems, the burden of Mr. Kruger's complaint is that some conspirators are again trying to "abolish the last remnant of German teaching" in the public schools of America. But what about English in the public schools of Germany? If the curriculum of American public schools is to include all the languages dear to the hearts of Uncle Sam's adopted children there would not be much time for teaching anything else.

It would be truly churlish to begrudge the "Immortals" of the American Academy of Arts and Letters such pleasant little functions as that two days' session held in New York, especially when they afford opportunity to do honor to such a veteran in letters as John Bigelow, who was rightly given the centre of the laurel-adorned stage. Yet if the Academy is to be anything more than a name, or an imitation on a larger scale of Boston's memorable Mutual Admiration Society, is it not time that some aggressive programme was adopted in justification for its existence? It may serve a mildly useful purpose to elect the fifty from the members of the National Institute in order to, as Mr. Howells puts it, "more succinctly report to the country what has been accomplished in literature, in music, in painting, in sculpture, and in architecture," but, without waiting for the judgment of posterity, there are now and here some who will wonder at those who are in and those who are outside the charmed circle. The least useful function of the French Academy at the present time is its effort to anticipate posterity; in the heyday of its glory and serviceableness it benefited France by its guardianship of language. Why can not the American "immortals" attempt a similar task? Heaven knows there is an ample field. Every week a dozen theatres claim to have "the greatest American play," almost as frequently is beralded the advent of "the great American novel," and rarely does a lustrum of days pass without some wretched piece of hack-work in book compilation being characterized as "scholarly."

Leipzig is the largest publication centre in the world. More books and periodicals are printed there than anywhere else, and more people are engaged in making and using printers' supplies than in London, New York, Berlin, or Paris. Out of a total of 30,718 books, that were published in the German empire last year, 11,219 were printed and issued in Leipzig, and 3723 music books and pieces of sheet music. Many of the orders come from England, France, Austria and other countries, because the mechanical work can be done in Leipzig much cheaper than elsewhere. More than half of the transactions in books take place at the Leipzig book fair, which occurs every year at the jubilate, the first week in Easter, when booksellers and publishers from all parts of Germany assemble to compare and balance accounts and to make contracts for the next year.

The gross receipts of the Oberammergau peasants from this year's Passion Play amounted to nearly half a million dollars. The net profit is given as \$324,100. Something over \$100,000 of this is placed in the village treasury, and the remainder divided among the eight hundred-odd players. The most highly paid of the latter receive about \$625 for their summer's work.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Albert A. S. Tice was elected president of the National Daughters of the Grand Army of the Republic at the convention which was held a few weeks ago in Chicago.

After many editorial pronouncements sustaining and condemning an alleged prediction by James J. Hill that a financial storm might be looked for next year, Mr. Hill's repudiation of the statement attributed to him began to get into circulation.

The Rev. Effie M. Jones, a Universalist minister of Iowa, is spoken of by the newspapers of Berlin as having made the greatest impression oratorically of all the speakers heard at the recent world's congress of Free Christians and Religious Liberals.

Dr. D. D. Martin, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is the oldest practicing surgeon in the United States. He is eighty-nine years old. At the clinical convention of North American surgeons in Chicago recently Dr. Martin performed an operation which showed his colleagues that his skill and judgment had been in no way impaired by age.

Miss Annabel Sharp, society reporter on the *Cleveland Leader*, recently walked the fifty miles required of army and navy officers in two days, instead of the three days given the officers of the two services, and she did it in only a few minutes more time than did the two officers attached to the naval recruiting station in Cleveland.

Paul Heyse, the German novelist, who has won this year's Nobel prize in literature, is recognized as a master of his art in his own language. He has been a writer for sixty years. "L'Arrabiata" was his first and one of his best stories. "Vetter Gabriel" and "The Heart Divided" are among the leading favorites with his readers. His one drama, "Mary of Magdala," was translated by William Winter and produced by Mrs. Fiske.

Ten Southern States will erect monuments in bronze or marble to the women of the Confederacy who sacrificed so much to sustain the cause. All these monuments will be replicas of the original design by Miss Belle Kinney, a young woman of twenty-three, who may take especial pride in the fact that she has been awarded the largest contract for sculpture work ever given to a woman. Miss Kinney was born in Nashville, Tennessee, the daughter of a Confederate soldier, and her art education was gained entirely in the United States, principally at the Art Institute in Chicago.

Edwin Lefevre, author of the novel, "Sampson Rock of Wall Street," has just sailed for Spain, where he goes with a unique distinction—as minister from the Republic of Panama, accredited to both Spain and Italy. Mr. Lefevre's official title is "Su Excelencia Edwino Lefevre, Ministro Extraordinario y Enviado Plenipotenciario de la Republica de Panama." Mr. Lefevre was born in Colon, Colombia, though his father is an American. He was educated in the public schools of San Francisco, afterward studying mining engineering in the East. His residence is Bronxville, New York.

Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane is becoming widely known as a housekeeper for municipalities. She had been a teacher, and pastor of a Unitarian church, after her graduation from college, when she was moved to attack some of the public problems in her home city, Kalamazoo, Michigan. First she instituted a new plan of street cleaning which proved efficient and economical. Then she formed a civic improvement league and investigated sources of food supplies in the interest of health. Now she is called to other cities in other States to advise and direct similar campaigns. Mrs. Crane is fifty-two years old.

Justice Edward Douglas White, who is to be chief justice of the Supreme Court, is a Democrat and has served as associate justice of this court since 1894. He is sixty-five years old and is a native of Louisiana, which State heaped upon him almost every political and official honor it had to bestow. After his graduation from the Jesuit College at New Orleans he took post-graduate work at Georgetown University. Then, returning to Louisiana, he served four years as a member of the State senate. In 1878 he was appointed to the supreme bench of the State of Louisiana. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1891 and served there until 1894, when he was appointed to the United States Supreme Court by President Cleveland.

Princess August Wilhelm, wife of the Kaiser's fourth son, has set herself the task of reviving one of Germany's oldest customs, that according to which newly wedded couples immediately after the marriage ceremony plant a couple of oak saplings side by side in a park or by a roadside of their native town. The town of Mulhausen, in Thuringia, is the first to respond to the princess's appeal. A municipal official appears at the wedding and invites the bride and bridegroom to drive with him in a carriage to a new road near the town and there plant oak saplings. The tree-planting idea was started by a former elector of Brandenburg with the object of repairing the ravages caused by the thirty years' war. The elector forbade young persons to marry until they had planted a number of young fruit trees.

THE DANCING FAD IN NEW YORK.

Fashionable Costumes Necessitate Ballroom Gymnastics.

Any one who has anything new in the way of fancy dancing, art dancing, ancient dancing, or European folk dancing, and who would like to pass their art through the mint of New York society had better come to the metropolis quickly, because the fad may pass any day. Fads come and go like performers on the vaudeville stage, and at any moment it may be a case of thumbs down for the amusement that only an hour before was received with rapturous applause. Just now it pleases the New York woman to dance—on her feet. Tomorrow she may discover the delights of dancing on her head, or on all fours, and then quite a new kind of teacher will be wanted.

The latest arrival in the harvest field is a lady who describes herself as instructor to the British Educational Board. Just what this imposing structure may consist of is not apparent, but if English educational cranks are in any way like our own—and they are probably as alike as peas in a pod—we may suppose that the children of the poorer classes in England, who are the only ones that deign to accept free education, are now being taught to dance, perhaps even to play the violin and to ride horseback. Who knows? However that may be, here is Miss Neal in our midst ready to teach, to lecture, or to dance. Her specialty is the Morris dance, which she has excavated from sundry aged people in England who remember that when they were young they used to hold a special dance on the longest day of the year. A young girl was selected as leader. She had to be "pure as snow," and if any man jostled her during the day he was fined half a crown. Miss Neal says this was a pagan dance, and that when the young girl of requisite purity was once found they kept her pure by sacrificing her at the end of the day. But the concluding detail was allowed to lapse into innocuous desuetude.

Miss Neal has competitors. The dancing teachers are doing a roaring trade just now. All you have to do is to christen your specialty with some unpronounceable name suggestive of weird nooks in eastern Europe, learn a few appropriate capers, and there you are. Of course there are some people who have been really charmed by the performances of St. Denis and Duncan and who have eagerly recognized the possibilities of a new and beautiful art, but they form a small percentage of the whole. Women in general have a very slight sense of art or of beauty. Nothing appeals to them except the fad of the moment, and it is these women who fill the select dancing academies that have sprung up everywhere in Manhattan and that will die away like mushrooms as soon as the fad gives way to another. There is one dance that is not unattractive and that will be seen a good deal in the ballrooms. It is called the Boston waltz and it is practically the same as the old French hop waltz. It is danced to waltz time and a rising on the toes takes the place of the third step. The two-step also will be popular because it allows of a very short step instead of the more graceful full length one. But the most popular dance will be the simple, unalloyed jig.

Why? Because the dressmakers will not allow anything else. The jig and the two-step represent the compromise between the dressmaker who insists upon the hobble skirt and the dancing teacher who happens momentarily to bask in the smile of society. Compromises always leave a smart upon both sides, and therefore there is no love lost between the dancing teacher and the dressmaker. "How," asks one of the former, "is it possible to teach a lady to dance who actually comes to my studio in a costume that gives her about as much liberty of motion as a well wrapped mummy? She wants to dance and she wants also to dress fashionably, and she has not wit enough to choose between the two nor, indeed, to understand that a choice is necessary." But there are some teachers who are well enough established to make draconic rules. "I hoss the clothes question from start to finish," says one of them. "I will give a lesson to no one wearing a tight skirt."

Since the best kinds of dances are almost prohibited by the modern costume it may be wondered how it is that the dancing schools are working overtime just now, since their products are almost impossible in the ballroom. Heaven forbid that any of us should be required to explain a feminine inconsistency, but in this case the explanation is easy. The woman learns to dance in order that she may wear the modern costume, which, as is well known, requires a reconstruction of the female form divine. One dancing teacher who was asked if she had not a large clientele among gilded children said that she had more mothers than children on her books. They come to her in the hope of reducing the "too, too solid flesh" that makes correct costume an impossibility. Dancing, for them, is an alternative to rolling about on a hardwood floor and all the other dreadful things that women do to themselves and that would raise them into the front rank of martyrs if the same things were done to them. Then of course the fashionable doctor has been quick to "catch on" to the fad of the moment. Dancing, he tells his victims, is the best possible form of exercise. There is no such corrective, he says, for greediness at table, although of course he uses a more diplomatic form of speech, while as for nervous exhaustion it beats the rest cure and the Turkish bath into a fizzle. The fashionable doctor, canny scamp that he is, is

always ready to trim his sails to the favoring wind, and so lady after lady turns up at the dancing academy and explains that her physician has positively ordered dancing lessons. It may be observed that he never orders half a day at the washtub, nor does he expatiate on the physical benefits of carrying a baby for a mile or two. But who knows? Perhaps even the laundry tub and the baby may yet have their day in court.

To show how intense the craze has become it may be said that there is a teacher of stage dancing here who has taught none but professionals for years, but the society women have overrun him and compelled him to take them as pupils. He did not particularly want them, and so he gave them to understand that he should make no difference in his methods for the richest woman in the world. So long as they were in his studio they would be as toads under the harrow like the rest of his pupils and would have to work and to obey. But it made no difference. Perhaps the novelty of having to obey was the chief charm, and what could be more novel for the butterfly of fashion.

STUDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, December 14, 1910.

The public gain in listening to Miss Terry's discourses on Shakespeare (says William Winter in *Harper's Weekly*) has been, and will continue to be, the pleasure of mental and spiritual intercourse with a woman of fine temperament and rare physical charm. The actress has always been wonderfully skillful in her use of attire; it was not, as is customarily supposed, Burne-Jones who invented the Ellen Terry draperies, but Ellen Terry who devised them, and who inspired Burne-Jones to paint them; and, as she stands before the audience in her ample garniture of flowing white robes, gracefully disposed, she is impressive and fascinating. To see her as an actress was—and perhaps it would be again—to see a vital creature of beauty, passion, tenderness, and eloquence, a being, in Cleopatra's fine phrase, all "fire and air." But even to see her as a lecturer is a privilege. She is not, indeed, a good one; there is an art in lecturing, and as yet Miss Terry has not learned it. Her method is experimental. She does not speak with conviction, but rather with the dubiety of a person who seems either to be uttering the thoughts of another mind or uttering thoughts which have not been maturely and thoroughly considered. She overruns her "points." She makes no sufficient allowance for either laughter or applause. She drops her voice at the end of sentences, so that some of her words become indistinct or inaudible. She lacks the decisive, dominant quality of authority, being at times uneasy, hurried, flurried, and at such times, therefore, ineffective. Her views, furthermore (such of them as I have heard or read), are often incorrect, generally commonplace, and, in the matter of thought, superficial. All the same it is better to see and hear Miss Terry again as a lecturer than not to see and hear her at all. Moreover, it is not improbable that she will acquire facility in this new professional vocation, as time passes and as practice insures an ease of method. Her hits; as a speaker, now, are mostly made by quick little flashes of piquant comment and sudden transitions of playful tone—as when, remarking on the historic doubt of Shakespeare's entire authorship of "King Henry VIII," she "just knows that Shakespeare did write it, at least Queen Catherine," and thus jauntily laughs the scholar-like commentators out of court.

Baron Munchausen's famous book of travels was published in 1785, exactly a century and a quarter ago. That is not a very long time (says the *New York Evening Post*). But suppose Munchausen had professed to carry his travels into an undiscovered land, where science and invention had had a start of a century or two as compared with Europe; and suppose that he had told of an invention by which the exact picture of any object was permanently impressed upon a plate by a brief exposure to light; that at first it took some minutes of exposure to make the picture, but that year by year methods were found for increasing the sensitiveness of the plates, until at last the picture could be obtained in an almost infinitesimal fraction of a second; that a favorite amusement of the people was to look at a swift succession of pictures of this kind, portraying persons and things in motion, which produced upon the eye the precise impression of the original living scene; but that some exhibitors of such scenes got into trouble because the actors in them had indulged in vile language, forgetful of the fact that the motion of their lips was perfectly reproduced, and that deaf-mutes had been taught to read the lips. Would not this story have been regarded as equaling in incredibility, and surpassing in grotesqueness, almost anything the baron actually put into his book?

Newspapers in England had not the right to criticize the policy of the king and the ministers until the end of the eighteenth century. Mr. Walter, the first editor of the *London Times*, had to serve a year's imprisonment for censuring the Duke of York. That was more than 100 years after Milton, in the "Areopagitica," stated in unanswerable fashion the reasons for freedom of speech.

The Nobel prize committee of the Storting has awarded the peace prize for 1910 to the International Permanent Peace Bureau at Berne. The value of the prize is \$40,000.

THE GENIE OF THE WATERS.

Jaillot continued: The Chinese assure us that no one should ever rescue a drowning man lest the Genie of the Waters, angry at seeing himself ravished of his prey, turn against the ravisher. This superstition, which serves to adorn cowardice with the flower of poetry and sentiment, did not restrain Daronde, one evening, when he saw a poor devil climb up on the parapet of a bridge and throw himself into the Seine. Without hesitating a moment, he plunged in after the would-be suicide and brought him safely to shore. Then leaving to others the task of resuscitating the half-drowned man, he stole away to escape the curiosity of idle spectators. He had been recognized, however, and his name appeared in the daily papers in connection with the event. He was just reading one when his servant announced a visitor, adding:

"It is the man monsieur saved from drowning yesterday."

"Show him in," said Daronde resignedly.

His intended cordiality was chilled at sight of the visitor, a half-starved, unkempt outcast.

"Monsieur," began the man, "I suppose I ought to owe you everlasting gratitude, but don't think I have come to thank you. I have come simply to ask you what you intend to do for me."

"Do for you?" echoed Daronde in astonishment.

"Yes, monsieur; I owe my life to you, since you took it upon yourself to drag me back into the existence I wished to end forever."

"Your point of view is certainly original," remarked Daronde. "Go on."

"I am a poor unfortunate," continued the man, "a prey to every calamity. After desperate struggles against sickness and want, I saw but one way out of it all—death. It took a long time to reach the point when I could make the fatal plunge. It was done at last! The bonds of my miserable life were broken when I lost consciousness. Then I was rescued! The breath of life came back to me, and with it the horror and dread of beginning the struggle again. Why did you happen that way, monsieur? You would not have given me a sou to save me from starvation and yet you risked your life for me. You placed again on my shoulders the burden I wished to cast off forever. I have said all this to justify my first question. I now ask it again. What are you going to do to help me support the existence you have forced upon me?"

Somewhat disconcerted, Daronde replied: "My friend, if some money—"

"Alms? No, monsieur," said the man in refusal. "Keep the money, which would not carry me far."

"A position?" proposed Daronde.

The man shook his head. "Any position I could fill would barely keep me from starving."

Daronde was losing patience.

"As matters stand, I can think of but one thing to advise you to do. Go back to the place where I found you."

Without emotion, the man replied: "I expected that advice, and I believe that any one in your place would have offered the same. You are willing for me to die. But the truth is I no longer have the courage to kill myself. I want to live; and to live, a man must eat, without counting the rest. I could beg, but that is a humiliating and unreliable way of support. The only way for me to get a living with certainty is to steal. I thought of that long ago, for I know a lot of furnished houses in the suburbs that are closed for a part of the year. They could be entered easily, but I had the weakness to prefer death to becoming a hurglar. I am quite cured now, thanks to you, monsieur."

This long tirade made Daronde furious, and he exclaimed hotly, "To the devil with you!"

A week or so passed and Daronde had almost forgotten the incident, when one morning a telegram was handed him. It summoned him to Surene at once, at which place his only son owned a magnificent home. The villa had been emptied of its furnishings from top to bottom by thieves, during the master's absence. The worst part of it was, the younger Daronde had returned unexpectedly while the robbers were at work, and one of them shot him dead.

"Was it the man?" asked one of the listeners breathlessly.

"It was the man!"—Translated from the French of Jean Reibrach for the Argonaut, by H. Twitthell.

Chess as played today is a comparatively modern game, but is the outcome of centuries of development. The earliest record of chess problems is thought to be a passage in a Persian manuscript attributed to Caliph Kalifen Mutasin Billah, who reigned nine years in Bagdad in the first of the ninth century A. D. If the passage were understood it would be found to refer to a game of chess so unlike that of today that the problem would make no interesting appeal to any modern chess-player.

The British chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George, in paying his compliments to Mr. Strachey, the editor of the *Spectator*, mildly described him as "an exceedingly pretentious, pompous, and futile person." The *Spectator* had complained that Mr. Lloyd George uttered commonplaces, and the chancellor replied by asking if no one but the distinguished editor was permitted to utter commonplaces.

AS HE LOOKED TO HIS WIFE.

The Builder of the Big Dam.

"Well, where are you bound for this morning?" said my little sandwich man as I made my appearance under the arches of the bustling railroad station.

"Providence permitting and the mountain train agreeable, I am going up to Bingham's ranch, and expect to see your big dam before the day is out," I replied.

The street began at the mouth of the cañon and swaggered along, a curious mixture of Fifth Avenue elegance and Roaring Camp recklessness, until it reached the wide plain—in fact, it probably extended "clear out to Kansas," if one looked for its real boundaries, for a Western city acknowledges few limitations. An endless stream of people passed up and down this long street, all sooner or later turning into this gorgeous stone station set in its very centre. Every one was either going or coming.

Every form and shade of civilization mingled here; the rich and the poor met together in a reality only hinted at elsewhere, for the great West was looked to to be the maker of them all. The narrow-skirted and expensively plain tailor-made girl stood side by side with the buxom bride from the mountains, all unashamed in her white shoes and wedding finery. The picturesque cowboy looked contemptuously at the natty, self-complacent college youth, bareheaded and with ample trousers rolled up to display all of his ankle and most of his calf. The splendid four-horsed stage, plunging and careening as it drew up with a flourish, was but little outdone by the sixty horsepower, 1911 model. It was all a pretty good sight, I thought, as I raised my eyes to the Flat Iron Peaks above us and drew in another deep breath of the intoxicating air.

The sandwich man, who had been my guide, philosopher, and friend, was a legitimate professional, and he offered his wares with the same dignified confidence as he did his comments on the passing show. That youth over there, he told me, was an admiral's son. "And he doesn't take much around here on account of being so 'stuck up' without much brains to back it." The next one was the Chinese minister's son—"fine feller," one of the favorites at the varsity and a "corker on the track team." "That man coming round the corner now is Jim Carlton, chief engineer of the big dam up the cañon. He is about the biggest man in this country since he put in that bit of masonry. They say it is the greatest of its kind in the world. Big bugs came from all over and said it couldn't be done; but, you bet, Jim Carlton knew where he was at, and he did it. When Jim Carlton says a thing goes, it goes some. He never made but one mistake, and that was when he got—"

My friend was hustled away; evidently some one was hungry. I didn't mind, for I was busy watching the loading of the narrow-gauge train and wondering how the people in the mountains could possibly eat so many bananas.

Without hardly knowing how, I was hustled into the toy train along with the rest, and the little toy engine was puffing and snorting as it pulled us up into the cañon. The train was crowded with the genial, jolly crowd bound for the "hills": Eastern capitalists, "promoters" from Denver, miners dressed like clergymen and clergymen dressed like miners talking of "prospects" and "properties" with that enthusiasm that makes one feel life is worth living. There were women, too, returning to their mountain homes loaded with the bargains from Denver. Ridiculously overdressed with hats covered with white plumes, far more suitable for an afternoon tea than that smoky little train; but they gave their wearers satisfaction, and that is the utmost any hat can do. The "kids" were grumbling that they could beat the train, noticeably not making any effort to do so. There were tourist ladies, oh-ing and ah-ing, very fearful lest some rock or view should escape them.

Crowded into the diminutive seat beside me was a pudgy female, who, previous to her burial in these remote regions—for her husband's sake—had moved, a brilliant ornament, in the most exclusive circles of Oppeka, Kansas. She explained this—and much more—during the windings of our six-mile cañon ride.

I caught occasional glimpses of the walls of granite rock on one side, and the foaming, rushing mountain creek on the other; the fragrant odor of the riot of blossoms filled me with longings to see the wonderful display of wild cherry, hawthorn, and blackberry that overran everywhere; but after a few vain efforts, I saw it was no use, and resigned myself with patience to her autobiographical outpourings.

"So you're going to Bingham's?" my neighbor said. "It is a most fascinating spot, but it is fearfully lonely for a woman—no society, no opportunities, and really no companions for me. It seems terrible to bury one's self so! The scenery? Oh, yes; the scenery is grand, but one can not talk to scenery."

For a moment I almost wished I was "scenery," but she seemed so genuinely distressed that I tried to look sympathetic, and she continued: "I know I should not complain, for it is my duty to go there if my husband wishes it, poor man! You see, he is not fitted for any other life. His work is up there, I suppose; really, he could not get work anywhere else, and he likes it. It is different with me; I have been brought up so differently."

I could see that, and wondered what chance had led her to marry so far beneath her. I thought how brave

she was in spite of her rather unheroic figure and how clever she must be to keep herself looking like anything at all. Probably the brute of a husband doesn't earn enough to supply her with the ordinary necessities. No wonder when she got a chance to "go below" she let her fancy roam and bought that outrageous hat. I would, too, if I had to live in one of those awful cabins and never see a bathroom. I wonder which mine he works in. She was saying:

"I do not mind the hardships, but I am so lonely. My husband is just as good as he can be, but he is no companion for me; he has no realization of the higher things of life, never minds with whom he associates. In fact, he is perfectly happy here. A woman *minds* things so much. But then, a woman should not marry a man so much older than herself. Don't you agree with me? It makes such a difference in their aims. Their ambitions can not be the same, naturally, can they? I do not know why I am saying all this to you; I suppose because you looked sympathetic."

I suppose I did. Her appealing look would have aroused sympathy in a graven image.

"My husband is on this train somewhere now," she added, "but I suppose he is so interested talking to some men that he does not even remember I am along."

"Drunk, I suppose," I mentally commented.

The cañon widened. The train, finding a little level stretch, ceased chugging and pounding for a bit while the "promoters," sightseers, and "ladies" scrambled down, on the wrong side of the car of course, spreading out on the hot gravel.

Notwithstanding, or perhaps because, I have been looking at those mighty rocks since way back in the 'seventies, my heart is always stirred at the sight of them. I am lifted out of myself. The leaping of my pulses at a sudden revelation of their awesome grandeur amounts almost to a physical pain. I had completely lost all remembrance of my lonely little neighbor until I was recalled by her voice, a little querulously:

"Here is my husband, at last."

I looked around and saw approaching us a tall, dignified man of about fifty with clear-cut features and commanding figure, dressed in perfectly fitting gray clothes and wearing a light felt hat, worn as only a man whose heart and home is west of the Missouri River knows how to wear it. I recognized him at once; it was Carlton, chief engineer of the big dam and the hero of the cañon.

The waiting stage filled rapidly, the whips cracked, and with a jump and a gallop the mules whirled away to the big dam. Those of us bound for Bingham's started on foot. As I turned, my eyes took in the handsome, erect figure of the man on the box seat with his foolish little wife beside him, I hardly knew which to pity more: the unappreciated man or the woman who was unable to appreciate him. I realized, however, when it was that people thought James Carlton had made his one big mistake.

HELEN ROSENKRANS.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1910.

A concrete statue of the famous Indian chief Blackhawk has been erected above Eagle's Nest, across the river from Oregon, Illinois. It has been in process of making three years. The statue's great size, forty-eight feet, without counting either the artificial base or the natural rock foundation, 250 feet high, upon which it is placed, puts it on a scale with the Goddess of Liberty in New York. The third and greatest claim to fame is that it is built to be permanent. According to the *Cement Age*, it is believed that it will outlast the sphinx, the pyramids, and even stones of the Druids. The sculptor was Lorado Taft. Mr. Taft had noted the remarkable time-proof qualities of concrete in ancient European structures, and there came to him his great idea for the means of making an enduring statue.

A doctor insists that spirituous liquors are most dangerous to a people which has had short experience with them. For example, the introduction of European spirits into Polynesia wrought havoc. On the other hand, the majority of the Greeks, Italians, and French, who have been using liquors for centuries, do not commit excesses. The theory is that if a race drinks too much it will kill itself off and consequently only the races which achieve moderation are in a way to survive. This theory does not grant that a nation of abstainers is possible.

One of the most convincing proofs of the infusion of new life into the commercial industry of the city of Manila is the genuine activity shown in the proposed construction of permanent buildings in that city, the majority of which are to be of reinforced concrete and cement.

The national jubilee and accompanying expositions to be held in Rome next year have already had an effect on the restaurants. Prices have risen from ten to twenty centesimi, and the newspapers are making protests, even suggesting a boycott.

More than fifty-seven million index-record cards showing the individual service records of soldiers who fought in the various wars in which this country has engaged are now on file in the office of the adjutant-general of the army.

Asparagus is the oldest known plant used for food.

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD.

The Lyttel Boy.

Some time there ben a lyttel boy
That wolde not renne and play,
And helpless like that little tyke
Ben allwais in the way.
"Goe, make you merrie with the rest,"
His weary moder cried;
But with a frown he catcht her gown
And hong untill her side.

That boy did love his moder well,
Which spake him faire, I ween;
He loved to stand and hold her hand
And ken her with his een;
His cosset bleated in the croft,
His toys unheeded lay,—
He wolde not goe, hut, tarrying soe,
Ben allwais in the way.

Godde loveth children and doth gird
His throne with soche as these,
And he doth smile in plaisance while
They cluster at his knees;
And some time, when he looked on earth
And watched the hairs at play,
He keened with joy a lyttel hoy
Ben allwais in the way.

And then a moder felt her heart
How that it ben to-torne,
She kissed eche day till she ben gray
The shoon he use to worn;
No bairn let hold untill her gown
Nor played upon the floore,—
Godde's was the joy; a lyttel boy
Ben in the way no more!—Eugene Field.

Armenian Lullaby.

If thou wilt shut thy drowsy eyes,
My mulberry one, my golden sun!
The rose shall sing thee lullabies,
My pretty cosset lambkin!
And thou shalt swing in an almond-tree,
With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee—
A silver boat in a golden sea,
My velvet love, my nestling dove,
My own pomegranate blossom!

The stork shall guard thee passing well
All night, my sweet! my dimple-feet!
And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,
My gentle rain-of-springtime!
And for thy slumbrous play shall twine
The diamond stars with an emerald vine
To trail in the waves of ruby wine,
My myrtle bloom, my heart's perfume,
My little chirping sparrow!

And when the morn wakes up to see
My apple bright, my soul's delight!
The partridge shall come calling thee,
My jar of milk-and-honey!
Yes, thou shalt know what mystery lies
In the anethest deep of the curtained skies,
If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,
You wakeful one, you naughty son,
You cooing little turtle!—Eugene Field.

Intry-Mintry.

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Once, as these children were hard at play,
An old man, hoary and tottering, came
And watched them playing their pretty game.
He seemed to wonder, while standing there,
What the meaning thereof could be—
Aha, hut the old man yearned to share
Of the little children's innocent glee
As they circled around with laugh and shout
And told their rime at counting out:
"Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,
Apple-seed and apple-thorn;
Wire, brier, limber, lock,
Twelve geese in a flock;
Some flew east, some flew west,
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Ah, the mirth of that summer day!
'T was Father Time who had come to share
The innocent joy of those children there;
He learned betimes the game they played
And into their sport with them went he—
How could the children be afraid,
Since little they recked whom he might be?
They laughed to hear old Father Time
Mumbling that curious nonsense rime
Of "Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,
Apple-seed and apple-thorn;
Wire, brier, limber, lock,
Twelve geese in a flock;
Some flew east, some flew west,
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May,
And joy of summer—where are they?
The grim old man still standeth near
Crooning the song of a far-off year;
And into the winter I come alone,
Cheered by that mournful requiem,
Soothed by the dolorous monotone
That shall count me off as it counted them—
The solemn voice of old Father Time
Chanting the homely nursery rime
He learned of the children a summer morn
When, with "apple-seed and apple-thorn,"
Life was full of the dulcet cheer
That bringeth the grace of heaven anear—
The sound of the little ones hard at play—
Willie and Bess, Georgie and May.

—Eugene Field.

In a recent issue of the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican* four golden weddings were reported in the news from the western part of the State. This is a pleasing bit of testimony to the cheerful course of existence in New England.

Epernay, the centre of the champagne country, has erected a monument in honor of the founder of its prosperity, the Benedictine monk, Dom Perignon, 1638-1715, the inventor of the process for the manufacture of sparkling wines.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S REMINISCENCES.

Anecdotes and Sketches of Many Famous Men.

Goldwin Smith's death last June removed a man who was linked with the past and the present, a man who also was a notable example of the traditions of the old world and a sympathetic appreciator of the best in the new. Born in 1823, when the watchman called the hours, when curfew rang every night, and when fires were lit by a tinder-box, he lived far into the age to which all those things seem as far removed as the deluge. Yet the man himself adapted himself to his environments with singular readiness, all the time, however, preserving that respect for scholarship and that devotion to high ideals which were the result of his early training. Those phases of his character are abundantly illustrated in the "Reminiscences" which his secretary, Arnold Haultain, has edited in a careful but unobtrusive manner, and in addition they contain many inimitable sketches of the countless famous men with whom he came in contact during his long life.

Born in Reading, a town now more distinguished for its biscuits than anything else, Goldwin Smith was still in his early manhood when his father retired to a country house some eight miles from that town, and he life there gave the future scholar and publicist many opportunities of becoming acquainted with farmers and country gentry. The Smiths had a distinguished neighbor:

We were in the next parish to Strathfieldsaye, the country-seat of the Duke of Wellington. The old duke performed all his duties of life, and among them, when he could, that of country gentleman. When his work in town permitted, he came down, called on his neighbors, entertained them, and howed himself to his people. I turned up one of his ample isting-cards with his "F. M." the other day. There was a farm which ran into his estate and which he wished to buy; but it was held at too high a price. One day on his rival at Strathfieldsaye he was greeted by his bailiff with the lad tidines that the owner of the farm was in difficulties and was forced to sell at a low price. "I don't want to take dvantage of any man's difficulties," he replied; "go and give im the fair price for his land." He rode with hounds, but ad a loose military seat, and was sometimes thrown. He did ot like this to be noticed, and was far from pleased when a armer said to him, "I see your grace often parted from your addle. Ye should tak oop your stirrups and ride as I do." e was tenacious of his character as sportsman, and was reatly hurt when, on account of his age, he ceased to be uted to the prince consort's shooting parties. He kept a untng stud to the last, though he could ride no farther than e cover-side. He had not much taste, and when a Roman villa as opened on his estate and drew visitors he had it covered o, saying that if people wanted to see curiosities they must o to Italy. The church at Strathfieldsaye was in the park ad was an uneclesiastical structure in a cruciform shape, ith a cupola, bespeaking the fantastic taste of the last Lord rathfieldsaye. Gerald Wellesley, the duke's nephew, who as rector of Strathfieldsaye, had often heged the duke in ain to build something more like a church. One day, how- er, the duke said, "Gerald, I begin to think you are right. hat building is not like a church. I'll tell you what I'll do; ll put a steeple on it." The last time I saw the duke was e door of that church. He was told that one of his d generals had just died. He looked grave for a moment if he felt it to be a warning. Then he said, "He was a ry old man, though"; put his arm in that of Lady Dour; ad trudged sturdily away. The duke was cold and aristoc- atic, or rather undemocratic, for he did not think much of ular rank. His soldiers trusted rather than loved him. He ok too little thought for their claims or for their comfort, ad spoke of them with too little feeling. But he was a ble model of simple devotion to duty, perfectly free from nity, at least while his mind remained unimpaired. A wor- iper, it was said, went up to him and begged to be allowed take the hand of the victor of Waterloo. "Don't make a mned fool of yourself," was the hero's reply.

Beginning his education at a boarding-school, Gold- in Smith eventually reached Oxford via Eton, where, he remarks in an aside, nobody was "killed or aimed at football." At Oxford he saw many famous en, who live again in these pages:

Pusey I used to see going about with sorrowful visage and wncast eyes and looking like the embodiment of his favorite crine, the irremissibility of post-baptismal sin. I heard n preach. He was undeniably learned, but by no means ical or clear. His *catenas* wanted a link. In his moral ssages, however, he was highly impressive in his ascetic y.

Manning I saw ascend the pulpit, a most imposing figure, king like an apparition of the Middle Ages; but I thought n in a tinkling cymbal, as in fact he turns out to have been. at he would never have succeeded if they would have made n a bishop was the opinion of his brother-in-law, Samuel of ford. Of Ward I happened to see a good deal, when I was ding with a Fellow of Balliol in the vacation and dined their common room. He was a first-rate dialectician, inking from no conclusion, and I fancy rather reveling in uproar which he made. His joyous avowal that clergymen the Church of England were embracing the whole cycle the Roman Doctrine brought matters to a head and forced hand of Newman, who had probably looked to remaining der in the Church of England and ultimately negotiating nion with Rome. Ward's figure was grotesque, almost Fal- ian; though very fat, he walked with a sort of skip, and e low, loose shoes which he had a trick of kicking off. as a candidate for a Fellowship of All Souls' in the s when the qualifications for election there were social, candidates were invited to dine with the Warden and lows that their social aptitude might be seen. Ward, so story ran, kicked his shoes off under the table; a rival didate pushed them away from him, and when the party : to pass from the hall into the common room, Ward ad up without his shoes. There was something laughable ut all that he said or did. As a mediavalist he advocated ical celibacy; but, to use his own expression, he had not self the gift of continence, and the ascetics of his party e taken aback by learning that between the acts of his demation for Romanism in the theatre, he had read a r from a lady to whom he was engaged. Even in his ous writing there was a friskiness which seemed to show he enjoyed the fun.

Among my notable contemporaries, besides Coddington, e Matthew Arnold and Freeman. Matthew Arnold was varily a singular contrast to his almost terribly earnest

sire. Not that he was by any means without serious purpose, especially in his province of education. His outward levity was perhaps partly a mask, possibly in some measure a recoil from his father's sternness. As we were traveling together in a railway carriage, I observed a pile of books at his side. "These," said he, with a gay air, "are Celtic books which they send me. Because I have written on Celtic literature, they fancy I must know something of the language." His ideas had been formed by a few weeks at a Welsh watering-place. He exerted, however, unquestionably an elevating and liberalizing influence on a large class of minds. He pierced the hide of Philistinism with the silvery shafts from his bow, though his idea of Philistinism may not always have been perfectly just.

After a period of travel and service on university commissions, Goldwin Smith read law for a time, but soon saw that his lack of gift of speech disqualified him for that profession. However, he went twice on circuit and gives some recollections of his experiences:

The conversation of the judges when they came home to dinner was very pleasant. Without being shoppy, it abounded in legal anecdote. The subject of the liveliest stories was Justice Maule, a name now perhaps hardly remembered outside the profession, unless it be by the humorous sentence on a penniless man convicted of bigamy which was believed to have helped in bringing about a reform of the divorce law. Maule seemed to have been a man of rather loose habits and opinions, who looked down from the height of an imperial intellect upon the crowd, genial at heart, but outwardly cynical and freely indulging his satiric vein. He hated Coventry, which, though full of interesting antiquities, must be allowed to have a somewhat mouldy look. A witness there was slow in answering. "Witness," said Maule from the bench, "you take five minutes for each answer; and you seem to forget that all the time I am at Coventry." There were probably editorial comments next morning. A case involving delicate details was being tried. Maule recommended ladies to leave the court. Some ladies, probably not understanding the recommendation, remained. As the plot thickened the examining counsel paused, looked at the ladies, and then at the judge, thinking that the warning should be repeated. "Oh," said Maule, "go on, Mr. Blank; the ladies like it, and you needn't mind me."

Being well connected, and early winning a reputation of his own, Goldwin Smith had many opportunities of meeting the most distinguished people in London in the middle of the last century:

The most interesting of my social experiences, however, were my visits to The Grange, a name familiar to all who have read the "Life of Carlyle." Lord Ashburton, of the then immensely wealthy house of Baring, was a man of intellect and culture, and by no means a social cipher, though a less important figure than his wife. Lady Ashburton was a great lady, perhaps the nearest counterpart that England could produce to the queen of a French salon before the Revolution. In person, though not beautiful, she was majestic. Her wit was of the very brightest, and dearly she loved to give it play. She had at the same time depth of character and tenderness of feeling. It was a mistake to think that she was a Mrs. Leo Hunter on a grand scale. She cared as little for reputation in itself as she did for rank or wealth. To form a circle of brilliant talkers with herself as its centre was her aim; and in this she fully succeeded. One or two appreciative listeners were also desirable, and were there. Beauty may have been a passport, at least I do not know what but the wonderful beauty of Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence, Sally Ward that had been, could have brought her and her not intellectually brilliant husband to The Grange. Everything was arranged for conversation. Breakfast was a function, and was served on round tables, each of a conversational size. The last comer always took Lady Ashburton out to dinner, that he might be thoroughly introduced into the circle.

Carlyle was always there. He was a great favorite of Lady Ashburton. His talk was like his books, but wilder; in truth, his pessimism was monotonous and sometimes wearisome, though he could not fail to say striking things, still less to use striking words. One summer evening we came out after dinner on the terrace. There was a bright moon, and for a few minutes we all looked at it in silence, each probably having his own thoughts. At last a voice was heard. "Puir auld creature." Whether the moon was an object of pity in itself, or because she was doomed to look down on human affairs, I failed to divine.

Tennyson was there. I adored the poet, and should have liked to be able to worship the man. His self-consciousness and sensitiveness to criticism were extreme. One of the party, whose name I forget, but who acted as a sort of aide-de-camp to Lady Ashburton, asked me what I thought of Tennyson. I said that it was most interesting to meet him. "But is he not very sensitive?" "Sensitive! I should think he was. If my little girl were to tell him that his whiskers were ugly, he wouldn't forget it for a month."

They asked Tennyson to read some of his own poetry aloud. This he was understood to be fond of doing. But to the general disappointment he refused. At his side was sitting Carlyle, who had been publishing his contempt of poetry. Immolating myself to the public cause, I went over to Carlyle and asked him to come for a walk in the grounds. While we were gone, the reading came off.

With neither of the two great Victorian statesmen, Disraeli and Gladstone, was Goldwin Smith wholly in sympathy. His antipathy to the former can be understood in view of the fact that Disraeli satirized Smith in "Lothair"; his lack of appreciation of the latter was more complex. Yet his sketch is eminently judicial:

If Gladstone had not, like Brougham, the vanity of versatility, he had the propensity in large measure. It is true that his amazing powers of acquisition enabled him in a way to deal with many subjects. But his writings, enormously voluminous and various, are of little value. His controversy with Huxley about Genesis displayed his weakness. His argument, in effect, was that the Creator, though unscientific, had come remarkably near the truth about his own work and had all but hit upon the Nebular Hypothesis. In his Homeric and mythological lucubrations there are some things that are interesting, but there are others so fantastic that their publication shakes one's confidence in the general wisdom of the man. He once propounded to me a Homeric theory which he was going to give to the world founded on a philological discovery which he supposed himself to have made. I felt sure that the discovery was an illusion, and tried to convince him of this, without effect. Just then his brother-in-law, Lord Lyttelton, who was a first-rate classical scholar, came into the room. He evidently saw the matter as I did, yet he allowed himself to be half talked over, and I suppose the fancy went into the print. Before the publication, Gladstone gave a Homeric dinner to half a dozen scholars, including Milman and Cornwell Lewis. The ostensible object of our meeting was to discuss Gladstone's theories. But of discussion there was very little. I suspect it was not easy for adverse truths

to find access to the great man. It was very difficult to convince him by argument; but I suspect he was more open to infusion.

There was nothing fine nor indicative of high intellect in the face except the fire of the eye. The whole frame bespoke nervous energy. Gladstone was a first-rate sleeper. At the time when he was being fiercely attacked for his secession from Palmerston's government, I was told by a common friend whom I met one evening that he was in a state of extreme excitement. I happened next morning to have business with him. He went out of the room to fetch a letter, leaving me with Mrs. Gladstone, to whom I made some remark on the trying nature of his situation. She answered that her husband came home from the most exciting of the scenes, laid his head upon the pillow, and slept like a child; that if ever he had a bad night he was good for nothing the next day, but that this very rarely happened.

As is well known, Goldwin Smith's first visit to America took place as the Civil War was drawing to a close. His mission was to convey to the North the sympathy of Bright, Cobden, and other British friends, and he also wished to gather first-hand information as to the state of affairs. He visited the Federal camp and met Lincoln at Washington:

Crossing the mud-hole between Seward's house and an official building, I presented my card and found myself in the presence of Abraham Lincoln. The notion formed of Lincoln in England had been that of a Yankee rail-splitter with an ungainly and grotesque figure, displaying an unfeeling levity by the utterance of rather coarse jokes, from which he did not abstain even among the relics of the battlefield. Ungainly and grotesque the figure, with its gaunt height, its shock of unkempt hair, and its large hands and feet, undeniably was; but on the face, instead of levity, sat melancholy and care. The little stories, in which Lincoln often wrapped up his reasonings and of which he told me one or two during our interview, were the indulgence of a Western habit and perhaps a relief of the overstrained mind; as it were, pinches of mental snuff. Lincoln since his death has been deified. He has been styled the greatest statesman of the age. The American mind is never sparing of superlatives in either extreme. He had the wisdom which happily belongs to a perfectly honest and simple character. He never was misled by cupidity, vanity, or selfishness of any kind. He had also, as the result of a naturally sympathetic nature, improved by campaign practice, a remarkable power of reading public sentiment and keeping himself in touch with what he called the plain people. His addresses and State papers are admirable; the simplicity and clearness of their style bespoke the integrity and sincerity of their author. But, as I have said, Lincoln, if he saw, never showed that he saw the fundamental character of the situation with which he had to deal. He always spoke and wrote as if he took secession to be a rebellion, whereas it was a natural severance of the slave-owning South from the free North, social structure having, as usual, asserted its ascendancy over political organization. How he would have dealt with reconstruction is a secret buried in his grave; more wisely, it may safely be assumed, than did Charles Sumner and the other fiery and revengeful politicians into whose hands, after his death, the question passed. His character, whatever his theory, would have guided him and the State aright. In resolving to dispatch supplies to Fort Sumter Lincoln may perhaps be said to have brought on war; and supreme statesmanship would hardly do that which in itself is little worth doing if tremendous consequences are to follow. But if Lincoln had any share in the failure to avert war, his responsibility is fully balanced by that of the Southern chiefs.

During these years Goldwin Smith was regius professor of modern history at Oxford, but he resigned that position in 1866 and went home to live at his father's country house. It was at this juncture that he was sought out by Andrew White and invited to join the staff of the new Cornell University:

It was on a dark November morning amidst pouring rain, that, having come by the night train from New York, I descended upon Ithaca. I was met at the Clinton House by Andrew White. After breakfast, Ezra Cornell took me out in his buggy on the hill, the site of the university that was to be. Nothing could be less cheering or promising than was then the aspect of things upon that hill. The university was represented by a single block of building, much the reverse of beautiful, and looking particularly grim on that dreary morning. But I knew that there was sun behind the cloud. That sun has since shone out with full lustre. On that hill now cluster, on and around the fair campus, the various academic buildings, and the numerous professorial residences of the great Cornell University. So rapid is the growth of American institutions. The site, a plateau looking over Lake Cayuga, is one of the finest I ever saw. Unluckily among Ezra Cornell's gifts was not architectural taste, or perhaps in arranging the group of buildings more advantage might have been taken of the excellence of the site.

The opening of the university had taken place a few days before my arrival. I have always been sorry that by those few days I missed being a pioneer. In my checkered passage through life there is no happier incident than my connection with Cornell.

I was one of a set of non-resident lecturers or professors, which included Agassiz, Lowell, George Curtis, and Bayard Taylor. Agassiz was lecturing when I arrived; we boarded together in the Clinton House, and for some weeks I enjoyed his society. Eminent as a man of science, in character and habits he was simple as a child. He never used a bank, but, as he told me, carried his money in his pocket, and when it was spent went lecturing to get more. I was amused by his attempt in one of his lectures, in deference to what he no doubt deemed a religious audience, to reconcile with geological fact the account in Genesis of a universal flood. "If there is an overflow of the Mississippi," said he, "what do we hear? We hear that the whole country is under water." He had refused to receive the Darwinian gospel of evolution. In this he was unhappy; though perhaps the account between him and Darwin may not yet be quite settled. We are living too much under the immediate influence of Darwin's mighty discovery to think of its possible limits and qualifications.

Goldwin Smith's sincere friendship for America is too well known to need illustration from this volume, but on occasion he did not hesitate to play the part of a candid friend. Thus his visits to Washington prompt the reflection: "I have always had a poor opinion of American statesmanship. In the United States the grocers are statesmen; the statesmen are grocers." Yet he had great faith in the political future of the American people, based upon his two years' residence at Cornell.

REMINISCENCES. By Goldwin Smith. Edited by Arnold Haultain. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

CHILDREN FOR EXCHANGE.

Montmartre and the Quarter Not the Whole of France.

As is well known throughout the civilized world, there are no children in France. Rousseau is admitted to be the last Frenchman who had offspring, and he was so ashamed of his deviation from the normal that he disowned the impeachment and scattered his heirs on hospital doorsteps. Since then France has had no birthrate to speak of; it is a commonplace of general information that the population is dying out.

For, of course, you can't have everything even in Pangloss's best of possible worlds. There is the Latin Quarter, and Montmartre, and the Boul. Miche., and the Moulin Rouge, and the boulevards; and the price of such things comes high. How Parisian they all are, thinks the outside world. These are the high lights of France which cast their lure over the channel and across the Atlantic, and draw the stranger within Gallic gates. He journeys gayly from the Quarter to Montmartre, revels in the frank and polished immorality of it all, rejoices in his escape from puritanism, snaps his fingers and ejaculates "Eh bien!" What a whirl of life at Montmartre, with its showy little music-halls, riotous and expensive supper-houses, startling sideshows, and all-night restaurants with their fountains of champagne at 20 francs a bottle! Polyandrous females and polygamous males hold the stage at every turn, a motley of jesters in paper caps and baby frocks. Here is your true Paris—the Paris of the boulevardier who does his business over marble tables, cements his social connections through head waiters and the lady at the pay-desk; the Paris of journalism's daily scandals, intrigues of politicians, squalid machinations of stage folk, and the hickerings of artists and writers.

But why amplify the details? Are they not familiar far and wide as the living features of gay Parée? And is it surprising that the price of such things is high? So high, indeed, that the stern sociologist is not bewildered there are no children in France, and learns without amazement that the baby-distributing Rousseau was the last of Gallic parents.

There is opportunity here for natural but misleading error. For who would believe the assertion that hardly one in ten of those seasoned rakes at Montmartre is a Parisian or even a Frenchman? This would be to destroy a fundamental principle of general information. And yet there are those who contend that the sparkling life of the boulevards is not the real Parisian life after all. They would take us into the home of the boulevardier, a tiny castle battlemented and guarded against boulevardism, and show us such a domestic piece as this: "In that tiny castle, papa, who is a famous journalist out of doors, lifts gently the curtain of the cot where the little crumple-faced, black-haired baby sleeps, looks with a great tenderness and without a shade of the Englishman's 'mauvaise honte' and says quite honestly and purely and without the smallest sense of the ludicrous: 'Mon cher, believe me, there is the best page I ever wrote.'"

So there are children in France, in Paris even, after all! Amazing! But let the stern sociologist be easy. The spirit of Rousseau is not dead. For hardly has it been secretly admitted that Gallic childhood is not quite extinct than the announcement is made that French parents want to get rid of their children. Proof beyond questioning is forthcoming at No. 36 of the Boulevard Magenta, where is displayed a sign reading: "Society of International Exchange of Children." If that is not Rousseauism over again, what is it? The boulevardier with his "best page I ever wrote" was an actor, a hypocrite, after all.

But having left Montmartre so far away as to reach the Boulevard Magenta it may be worth while to step inside at No. 36 and make a few inquiries. They will have some corrective results. It is true that the society has on its books the names of many French parents who are anxious to get rid of their children, but—astounding as it may seem—they stipulate for other children in their place! And, further, they actually want their own back again in a year at the longest.

What does it all mean? It is shock enough to learn there are children in France; it is still more disconcerting to be told that although those children are at the disposal of other parents they must be returned. Not to multiply explanations, the inwardness of this topsy-turvy situation is that there are quite a number of French parents who are seriously concerned as to the ideas of their manners and morals which are current in the outside world; they object to their entire nation being judged by French novels and plays and the white-light pleasures of Paris. Hence the "Society of International Exchange of Children." Montaigne would have given it his blessing. "I would," he said, "that a boy should be sent abroad very young, and first, so as to kill two birds with one stone, into those neighboring nations whose language is most differing from our own, and to which, if

it be not formed betimes, the tongue will grow too stiff to bend."

No doubt the French parents whose names are on the books of the society are partly moved by a desire to "bend" the tongues of the English and German children they are willing to exchange for their own, but they have a higher than a linguistic ideal. Their ambition is that their young guests may leave behind them a bundle of national prejudices and errors and carry home a stock of new and truer ideas of the country and the people among whom they have sojourned.

Although the society is but young, numerous exchanges have already taken place, and branches have been established in London and Berlin. The method of working is exceedingly simple. Thus all applicants who wish to send a boy or girl abroad are furnished with a question form to fill up, and if all the answers are satisfactory the hooks of the society are examined to find whether there is a corresponding demand. If so, the parties are placed in communication, and when the exchange is completed the boy or girl becomes a member of the new family and is treated exactly as the other children of the circle. A specimen or two from the books of the society may be cited as concrete illustrations. Here, then is a professor of the Lycée of M who desires an exchange for his daughter, aged nineteen, for four or six months. He has two other daughters aged eight and fifteen, and would take a boy or girl between fifteen and twenty. Again, a Paris real estate agent wishes to exchange his daughter, aged fifteen, for a year, and is willing to take a girl of thirteen to fifteen, who will have a girl of nine for companion.

Up to the present all the exchanges have been arranged between Germany and England, but the officials of the society contemplate including America in the sphere of their operations. When that wider field is covered, and by the time the twentieth century is drawing to a close, it may be that Rousseau will be no longer regarded as the last French father or Montmartre accepted as a microcosm of Gallic life. ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, December 7, 1910.

PUCCINI'S AMERICAN OPERA.

"The Girl of the Golden West" as Viewed by a New York Critic.

From the *Musical Courier* of New York, a journal which represents the best authority in music, the following account of the production of Puccini's new opera is presented, with some omissions of detailed description. The judgment expressed is in accord with that of critics on the daily press:

With tickets selling on Broadway for as much as \$200 per pair, at the Metropolitan Opera House last Saturday evening before a vast and representative audience Giacomo Puccini's latest work, "The Girl of the Golden West," had its first performance on any stage. As all the world knows, the libretto is founded on David Belasco's familiar drama of the same name, and was prepared for operatic use by C. Zangarini and G. Civinini.

The expectancy and excitement of New York's artistic and social elite had been stimulated for weeks by the self breeding reclamation incident to such an important event as a real premiere, and a semi-public dress rehearsal last Thursday morning sent the thousand listeners broadcast with opinions so conflicting that the general curiosity was aroused more piquantly than ever, rather than allayed or given any definite dicta to feed upon. Composer Puccini, Conductor Toscanini, and Stage Managers Gatti-Casazza and Belasco—the last named a special assistant for the new opera only—superintended the numerous and exacting rehearsals.

The Italian contingent, with all its principals and camp followers, claims a triumphant victory; the elements opposed to Milanese rule at our opera speak of a tremendous disappointment and even a downright fiasco. As a matter of fact, the Saturday performance gave no final decision regarding the ultimate fate of "The Girl of the Golden West," for no reviewer could possibly assay the applause correctly and separate it into its correct proportionate parts of well-established admiration for Puccini, habitual honor for Belasco, and renewed tribute to the lasting popularity of a drama which lies close to the hearts of the theatre-going American public. It will be Europe, after all, to which Puccini must look for a final verdict so far as the box-office success is concerned, because the exigencies of the Metropolitan season and repertory would hardly permit of a dozen performances here in a winter even if the demand for the new opera warranted a score or more of repetitions. On the other hand, the most decisive failure would hardly mean a diminution of auditors at succeeding performances following the premiere, for subscribers have obligated themselves since last spring to reserve certain seats on certain nights irrespective of the bill offered on those occasions, and therefore the numerical test could be no criterion regarding the real drawing power of "The Girl of the Golden West." The one thing that an expert listener is able to estimate

after two hearings (the dress rehearsal and the official "first performance") is the artistic and musical value of Puccini's newest opera, and such an appraisal is herewith presented in purely analytical sense and spirit. The composer of "Tosca" is the Puccini who looks out at us from the vocal and orchestral score of "The Girl of the Golden West"; for, with the exception of some sophisticated fifth's reminiscent of the third act in "Bohème," and two melodic sequences that represent unconscious borrowings from effective "Butterfly" measures, nothing else appears in this new work to identify the composer very strongly with his two earlier and most popular operas. There is, of course, the same deft and clever instrumentation, now heightened several degrees through the added harmonic daring with which all the modern orchestral writers feel that they may move since Strauss widened the boundaries of tonality and Debussy performed the same service for our former rigorous scale, with its hidebound intervals and arbitrary tone successions. No absolutely novel tone colorings or instrumental innovations appear in the score of the "Girl," and its most striking pictorial effect, the indistinct and solitary rumbling of the double basses in the famous poker scene of Act II, is practically a duplicate of the thrilling device employed by Strauss to depict the breathless suspense of "Salomé," while Jochanaan is being decapitated in the fatal cistern. A raging storm which occurs outside Minnie's hut during the avowal of Dick Johnson's love for the frontier girl is worked up in the orchestra much as similar episodes have been treated in other operatic and symphonic scores, with suggestive use of rapid and crescendoed string passages, percussive detonations in the brass, and animated, shrill voices in the woodwind. Minnie's description of her picturesque pinto gallops calls forth a realistic and rollicking echo in the orchestra, although hoof beats in partitur portraiture are as old as the well-written "Lützow's Wilde Jagd." Really impressive moments in the Puccini instrumentation are the purely lyrical phrases, the scenes between Minnie and her outlaw sweetheart, in which the composer has written music fluent, refined and of eloquent sentiment without striving for any set melodic appeal, as he did in the love strophes of "Bohème," "Butterfly," and his much earlier "Manon Lescaut."

Of "atmosphere" indigenous to the West and of "national" American traits the only examples are in the libretto. From the very rise of the curtain Puccini makes it apparent that he has not tried to get outside of himself or of his native and personal musical idiom for the sake of making "The Girl of the Golden West" American as he made "Butterfly" Japanese here and there by bizarre modulations and Eastern rhythmic inflections built on the Nippon conception of the tonal science. Puccini has been reproached for his Latinized musical version of the typically Wild West story in the "Girl," but his detractors, with the usual destructiveness of critics, fail to point out to him any constructive process whereby he could have made his tonal speech fit the plot and the dialogue more convincingly.

There was a distinct feeling of disappointment after the cheers for Puccini, Belasco, Toscanini, and Gatti-Casazza had died down, and all through the lobbies and foyers during the reception to the composer which followed the performance, unprejudiced music sharps and mere lay opera-goers got together in groups and whispered their opinion that the first attempt of a famous European composer to operatize American people and customs had been a prodigious even if polite failure. "Fiasco d'estime" would be the European way of putting it.

Nothing further could have been done by the management to give the production every chance of success. The cast, scenic accessories, lighting, mechanical effects, costuming—all were on a plane of excellence which the Metropolitan never has excelled. Toscanini conducted with scrupulous care, and one may feel assured that with the composer present at most of the rehearsals, the score revealed its full significance in every tiny detail.

Caruso sang superbly as Johnson and acted the rôle with such earnestness and fire as to surprise even his warmest admirers. Emmy Destinn, although unsuited in appearance to the lithe mountain girl, put much vim into her impersonation and sang with better vocal control and more sympathetic delivery than Metropolitan patrons usually are hlesed with from the Bohemian soprano. Pasquale Amato as Sheriff Rance won a well deserved individual triumph. There is no female chorus in "The Girl of the Golden West," and only one other woman besides Minnie. Truly an ideal opera for the prima donna!

Will the great Puccini retire his work at the end of the present season and give it a thorough revision, not to say rewriting, as he did with "Butterfly" after the historic catastrophe that marked its Italian premiere? As "The Girl of the Golden West" stands at present it is a mistake, and one that, if not mended, may harm the very high standing of the deservedly popular creator of "Tosca," "Butterfly," and "Bohème."

OLD FAVORITES.

Christmas in California.

Can this be Christmas—sweet, as May,
With drowsy sun, and dreamy air,
And new grass pointing out the way
For flowers to follow, everywhere?

Has Time grown sleepy at his post,
And let the exiled Summer back,
Or is it her regretful ghost,
Or witchcraft of the almanac?

While wandering breaths of mignonette
In at the open window come,
I send my thoughts afar, and let
Them paint your Christmas Day at home.

Glitter of ice, and glint of frost,
And sparkles in the crusted snow;
And hark! the dancing sleigh-bells tost
The faster as they fainter grow.

The creaking footsteps hurry past;
The quick breath dims the frosty air;
And down the crisp road slipping fast
Their laughing loads the cutters bear.

Penciled against the cold white sky,
Above the curling eaves of snow,
The thin blue smoke lifts lingeringly,
As loth to leave the mirth below.

For at the door a merry din
Is heard, with stamp of feathery feet,
And chattering girls come storming in,
To toast them at the roaring grate.

And then from muff and pocket peer,
And many a warm and scented nook,
Mysterious little bundles queer,
That, rustling, tempt the curious look.

Now broad upon the southern walls
The mellow'd sun's great smile appears,
And tips the rough-ringed icicles
With sparks, that grow to glittering tears.

Then, as the darkening day goes by,
The wind gets gustier without,
And leaden streaks are on the sky,
And whirls of snow are all about.

Soon firelight shadows, merry crew,
Along the darkling walls will leap
And clap their hands, as if they knew
A thousand things too good to keep.

Sweet eyes with home's contentment filled,
As in the smoldering coals they peer,
Haply some wondering pictures build
Of how I keep my Christmas here.

Before me, on the wide, warm bay,
A million azure ripples run;
Round me the sprouting palm-shoots lay
Their shining lances to the sun.

With glossy leaves that poise or swing,
The callas their white cups unfold,
And faintest chimes of odor ring
From silver bells with tongues of gold.

A languor of deliciousness
Fills all the sea-enchanted clime;
And in the blue heavens meet and kiss,
The loitering clouds of summer-time.

This fragrance of the mountain balm
From spicy Lebanon might be;
Beneath such sunshine's amber calm
Slumbered the waves of Galilee.

O wondrous gift, in goodness given,
Each hour anew our eyes to greet,
And earth so fair—so close to Heaven,
'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

And we—what bring we in return?
Only these broken lives, and lift
Them up to meet His pitying scorn.
As some poor child its foolish gift:

As some poor child on Christmas Day
Its broken toy in love might bring;
You could not break its heart and say
You cared not for the worthless thing?

Ah, word of trust, His child! That child
Who brought to earth the life divine,
Tells me the Father's pity mild
Scorns not even such a gift as mine.

I am His creature, and His air
I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;
The angel's song rings everywhere,
And all the earth is Holy Land.

—Edward Rowland Sill

"The Harvard University course in dramatic construction has already produced playwrights who have been 'acted,'" says New York Sun, and names them as Will Vaughn Moody, Percy MacKaye, and Edw. Sheldon. It is remarked that Mr. She seems to have learned more of his craft than the other two. This may perhaps be taken as an accidental recommendation of "Harvard University course in dramatic construction," for the fact is that Mr. She is the only one of the three playwrights na who received instruction in that course. The course was begun by Professor Baker years ago, after an experimental year the same course had been tried in Rad College. Mr. Moody's last year as a student at Harvard was 1894, and Mr. MacKaye not return after his graduation in 1897.

St. Louis is about to lose the distinction of being the greatest crawfish-eating center in the United States. The lovers of this fi water dainty are not to blame. They are as numerous and just as fond of crawfish fresh-water lobster as they ever were, but little dwellers in the "clay chimneys," sloughs, and the Illinois lakes are vanishing.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Hidden Water.

"This is the gate to Hidden Water, and strait is the way thereof, but within are tall trees and running water, and eagle nests undisturbed among the crags." Thus the hero, Rufus Hardy, to Lucy, the heroine of Mr. Coolidge's stirring story of the Arizona cattle country. The words may be taken as a parable, for to Hardy the way was indeed strait that led him finally to his happiness in the love of Lucy, and the straitness of that path was due to the persistent strife of the cattle and sheep men for the possession of the vast grazing areas. It is evident at every stage of the story that Mr. Coolidge knows his background intimately, and in his choice of characters he has shown notable skill. They are mainly of that bandit type which the great ranges breed, scornful of convention and lawless to an extreme, and the hero has many a bad hour in opposing to those traits a character of noble qualities. Happily he is not lacking in cool courage, and he passes through many thrilling adventures to that quiet haven which he deserved. There are four illustrations in color which by their spirit and open-air atmosphere contribute greatly to the enjoyment of the story.

HIDDEN WATER. By Dane Coolidge. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.: \$1.35 net.

Wind Along the Waste.

"I had been engaged for months to a man of milk and water, a man whose idea of right was the conventional 'don'ts' of his world; a man who only sighed when I snubbed him, who seemed ashamed when he let himself go, ever, and showed a little manly passion. I sometimes felt I could have screamed; I wanted to do something—anything to rouse him." Thus the heroine. It is her apology for becoming the slave, body and soul, of a thief, a fierce brute, coarse and common, who ate with his knife, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and used most horrible oaths. This is "wind along the waste" in more than Omar's sense, and is described by Maud Annesley with much gusto and vitality. It will be seen, then, that the story is a study in the primitive instincts of woman, with the usual reversion at the end. For Gonda, the artist, who lives this dual life—none of her literary or artistic friends having any knowledge of her slavery—is not so wholly lost to finer things that she is proof against a purer type of love. From her reversion, however, the tragedy of the story is developed, which is, perhaps, the only ending possible for a woman of her temperament. For revelation would have had to come, and that would have meant the end of all love in the man to whom she turned for rescue from her degrading life.

WIND ALONG THE WASTE. By Maud Annesley. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Heroic Spain.

Spain is having a prolonged innings among the fall books of the present year, for this volume is at least the sixth to sound the praises of that country. That it is laudatory in its tone is a tribute to the inherent attractions of the land and its people; when Miss O'Reilly set out on her travels it was without the "slightest intention of liking or praising." But at the end of her eight months' tour, during which she had visited some twenty-five cathedral cities, she came to the conclusion that Spain has many lessons to teach in mystic spirituality, unpretentious charity, and heroic endurance. Something of this altered feeling may be due to the gentle courtesy of the Spaniards. "In the afterglow we walked back to Oviedo. Along the way the returning country people greeted us with ease and dignity: 'Vaya Usted con Dios,' the beautiful salutation, 'Go thou with God,' heard from one end of the land to the other. The hegger gives you thanks with it, the shopman dismisses you, the friend takes farewell, but its pleasantest sound is in the country, heard from the lips of the clear-eyed peasants passing in the evening light." Apparently there was just one drawback to the tour, and that was the unattractiveness of Madrid. Miss O'Reilly is willing to admit that if one lived in Madrid and had a full and active social life, it might be possible to like it, but "taken as a whole, for the sightseer Madrid is just a weariness of the spirit." Throughout the book is written in a sympathetic spirit, and its many chapters are liberally illustrated from excellent photographs.

HEROIC SPAIN. By E. Boyle O'Reilly. New York: Duffield & Co.: \$2.50 net.

Leading American Men of Science.

Seventeen brief biographies are given in the present volume, all written by men of scientific attainments. In several cases, too, the authors have had the advantage of personal knowledge of the men about whom they write. The subjects include Count Rumford, Alexander Wilson, John J. Audubon, Louis Agassiz, Asa Gray, and O. C. Marsh. All phases of science are represented, the biographies including the lives of four physicists, three zoologists, two geologists, and single representatives of students of astronomy,

botany, chemistry, etc. In the main the chapters are well written, businesslike, full of biographical detail, but naturally place most emphasis upon the scientific achievements of their subjects. In the mass they form an admirable survey of the scientific record of America for a century, and constitute a volume of varied interest. In his general introduction David Starr Jordan makes the hasty statement that the achievements of science constitute "the only permanent wealth of nations." And yet a little later he argues that Darwin's confession of partial atrophy was "individual." If Mr. Jordan is a representative of men of science Darwin's atrophy seems common to all his fellow-laborers, for it is atrophy of the worst type to ignore the creations of literature and art when noting the assets in the "permanent wealth of nations."

LEADING AMERICAN MEN OF SCIENCE. Edited by David Starr Jordan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.: \$1.75 net.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

During the fourteen years which have elapsed since Professor Sloane's monumental study of Napoleon appeared serially in the Century great additions have been made to the literature of the subject, so that today there are some two hundred thousand volumes relating to the emperor and his times. As there is probably little more of any consequence to be added to our knowledge, the present is an eminently suitable time for the revision of a work which stands in the front rank of Napoleonic literature. Hence this handsome library edition of Professor Sloane's masterly study, which makes adequate use of the new material and represents a lengthening of the original narrative by about one-tenth. As befits a library edition, too, the illustrations in the present edition are confined to portraits and maps. For the rest the well-known features of the work remain as they were. There is, it will be remembered, a copious bibliography, while the index is a model for the thorough and exhaustive manner in which it facilitates reference to any of the four volumes.

Notwithstanding the additions to our knowledge, Professor Sloane has not been required to qualify his estimate of Napoleon's character. His answer to the question why he became so notable a power in the world still holds good: "He was the typical man of his day, less the personal mediocrity; the typical hurgier in personal character, the typical soldier in war, the typical despot in peace, the typical idealist in politics; capable in all these qualities of analysis; capable, consequently, of being understood; capable of exhaustion and of being overwhelmed by combinations."

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By William Milligan Sloane. Revised and enlarged. New York: The Century Company; 4 vols.; \$10 net.

Woman in Italy.

Chivalry rather than Christianity is credited by Mr. Boulting with the beginning in Italy of the idealization of woman. It was in Provence that the chivalrous love of woman took its rise, to be transferred to Italy, where women had so long been held in bondage. According to the church, it was doubtful, in the sixth century, whether woman had a soul. Eunuchs were substituted for her in the choir, and she was often herded with lepers at as great a distance from the altar as possible. How came the change? In answering that question Mr. Boulter describes the gradual amelioration wrought during the period of the Renaissance, a time which, in his opinion, is far from meriting the unqualified censure it has received. He has gathered his materials from out-of-the-way sources, from registers of Italian life from the time of Dante downward, and has produced a book of marked interest and value for all concerned in social evolution. At times, it must be admitted, Mr. Boulting's evidence clashes with his theory, for the cumulative effect of his various incidents from biography, documents of social life, and the like, is somewhat oppressive. His sketch of the courtesan is an admirable supplement to Lecky's well-known study of that pathetic figure, and is relieved by many anecdotes. Thus he tells of a Roman damsel of the class who, when asked who was the father of her child, traced on the sand the cogent letters, "S. P. Q. R."

WOMAN IN ITALY. By William Boulting. New York: Brentano's; \$4 net.

Three Modern Seers.

Four of Mrs. Ellis's six chapters are devoted to James Hinton, that philosophic mystic who once said: "Christ was the Savior of men, but I am the savior of women, and I don't envy him a bit." Mrs. Ellis is most concerned to put Hinton's erratic teaching in what she thinks its true light, and to show above all that it is less justice to associate his name with dangerous problems in sex matters. Hinton, she protests, never wished to get rid of monogamy. "He knew, well enough, it would be time to talk about getting rid of monogamy when we have got it, not as a lip morality, but as an actual fact. Most of us want monogamy, but a few of us

do not want the sham thing any more. Many good people mistake this demand for a real monogamy in place of legalized license as a plea for excess and laxity, the two deadliest and dullest things in all the world." In another place Mrs. Ellis writes: "According to Hinton, woman must be literally worshiped in spirit before the bodily enjoyment can be true to service. Their body is the precious instrument for producing the best results for the race. Our sweet, natural wants are nature's harmonies, but our excessive, stimulated needs are our own, and are often discords. Hunger is a natural need; gluttony an unnatural excess of the need." The other two seers whose teaching is outlined by Mrs. Ellis are Nietzsche and Edward Carpenter, the latter being described as the forerunner not only of a robust and sane democracy, but of a sincere spirituality.

THREE MODERN SEERS. By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

M. A. Husband's "Dictionary of the Waverley Novels" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net) should be added to the library of all lovers of Scott. It gives an alphabetical list of no fewer than 2836 characters, a total greater than can be placed to the credit of any other novelist. The table of the novels provides a brief but admirable summary of each story.

"Ways and Days Out of London" (The Baker & Taylor Company; \$2.50 net), by Aida Rodman De Milt, is a sympathetic account of visits to Ascot, Kew, Ely, Stoke Poges, Colchester, Canterbury, and other places noted for their historic or literary associations. The narrative is brightly written, informing, and fully illustrated from photographs.

"State Socialism in New Zealand" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50 net) is an interesting survey by James E. Le Rossignol and William D. Stewart of those phases of state activity in New Zealand which have arrested world-wide attention. The various chapters describe the experiments made in land tenure and monopoly, in railroads, the public debt, state life and fire insurance, and old age pensions. The authors conclude that what the British colonies in the Pacific need is "not more socialistic legislation, but an alliance with the United States."

To the question asked in her title, "Is Mankind Advancing?" (the Baker & Taylor Company; \$2 net) Mrs. John Martin returns a negative answer. Her contention is that progress consists in the improvement of the human species and not in the accumulation of more things or facts, and, judged by that test, she believes the human race has not progressed since the downfall of the Greeks some two thousand years ago. However, she has great hopes from the science of eugenics and thinks conditions will be improved when women are diverted from outside industry and retire once more to the home.

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The Old North Trail.

On becoming acquainted with the Blackfeet Indians some fourteen years ago Mr. McClintock speedily realized that unless something was quickly done many rich treasures of folklore, religious beliefs, and quaint ceremonials would die out with the older generations and he lost to knowledge. Hence his resolve to make his home among them for a time, and he was fortunate in being adopted by a chief as his son. This gave him unique facilities for learning many things about the Indians usually hidden from their white visitors, and as a result Mr. McClintock is able to add to Indian literature a book of remarkable value. It gives a striking picture of the nomadic life of the Blackfeet, takes the reader on many thrilling hunting expeditions, and records a wealth of fascinating information as to sun-dances, medicine ceremonials, marriage customs, and other esoteric aspects of Indian life. The book, too, is notable for its many folk-tales. With regard to the future Mr. McClintock writes: "Under the passing of the old conditions and the coming in of the new policy, the younger generation of Blackfeet is already responding, and manifesting a capacity for improvement. They are becoming the owners of real estate, and are developing thrift and an ability to provide for the future. A visitor today in the Blackfeet country, unless he should happen to come at a time when they have quit work and have assembled for a few days' recreation in their tribal camp, would not know that he was among Indians. He would now see a marked advance towards civilized conditions." The book is generously illustrated from photographs.

THE OLD NORTH TRAIL. By Walter McClintock. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Whitelaw Reid, in fulfilling an engagement at Nottingham, England, by an address on Byron in support of the project for the establishment of a Byron memorial chair of English literature in the local university, declared that if the young men to be taught from that chair were lifted at all to the heights which Byron trod with ease there would be a new birth of letters and a new inspiration for the high cause of human rights all round the world. When all the sparkling froth and dull noisome sediment had been rejected, they would be able to hold up for admiration and instruction a body of noble English verse, hardly surpassed, perhaps hardly equaled, in the whole century whose dawn Byron illuminated.

Margaret Deland explains why she is opposed to divorce, which is treated incidentally in her latest story, "The Way to Peace." She says: "The reason I am opposed to divorce is that I believe the individual does not marry for himself, but for the community. The right of the individual to happiness ceases if exercising that right brings unhappiness to the community."

One of the distinguishing features of the new ten-volume edition of Wordsworth's complete poetical works announced by Houghton Mifflin Company will be a series of remarkable photogravures of the Wordsworth country. This is in harmony with John Burroughs's prefatory essay, which notes: "One can hardly appreciate the extent to which Wordsworth has observed and reproduced the spirit of Westmoreland scenery until he has visited that region."

By the publication of the volume entitled "The Latest Age" there has been brought to completion that monumental Cambridge Modern History to the planning of which Lord Acton gave so much thought. The twelve volumes give a masterly survey of the progress of the world during the last four centuries.

Seventy-six of the best lyric poems of Castilian literature are to be included in "Las Mejores Poesias Liricas de la Lengua Castellana," which Professor E. C. Hills of Colorado College has edited for Henry Holt & Co.

What influence the research of science and the new theories of theology have had on the efforts of the church to convert the heathen will be discussed by Dr. William Carver in his "Missions and Modern Thought," which the Macmillans will issue shortly. Dr. Carver does not take it for granted that modern thought is always right and that what is not modern must in every case give place to what is new or adjust itself to it. He holds that the adjustment may often have to be made from the other side.

In the letters of Edward Trelawny, the publication of which has been delayed for so many years, there is a vivid account of the writer's preparations for the cremation by the shores of the Mediterranean of the drowned body of Shelley. Byron and Leigh Hunt watched Trelawny from a carriage. "I made my preparations—by ordering a machine of iron five feet long, two broad, with a proportionate rim entirely round it supported by two of two feet high—to burn the body in—

and to receive the ashes. I gave directions for two boxes of a foot and a half in length with proportionate breadth and depth to be covered with black velvet and fastened with screws—a plate of brass attached on the top with a Latin inscription simply stating their loss by shipwreck, age, country, etc. I then procured incense, honey, wine, salt, and sugar to burn with the body, and everything being in readiness I sailed in the *Belovar*, Lord Byron's yacht."

Sakajawea, the "Bird-woman" who led Lewis and Clark through the Rocky Mountains in 1804-5, and has three monuments to her memory, two of which are in State capitals, has found a sympathetic biographer in "The Bird-Woman," a recent publication of Silver, Burdett & Co.

Under the title of "The Blood of the Arena," A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish next year a translation by Frances Douglas of Señor Vicente Blasco Ibanez's great story of bull-fighting in Spain. Another volume to come from the same publishers in the spring will be "The Physiology of Faith and Fear," in which Dr. William S. Sadler will deal with a practically new branch of hygiene, the application to sane living of physiological psychology.

Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urvilles" is reported as having the largest sale of the Wessex novels in the United States.

Mrs. Meynell, who has a sure judgment in poetic matters, affirms that in Christina Rossetti's "The Convent Threshold" there is more passion than in any other poem written by a woman. "In this respect Christina Rossetti surpasses Elizabeth Barrett Browning, abundant as was the earlier poet, and few and reluctant as are here the words of the later."

Max Nordau compliments Israel Zangwill on his recent book in this fashion: "Your 'go' at Pragmatism (the most preposterously stupid invention of American haledom) was particularly gratifying to me."

Contemporary efforts in this country and England to found societies for fostering a love of poetry recalls the fact that a similar attempt was made in France in the sixteenth century. Five young men, attending a college in Paris, all of good family and from homes of culture, deliberately handed themselves into a society to refashion the poetry of their country and reform its literature. They called themselves the Pleiade.

To a correspondent who sought permission to write his biography George B. Shaw replied: "Don't! A life of me, if true, would be unfit for publication. If false, it would be a drug in a market already overstocked with lies. On the whole, though I discouraged your recent resolution to devote your life to doing good, I do not see that you need rush so violently into the opposite extreme as to turn biographer."

New Books Received.

FICTION.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF THE FREDERIC CARROLLS. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Beginning where most novels leave off, that is, at marriage, this story traces in a compelling manner the successive stages of the life of an attractive couple in their relations to each other and to the world.

THE VICAR OF THE MARCHES. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A romance of medieval Italy, opening with the abduction of the hero when a child, and proceeding to many stirring events.

THE SINGING MOUSE STORIES. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Well described as belonging to the category of "Reveries of a Bachelor," these delicate fancies will appeal to all who have a wistful interest in the past years of their lives.

JUVENILE.

A LITTLE MAID OF BOSTON TOWN. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

An unusually attractive story of early patriotism which opens in old Boston but is most concerned with colonial life in the Boston of New England. There are admirable illustrations.

THE YOUNG GUIDE. By Clarence B. Furlough. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

Of special appeal to those boys who are fond of open-air life, this story relates the adventures of two lads in the famous woods of Maine and depicts many exciting hunting episodes, etc.

NORSE FAIRY TALES. Selected and adapted from the translations by Sir George Wehhe Dasent. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Adapted specially for young readers by the pruning of expressions unfit for childish lips. Fully and admirably illustrated.

COOKERY FOR LITTLE GIRLS. By Olive Hyde Foster. New York: Duffield & Co.; 75 cents net.

Designed to assist mothers in training their small daughters in the art of cookery. An admirable little manual, with many illustrations.

DICK RANDALL. By Ellery H. Clark. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

A story for boys full of athletics, high jumps, and other feats of skill and strength.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. FORESTERS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

An addition to the "U. S. Service" series,

setting forth in a delightful manner the life of a typical boy amid forest environment. Many illustrations from excellent photographs.

SUNSHINE ANNIE. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

A winning story of a merry and bright little girl.

THE LIVE DOLLS' PARTY DAYS. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

Another delightful story of Mrs. Gates's favorite live dolls.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HEROES OF THE POLAR SEAS. By J. Kennedy Maclean. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A record of exploration in the Arctic and Antarctic seas, with illustrations by W. H. C. Groome.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SHIP. By E. Koble Chatterton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

Tells the story of the origin and evolution of the ship. The book is based on wide research and practical experience of the sea.

THE SECRETS OF THE VATICAN. By Douglas Sladen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50 net.

A popular edition of the only book in English giving a full account of the Pope and his court and government.

NEW YORK. By Alvin Langdon Coburn. With a foreword by H. G. Wells. New York: Brentano's.

Twenty impressionistic photographs in the best style of camera art depicting as many aspects of "the hard, clear vigor of New York, that valiant city which even more than Venice rides out upon the sea."

A PAINTER'S PROGRESS. By Will H. Low. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Entertaining lectures in which Mr. Low describes his own life in a manner calculated to be of great instructive value to all contemplating an artistic career.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN INDIVIDUALISM AND COLLECTIVISM IN A DEMOCRACY. By Charles W. Eliot. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 90 cents net.

Three suggestive lectures which reach the conclusion that the development of collectivism has "been constructive, not destructive."

THE POEMS OF EUGENE FIELD. Complete edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

A definitive edition prepared in answer to the growing demand for Field's work.

THE MYSTERY OF GOLF. By Arnold Haultain. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net.

A second and revised and enlarged edition of a book which is eminently successful in giving a "psychological analysis" of the great game.

IN AFRICA. By John T. McCutcheon. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A collection of African stories that "has no pretentious purpose. It is merely the record of a most delightful hunting trip." There are numerous admirable photographs and cartoons by the author.

LIFE OF HIRAM PAULSON. By Rebecca Paulding Meade. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50 net.

A pleasantly written account of the eventful life of an American naval hero from the pen of his daughter.

IS MANKIND ADVANCING? By Mrs. John Martin. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$2 net.

A discussion which looks forward to the time when man through selective parentage may "move toward vistas of indescribable expansion."

THE OLD TESTAMENT NARRATIVE. By Alfred D. Sheffield. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

An attempt to arrange the narratives of the Old Testament at their best advantage as a connected whole.

ANCIENT ENGLISH CHRISTMAS CAROLS. Collected and arranged by Edith Rickert. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$3.25 net.

An addition to the quaint Medieval Library with appropriate illustrations.

CORRECT PRINCIPLES OF CLASSICAL SINGING. By Max Heinrich. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50 net.

Essays on how to choose a teacher, the various

matters involved in the art of singing, and an interpretation of Handel's "Messiah."

AN OBERLAND CHALET. By Edith Elmer Wood. New York: Wessels & Bissell Company; \$2 net. Impressions of life in Switzerland notable for their unusual point of view.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By Wilhelm Ostwald. Translated by Thomas Seltzer. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1 net.

An admirable résumé of modern natural philosophy as opposed to the old academic philosophy.

A MODERN REVOLT FROM ROME. By John Berkeley. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham; \$1.35 net.

A novel with a purpose dealing with the influence of the Roman Catholic faith.

THE GOLDEN ROAD. By Frank Waller Allen. New York: Wessels & Bissell Company; \$1.50 net.

A romance full of color and in praise of the open air. There are many dainty illustrations.

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"POLLY OF THE CIRCUS" AGAIN.

By George L. Shoals.

Dramatic critics, who go to the theatre for wages, seldom see a play more than once, but the people, fortunately, who go for entertainment, are not so sordid. Perhaps it would be a good thing if some of the more pedantic critics occasionally gave a little of their time to second visits for study of the audience, the great mass of whom know nothing and care less about the technic of the dramatist and the required inevitableness of the perfect play. A considerable amount of emotional testimony, and of value, might be gathered in this way to sustain the case of the people against unpopular productions.

There are many who have seen "Polly of the Circus" for the second time during the present engagement of the company at the Columbia Theatre, for the play was offered here a year and a half ago, and left an agreeable impression. It is by no means a great play, but it makes use of some fresh material, it tells a romantic story with little affectation, and it certainly adds to the sum of human happiness. Even those who insist on ethical purpose in their drama—the hitters in their drink—may find a few lines of vigorous preaching in this unpretentious love story of the stage, and three or four indications of a moral, but it is not intended primarily as a leading-rein or a spur for those who seek that which will make them think.

One of the auditors Monday evening was a bright boy of eight or ten years, and the man who sat next to him, though a stranger to the boy, looked at him with interest. "He will enjoy the circus scene," said the man to himself. "When the ponies come out, and the circus rider goes around the ring standing erect on the big hatched horse, it will be worth while to watch his eyes." But the boy was all attention from the beginning. And in the first act, when Uncle Toby had told the story of Polly, and turned sadly away after a moment's longing hesitation at the foot of the stairs, the boy gave a little sob which told that he shared the grief of the old clown. But the boy was not the only one who found a happy sorrow in the scene. "Polly of the Circus" is not another "Peter Pan," though possibly its effect on youthful minds is quite as healthful as the theatrical presentation of Barrie's charming fantasy, and the attitude and appreciation of the boy are mentioned only as an indication of the key in which it is written. In spite of cherished disdain for the Young Person in the audience, a play may very easily have worse faults than a June garden fragrance that is delightful to young as well as to old. John Findlay played Uncle Toby when the piece came the first time, and though the part is now in the hands of a much less effective actor it carries its sympathetic message safely.

Here, however, is one of the disadvantages of second and later visits to the ordinary play. Inevitable changes in the cast make for disillusion and a revision of judgment. Had "The Witching Hour" come to San Francisco without John Mason, there would have been widely divergent opinions concerning the value of the play. The second company, important enough to be presented at the Lincoln Square Theatre in New York, and at other Eastern playhouses, put the drama on another plane, and actually destroyed its force. John Mason's part was played by Howard Gould, an actor who thought he must bring out the occult significance of a display of human will-power. He preached, he did not act. And at least one in the audience, who had eagerly grasped an opportunity to see again what he thought the greatest play of the time, began at once to lament the loss of something more valuable than two hours of pleasure. Ethel Barrymore made a success of Pinero's "Mid-Channel" in America, though the drama had failed in England. The play is the thing, but you can not have the play without actors.

And this brings us back to Polly. When Ida St. Leon came the first time in this Mahel Taliaferro part, her success was immediate. She was artistically artless. It was not easy to accept her work as that of a novice. But it is not difficult now to find what was not apparent then. In her first months as Polly, the part was the great thing with Miss St. Leon. It seemed, even to her, that there was something mysteriously wonderful in her power to please as the heroine. But it was not really mysterious,

though it was certainly remarkable. She lived the part. It was greater than she, and she strove unceasingly to reach up to its possibilities. She knew what those possibilities were, because she had seen a gifted and trained actress in the rôle, had watched her night after night "from the wings," and had actually learned the lines by hearing them spoken. Her presentment was not altogether imitative, even with this. She could be herself much of the time, for the circus life and its duties and compensations were to her an open book.

But the circus rider is, insensibly to herself, changing into the actress. She is becoming conscious of her movements, her speech. She has less of unstudied grace, her laugh is not so infectiously joyous. It is said that she is ambitious to play another part, to prove that she can act. The desire is laudable, but its effect will be disastrous if it persuades her to consider her present opportunity unworthy. In the second act of "Polly" there are for her two especially moving situations. Strange to say, she plays the lighter scene with a distinct loss of freedom and happiness, while in the stronger, more emotional scene, she is still notably effective, even if she has not gained clearness and force with experience. There is still room for development in this part.

Willard Robertson makes a boyish minister, but he carries his scenes fairly well. He is particularly youthful in his immediate surrender to the charm of the injured circus-rider, and in his passion of resentment when the pious deacon objects to her presence. Mart E. Heiser as Big Jim, the canvasser, and Charles Warren as the circus proprietor give definite characterizations, but as a whole the company is not as strong as the one that presented the play last year.

"Polly of the Circus" may not come again soon. Possibly it will fall to the uses of stock companies, which study a play in odd snatches for a week, rehearse it hurriedly, then go through it in public during another week while their minds are on the succeeding object of examination. Even in such hands it will not be entirely worthless. The story is told in the lines, and that is something. In an earlier day the most distinguished of American dramatic critics said of a production: "Mr. Woodruff sang a pretty song. There was no acting." And even when "Polly of the Circus" is not acted, merely rehearsed, it will not lose all of its sunshine and sentimental charm. Some of the old-fashioned sort, as well as the ingenious boy who gave his tribute of sympathy to the devotion of the old clown, will wish that all the promises of entertainment at the theatre might be sure to hold as much of pure delight as does this Margaret Mayo comedy of circus life.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The last performances of Henry W. Savage's "Madame X" will take place at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday evening Jefferson de Angelis, in the De Koven and Herbert musical comedy success, "The Beauty Spot," will follow for an engagement limited to eight nights, with a special Christmas matinee Monday. During the seven months' run of the piece at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, it was noted for its artistic effects, and although the piece has a list of principals that makes it distinguished, it also has a chorus that made Herald Square the "beauty spot" of Broadway. Mr. de Angelis resumes his tour in "The Beauty Spot" after an interruption which was caused by his engagement to head the all-star cast of "The Mikado" at the Casino during the summer months, and with the prestige achieved by his support of a cast which included Fritz Scheff, Christie McDonald, Andrew Mack, Mme. Jacoby, William Pruette, San Francisco's Arthur Cunningham, and important others. "The Beauty Spot" is built around a smirking diplomat in Paris who has married an ex-model and is free and easy in all kinds of feminine society. Joseph W. Herbert claims credit for the libretto. Reginald De Koven's musical numbers are hountful and all of them bright. The cast includes such well-known artists as George J. MacFarlane, Viola Gillette, Florence Martin, Joseph Fay, Charles W. Meyer, Inez Dean, Arvid Paulson, Ida Vantine, and sixty others.

"The Dollar Princess," Charles Frohman's delightful musical comedy success, had the pleasant distinction last year of running in the six largest cities in the world simultaneously. At the same time that the piece was playing at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York, the charming operetta was also being presented in Paris, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Vienna. Through its music and dancing, its refined merriment and consistency of plot, it has a universal appeal which made it equally successful in all of these cities, and it has pleased just as much in all of the American cities where it appeared this season. San Francisco theatre-goers will have an opportunity of showing their appreciation for the piece comes to the Columbia Theatre next Monday, Decem-

ber 26, for a limited engagement. The company presenting the musical comedy is the most pretentious sent across the continent for a long time. Among the principals in the cast are Daphne Glennie, who was brought from the London production by Charles Frohman, John L. Kearney, Will C. Mandeville, Fred Lennox, Franklin Farnum, Eileen Clafford, Barbara Babington, and others. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday. The Wednesday matinees at popular prices.

The Orpheum Road Show, which is always regarded as the great vaudeville event of the year, and which pays us a visit every Christmas, will open on this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum. As usual, it is under the direction of Martin Beck, who this season has if possible surpassed all his previous efforts, the result being a programme which includes a number of the most famous artists in the Old and New Worlds. The twin brothers Rigolotto, Charles and Henry, who are considered the most versatile artists in the world, have been induced to cross the Atlantic and will make their first appearance in this city. Their performance is divided into eight parts, each entirely distinct and excellent. They excel as instrumentalists, as jugglers, as Chinese magicians, as mimics, as illusionists, in plastic poses, as acrobats, and as aerial gymnasts. The hewitching La Pia, appropriately styled "The Enchantress," comes direct from the Palace Theatre, London. The coming programme will be the means of introducing her to American audiences. As a fantastic dancer, La Pia, who is a girl of extraordinary beauty of face and figure, is unexcelled. She appears in four varied dances, each with elaborate scenery, the effect of which is enhanced by electric and cinematographic effects. Her most splendid effort is her final dance. The stage seems transformed into a raging sea and the breakers roll thunderingly against the shore. In the midst of the waves "La Pia" suddenly appears, stricken with terror and endeavoring to fight her way to safety. She is tossed to and fro by the waves and finally swallowed up by the angry sea. Howard, Scotland's premier ventriloquist and the most famous of his ilk in Europe, will be another new face. His keen sense of humor contributes greatly to the enjoyment of his act. Mae Melville and Robert Higgins, eccentric singing and chattering comedians, will indulge in a novel skit called "Just a Little Fun." Their popularity in this city will insure them a welcome. Charles Leonard Fletcher, supported by Louise Christie, William Stafford, Lew Gordon, Malcolm Blevins, and Thomas Boyd, will be seen in a comedy of interest entitled "His Nerve," which was originally produced with great success at a Lambs' Club gambol. Mr. Fletcher has appeared in no less than seventy different rôles at various times, but the rôle of a gentleman hurglar in this little drama is said to be more suited to his talent than anything he has previously attempted. The Quigley Brothers, original singing and dancing comedians of national reputation, Wellington Cross and Lois Josephine, a talented couple in a clever and amusing skit called "Dying to Act," and Joe Jackson, the European vagabond, will complete a programme which reaches the highest standard of vaudeville.

The Commercial Travelers will be out in full force at the Columbia Theatre next Tuesday night, on the occasion of their big annual theatre party. The men of the grip are promised a hunch of "excess" in the matter of clever comedy, delightful music, and pretty girls when they attend the performance of "The Dollar Princess." Their annual theatre parties are merry affairs, and this year offering an especially attractive performance the night should be a grand success.

Mary Mannering, one of America's foremost and popular stars, will begin an engagement limited to one week at the Savoy Theatre, commencing Monday evening, January 2, in "A Man's World," in which she is given a wide opportunity to display her ability and versatility.

The two oldest theatres in America are the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia and the Savannah Theatre in Savannah, Georgia. In New York the process of weeding out the old theatres has gone on rather slowly, but it has gone on none the less, and within five years the Madison Square, the Manhattan, the Princess, the Star, and Koster & Bial's have been given up.

May Buckley heads the cast in Henry W. Savage's production of Monckton Hoffe's new drama of Bohemia, "The Little Damsel," at the Comedy Theatre, New York.

Florence Roberts will tour in a production of "The Nigger," Edward Sheldon's race problem play from the New Theatre, New York.

Your buffet will need dressing for the holidays. Fill the decanters and bottles with the fine old Ports, Sherries and other choice California wines produced by the Italian-Swiss Colony. All grocers can supply you.

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BROTHERS RIGOLETTO, in their remarkable display of versatility and strength; LA PIA, "The Enchantress"; HOWARD, Scotland's premier ventriloquist; MELVILLE and HIGGINS; CHARLES LEONARD FLETCHER and Company, in the comedy, "His Nerve"; CROSS and JOSEPHINE, in "Dying to Act"; QUIGLEY BROTHERS, Singing and Dancing Comedians; New Orpheum Motion Pictures; JOE JACKSON, "The European Vagabond." Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C 1570.

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"THE BEAUTY SPOT"

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Monday night, Jan. 2—Mary Mannering in
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Great programme, including "Shadow Dance" (Dinorah), "Mad Scene" (Hamlet), "Mad Scene" (Lucia).

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Box office Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Monday after 10 at Dreamland. Phone West 5528.

1500 seats in Balcony at \$1.00.

Hardman Piano used.

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"The true successor of Scalchi"

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THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

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VANITY FAIR.

Paris was proud of the hobble until it became an object of ridicule, and then the invention of the monstrosity was denied and imputed to America. But the real culprit is still further afield. Listen to the Baroness Mitsui of Japan: "Your American styles are all steals, downright pilferings from the ideas of the skillful needlewomen of Japan. It is quite true that we Japanese have much to learn from Americans and Europeans, but there is one thing we can teach your women anyway, and that's how to dress. Not a season passes that added proof is not furnished this statement. The world is as much dependent upon Japan for its fashions as upon Paris. French dressmakers noted for their originality would starve to death were it not for the ideas sent them from the land of the Mikado. A striking proof of this is the birth of the hobble skirt. Why, the hobble skirt is half a century old in Japan. We women have worn dresses wrapped tightly at the knees for years, yet almost a duplicate of our costume is handed to the world as new." So Paris and America are both purged of the offense, but it is surely a surprise to find any one glorying in the hobble. Most of the wearers of the circumscribed garment look as though they would hail the day when it was worn out.

A medical journal wants to know on what ground the great bulk of the tobacco sold today is scented. Foreign flavors, it asserts, are present sometimes in nauseating excess, and the fragrance of pure, honest tobacco is, to most smokers, a mere memory. We are quite prepared to be told that the public likes, or even prefers, a scented tobacco, and, therefore, the trade must be ready to meet the peculiarities of its customers. If that is the case, the palate of the public, for some reason or other, must have gone astray, which is a pity, since a vitiated taste quickly invites had trade practices. It is pretty certain, at any rate, that if the real demand of the smoker is in favor of a highly scented tobacco, it matters very little what the quality of the tobacco is. The matter is one of some importance, because a consideration of it naturally suggests the possibility of foreign materials in tobacco which may give additional risks to the smoking habit.

Who would have thought there is any connection between the old Doges of Venice and New York's New Year saturnalia? It required the eye of genius to see the association, especially in the way Israel Zangwill links up the relation. The riotous days of the gay old Doges in the city of the sea suggest to the Ghetto historian this pungent reflection:

"America, shorn of monarchy and feudalism and rank, and all that the friends of man screamed against, divides with Russia the hegemony of hotels and outdoes the worst extravagances and debaucheries of the Renaissance. Where in the Cinquecento a few despots and 'humanists' wallowed in lust and luxury, we have now ten thousand private tyrants and loose-livers, restrained hardly by the penal law. The deeds of the Cenci or the Baglioni must be done in a glass house in the fierce light that beats upon local greatness. The ruffians of the Renaissance had no such free field for vagaries and vices as the vagrom son of a millionaire enjoys in this modern world, where property in growing fluid has become dissolved from duty: where in every pleasure-city palaces invite and women allure and slaves grovel; where every port swarms with white-winged yachts to bear his indolent irresponsibility to glamorous shores; where in a million halls of light his world-strewn flunkies proffer unseasonable food cooked by unsurpassed artists, and rare champagnes, oscillated for months in a strange daily ritual by troops of underground elves.

"They tell us that this New Year's Eve in New York alone some three million pounds were spent in suppers in the flaring restaurants, where between eleven and twelve o'clock only champagne could be served. Such is the New Era ushered in by the New World—the Era of Champagne. For this the Red Indian was uprooted and the wilderness tamed. For this Washington lived and Lincoln died. By the flood of champagne all standards of life and letters are swept away, save the one standard of financial success, save the ability to dine in that wonderful culinary cathedral wherein a dim irreligious light as of a submarine world of faery, to a melting liturgical music, a fashionable congregation follows with absorbing zeal the lengthy order of service. What an Agapemone!"

But Mr. Zangwill should not overlook Charles Frohman, and A. L. Erlanger, and David Belasco, and other of those numerous New Yorkers who are doing their best to live the simple food life. These belong to the noble band who are rebelling against the domain of the overworked American stomach, following the lead of the estimable Horace Fletcher, who says he is sixty-one by the almanac, but only thirty-five in reality. And New York is not all America. There are other places which ought to blunt the satire

of Mr. Zangwill's pen. Experts are agreed that in the Western centres people are more moderate and intelligent eaters than in the East. Chicago is more abstemious than New York, as also are Pittsburg and Cincinnati. In the South, too, while the pleasures of the table are not ignored, eating is done in a more leisurely manner and the bulk consumed is smaller. On the other hand, even one of Wall Street's most successful brokers is cited as a convert to moderation. "I drink a pint of hot water first thing in the morning," he says. "Then I ride for half an hour in the park. At half-past nine I come back for a shower bath and then eat one egg and a piece of toast. I eat nothing else till half-past six at night, when I can really enjoy a full course dinner." Mr. Belasco is credited with scrambled eggs and weak tea for breakfast, an apple and a piece of pie for lunch, and chicken, salad, and ice-cream and apollinaris for dinner. But what about those suppers round the corner from the Stuyvesant when the play is over?

However, all these spartan dietists are gluttonous, gormandizing, crapulent feeders compared with that Latin professor of Cambridge who has just ended his abstinent career. Mr. Mayor was a close student of Juvenal, and it was that writer's lurid pictures of the excesses of Roman society which drove his modern reader to the other extreme. As a bachelor and a teetotaler he found that he could live amply on an expenditure of 12 cents a day, and for a long time he actually reduced his food bill to 4 cents a day. At a dinner party on one occasion his meal consisted of a single banana. When he was completing his greatest work, his edition of Juvenal, he decided to fast on a progressive scale for the last forty-eight days of strenuous work. He was to eat only every other day for the first week, every fourth day for the next, and to eat nothing at all for the last fortnight. When doctors compelled him to surrender this starvation programme at the beginning of the last week, he said: "I never felt so well or so eager for work in my life, and I am convinced that I should have suffered no harm by persevering with it." It adds to the interest of Mr. Mayor's experiment to note that he lived to his eighty-sixth year.

Now, all this may be very well for students of Juvenal who have been shocked by the loose ways of ancient Rome, but there is such a thing as being a martyr to health. And it is possible to imagine such a victim complaining: I have given up alcohol, meat, bread, uncooked fruit, salt, tea, coffee, fish, cooked vegetables, game of all sorts and butter. Now I am told that rice and tapioca pudding, on which I proposed to support life, are fatal to it, and I find that a diet of variettes and lemonade leaves me feeble for my work—and what is so much more important—my exercise. All, all are gone, the old familiar pleasures of the table, and something is needed to replace them. And what to do with one's time becomes a problem. Just here, however, a philosophical lady comes to the rescue. Her programme is that on a summer day you should rise at half-past three and lie on the grass listening to the birds till eight. Then you should breakfast on a banana and an apple—but Smith denounces fruit—washed down with milk. (Jones says milk is poison.) More open-air amusement till seven, when you should have another hotly debated meal like the first and go to bed.

Another duel story from Paris. The principals were an actor and a journalist, the latter being the challenger. Now the actor was a stranger to the sword save as a stage property, but the man of the pen was a proficient in the fencing art. All of which gave the actor pause until he bethought him to enlist the services of a fencing master to repair the deficiency of his education. What he wanted, he explained, was to be taught just enough to enable him to fight. The fencing master did his best, but soon shook his head and declared the case was hopeless. "But," he said, "you shall not risk your life. I will prevent your duel with our friend, who, as I suppose you know, is one of the most formidable duelists in France." And then the actor was presented with a large photograph of the fencing master bearing this legend in staring red ink: "To the best fencer I have ever made, and the best pupil I have ever had." When the journalist's seconds called on the actor, the first thing they saw was this warning photograph. Nor was its lesson lost, for, not wishing to risk the life of their friend, they managed to extract a form of apology which the actor seemed somewhat reluctant to grant. So the climax does not disturb the tradition of the French duel.

There's no telling what that sleeping-in-the-open craze will lead to. Take the case of the maiden lady who occupies the house at No. 10, whose life has been all upset by the advent at No. 9 of a gentleman who must let his snores die away on the pure midnight air. This open-airer transformed the balcony of No. 9 into a sleeping apartment; had his

bedstead put there, and a little screen and other necessities. But the maiden of No. 10 and her maiden retinue could not endure such goings-on. So they haled the midnight open-airer into a law court, and sought to show that he was depreciating the value of property and giving "offense" and creating "damage." It transpired in evidence that the occupants of No. 10 took many glances at the balcony of No. 9, even climbing onto chairs to see what was happening. It's a terrible example of how social manners and customs may be revolutionized by a longing for pure air, but at the same time it is puzzling to find maiden ladies objecting to seeing a man in bed. Even distance should lend enchantment to such a view.

Aviation has invaded the ballroom. In other words, the aero two-step has been launched on its career. In cold technical phraseology it may be described thus: You glide forward, you make three coupé movements, glide backward to your starting point, execute three more coupé movements, cross hands with your partner, chassez forward, pause and point the inside foot. Then, if you have successfully remembered this much, you collect your thoughts and your feet, chassez forward, reflectively point your outside foot, put your arm round your partner's waist, and twirl her about in a two-step movement. To the imaginative mind these evolutions are supposed to suggest an aeroplane making its preliminary run, though to the practical airman it will probably occur that any flight which started in such a jumpy and eccentric fashion would surely end in disaster. And yet perhaps not a greater disaster than the aero two-step may cause under suitable conditions.

How much depends on the point of view! To judge from the matter-of-fact newspaper reports, those turbulent suffragists who recently created pandemonium in the streets of London went about the business with all the viciousness of the most depraved members of the other sex. They smashed windows with stones, they charged the police with fists and sticks, and when these resources failed they

used their feet for kicking the faces of the political "enemies." But a hysterical woman sends to a New York newspaper a couple of columns of eulogy of these viragoes. One of them, she says, "looked the same picturesque lady that we saw in New York three years ago, beautifully dressed in purple, and with such a handsome face"; and another is depicted as a "lovely, buoyant girl," who never looked more "girlish and slight" than in the midst of the howling, stone-throwing, kicking mob. Yet that is not the most nauseating feature of the eulogy. Here is the sickening climax: "Today has been like a spiritus illumination to me—to see women submitting to ridicule, insult, brutality, because of their convictions in their souls—nothing can exaggerate their courage and utter self-sacrifice. Something has come to me which must have come to those who saw the martyrs in past days suffer for their convictions." Verily women are doing their best to free men from that captivity to the sex for which they have so often counted everything but loss.

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Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice
All-The-Year-Round
The Drink Healthful
The Drink Delightful



James Dole
Be sure this name in red is on the Label

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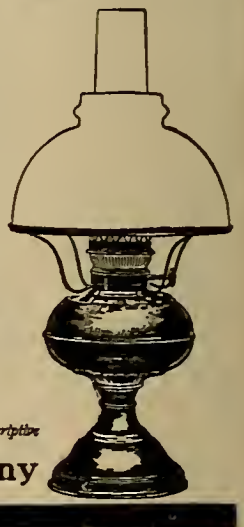
because it gives the best light of all lamps. The Rayo gives a white, soft, mellow, diffused light—easy on the eye because it cannot flicker. You can use your eyes as long as you wish under the Rayo light without strain.

The Rayo Lamp is low-priced, and even though you pay \$5, \$10 or \$20 for other lamps, you may get more expensive decorations but you cannot get a better light than the low-priced Rayo gives. A strong, durable shade-holder holds the shade on firm and true. This season's new burner adds strength and appearance.

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Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Robert Lowe, the English journalist, was always saying good things. "Look at that old throwing away his natural advantages!" he exclaimed when a deaf member of the house of Commons put up his ear trumpet.

A golf player who had been badly beaten by his opponent explained to him that he had been suffering all day from neuritis. "It's a curious thing," replied his opponent, "but we never beaten a man in perfect health in my life."

Looking up from his magazine one night he remarked to his wife: "Do you know what I'd have done if I had been Napoleon?" "Yes," she answered. "You'd have settled down in Corsica and spent your life grumbling about bad luck and hard times."

The late Mr. Levy of the London *Daily Telegraph* once asked Mr. Sala if he had any objection to his copy being edited in the office. Mr. Levy," he replied, "I am like a butcher, sell you so much meat—to me it is a matter of profound indifference whether you serve it fried, hoiled, or roasted."

Representative Nye of Minnesota said at lawyers' banquet in Minneapolis: "Lawyers have grand reputations for energy and perseverance. A lad said to his father one day: 'Fathers, do lawyers tell the truth?' 'es, my boy,' the father answered. 'Lawyers will do anything to win a case.'"

Two beautifully dressed women got on the car at Fifty-Fifth Street and entered into a scussion of their household cares and worries (according to *Life*). Finally, when the object of jellies was reached, one said to the other: "Yes, we tried some crab apples this year, but the stuff wouldn't jell, and we had to give it to the Salvation Army."

A Kansas man was telling about a cyclone that swept his farm clean, leaving him only a cyclone cellar. His hearer interrupted him. "Yes," he said, "I've had everything off the mortgage—I've been waiting for that." The rancher smiled. "Took that, too," he asserted. "Drove a fence rail into one corner of the corral and struck an oil well that put me on velvet for the rest of my life."

Representative William W. Wilson of Illinois and Representative John D. Dwight of New York, the Republican "whip," met in the Capitol corridor. "How large was your majority?" asked Mr. Dwight of his Republican colleague. "Fifty-seven," answered the Illinois member. "Pretty close shave, eh?" observed the "whip." "Do you know?" said Mr. Wilson confidentially, "I've got an idea that a Republican who got more than a majority fifty-seven in the last election did it by bribery and corruption."

A gentleman was engaging a general man to tell him what he wanted him to do. "You will have to clean the windows and the pots and the knives and go messages, chop wood, cut short grass, mind the horse and my, look after the garden and keep the use supplied with vegetables, and do any old job that is required, and if suitable you will get ten shillings a week." "Is there any clay in the garden?" asked the man. "What makes you ask that?" asked the gentleman. "I was thinking I could make bricks in my spare time," said the man.

A young Philadelphian recently went westward, and secured a position as reporter for the London *Times*. He was sent out one evening to write up the story of a rich and beautiful girl, who had taken chloroform because her lover failed to appear at the altar on due. The young Philadelphian raced wildly about, gathering various particulars, and hurried back to the office in a cab, after putting his copy into shape. Not far from midnight, he sped up the stairs to the local room, and turned in his copy with apologies for his unavoidable lateness. "It doesn't matter," said one of the editors, calmly, "this is Monday, you know, and we print suicides only on Saturdays."

Lawyer Lawless was notorious for his long-windedness. On one occasion he had been putting forth his concluding argument for two hours, and the end was nowhere in sight, when Judge Ballard beckoned his brother-in-law and whispered: "Can't you stop him, Dick?" "I'll stop him in two minutes," John Ballard replied, confidently. And he wrote a letter passed to Lawyer Lawless the following day: "My dear colonel, as soon as you finish your magnificent argument I would like you to join me at the Revere House in a bumper rare old Bourbon." Lawyer Lawless, halted in the midst of an impassioned period, took off his glasses, and read the note that had been handed him, then he removed his glasses and, and, taking up his hat and bag, said:

"And now, may it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, I leave the case with you." A minute later he was proceeding in stately fashion in the direction of the Revere House bar.

Advertisements, especially those of a personal nature, are not always characterized by a sense of proportion. One recently printed in the Manchester *Guardian* reads as follows: "Willie, run to your distracted wife and frantic children. Do you want to hear of your old mother's suicide? You will if you do not let us know where you are. Anyway, send back your father's colored meerschaum."

The composer of "Salomé" was dining one night with a party of musical friends when the conversation turned on the compositions of the Kaiser. Some of the guests had expressed their opinions pretty freely, when Herr Strauss put his finger to his lips and said, "Sh! sh! You should never run down the compositions of crowned heads in company. There is no telling who wrote them."

The late Sir Charles Hammond, who won a Parliament seat at Newcastle in 1892, scored neatly off a heckler who ventured to interrupt his discourse. "Get yer 'air cut, Charlie," cried the interrupter. Sir Charles, who happened to be a magistrate, adjusted his glasses, and calmly scrutinizing his interrupter, remarked, "My friend, if I am not mistaken, I have been the means of having your hair cut before today."

A man sent to an asylum with a load of coal found on his arrival that the gates were open, but not knowing where to deposit the fuel he left his horse and cart outside while he went to inquire. He walked about the grounds, but failed to see any one, so made his way back to the gates, but to his horror found they were closed. He tried in vain to open them, and appealed to passers-by to help him, as "the horse and cart belonged to him." "Fancy," said one passer-by to another, "that poor man thinks he is a carter."

An Irishman had received a job as hrake-man on a railroad in a mountainous section of Pennsylvania, and was to be paid a certain amount per mile as wages. On one of the first trips the engineer lost control of his train, and at a dangerous rate it went speeding down the steep gradients. Suddenly the conductor saw his companion, who had been clinging to the running-board for dear life, make a move as though to rise, and, fearful that he intended to jump, the conductor yelled, "Don't jump! You'll be killed!" The greenhorn shouted back, "An' do you think Oi'm fool enough to jump when Oi'm making money as fast as Oi am now?"

The hoy came into the Cleveland bank and laid a half-dollar with his bank book on the receiving teller's window. "We don't receive deposits of less than a dollar," said the teller. The hoy yielded reluctantly to the system and drew back. But he did not leave the bank. He crossed the corridor and seated himself on a settee. The teller noticed him sitting there, and also noticed the reflective look on his face. The hoy waited for some time, thinking it over. Finally he arose and went to the paying teller's window. A moment later he confronted the receiving teller. "I want to deposit this dollar and a half," he said. The teller grinned. The hoy had just drawn a dollar from his little balance and was using it as an entering wedge for the rejected half-dollar. And so the system was beaten by the hoy, and a considerable accession of bookkeeping labor was the price of defeat.

They were quite content with themselves, the six young women who hoarded a north-bound Broadway car (says a contributor to *Lippincott's Magazine*), and they evinced very little concern for the dull routine and commonplace details of life. It was the announced intention of all to transfer to the Thirty-Fourth Street crosstown line, and to this end the girl in the red hat asked for and received six transfers. But the other five changed their minds before they reached the transfer point, declaring themselves in favor of a shopping foray, so only the girl with the red hat held to the original plan and hoarded the Thirty-Fourth Street car. When the conductor came for her fare, she handed him the whole hunch of transfers—the original six. The conductor looked at her, on each side of her and all around her. Apparently she was alone. Also, she was oblivious. Then he said: "Where are the others?" The girl with the red hat look up, startled and confused for the instant. Then she replied, with cold dignity: "That, sir, is all the transfer man gave me."

Your New Year's Call.
If unable to make your call in person, send your card inclosed in a box of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies. Orders sent from all four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Fate.
Most hard, alack,
Our mortal lot:
Our cats come back,
Our ships do not! —Puck.

Half-Pints.
Sing a song of sixpence
Pocket full of rye—
That's the way to carry it,
Where the town is dry.
—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Signor Puccini.
Oh, Signor Puccini,
You've heated Martini,—
Surpassed "The Bohemian Girl."
No matter how keenly
He struggled, Poldini
Could never create such a whirl.

*This Signor Puccini
Is not like Rossini—
At least in his "Girl from the West";
And it will be seen he
Is not V. Bellini,
And never like Brahms at his best.

And Signor Puccini
Is not Cherubini,
The fugal and frugal and cold.
We certainly mean he
Is not Nicolini,—
He's more "Wagnerini" and bold.

If Signor Puccini
Is not Paganini,
Maggini, Mozart, Meyerbeer,
He must come between the
Old maestro Caccini
And some of the "moderns"—that's clear.

Sing hey! for Spontini,
Bellini, Rossini,
Sing ho! for Beethoven and Bach;
Sing high for the queenly
New "Girl" of Puccini,
Sing deep with chianti and hock!
—Musical Courier.

A Man's Song.
I've washed up the silver and dishes,
I've made all the beds for the day,
I've finished preparing the fishes
We ordered for luncheon today;
The floors have been swept, and the parlor
Came in for a clean and a wipe,
When breakfast was eaten the rugs were all
beaten—
And now for a whack at me pipe.

I've polished the mirrors and dusted
The cupboard—they needed it, too—
I've mended a chair that was husted,
And blackened the range and the flue;
I've hooked up the waist of the missus,
She's off for a lecture on Kneipp,
The week's washing's over, and I am in clover—
And now for a whack at me pipe.
—New York Times.

Winklewads.
"My life is full of labor," said the model, "goodness knows!
I pose all day from morn till eve, and then all night repose."

"The market's picking up," said Hobbs. "It is indeed," said Clive;
"It's picking up every cent I had, I wish you'd lend me five."

Behold Miss Puss, she licks herself all over on the mat,
And then gets up, goes out of doors, and licks another cat.

His sweetheart's name was Josephine and unto her said he:
"Oh, Josephine, I'm sure you are my Josephinity."

"What shall we wear?" the suffragists are asking, and a wag
Suggests a Maxim silencer, a muzzle and a gag.
—Boston Transcript.

His Long Suit.
He had written essays critical and digests analytical, his articles political were very widely read. He'd produced some tales of mystery, of travel, love and history; his scientific treatises light o'er the land had shed. He wrote about photography, geography, stenography; he'd finished a biography of some distinguished man. His views upon geometry and mystic trigonometry were everywhere declared to be on the progressive plan. His tracts on modern sciences, mechanical appliances, hydraulics, steam and railroads were indulgently received; his writings on morality were of superior quality—were publicly commended, if they weren't quite believed! His verses so poetical, abstruse and theoretical, delighted those who patronize the poets as a fad; but the manuscript he thought the best, the one that money brought the best—was just a simple, wisely worded, big newspaper ad!—*Newspaperdom.*

On a celebrated occasion in Vienna, when there was much excitement in all the European courts over affairs of international moment, the French ambassador was suddenly recalled by his government. "It is a very grave affair, is it not," Prince Metternich was asked by a lady at a court ball, "this recall of the ambassador?" "Not so grave. I assure you, madame," the prince responded, "as it would have been if it had been the French ambassador's cook who was recalled. The ambassador can easily be replaced; but not his cook."

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Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits...\$11,053,686.21
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526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash...1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds...1,535,093.05
Deposits June 30, 1910.....40,384,727.21
Total Assets.....43,108,907.82

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Paid In.....750,000
Reserve and Surplus.....166,874
Total Resources.....5,281,686

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Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,790,360

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Manager Pacific Department
ALASKA COMMERCIAL BUILDING
San Francisco

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
TORONTO
United States Assets.....\$2,377,303.37
Surplus.....839,268.07

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Unusual activity has prevailed in society circles up to the very last moment before Christmas. Generally the week before this holiday is a quiet one, but this year so many affairs have filled the calendar for December that they have crowded into the holiday week. The debutante ball which Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas gave on Tuesday night for the purpose of introducing their daughter Gertrude to society was a large and brilliant affair at the Fairmont Hotel, at which two hundred and fifty guests were present. The Greenway Assembly on Friday night was the third of this series for the winter and had many features suggestive of Christmas and the holiday season. The Tetrastini and De Gogorza concerts claimed the attention of the smart set on the several occasions on which these artists appeared, and numerous dinner and supper parties were made a complement to the evening of music. Informality has prevailed at the smaller functions of the week and the entertaining has been mainly for brides-elect or in recognition of the approaching departure of a number of prominent San Franciscans who are leaving shortly to spend the remainder of the winter in the East or Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. F. Deal have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Janetia Deal, and Mr. Alan W. Dimond. Miss Deal is the second daughter, the other sisters being the Misses Gladys and Roberta. Mr. Dimond is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Dimond, and brother of Mrs. William Sherwood. The wedding will take place early in the coming year.

Mrs. John M. Binckley announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary Binckley, to Mr. Thomas Armat, of Washington, D. C. The wedding will take place December 31 at 1218 South Brook Street, Louisville, Kentucky, the residence of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. J. C. Watson.

The wedding of Miss Louise Blake and Dr. Wallace B. Smith, U. S. N., took place Wednesday evening at St. Matthew's Episcopal Church at San Mateo. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Blake of Shanghai, China.

The wedding of Miss Lois Fish Hughes and Mr. Frank Addison Corbuser was a quiet event of Thursday evening. It took place at the home of the bride, and the Rev. Charles C. Champlin officiated.

The wedding of Mr. Charles Phillips, editor of the *Monitor* of San Francisco, and Miss Catherine Loughran, of Washington, D. C., took place December 21, 1910, at Dawson, Nebraska. The ceremony was performed in St. Mary's Church, Dawson, by the Rev. J. J. Loughran, a cousin of the bride. The bride is a daughter of Hon. Joseph Loughran, chief examiner of the board of review, bureau of pensions, and has been prominent in Catholic circles. For a time she enjoyed a successful career on the stage.

The wedding of Miss Edith Bonnell and Judge Frank H. Dunne took place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bonnell, on Gough Street. The maid of honor was Miss Helen F. Cole and Mr. John P. Coghlan acted as best man.

The wedding of Miss Florence McLean and Mr. Nelson Lansing of Honolulu will take place in April.

The second of the Friday Evening Dances took place on Friday night at Century Hall. The patronesses who received the guests on this occasion were Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. George Ashton, and Mrs. Louis Montague, and they were assisted by Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Richard Girvin, and Mrs. Norman McLaren.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Doyle and Mr. Raymond Sallee Harris will take place January

10 at the home of the bride's mother on Washington Street.

Mrs. Frederick Day entertained at a reception on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Tasker Bliss and Miss Eleanor Bliss. Mrs. Day was assisted in receiving by Miss Gladys Poillon, Miss Virginia Harrison, Miss Margaret Robinson, Miss Freda Smith, and Miss Kathleen Farrell. About one hundred and fifty guests called during the hours of the reception, from four to seven.

Miss Laura Farnsworth entertained at bridge on Wednesday at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Jr., presented their daughter, Miss Ernestine McNear, formally to society at a reception on Saturday afternoon at the Claremont Country Club. In the receiving party were Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. John McNear, Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Mrs. E. L. Boynton, Mrs. A. L. Stone, Mrs. Willard Weyman, Mrs. A. S. McDonald, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Albertine Deitrick, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Jane Selby, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Muriel Williams, Miss Vera Have-meyer, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Marian Turner, Miss Helen Bertheau, and Miss Frederica Otis.

Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps entertained at one of the most elaborate receptions of the season at the Bellevue on Saturday. About five hundred guests enjoyed her hospitality. She was assisted in receiving by her niece, Miss Blanche McLean, Mrs. Julia Reis, Mrs. Edward Hamilton, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Howard H. Hart, Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, Mrs. V. A. Lord, Mrs. Edward L. Baldwin, Mrs. Robert Dean, Miss Ella Sonntag, Miss Edith Metcalf, Miss Sue Harold, Miss Virginia Newton, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Carol Tripp.

Mrs. William Cluff was a luncheon hostess at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday. Her guests were Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Mrs. William R. Wheeler, Mrs. John Breunier, Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, Mrs. Eleanor Doe, Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mrs. William Matson, and Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr.

Mrs. Selby Hanna entertained on Saturday afternoon at one of a series of bridge parties which she is giving this winter.

Miss Marguerite Doe was the guest of honor at a dinner given for her on Wednesday evening by Miss Jane Hotaling. The company included Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Florence Cluff, Mr. Willard Barton, Jr., Mr. Frank Hooper, and Mr. Charles de Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin presided over a handsome dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday evening complimentary to their debutante daughter, Miss Lee Girvin. Included among the guests were Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Marie Louise Elkins, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Jane Selby, Mr. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. Tilton Elkins, Mr. Edmond Lyman, Mr. Kent Platt, and Mr. William Duncan.

Mrs. Silas Palmer entertained at dinner preceding the Greenway Assembly on Friday night, in honor of Miss Harriett Stone.

Mrs. Frank Deering was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Saturday, at which she entertained Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. William Hartman, Mrs. John G. Kittle, Mrs. Horatio Livermore, Mrs. James Gale, Mrs. William Sherwood, Mrs. J. P. Berry, and Mrs. Leonard Chenery.

Mrs. Joseph Trillel entertained at a bridge party at her home on Fillmore Street in honor of her sisters, Mrs. A. R. Roberts and Mrs. Lincoln, who are spending the winter in San Francisco. Included among the guests were Mrs. Edward Barron, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Edgar Preston, Mrs. William Smedberg, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. William Gale, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Russell Selfridge, Mrs. Randolph Whiting, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. George Boardman, Mrs. George Toy, Mrs. Le Favis, Mrs. Herrick, and Mrs. E. B. Pond.

Mrs. Richard Bayne's luncheon, which she gave on Saturday, was in honor of Mrs. Lora McCreary of Sacramento and her sister, Miss Clark, who has just returned from Europe. Among those whom she entertained on this occasion were Mrs. William Van Fleet, Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mrs. William F. McNutt, Mrs. James P. Langhorne, Mrs. Fanny McCreary, Mrs. Arthur Young, Mrs. Laura Roe, Mrs. Burrell White, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Miss Susie Russell, and Miss Orrie Young.

Miss Jane Hotaling entertained at a Chinese luncheon on Friday in honor of Miss Edith Rucker.

Mrs. William Ashe was hostess at a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening, at which she entertained Judge and Mrs. Charles Weller, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren, and Mr. Walter H. Seymour.

Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson entertained at dinner Friday night, complimentary to Miss Mildred Baldwin, and at its conclusion the guests attended the dance at Century Hall. The affair took place at the Hiltcrest, where Mrs. Peterson and her daughters are spending the winter. Among those present at the dinner were Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Kate Peterson, Mr. Frank Simmons, Mr. Somers Peterson, Mr. Sherwood Coffin, Mr. Dean Witter, Mr. Ward Mailard, Mr. Irwin Richter, and Mr. Harold Chase.

Miss Lurline Matson entertained at a bridge party followed by an informal tea at her home on Jackson Street on Thursday afternoon. The affair was given in honor of Miss Marguerite Doe and Miss Mildred Baldwin, two of the season's debutantes.

The Misses Frederica and Cora Otis entertained at a dinner preceding the dance of the Friday Evening Club. Their guests were Miss Cora Smith, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Muriel Williams, and Miss Dora Winn.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin will entertain at a dinner on Christmas Eve, at which the guests of honor will be Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin (formerly Miss Helen Baker).

Miss Doris Wilshire was hostess at a tea at her home on Clay Street on Wednesday. Assisting

the young hostess in receiving her guests were Mrs. William B. Wilshire, Mrs. Jack Polhemus, Mrs. Roy Somers, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Kathleen de Young, and Miss Dorothy Van Sicken.

Mrs. William Matson entertained fifty friends at bridge at her home on Jackson Street on Friday.

Mrs. Harry Weihe was hostess at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday in honor of Miss Mildred Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown entertained at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday evening in honor of Mr. Morris Brown.

Mrs. Frederick Van Devender Stott was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Monday, at which she entertained Mrs. Walter Greer, Mrs. Frank Proctor, Mrs. Charles Warren, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Miriam McNear, Miss Ella Sonntag, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Edith Slack, and Miss Florence Aiken.

Mrs. St. George Holden was hostess at a tea Saturday at her home on Filbert Street. Her guests were Mrs. George Converse, Mrs. Edward Torney, Mrs. Vere Ellinwood, Mrs. Albert Sallee, Mrs. Henry Campbell, Mrs. Frederick M. Eaton, Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan, Mrs. Thomas Turner, and Miss Marguerite Butters.

Mrs. Caroline Rexford Johnson entertained at a series of studio teas last week, to which five hundred guests had been invited.

Mrs. Ira Pierce entertained at bridge and luncheon at the Francesca Club on Friday.

Mr. Richard Hotaling and Mr. Charles Field were guests of honor at a dinner at the Bohemian Club last week, to celebrate their return from the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan entertained recently at a musicale at their apartment in Paris, at which they entertained Mrs. Walter Hohart, Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Dr. H. B. de Marville, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Miss Josephine Redding, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Harriett Alexander, Mr. Edgar Mills, Mr. Richard Simpkins, Mr. Richard Owen, and Mr. Charles Page Bryan.

Mrs. George Pinckard entertained in honor of her niece, Miss Lee Girvin, at the Town and Country Club on Monday afternoon. Among her guests were Miss Marie Louise Elkins, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Jane Selby, Mr. John McMullen, Mr. Platt Kent, Mr. Felton Elkins, and Mr. Eyre Pinckard.

Tetrastini's Farewell.

Tetrastini will give her farewell concert this coming Monday afternoon, December 26, at Dreamland Pavilion, and being a legal holiday this occasion will afford many unable to attend her previous concert on account of the holiday business rush, an opportunity of hearing the marvelous songbird. Mail orders are being received from many distant points in the interior, and the "diva" will be given a farewell that will be fully as inspiring and exciting as was her welcome. The programme for this occasion is peculiarly interesting from the fact that the artist has chosen to interpret two of the great mad scenes of the operatic stage, one being of the French and the other of the Italian school, and both being works that would tax the abilities of the greatest artists the stage has ever known. Mme. Tetrastini does not hesitate at the task of singing both of them on one programme. The one is from Amroise Thomas's setting of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and the other from Donizetti's musical version of Sir Walter Scott's "The Bride of Lammermoor," popularly known as "Lucia." By special request Tetrastini will also sing the "Shadow Dance" from Meyerheer's "Dinorah."

Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until half-past five Saturday afternoon, and on Monday the box-office will open at ten a. m. at Dreamland. Phone orders to Dreamland will receive courteous attention on Monday.

Society in brilliant array attended the opening of the Philadelphia season of opera by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York at the Metropolitan Opera House. The opera was "Tannhauser," with Slezak, Morana, and Fremsted in the principal parts. This was the first performance of opera in Philadelphia since Oscar Hammerstein retired from the field, and it was notable because it marked the abandonment of the historic Academy of Music as the fashionable home of opera. Since 1837 all the famous stars of opera have sung at the Academy and the leaders of society occupied the boxes year after year. The stage of the house built by Hammerstein was occupied for the first time by the Metropolitan company. The season promises to be the most successful ever given in the city. Including productions by the Chicago Opera Company, there will be forty-six performances, and already all of the boxes and practically all of the seats have been taken by subscribers.

An inventory of the estate of the late Horace G. Platt filed with the probate department of the county clerk's office shows that Mr. Platt left \$85,390.37. Of this amount about \$16,000 is in money on deposit in the local banks, and \$25,000 is invested in bonds. San Francisco real estate left by the decedent is valued at \$12,500.

"Been over the President's message?" "Sure. I hurdled it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Marian Turner, who has been the guest of Miss Ernestine McNear, returned to her home in St. Louis on Tuesday.

Miss Winona Derby, who made her début in Washington society this winter, is at present the guest of Mrs. George Stoneman in the national capital.

Mrs. Mary A. Huntington, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Perkins, in Washington, D. C., returned to San Francisco on Monday.

Miss Laura Bates, who went East with Mrs. George Lent last September and has been the guest of Mrs. Philip Young in Boston, has returned to her home here.

Miss Helen Bowie, who is spending the winter in town with her aunt, Mrs. Jessie Bowie Deitrick, has gone to Palo Alto, where she will spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Hamilton Bowie.

Miss Minnie Price has returned from Montecito, where she was the guest of Mrs. William Kohl.

Miss Julia Langhorne has returned from Burlingame, where she spent last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Johnson and Miss Helen Johnson left Friday for New York to spend the holidays.

Mrs. William Clift and Miss Jean Clift are spending the Christmas holidays in Dresden.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anna Peters, who are spending the winter in San Francisco, went to their home in Stockton for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Woodward and their son will leave Monday for New York, and in January will sail for Europe, where they will travel for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport arrived Tuesday from the East, and after a visit with Mrs. E. L. Davenport will go to Seattle, which is to be their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Treuss are spending the winter in Florence.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins arrived Friday from London to visit their daughter, Mrs. John Rodgers Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, with Mr. Philip Baker and Mr. Leavitt Baker, have come down from Klamath to spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. L. L. Baker.

Mr. Charles Bull, the brother of Mrs. Covington Pringle, and Miss Edith Bull returned this week from Paris, where he has made his home for several years, and is the guest of Mrs. Alpheus Bull.

Miss Marian La Tourette of Philadelphia, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lawrence V. Fuller, will extend her visit here until spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Genevieve King, and Miss Hazel King sailed for Genoa this week, en route for Cairo, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney, Jr., went to their ranch at Rocklin on Saturday, where they will remain for the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. George Castle of Honolulu is passing the winter months at the Fairmont Hotel. She will be joined later by Mr. Castle, and together they will travel in the East.

Miss Hilda Stedman, who has been the guest for several months of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Crocker at Belvedere and of the W. H. Crocker at Burlingame, left Monday for her home in Indiana.

Miss May Colburn has been the guest of Miss Ethel Shor for the past week. Miss Colburn is spending the winter at her San Rafael home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Morgan Hill and Miss Diana Morgan Hill of Washington, D. C., are recent visitors to San Francisco.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles Hammond have been spending the week at the Hotel St. Francis from their home at Upper Lake.

Mr. Frank Le Lisle left for the East Saturday and will spend the Christmas season with relatives in Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham MacMullen have returned from their brief trip to New York.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker, who recently returned from a visit to Mexico, has joined a party of friends in Havana for a cruise in Cuban waters.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman have closed their home at Ross and are spending the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Rev. John W. Nichols and Mrs. Nichols, who have been visiting for several months with Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols, sailed on Tuesday for China.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker left Wednesday

for the East, and after spending Christmas in Boston, they will sail for Europe en route to Egypt.

Prince d'Auro, who was entertained frequently during his stay here, left a few days ago for Paris.

Miss Sallie Maynard and Miss Jane Flood have returned from a delightful Eastern visit, and will spend the Christmas holidays at their homes in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver have gone to New York to spend the holiday season with their son and daughter, who are in Eastern schools.

Mrs. Sidney Cushing is planning to leave for Europe early in January, where she will join a party of San Franciscans already abroad and with them spend the remainder of the winter in Cairo.

Miss Katherine McRae, who has been visiting Miss Erna St. Goar for several weeks, left for her home at Hanford on Sunday.

Baron and Baroness von Turcke, the latter of whom is the sister of Mrs. Henry St. Goar, are expected this week in San Francisco, where they will visit at the St. Goar home for several months.

Colonel D. M. Appel, U. S. A., and Mrs. Appel have gone to Atlanta, Georgia, where Colonel Appel will be surgeon-in-chief of the Department of the Gulf.

Mrs. Ward Barron (formerly Miss Genevieve Harvey) spent a few days of last week at Del Monte.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, accompanied by her son Hermann, arrived from the East this week and is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. William Howarth of Everett, Washington, with his family will spend the Christmas holidays at Del Monte. Judge Max C. Sloss will also be there for the holidays with his family. Reservations have also been made for Mr. B. Hart and family, Miss F. V. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McEwan, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford, all of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Weil of North Carolina are at Del Monte.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, were Mrs. W. A. Glassford, Mrs. C. W. Crosse, and Mrs. John Irwin, wives of three officers in the navy. The Pacific squadron is anchored off Hotel del Coronado, and the ladies will remain while the fleet is in the south.

The Gerville-Reache Concerts.

Manager Will Greenbaum confidently expects to surprise music lovers when he presents his first attraction for the new year, namely, Mme. Gerville-Reache, a contralto who sang with Tetrassini and Bonci at both Covent Garden and Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, and who is truly a contralto and not a mezzo-soprano, as are most of the singers laying claim to the former title. Gerville-Reache's voice is more like those of Alboni and Scalbi than any singer now before the public, a voice of remarkable depth and power, yet possessing an enormous range and equally beautiful in all registers. But it is not only this wonderful voice that makes Gerville-Reache such a great artist, but her musicianship as well, for she sings the great works of the German, French, English, and Italian song composers as well as she does the famous operatic arias, and her programmes will include songs by Schubert, Schumann, Saint-Saëns, Godard, Ethelbert Nevin, Allitsen, Bobm, and others, besides arias from the works of Saint-Saëns, Verdi, Ponchielli, Gounod, and Gluck. A novelty will be the aria from Debussy's opera, "L'Enfant Prodigue."

Complete programmes will be mailed on application to Will L. Greenbaum, and will also be obtainable at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s when the box-office opens on Tuesday, January 3. The dates for the Gerville-Reache concerts are Thursday night, January 5, Sunday afternoon, January 8, and Tuesday night, January 10.

Oakland music lovers will bear this artist on Wednesday afternoon, January 11.

The will of F. W. Zeile, formerly one of the leaders in San Francisco banking circles, has been filed for probate. It leaves an estate valued at \$200,000 to the immediate relatives. Mr. Zeile died December 3, 1910. His will bears the date May 18, 1909. Miss Marion Zeile is named as executrix without bonds. She is heir to one-third of the estate. The remainder is divided between Mrs. Ida May Zeile, the testator's widow, and Miss Ruth Zeile, a daughter. For the past several years Mr. Zeile was an invalid and took no active part in business. The greater part of his fortune was invested in real estate in the Sacramento Valley. Most of the money was made in banking and in the warehouse business.

The handsome white mansion of William H. Crocker at Burlingame, known as the "Old Place," has been purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clarence Breedon of this city. The price is stated as \$100,000. The house contains about forty rooms and the grounds consist of seventeen acres. A purple flowering vine from Mexico that covers one side of the house is famous.

Sigmund Beel, the violinist, returned to San Francisco this week after an absence of several years, part of the time in New York, and earlier in Europe.

Wife—I was a fool when I married you. Hub—Well, I wasn't such a wise guy myself.—Boston Transcript.

CURRENT VERSE.

Ballad of Good Comrades.

Oh, up the hill and down the dale
The autumn breezes blow,
And gold and scarlet on the gale
The ripe leaves whirling go.
The year is drawing to its close
The garden's flowers are dead,
But who forgets the summer's rose
When Summertime has fled?

The wind of fate will blow away
The years that come to all.
The rose of youth is fair today—
How soon its leaves will fall!
O, dreams that perish all too soon,
Sweet with the hopes unsung,
Can we forget life's happy June,
The days when we were young?

Good comrades of the morning-time,
It nears the afternoon.
When life's brief day has passed its prime
The sunset comes full soon.
But friendship's fire is burning yet
To keep out twilight's cold,
And we—we never will forget
The friends we loved of old!

—From "Pansies and Rosemary," by Eben E. Rexford.

The Portent.

Pale shadows, one by one, about my hed
Came trooping, with bowed head;
And sad, and calm dead eyes,
Like frozen lake water
No wind can stir;
And looked on me a while
Like those faint forms of the beloved dead,
Some dream has won out of their paradise;
A little while, and then
Faded away from me.
Ah, surely thus,
And with such eyes looked sad Eurydice;
When, from the arms of Orpheus,
And from the dawning of glad golden days,
She sank down suddenly again
To that cold throne
In Lethe's sunless ways.
So they went vanishing away; but one
More sorrowful than all
Returned to me alone;
And looked on me as if it would have stirred,
But feared, with some dread word,
Silence more terrible,
And stood a while in doubt
Swaying about,
But came to me at last, and stooped, and said,
Half-whispering, "She is dead."

—Seumas O'Sullivan.

The Late Mrs. Lahouchere.

The death is announced from Rome of Henrietta Hodson, once a very popular English actress, and for many years the wife of Henri Labouchere, the editor and owner of London Truth. The daughter of Thomas Hodson of Dublin, she owed part of her training, like many other good actresses, to burlesque. In 1860 it so happened that she and one other—Henry Irving—were picked out of a crowd of applicants by the manager of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Bristol was another of the towns where (those being the days of stock companies) she learned her business and won admirers. She was among the many well-known players who at one time or another appeared on the stage of the old Prince of Wales Theatre under the Bancrofts; but her chief successes were won at the Queen's Theatre, in Long-acre. She was one of the brilliant company brought together by Alfred Wigan to play in that theatre at its opening in 1867—a company which included also Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Charles Wyndham, Lionel Brough, and J. L. Toole. Later she herself assumed the management of the house. One of her productions was Mr. Labouchere's version of Sardou's "Patrie," called "Fatherland," in which she played with great success the part of Dolores (Countess Ryssoor). After her retirement her days were spent chiefly at Pope's Villa, Twickenham, and later at Mr. Labouchere's villa near Florence.

Kyrle Bellew, the actor, is making plans with Charles Frohman to charter a steamship and make a tour around the world with a dramatic and a musical comedy company and give theatrical performances in all ports where English is spoken and in adjacent territory. The tour planned will take two years and a half and will cover 47,000 miles. Mr. Bellew, who was born at sea and spent half his youth there, proposes to charter a vessel of 3000 tons and fit it with a theatre. He expects to visit not only every port where he played with Mrs. James Brown Potter, but any point where there is an English settlement. His dramatic company will have a repertory of twenty plays.

Experts generally aver that the most beautiful of all precious stones is the red diamond. It is held to surpass even the ruby in beauty, and is extremely rare. One of the very few specimens of record is that which was bought by Emperor Paul of Russia for \$100,000. This stone weighs ten carats.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you and your wife agree?" "Oh, yes, always—at least, I do."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Frenchman—Pleasant woman, that! Is she unmarried? Chicagoan—Yes; twice.—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Katherine Shrewshury is engaged to be married." "Who is the lucky man?" "Her father!"—*Town Topics*.

She—I thought the heading the best part of your poem. He—I'm sorry you think so. The editor put that on.—*Evening Sun*.

"Nice car." "Yes." "It is the latest thing in cars?" "I guess so; it has never gotten me anywhere on time yet."—*Houston Post*.

Adam Zaxfox—Jevver git through a winter 'thout workin'? Job Sturkey—Yeh. I spent one winter in a workhouse.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Wife—Paul, my dressmaker is here with her bill. Will you pay her or shall I go to a new one for my next frock?—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Why don't you go to the dance tonight, Harold? Haven't you any flame?" "Yes, dad," said the Harvard student, "a flame, but no fuel."—*Life*.

Slim—Our landlady says she likes to see her boarders have good appetites. Smart—Well, some women are naturally cruel.—*Boston Transcript*.

Hicks—Bluffer is talking of purchasing an automobile. Wicks—Bluffer! Why he couldn't buy a charge of ammunition for an air-gun.—*Boston Transcript*.

"You appear to be quite happy. You must have won that case you were talking to me about." "No; I decided not to begin the suit."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Mary, is there a single good thing about these great wide hats that women are wearing?" "Yes, John, there is; when two women meet they can't kiss each other now."—*Vogue*.

"So his mother intends making a pianist of him?" "Yes." "Who is to be his master?" "She hasn't got that far yet; at present she is merely just letting his air grow."—*Boston Globe*.

Nell—Maud has had a dreadful cold for nearly two months. Belle—How did she get it? Nell—She went in bathing at Atlantic City and got her feet wet.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Shop Assistant (to purchaser of widow's bonnet)—Would you like to try it on before the glass, madam? Customer—No, thank you, miss; it aint for me. I wish it was.—*Stray Stories*.

"May is dreadfully disappointed in her fiancé." "What's the trouble?" "She's just found out that all those beautiful things he quoted from Shakespeare weren't original."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Fair Girl—My father made his fortune when he was a young man. Would you like to know how he did it? Gallant Youth—Not particularly; but I would like to know if he still has it.—*New York Globe*.

"The tips you give me on the market are always wrong," said Mr. Lamm. "Well," replied Mr. Chillinerve, "if you know they're wrong, why don't you make a fortune playing them the other way?"—*Washington Star*.

Customer—In case—er—I should decide not to retain this ring, will you exchange it for something else? Jeweler—Young man, it is a good deal easier for you to get another girl than it would be for us to make the exchange.—*Life*.

"Your clerks seem to be in a good humor," remarked the friend of the great merchant. "Yes," replied the great merchant. "My wife has just been in and it tickles them to death to see somebody boss me around."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"He's awfully touchy, isn't he?" "I should say he was. A man who had a grudge against him defied him to come out and fight, and he got so mad at the fellow that he locked himself in his office and stayed there two days."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"What is Bliggins's grievance against the railroad company?" "He has two grievances; one is that some of the trains don't stop at his station, and the other that after he gets on board the train loses time by stopping at other stations."—*Washington Star*.

"I don't know what to buy for my husband. He has stacks of neckties." "Cigars?" "He gives them to the janitor." "Suspenders?" "He wears a belt. I know what I'll do. I'll buy him a hall rug and a pair of bedroom curtains!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Of course," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing." "Why not art or literature?" "Art spoils canvas and paint and literature wastes

reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."—*Washington Star*.

"Well, is Mrs. De Style making an honest living at her dressmaking?" "She's had to, since they stopped smuggling operations."—*Baltimore American*.

"My wife is going to get me a dining-room rug for Christmas." "And what are you going to give her?" "I think I'll get her a shotgun."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Hear about the row at our club?" "No." "Ferdie struck Cholly with a tablespoon." "Scandalous!" "Isn't it, though? Both were under the influence of ginger pop."—*Washington Herald*.

First Sportsman—I wonder you ride a brute like that at your time of life, Jack! Second Ditto—Keeps one young, don't you know. First Ditto—Likely to prevent your getting old, anyway.—*Punch*.

Tramp (to lady of the house)—Is that your husband going down the street? Lady—Yes. Tramp—I know then that you will not be insensible to some slight bond between us when I tell you that I asked that man for a dime!—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

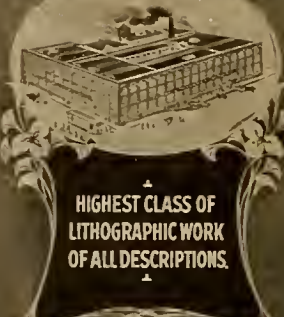
"Have you paid the rent, the grocer and butcher bills?" asked Mrs. Crahshaw. "Be reasonable, my dear," replied her husband. "How in the world could I pay those bills during the holiday season? But I've tipped the janitor, the grocer's clerk, and the butcher boy."—*Puck*.

The Judge—Can you describe any specific act of cruelty on the part of your husband? The Complainant—I should say I can! Whenever he had anything to say to me he'd call me up on the telephone and say it, and then disconnect before I had a chance to talk back to him.—*Chicago News*.

"I tell you I must have some money!" roared the King of Maritana, who was in sore financial straits. "Somebody will have to cough up." "Alas!" sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly the court jester, "all our coffers are empty."—*Stray Stories*.

"I suppose you are proud of your wife's literary success," said the intimate friend. "Yes," replied Mr. Stubbles. "Only I wish she wouldn't insist on making the hero of every novel a tall, athletic man with wavy hair and piercing blue eyes. Anybody can see that I am short, fat, bald, and compelled to wear smoked glasses."—*Washington Star*.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Color Line.

There is agitation akin to dismay in the office of the Attorney-General of the United States over the proposal to name a negro, one W. J. Lewis, of Boston, an assistant district attorney. Likewise, there is perturbation in Hawaii over the nomination of a negro, Charles A. Cotterill, of Toledo, Ohio, to be collector of internal revenue at Honolulu. Instinctive and traditional antipathies are asserting themselves in both cases and in no uncertain way.

With all due respect to President Taft, we think he is making a mistake in these nominations. His wish to "recognize" the colored race is proper enough, but surely there must be some way of doing it without offending sentiments both profound and universal. No white man anywhere is willing to serve under a black man. It may be instinct, it may be prejudice, it may be anything you will, none the less it is a fact to be reckoned with. No administrator, not even the President of the United States, has the moral right to impose upon others an authority which is instinctively distasteful and even revolting.

It is reported in the dispatches that those who speak for the negro race are insistent upon the "recognition" implied in these nominations. This is only another reason why they should not be made. If the negroes of the country insist that somewhere in the service of the government black men shall be set over white men, it is only because of an unworthy ambition to see representatives of their race in positions where they are unwelcome and which they could never attain outside the political sphere. This is not a sentiment proper to be encouraged, for it must be remembered that the possibilities of great mischief lie in stimulating the pride and expanding the pretensions of the black race, who in large part are sunk in ignorance and without the capabilities essential to the discreet use of the political or social powers which attach to official station.

If indeed the black race must be "recognized" politically, then let its representatives be given posts in which they will not be placed over white men, posts in which they may serve without arousing antagonisms which would best be allowed to lie dormant. Certainly no good can come to either race through a kind of mix-up which must inevitably put each in a position of resentment against the other.

The English Situation.

The British elections for 1910 are now over, and the results foot up as follows: "His majesty's opposition," known as the Conservatives or Unionists, won 272 seats. "His majesty's government," known as the Liberals, won 271 seats. Thus, as between the Conservatives and Liberals, the former has a majority of one. Of other political parties the Irish Nationalists secured 73 seats; the Independent Nationalists secured 11 seats; the Laborites secured 43 seats; total for the minor parties, 127 seats.

A little study of these figures exhibits the practical power which reposes in the Irish group, for the floating vote of 43 Laborites may go either to the Conservative or Liberal side without making a majority. If the Irish members go into the lobby with "his majesty's ministers" the Liberals will have a majority. But if the Irish members go into the lobby with "his majesty's opposition" the Conservatives will have a majority. The position of the Irish home rule project, for which the Irish group stands, would thus appear to be a hopeful one, for the Irish members are in a position to demand home rule as the price of their coöperation—a favor which just now they are giving to the Liberals, presumably under a bargain to be developed in detail later on.

The present "government" is sustained under a coalition between the Liberals, the Irish Nationalists, and the Laborites. Yet it would be a mistake to assume that the country has sustained a "coalition government"; for it is pointed out that no coalition government went to the country, as the English saying goes. The result of the voting is a practical tie between the great representative parties, the coalition arrangement having been brought about through the capture of the Irish group by the Liberal managers, presumably because they have offered them a larger bid in the way of legislation favorable to Ireland than the Conservatives could offer.

Now, under the situation as it stands, Ireland is in the way of getting home rule through the political strength which attaches quite accidentally to her representation in the British Parliament. In the language of a conservative Englishman "the home rule issue is put up not to the British"—to the "predominant partner" of Lord Rosebery's famous speech—"but to the Irish themselves." And this seems a very terrible thing to the British mind. "The millions of Great Britain," again says the conservative Englishman above quoted, "must accept dictation from a handful of Irishmen whereby the British constitution is placed in jeopardy." To the American mind the situation does not seem so

serious, for the American mind is unable to conceive why England should not be willing to allow the Irish to govern themselves in their own concerns.

What the American mind does easily understand is this, namely, that the coalition by which the Liberal party maintains control of the British government is a very uncertain, not to say shaky, affair. The government must steer a course satisfactory to the Irish group under the leadership of Redmond or its mandate will instantly be gone. At the same time it must steer a course reasonably satisfactory to its own following of Liberals, else there may be defections in sufficient number to destroy its authority. Manifestly, the premier, Mr. Asquith, has a difficult course to steer, and it would not be surprising any day if he should give up the job as hopeless. Possibly home rule may be voted; quite as possible the coalition may break down without achieving anything, throwing the situation into confusion and ultimately making the way easy for return of the Conservatives to power.

Another question involved in the present situation intensely interesting to students of world politics is the outcome of the war which has been waging this past year against the House of Lords. Manifestly, the day of the Lords in their traditional relationship to the governing system is done. The Lords indeed are not likely to be "ended," but there is every reason to believe that their chamber is in the way of being "mended." England does nothing spasmodically or hurriedly; the Lords will not be thrown over; the country will not eliminate from its councils the ruling element in its social and general affairs. Certainly this will not be accomplished after any abrupt or rude fashion at the behest of a group of Irish members of Parliament. The probable outcome is a rule under which the veto of the Lords will be overcome by a second decisive action on the part of the Commons.

It is not easy, however, to get a judicial statement of the situation from any British source, since that imperturbable confidence which every mother's son of the British race feels in his individual point of view is invariably carried into all political discussions. The Englishman capable of informing the world judiciously of the precise status of British affairs, parliamentary or other, has not yet been born—at least, he has not appeared in the sphere of political discussion. Outside judgment, therefore, is to be made up with certain liberal allowances for prejudice, passion, and resentment on the part of those who in England discuss political affairs.

The Gifts of Tetrizzini.

In the fairy tale there was a princess from whose lips fell shining pearls whenever she spoke, and in another story the Prince Fortunatus possessed a purse filled with gold coins that showed an undiminished store no matter how lavishly the treasure was scattered. Had that princess and prince returned from fairyland to this city on Christmas Eve, and with open hands and loving hearts thrown broadcast their gifts to the people, they could not have given more lasting pleasure than that which came without magic.

Mme. Luisa Tetrizzini, one of the world's greatest singers, proved her love for San Francisco, her regard for its people, and her own kindness and generosity, with a Christmas gift which was shared by a hundred thousand delighted hearers. In the great space where four of the city's busiest streets meet, a few steps from Lotta's fountain, on a music-stand built for the event, under a clear, star-lighted sky, the diva sang on the eve of Christendom's most widely celebrated anniversary, to the greatest throng that ever listened to a matchless voice. It was Tetrizzini's Christmas present to the community which first fully appreciated her wonderful singing and proudly acclaimed her royal title.

It is more than fifty years since Jenny Lind

enthusiastic multitudes in the Eastern cities, but there are still many who can tell of her power. In the years to come almost as many will endeavor to describe the loveliness of the songs that Tetrassini sang, in the open air, without money and without price, in San Francisco on Christmas Eve, 1910. Few will be able to convey a realization of their own sensations. Mme. Tetrassini's voice and art of expression have qualities that can not be defined. There is an emotional fervor, a sympathetic vibration, in her singing that can be likened only to the glorious tones of a Stradivarius under the bow of the greatest of masters. And with all its delicate purity it has such power that hearers a block distant not merely recognized the melody but felt the thrill that was carried with it.

A string orchestra, conducted by Paul Steindorff, played before Mme. Tetrassini sang, and accompanied her selections, but its music did not carry to any such distance as the diva's voice. Tetrassini sang first "The Last Rose of Summer," then, when the cheering was stilled, the waltz song from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." Rarely has either song been given with such charm, and never to such an audience. Choir singers from the Cathedral Mission of the Good Samaritan and from Grace Church sang four Christmas carols before Tetrassini came to the stand, and at the end of the diva's second song, and her one spoken sentence to the great assemblage—"It is not goodbye but au revoir"—the orchestra began "Auld Lang Syne," and hundreds of voices in the crowd took up the air and followed it through.

A year ago, when Mme. Tetrassini sang the part of Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" at Covent Garden in London, Adelina Patti was present, the guest of the singer. The once greatest of all sopranos joined heartily in the plaudits of the opera-goers, and afterward congratulated Tetrassini as her successor by divine right. It was one of the proudest moments in the younger singer's career, yet it may be doubted if it brought a richer happiness than the effect of last Saturday evening's experience. The pearls of the princess, the inexhaustible largess of Prince Fortunatus, which Tetrassini lavished upon the thousands that surrounded her, only added to her store of joyous memories. There could have been no time more fitting, no recipients more glad and grateful, for such gifts from such a giver.

Japan Can Not Afford War.

General Wood has done something to dispel the Japanese-American war scare, but a careful study of Japanese finances would probably do more. When the struggle with Russia began, Japan was poor, but she counted on a quick triumph and a big indemnity. The war, however, kept on long enough to practically bankrupt the treasury, while Russia, whose soil, excepting that of the island of Saghalien, had not been invaded, could not be compelled to pay Japan a cent. The only help the latter got towards meeting the new bill of costs was a free hand in Korea, fishing and mining privileges in Saghalien, and a chance to divide the trade of Manchuria with her late enemy.

The budget for the year just closed has not appeared, as yet, in foreign publications, but it can not differ much from that in hand, by which a debt of nearly 2,000,000,000 yen, or 1,000,000,000 dollars, is acknowledged. The latest figures in the report of the Department of Commerce and Labor on the indebtedness and finances of nations sets the totals for Japan as follows: National debt, 932,445,798 yen; interest charge, 72,752,294 yen; revenue, 246,362,944 yen; expenditure the same, which latter, presumably, takes account of both interest and sinking fund. There is, however, no sign of a surplus, and war can not be waged at much less cost than a million dollars or two million yen per day. That was the estimated outlay of Japan in the war with Russia, a conflict which was terminated none too soon for the Japanese, who, despite their victories, were on the verge of financial collapse when the Portsmouth treaty was signed.

What Japan has set out to do is not to increase her debt, but to increase her revenue and the prosperity of her people. She will administer Korea in a way to make that country pay, a task of no ingenuity considering the peninsula's mines and fisheries and its possibilities of agriculture. The Koreans themselves only exported ginseng and a few tiger skins; the Japanese may be trusted to exploit the land to the last ounce of its salable products and to make it a centre of the silk industry. Furthermore the empire is in competition

for the carrying trade and hopes to get for its manufactures the trade of China, cutting out that of Europe and America by virtue of low-priced labor and cheap raw material. The interruption in this sagacious programme that war would make is the thing Japan most dreads. The United States may be sure that she would cut down her naval and military budgets if this country would set the example; but as the *Argonaut* pointed out last week, with America fortifying a war base close to Formosa, and another in Hawaii, and building a canal so that she may promptly use the North Atlantic fleet to dispute for the mastery of the Pacific, what is left to Japan but to also make warlike preparations? But of one thing we may be sure: She will keep the peace with us and everybody while her finances are low, if this and other nations will let her do it.

The Latest Dynamite Outrage.

The explosion of dynamite in the Llewellyn Iron Works at Los Angeles on Christmas morning is characterized by the timid daily press as a mystery. But nobody with a grain of common sense regards it as a mystery—or as other than a fresh attempt on the part of miscreants associated with labor unionism to create a state of terror in Los Angeles. The owners of the Llewellyn works, to whom warnings and threats have become familiar, see nothing mysterious in the explosion; they see in it only another development in the war they have been waging this twenty years and more for leave to conduct their own business in their own way.

The Los Angeles public sees it as an incident in line with the recent destruction of the *Times* office. Of course, the spokesmen of organized labor at Los Angeles and elsewhere cry out in protest, as they always do under similar circumstances. If the theory of these worthies be accepted, then all the explosions and murders in the mines of Colorado and Idaho, the collieries of Washington State, etc., have been the product of accident or of efforts on the part of the enemies of unionism to cast reproach upon it. Under this fine theory, the owners of a hundred establishments great and small in the Pacific regions within the past dozen years have wantonly destroyed their property and murdered their own men for the sake of discrediting unionism before the country. By the same token, the unnumbered dead who lie in the gulches of Idaho and Colorado were suicides, likewise bent on giving the world mute presentments calculated to damage the sacred cause of organized labor.

Of course no intelligent or fair mind is deceived for one moment. And why should anybody be deceived? Is not the whole scheme of unionism, as related to the forces which stand opposed to it, destructive? The question answers itself, for wherever there is uttered a protest against unionism, wherever a stand, however moderate, is made against unionistic domination, there may be found the forces of unionism active not in persuasion, but in the effort to destroy. If a barber undertakes to maintain his shop outside the authority of unionism, some hulking agent of labor union stands in front of his door crying out "scab" or "unfair" in an effort to destroy the independent worker. If an eating-house finds a way to serve its patrons without submitting to the rules of unionism, agents of the Cooks' Union or the Waitresses' Union walk up and down before its doors in an effort to destroy that particular business. And so all along the line from barber shops and restaurants up to newspaper offices and great manufacturing establishments, the policy of unionism is that of destroying whatever can not be brought to submission. A similar policy is employed in less public relationships. If an individual workman declines to accept the domination of unionism, if he works or ceases to work without consulting its rules, or if he refuses to submit to its money exactions, that man is marked for destruction through the process of taking from him the work by which he and his family can live. Destruction is the sum and substance of all the policies and courses of labor unionism in relation to those who stand against its authority. Smooth over the scheme of unionism as you will, call it by fair names, guise it in soft phrases, still you have as its centre and core the policy of destruction. The blow-up of the Los Angeles *Times* office, and now the attempt to destroy the Llewellyn Iron Works—these incidents merely illustrate in a large way a principle which is brought into play in every petty conflict to which unionism is a party.

It is easy to understand why unionism is trying to

create a reign of terror at Los Angeles. In that city the open-shop principle prevails. Los Angeles recognizes and enforces the right of every man to work under his own contract, unmolested and untaxed by unionism. Under this principle the city is prosperous beyond all example. Its population and wealth have multiplied as if by magic. It stands before the country and before the world a striking illustration of the economic worth of a great principle. But these things impress unionism only to arouse its jealousy and malice. Enterprise, general prosperity, the spirit of free institutions—these things are hateful to unionism. What it wants is a system which, stripped of all disguises, implies reorganization of society under the authority of unionistic leaders, subject to such limitations and rules as they may define. It wants, in other words, not a free life under the old American idea, but a tyranny organized under the rule of unionism and for the benefit of a particular class.

The aims of unionism find interesting illustration in San Francisco. Here it monopolizes almost every industry. No workman in any of the standard trades may earn his living without knocking under to unionism and paying tribute to its treasury. Here unionism controls in the political sphere. Its agent sits in the mayor's chair. It has possession of every department of the city government. It holds capital by the throat. It stifles any particular business at its sovereign pleasure. It makes and unmakes the fortunes of any citizen at its will. Even it has brought the church into subservency, while the daily newspaper press cowers and grovels before it.

What unionism has done in San Francisco it seeks to do in all the Pacific States. First it seeks to bring Los Angeles under its authority, for the amazing prosperity of that city is a standing protest against the inequity and inexpediency of its rule. Its fear is that even San Francisco can not be held to its bonds unless freedom in industry shall be destroyed in Los Angeles. This is the secret of the persistent destructive energy of unionism in the southern city. It is essential to the dominion of unionism, even to its continued control of San Francisco, that the defiant independence of Los Angeles shall be broken down. Hence the continued fight on the part of unionism in that city, supported by the taxation of unionists all over the United States. Hence the destruction of the *Times* office, with the incidental murder of a score or more of non-union workmen. Hence the effort to destroy the Llewellyn Iron Works. The independence of Los Angeles is not only a challenge to unionism, but a threat to its dominion, and there is a fixed determination to beat it down, with little care how foul the means.

Dead of the Year.

At the close of another year it is natural to take stock of the gains and losses of the human race. America has suffered more than most nations during the past twelve months, especially in the realm of literature. Foremost and unique among the great writers who have laid down the pen forever was Mark Twain, whose passing, full of years and honors, removed one of the most wholesome influences the world has known. To describe him as a humorist and ignore his other qualities of every-day philosophy, his sanity, his fearlessness, his stern probity, is to leave our debt to his memory more than half unappraised. Humor alone, too, was not the only asset which O. Henry contributed to the national life; he was a revealer of the sunniness of existence even while he chided our weaknesses and laid bare the faults of civilization. From another standpoint the loss of William Vaughn Moody was equally serious; like O. Henry, he was but a young man, yet had already approved his gifts as an interpreter of his age and a coordinator of the diverse spirits of the East and West. Mr. Moody, too, was as distinguished for his verse as for his prose, and, in the dearth of singers characteristic of this age, could be ill spared. In art and philosophy the most notable losses of the year have been those of John La Farge and William James; the influence of the former will long persist because of the mediæval spirit which he recaptured so successfully, while the teaching of the latter should long bear fruit in giving what are usually arid speculations a practical application to the affairs of life. National rather than local, too, was the loss which journalism sustained by the passing of Harvey W. Scott, whose nearly half-a-century editorship of the *Oregonian* was distinguished for judgment and fearlessness. His high leadership in intellectual and polit-

ical affairs made for him a unique position among the forces of American life. To many thousands in this country, and, indeed, to numerous adherents in all parts of the world, the death of Mary Baker Eddy will seem the greatest loss of the year, for there is no denying the loyal devotion of Christian Scientists to their remarkable founder.

On the borderland between America and other lands the death which has most touched citizens of the United States has been that of Goldwin Smith. His views of the Civil War as expressed in his reminiscences may be colored by English prejudices, but his advocacy of the North when the North needed friends in England will never be forgotten, while his services at Cornell and his persistent commendation of the ultimate union of the American continent will redound to his fame in coming generations. Goldwin Smith was preceded to his grave by the monarch, Edward VII, in whose educational training he had so large a share—a sovereign whose demise was lamented in the United States because he was a man of democratic instincts and held his kingship in trust with a keen appreciation of its modern limitations. Germany's one conspicuous loss of the year was that of Robert Koch, the famous bacteriologist whose discovery of the tubercle bacillus assured him a high place among the beneficent geniuses of science. In Russia the most notable obituary was that of Tolstoy, whose fame as a creator of literature will long survive the notoriety which he won in his later years as an impracticable idealist. Perhaps a hundred years hence fame may take little note of several of the names mentioned above; human perspective may have changed and standards have become transformed; but for the day which now is not one of these men is other than an inspiration to sane living, right thinking, and zealous devotion to the progress of humanity.

The "New Leadership."

It will be interesting to observe how the Democratic party and its rather over-advertised new leadership shall contrive to adjust themselves. There is indeed hopeful material in the new names brought to the forefront by the recent elections. The status of Governor Harmon is already pretty well fixed. He is a Cleveland Democrat who bolted the first Bryan candidacy, but whose party standing has been fairly well restored by recent successes in Ohio and by the general favor with which his name has been received as a presidential candidate. But Baldwin of Connecticut, Wilson of New Jersey, and Dix and Gaynor of New York are new figures. There are reasons why any one of these men may aspire to the headship of the national Democratic party. But parties have a way of finding their own leaders, and it is not always that the choice falls upon a new personality, however imposing and brilliant it may appear. Much depends upon conditions which lie quite outside of personal control. In the long run everything depends upon the temper and spirit of the party itself. Merit, even the most conspicuous, availability even the most pronounced, may go begging, as the history of politics abundantly demonstrates.

Of the strictly new material Governor-elect Wilson of New Jersey has perhaps given the highest promise. He has distinction without the embarrassment of a political record, for while always a Democrat he has not been active in political life. Even while practically a Northern man there attaches to him a certain Southern flavor through the fact of his having been born in Virginia. But for all his established distinction, and for all his recent notable record as a vote-getter, Mr. Wilson lacks experience in the political game, and there are now indications that he lacks the tact which experience yields. Just now he is on dangerous ground in a rather officious participation in the New Jersey senatorial campaign. A more discreet man, content with his individual achievement in the matter of the governorship, would leave the senatorship to take care of itself. But obviously Mr. Wilson construes his mandate liberally. Already he has exhibited a purpose to lead the party in his own State after a somewhat arbitrary fashion. Probably his experience in the administration of a college faculty has established in him a habit of running things, which may possibly lead to his discomfiture. The Democrats of New Jersey are proud of having elected a governor, but they have no mind to turn over to the man of their choice the entire management of affairs including the function of naming a senator. This is manifest in general criticism of Mr. Wilson's intrusion into the senatorial cam-

paign—a criticism which reduced to plain English implies nothing less than a suggestion that it would be well for the governor-elect to mind his own business.

We incline to apprehension that Mr. Wilson, like most men of his type, will not be content to limit his activities to his own proper functions, but that he will seek to make himself a species of autocrat in New Jersey affairs, not indeed after the vulgar fashion of the ordinary political boss, but none the less emphatically as one who feels that he ought to be obeyed. Perhaps, after all, the distinction between the two types of political mastership is not so great as Mr. Wilson and his admirers may assume.

There is no sphere which calls for greater powers of reserve and self-control than that of politics. People generally, especially reformers, never seem to be understand this. Commonly they find it impossible to comprehend that the man who has his way in politics, the man who sustains himself in a dominant political relationship, is one who follows quite as often as he leads in the field of party affairs. The man who permits it to be understood that he esteems himself a fountain of authority, the man who undertakes to run things, not uncommonly finds himself in the end a neglected and disappointed figure—a "dead one" in the language of the game.

We think it not unlikely that this fate awaits Mr. Wilson. He was, as always, most suggestive and interesting at the Frankfort meeting of governors. Now, he is probably right theoretically in his suggestions in the matter of the New Jersey senatorship. But with all he is a new man in the political game, and if he would become a large figure in it, if he would command a high measure of party approval, he would best temper his course by modesty and reserve. Above all, he would better not mix in fights with which he is not directly concerned.

On the whole, Messrs. Baldwin, Dix, and Gaynor are carrying themselves better with respect to the future leadership of the Democratic party than Mr. Wilson. Nobody has lost sight of them; nevertheless, nobody has heard from them since election day in ways calculated to inspire jealousy or promote resentment.

No Room for Feuds.

We read in a daily paper that San Francisco "is trying to stiffen her credit" by pretending that she will annex Oakland and thus "increase her borrowing capacity." She is after that Oakland margin "of nearly three hundred million dollars," so that she may make quick work of the Hetch Hetchy project. Against this felonious plan, as we are now assured, Oakland protests, not only for economic reasons but for the good of her morals. She does not want to risk contamination by coming in. San Francisco's own newspapers, it is urged, tell of "her utter degradation." She has "a mayor thoroughly unfitted by temperament and affiliations to preside over the city's government." Her board of supervisors is largely composed "of ex-prizefighters, saloon-keepers, and others of that ilk." The corporations are as bad as ever; and the city, on her own alleged testimony, "stands disgraced before the world." How, then, can Oakland consent to an alliance so much resembling the fabled one between the Puritan and the Blackleg?

These quotations are not from the New Orleans press, as might have been supposed. Neither are they collated from the committee-room talk of Congressman Rodenberg of Illinois, or from the curbstone pleas of the lesser opponents of the plan to give San Francisco the Panama fair. They come from the Oakland *Times* and helped to usher in the season of peace and goodwill; and that they might not be overlooked by the hasty reader they were captioned with these engaging sentiments: "Greatest Spider and Fly Act Ever Presented—'Walk into My Augean Stable' Says San Francisco—'Not So That You Will Notice It,' Say the Decent Bay Cities." Thus he who runs may read; and the wayfaring man, though from New Orleans, will not err thereby.

It is not the *Argonaut's* purpose to join its Oakland neighbor in discussion of an issue which has not yet become practical, but which, when it does arise, will be settled on its merits and in the spirit of American municipal development; but to point out that an injury to any one of the bay cities is an injury to all. The communities on San Francisco Bay are bone of our bone, sinew of our sinew and flesh of our flesh; to them applies the fable of the Belly and its Members. In the sense that old New York, Brooklyn, Williams-

burg, The Bronx, and Staten Island were one before their act of union was officially certified, San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda are one today. If San Francisco retrogrades all the others will take the back track; if it grows and thrives, the three other towns will grow and thrive also. The sources of their prosperity are the same; the factors of their adversity do not differ; they are partners in the destiny of California, and as such are bound to work for the common good.

It is not a plea against an ultimate political union that San Francisco is passing through a period of distasteful government; indeed, if we were on the point of going into that discussion we should urge that the annexation of such moral communities as Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley would be the surest remedy. But let that pass. The point now is that such an attack upon San Francisco as the *Argonaut* has quoted is treason to a common interest and it will be used as a weapon by the common enemy. Suppose the Oakland *Times's* indictment should be instrumental in depriving San Francisco of a casting vote in its favor for the exposition bill? Would not the loss fall as heavily upon Oakland as upon San Francisco, in proportion to its size, the value of its property, and its means of entertaining strangers and providing homes for those who might have come to stay? And does not local spleen which takes that risk come pretty high?

The census has marked out a metropolitan district in which San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley stand together. Within that great circle there can be no higher type of civic patriotism than that which embraces all these cities and the towns about them in one common loyalty; and a journal which disregards that sentiment deserves to be published elsewhere, if at all.

The Baseball Candidate.

Mr. Spalding, in a circular which is expected to promote his candidacy for the United States Senate, assures the public that Abraham Lincoln was "also a ballplayer." Mr. Lincoln, according to the Spalding anecdote, was playing baseball on "a suburban outlot of Springfield" when officially waited on with the notification that he had been named for President of the United States. Homer Davenport adds verisimilitude to the tale with a picture of the scene which neither Mr. Lincoln nor the committee could have lived down if they had not died some years before the game of baseball was invented.

It is, of course, creditable to Mr. Spalding to seek good company in politics, but the headline he has chosen for the Davenport sketch, "Another Case of 'Only a Ballplayer,'" conveys a somewhat false impression. No doubt, in his time, Mr. Lincoln batted the ball in the game of One Old Cat, and made a record, but unlike his self-constituted aftertype he had done something else before he qualified for a high official post. Mr. Lincoln made the ball and bat figure as the trifling incidents of a leisure hour, but Mr. Spalding appears to have made them his life work. The future President, while a clerk in a rural grocery, also sold tobacco, codfish, and old Kentucky rye, but, doubtless to the discouragement of aspiring rural grocers since he had to base his claims upon official preferment on more exceptional services. There is where he differed from the coming Mr. Spalding, whose history can no more be separated from the horsehide sphere and the lathe-turned bat than that of San Diego's previous aspirant for the toga, Mr. U. S. Grant, can be from the leg-pulling cinch of some of the earnest patriots whom he bequeathed to the campaign of his hapless successor.

Editorial Note.

Among other fine new-fangled institutions, it is proposed by the headlong political reformers of Los Angeles to establish a municipal daily newspaper with leading municipal officials in editorial authority under the general control of the city council. The project seems a bit advanced, none the less there are suggestions of advantage in it. It would indeed be a fine thing for the city government to have a serviceable organ maintained at public expense. Then there would be another advantage in that it would make a lot more offices great and small to be filled through selection of whatever political party or faction may chance to be in authority.

For good measure, this, the fifty-third issue of the *Argonaut* in 1910, is sent with good wishes to its subscribers.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Following the example of those senators who scored the art of Washington and especially denounced the effigies in the Statuary Hall as "freaks and grotesques," Thomas Nelson Page has bettered his instructors by widening the impeachment to include the country at large. He bids us traverse the length and breadth of the land to examine the soldiers' monuments of the States, and note "how frightfully" they express the idea for which they stand. The novelist also pays his respects to the Statuary Hall, which, he affirms, presents a "terrifying spectacle." This is quite in harmony with the fashion of the hour. When one senator cited the statues at Washington as good illustrations of what artists will do when they are turned loose, another interjected the observation that it was the first time he had heard it stated that "artists" were responsible for the work in Statuary Hall. In fact, the muck-raking habit has been so diligently fostered of late that to find a good word about anything American is as difficult as the discovery of a needle in a stack of hay.

Really, however, Mr. Page's jeremiad and the art criticisms of the senators are beside the mark. Things are not quite so bad as they make out. If one were so disposed, extenuating circumstances might be found in the condition of sculpture in the world at large. No nation can boast a Pheidias today, and they were not plentiful in ancient Greece. The great cities of Europe are no better off than the cities of America; in each may be found an odd collection of "poor, cold, grimy, colorless heroes and heroines" loafing about in squares and at street corners. Than the average statue of Berlin or London nothing more freaky or grotesque could be imagined. But that is a cowardly argument; it is far more manly to take the position of Henry Van Dyke and carry the war into the enemy's camp. He is on sure ground when he cites Brown's "Washington" in Union Square, New York, as an equestrian statue which challenges "any of the Parisian moderns to better it." After all, however, and allowing for his overstatement, Mr. Van Dyke preaches the most wholesome gospel when he writes:

We shall not be great in art or its appreciation, nor shall we in anywise become an artistic people, until we put aside our foreign haubles and do our own things, with our own materials, in our own way. We may drag the world for antiquities and turn our house and cities into museums, but in the end we shall find that collecting is one thing and producing quite another thing. Moreover, the inspiration of a nation's art never yet came out of the junkshop. It comes out of the soil—the time, the place, the people, and their ideals. Ruskin insisted that the deeds of a nation might be great through good fortune and its words mighty by the genius of a few of its children, but its art only by the general gifts and common sympathies of the race. And his insistence was a right one. We shall have to learn that lesson with its moral of self-reliance before we shall rise to any great heights.

In the realm of oratory American history can furnish a striking example of the high achievement which may result from this quality of self-reliance, from an effort to express the ideals native to American soil. And the example is all the more noteworthy from the fact that it furnishes a suggestive parallel with the golden age of Athens. Much has been written, yet not too much, in praise of the lofty eloquence and yet classical simplicity of Lincoln's address at the dedication of Gettysburg, but how rarely, if ever, has that little masterpiece of the spoken word been compared with that address by Pericles delivered on a similar occasion which is regarded as the gem of Greek declamation. Inasmuch as an American scholar, Professor Bernadotte Perrin, has just given to the world a new translation of Pericles' famous Funeral Oration, the occasion seems apposite to set its most kindred passage in conjunction with the address of the American President:

PERICLES.

There are few Hellenes like these, whose deeds will be found to balance their praises. I hold that such an end as theirs shows forth a man's real excellence, whether it be a first revelation or a final confirmation. For even those who fall short in other ways may find refuge behind the valor they show in fighting for their country. They make men forget the evil that was in them for the good, and help their country more by their public sacrifice than they injured her by their private failings. Among these men, however, there was no one in wealth who set too high a value on the further enjoyment of it, to his own undoing, nor any one in poverty who was led, by the hope of escaping it and becoming rich, to postpone the dread ordeal. Nay, they deemed the punishment of the enemy more to be desired than all these things, and the fairest of all perils; and so they highly resolved, facing the peril, to punish the foe at the price of their ambitions. They left to hope the uncertainty of success in these, and confidently trusted in their own deeds as they faced the plain duty of the hour. And in the heat of action, thinking it far better to suffer death than to yield and live, they did indeed fly from the word of disgrace, but they stood firm in deeds of prowess, and so, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the height of their glory rather than of their fear, they passed away. . . . These are men for you to emulate now. Consider your happiness to be your freedom, and your freedom your high spirit, and do not look askance at the perils of war.

LINCOLN.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a large sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.

When American history has as many centuries to its credit as Greece has now, Lincoln's words at Gettysburg will be a text as richly prized as the oration of Pericles is by scholars today, and there can be no question that in the judgment of posterity the moving sentences of the rail-splitter will take at least equal rank with the periods of the Athenian statesman. Nor should it be overlooked that while we read Pericles through the pen of Thucydides, in the Gettysburg address we have the direct words of Lincoln.

For a final illustration of the absurdity of the English play censorship as it exists today nothing more conclusive could be desired than the ridiculous situation which has developed in connection with the Strauss-Wilde "Salomé." Ever since the production of that opera in New York, and its almost immediate withdrawal in response to public sentiment, efforts have been made to secure the lord chamberlain's license for its performance in London. Up to the present season, however, all applications for a license have been refused, a decision as logical on the lord chamberlain's part as the attitude of the American public. The English censor, it is stated, based his objections upon the appearance of John the Baptist on the stage, and upon the lewdness of certain expressions used by Salomé; with the music of the opera he had no concern. In the hope that these difficulties might be removed, Thomas Beecham proceeded with his rehearsals, and was finally granted a license on expurgatory conditions. That is, the lord chamberlain undertook to do for the Wilde text what the illustrious Bowdler did for the plays of Shakespeare. But the Family Wilde is far funnier than the Family Shakespeare. For one thing, John the Baptist disappears completely and becomes "the Prophet." In addition, all New Testament expressions are deleted; the charger is retained, but a smear of blood takes the place of John's head; and such a phrase as Salomé's "I want to kiss thy lips, Jokanaan" becomes "To death let me follow thee, oh Prophet." Of course the music could not be watered down to harmonize with these radical changes, and consequently the voluptuous score of Strauss made a ludicrous foil to the stage action and dialogue. The result can be imagined. Of course the censor has made himself the laughing-stock of London and hastened the day when his absurd office will be abolished.

Carlyle's old trick of hitting his reader between the eyes by capitalizing his words with considerable frequency—a trick caught from the Germans—is being revived by the "forcible feeblies" whose resort of italics has been flched from them by the exigencies of the linotype. The impressiveness of the method is undeniable. Take a few examples from the lucubrations of that Mr. Macfall who is reported to be engaged upon a "Trilogy of Life":

Dominion in the world goes to the Master Race.
The lamp of the master folk is the New Thought—its soul the New Instinct.
Behind us is the rotting Past; before us the Splendid Way-faring over a wider world.
The Commonplace Mind leaps like a frightened thing to spit forth the nickname of Anarchy.

And so on: "the mob" becomes "the Mob," "new truth" "New Truth," "stale law" "Stale Law," etc. Does not the reader see how imposing the trick is? To clap a capital letter to a word is to transform it as a turnip is changed when hollowed and holed and lighted and stuck on a pole by the wayside on a dark night. Perhaps the simile may be carried a step further, for the turnip in its original condition was food, but with its core gone is a mere useless husk. Mr. Macfall's grandiloquently capitalized words are excellent bogeys, but their light is of the dimmest and their sustenance nil.

Several months ago the *Argonaut* was favored with a formidable document, fathered by the "Futurists" of Venice, which heralded the downfall of that decadent city and made an impassioned appeal for the burning of "the gondoles," "those swings for fools." The lively authors of that deliverance have sent forth their apostle to other lands, and it is safe guessing to hazard that his voice will be floating on American air before long. In that event, Signor Marinetti should find a warm supporter in Professor Osler, for the ruthless programme of the "Futurists" breathes extinction for old men as well as old everything else. Apparently they have not yet decided what course of action they will pursue when they grow in years themselves, but they will always be able to fall back on the example of Professor Osler as a proof that it is not necessary to practice what you preach.

Transatlantic communication by telephone is a promise of the near future. If the new cable just laid between Dover and Cape Gris Nes, to increase the facility of telephonic communication between England and France, performs the wonders expected of it, some of the difficulties to be overcome in talking across, or under, the Atlantic Ocean will be removed. We already send the sounds of human speech under the water for tolerably long distances. England talks with France and Belgium. Telephonic communication between our mainland and islands off the coast is in common use, and excites no comment, though our grandfathers would have considered it impossible. The new channel cable has a system of coils which are expected to reduce the distortion of current impulses and make the transmission of speech clearer. If the experiment is successful, further improvements in this system are expected to make an ocean telephone cable a possibility. It is not conceivable that ocean telephoning will ever be cheap. To talk between Europe and America will likely be an expensive luxury, but there will be occasions when the opportunity to do so will be eagerly seized, no matter what it costs.

OLD FAVORITES.

Midnight Mass for the Dying Year.

Yes, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! Caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain-passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray—pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers,
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! Oh, the old man gray
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
"Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead!
Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul! couldst thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars from heaven down-cast
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleyson!
Christe, eleyson!—Longfellow.

The Death of the Old Year.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.
Old Year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend and a true true-love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old Year, you must not go;
So long have you been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old Year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I have a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year, blithe and hold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light hurns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Snake hands before you die.
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you;
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.—Tennyson.

Two undimmed dollars of 1804 were recently discovered in a Philadelphia lawyer's office.

IN A NEW YORK COURT.

Domestic Relations Displayed with Embarrassing Features

When I inquired the way to the New York Domestic Relations Court the wayfarer told me with embarrassing promptness that it was a court for women only, and for women who had been deserted by their husbands. Men who had been deserted, beaten, or otherwise maltreated by their wives should apply—well, my informant really did not know where they should apply. Personally he did not believe that any provision had been made for them and, being a bit of a philosopher, he added that to be deserted by one's wife was hardly a matter for commiseration, but rather for envy. He did not use these very words, having a tendency toward a vernacular profanity, but that is what he meant. Having thus shed some gentle and unsolicited illumination upon his own domestic difficulties, he assumed an air of scornful skepticism toward my assurances that my motives were those of curiosity only, but he directed me all the same, and left me with a comradely assurance that it was best to let well alone.

The Domestic Relations Court was established at the instigation of a philanthropist who was laboring under the "bring them together" delusion. Recognizing that there was a vast amount of marital disagreement—not to say venomous hatred—he argued that if some just judge of experience, sympathy, and tact were empowered to reason sweetly with defaulting spouses and to point out the error of their ways a reconciliation would often be the result. Cases of obduracy could be met by the iron hand without the velvet glove, while to crown the edifice there should be a woman probation officer, who would use the wiles of her sex to follow up the heavy artillery of the bench. On the whole it was rather a gorgeous idea, but of course the "bring them together" theory was just pure unadulterated foolishness. These people at the Domestic Relations Court don't want to be brought together. What they want for the most part is to be explosively separated and kept separated by armor plating and reinforced concrete.

Every day about forty women apply to Judge Harris at this remarkable court. The husbands are usually there, too, not from choice, but from necessity, and it is evident enough that many of these wretched men are finding the first chance of their married lives to get "a word in edgeways." But put out of your minds all sentimental ideas, all vapid gush about misunderstood lives, or incompatibilities that have hardened into estrangements. Nothing of the sort. Nine out of ten of these complaints have their source in a selfish brutality upon the one side or the other that almost defies comprehension. Nine out of ten of these desertions and grievances simply show that one party or the other has never known even a glimmering sense of duty, has never for one moment broken away from a crude and bestial self-interest. And the women are as bad as the men, for while desertion or ill treatment are capable of definite and concrete statement and complaint, the inferno of incompetence and nagging that preceded them can not be so stated or presented.

Take, for example, one case. Here is a woman who complains that her husband is about to desert her. She is a large, stern, and uncompromising looking female. He is a small, nervous, and sickly male with a cough. Only Providence knows why he married her, but perhaps he could not run very fast. He has come to the court with her by judicial order, but she could, and doubtless would, have brought him anyway. Her complaint of intended desertion is specific and definite and, Heaven help her, she has no shadow of a doubt of the justice of her cause and she states it defiantly, stridently.

The husband is apparently surprised at being asked for his version, and still more at being allowed to give it without interruption by the dragoness who confronts him, but being reassured by the judicial trappings, he speaks up like a little man. He works in a sweatshop and his health has given way. The doctor tells him that his days are numbered unless he can get into the country, and he has been so lucky as to find a job in New Hampshire and at good pay. He will probably recover under better conditions, but the lady refuses to leave New York. She likes the city and she has her friends and she will not go. That is all there is to it. She will not go. She does not dispute her husband's statements. Indeed she assents to them, but why should she be forced to leave the city against her will? Never in her life has she done anything against her will, and she veritably trembles with indignation at the thought, and looks confidently to the judge for vindication and for the unleashing of the legal thunders against the poor, coughing little miscreant whom she has arraigned. Imagine such a woman. How interesting it would be to examine her phenological department or to speculate upon the ossification of her alleged soul. But never mind about that. The judge speaks to her in the language understood by the people, and she retreats twittering with bewilderment, perplexity, and indignation. But what will happen to that poor, abject, shivering mouse when she gets him in the private sanctities of their apartment house? And he has no Domestic Relations Court to go to, nor will she ever desert him. Not while she lives.

Now take another case. This time the complainant is a little gray-haired woman, labor-worn and toil-stained. The husband is a son of Anak and with the sweetly

winning ways of a rhinoceros. She is his second wife, and she has devoted herself for years to the training and care of his two daughters. Now she is deserted, her husband and the girls having gone to another part of the city and forbidden her to follow them. Imagine wanting to follow such a high-smelling trio, but then what can she do?

So the husband, as before, is asked what he has to say for himself, and he speaks out frankly from the bottom of his base, black heart. "Well, your honor, you see she's getting old—" He does not know that this is not a valid excuse, for why should he live with a woman who is no longer attractive merely because she happens to be his wife? He would have finished the sentence, but he happens to catch a glimpse of the judge's eye, and the human eye can be so much more eloquent than the human tongue. He is not ashamed, for he has not yet reached that point in evolution, a point to which most dogs have attained, where shame becomes possible, but he has a vague feeling that for some reason the judge disapproves of him. Had he gone on he would have doubtless explained that his smart daughters did not wish to associate with the shabby little woman who had given her life for them. It would have been no good to talk to them. It would be as intelligent as to discuss vegetarianism with a tiger, or toilet perfumes with a polecat.

Somewhere or other we find that the love of money is at the root of all these evils, which, after all, is but a fulfillment of scripture. A good many of the wives were earning their own living before marriage and now they find that they no longer have the pocket money that they were used to. Duty? Self-sacrifice? Not a bit of it. They have never even heard of such things. You might as well talk to them of the binomial theorem or of equations. In most cases you find a husband or a wife who is absolutely heartless, wholly selfish, and with not so much conscience as the beasts that perish. These proceedings really ought to be held in camera. There are some sights that it is not good to see, and some odors that ought not to be smelled, and the worst sights and the worst odors are often beyond the scope of the criminal law. They constitute a sort of legal depravity far worse than anything within the code. It is fortunate that they are so rarely sensational and that there is little in the Domestic Relations Court to stimulate the jaded appetites of a surfeited public.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, December 21, 1910.

Chile has just completed the first census it has ever taken in a province comprising about one-fourth of the whole extent of the republic (says the *Chicago Tribune*). This is the territory of Magallanes, or Magellan, the most southerly portion of the American continent. Here, in a province occupying about 67,000 square miles, and including mainland as well as Tierra del Fuego, are two cities of some note and important naval and other public works of the Chilean government. Punta Arenas, a city of about 10,000 inhabitants, has a commerce second only to that of Valparaiso. Eighty per cent of the population of the province live there or in Porvenir. Its position on the strait of Magellan gives it strategic and commercial value, much of which will, however, disappear with the completion of the Panama Canal. The Transandean Railway between Argentina and Chile also has affected its importance. Its position is about as far south as that of Edmonton is north, but the future of the latter is far brighter, for it is in the midst of a wide and fruitful country, while Magellan is a bleak and sterile province, with sheep-raising as nearly its only pursuit.

The South no longer carries all its eggs in one basket (observes *Leslie's Weekly*). Corn, rice, and fruits of the various sorts are being raised there to an extent undreamed of half a dozen years ago. Beside the cotton plantation the cotton mill is being erected. Although Massachusetts still excels in the manufacture of the finer grades of cotton fabrics, the entire mill consumption of cotton now is as great in the South as it is in the North. Immigrants from Europe are at last beginning to turn toward the South. Northern settlers and capital are, more and more every year, drifting toward the States below the Potomac and the Ohio. The current of farmers seeking cheap lands, which has been crossing into Canada in large volume in the past few years, is moving toward Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, and the more easterly States along the Gulf coast now. DeBew, the South's statistician and publicist of long ago, who predicted an immense expansion for his region as a result of the removal of the slavery incubus, ought to have lived half a century later. Some choice prizes—industrial, social, and political—are to be won by the South in the coming time.

It is demonstrated by the census returns that the closest estimates on the population of the cities of the country and their rate of growth had been made by the telephone companies. In preparations for prospective business the statistics and engineering departments of the telephone companies must have figures as nearly correct as prevision can make them.

The campaign in England has seen the first use of wireless in electioneering. A Newcastle candidate started home from East Africa just after the canvass began, and he sent daily messages to his constituents.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Charles Follen Adams, who wrote the verses to "Leedle Yawcob Strauss" and gained fame thereby more than thirty years ago, is still alive and a familiar figure on the streets of Boston and in the lecture field.

A recent visitor to Quebec was Paul Louis Joseph Candiac de Goyon Gabriac Saint Verau de Montcalm, the grandson of the Marquis of Montcalm who fell in the battle on the plains of Abraham in 1759. The young man was born in Brooklyn.

Miss Fola La Follette, daughter of Senator Robert M. La Follette, has written a play with woman suffrage as the dominating motive. Miss La Follette has dramatic ability and she has utilized it in giving readings for the benefit of the equal suffrage cause.

Charles Battell Loomis, the humorist and poet, is a Brooklynite, who has never cared to live at a great distance from one end of the East River bridge. His essays and verse have been printed in almost every publication in America, and he is still industrious. He is still in the forties.

Colonel Robert A. Thompson, now eighty-three years old, is the only survivor of the distinguished citizens of South Carolina who signed the State ordinance of secession. Colonel Thompson was for forty years an editor and publisher, in addition to practice as a lawyer. He now lives on his farm near Walhalla, in the "old South State."

George W. Jackson, who is engineering a huge Chicago-to-New York tunnel project, is one of the most prominent engineers in the United States. He was born in Chicago and received his education there and at Oxford. He built the Strickler tunnel through Pike's Peak, many important works in other parts of the country, and a great part of the tunneling in and about Chicago.

Prince Freydoun Malcolm Khan of Persia is visiting Boston. Prince Malcolm was born in London, graduated from Eton school, and with his three sisters was brought up practically in England, as his father was for twenty-one years Persian ambassador to Great Britain. The late Prince Malcolm Khan was known as "the Reformer of the Empire," and the family was one of the few native Christian ones in the empire.

Marguerite Ardoux was a Parisian dressmaker until she discovered she had literary talent. She wrote an autobiographical novel, "Marie-Claire," giving to the work all her leisure time for five years, and now she is one of the most talked-about figures in the world of French letters. Her story is said to be the hook of the year in Paris, and as it has won the Académie Goncourt's prize of \$1000, there is little doubt of its serious consideration.

Miss Sheila O'Neill recently showed and explained in London a model of a tandem monoplane which she had just completed. This exhibition was given under the auspices of the Woman's Aerial League of London. Miss O'Neill is the only woman allowed to drive a motor-car in the Irish reliability motor-trials. She has won many prizes in motoring, has patented several inventions, and is at present perfecting a new splash device for motors. She went out as a nurse during the Boer War and holds medals from both the King and Queen of England.

Professor Herman Volrath Hilprecht, the Assyriologist, has been professor of comparative Semitic philology in the University of Pennsylvania since 1886. He has been director of the university's scientific expedition to Nippur, Babylonia, during four campaigns, and editor-in-chief of its publications. His researches for ancient inscriptions and study of those found have been long and severe. Some widely noted discussions among scientific investigators have grown out of his discoveries. The professor is a native of Germany and is just beginning his second half-century of life.

The Marchioness of Dufferin made her appearance as a singer at a concert a few days ago in London, given by Mme. Donalda, the Canadian prima donna. The marchioness was Florence Davis, the daughter of John H. Davis, the New York banker, when she married Lord Terence Blackwood in 1893. Nine years later Lord Terence succeeded to the title of his father, who had been viceroy of India and governor-general of Canada, as well as ambassador to several of the European capitals. Three daughters have been born to the couple, the oldest, Lady Doris Blackwood, being now fifteen years old. Notwithstanding her success, the marchioness has no intention of accepting engagements as a professional singer.

Henry Labouchere has retired from the personal management of London *Truth*, and the paper is transferred to a corporation. Mr. Labouchere is in his eightieth year. Since the death of his wife (Henrietta Hodson) and the marriage of his only daughter he has failed visibly, and his prolonged residence in Italy led to his relinquishment of all his London interests. From the most idle and careless of roving diplomatsists and the most reckless of gamblers at any game of chance, he suddenly developed into the most brilliant of journalists. He was *persona non grata* at court, not because he had married an actress, but because of his ultra-radical opinions, and yet *Truth* has always had the earliest court news.

THE BRIGHT FLAME OF ROMANCE.

How For a Time It Warmed a Bachelor's Heart.

P. H. Proudft, making a baton of his yellow newspaper, flourished it at his new clerk to emphasize a caution that it is highly immoral to peel down old sprouts till they look young and tender—that is, in the open, where customers may see.

In the dull, early hours of summer afternoon, the store attained an atmosphere almost bucolic on this ordinarily busy street-car transfer corner. Too warm, however, for contemplation of the staple and fancy groceries announced on Proudft's billhead, he did not care to concentrate on affairs of commerce. The newspaper, spread open, afforded a lighter topic. His reverie ambled along aloud to the senior clerk, in a condescending manner, for it was enough that Proudft, guardian of dignity, should mention anything but business to his employee.

"Funny what men'll do," he observed, with a pretense of originality and a touch of mysticism.

At the relaxing of his employer's stiffness, the clerk looked curious.

"Yeh, funny things 'll happen," Proudft stated the fact with great solemnity, though unaware of its philosophical profundity. "Now here," he said, turning to the concrete, "here's a man that married a girl what wrote her name on a pair of overalls. . . . She made the overalls. . . . See?" He thrust forward the open paper. "There's a long piece about it. An' a pictcher."

Running his forefinger along the head over the story, he read, as if the clerk were blind:

"Cupid Disguised In
Overalls Makes Victim
Of Factory Belle."

A moment's contemplation, and he added: "An' she's purty, too."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk.

"They got a little Cupid here, dressed in overalls," Mr. Proudft continued, pointing to what is technically known to those who make newspapers as a "layout." "An' a lot that she says an' what her man says. Quite romantic, aint it?"

Disregarding the answer, he gazed dreamily out of the door. By and by he repeated with a sigh that might have been merely the complaint of a fat man at the heat, "Men'll do funny things."

The desire for a haven of eventfulness in his life forced him to occupation. He potted futilely about the store, correcting the plumb of pyramids of cans, adding a new stratum to the wall of soap in the north show window, adjusting calendars, placards, and "cut-outs."

By the egg boxes he paused critically, examining the goods and their price-marked signs: "Fresh." "Strictly Fresh." "Just Laid." "Country." and "Twenty-Four Hour." Then suddenly he rose; no keener surprise could have marked his expression had he discovered an indubitably twenty-four-hour egg in the box billed "Fresh." About to speak his astonishment, he checked himself; his glance about the store was in the manner of one suddenly run upon a mystery demanding to be solved. The senior clerk was busy, the newer was in the rear with the sprouts, customers there were none; Proudft's find was a secret.

In the glass and wood box which was his office, the grocer, with many precautions for privacy, examined an egg.

Slipping over its smooth curve in faint lines, he found an invitation to the bizarre—a promise and a fulfillment, a message from the gods in answer to his unformulated prayer for romance, guided to his hand by the kind machinations of undreamt laws. Upon the egg he deciphered, in a gently sloped hand:

"Miss Saphronia Appold, Cachinook, Oregon."

Three shy lines, yet how pregnant with possibility, how fraught with the salt of life!

Never did lover consider more raptly the new-discovered name of his inamorata. Never did youth's flesh tingle more deliciously at the imminence of all it should hold dear. Never was the vagabond and cavalier that lurks within all men so quickly stirred to a fervent assault upon heart and brain. It was as if a red rose had been tossed him from a balcony behind which was a hint of glistening black eyes.

A moment of shock, of doubtful scrutiny of his fortune, and then Proudft succumbed. He realized that all his life he had waited for this; perhaps his life had been a mere preparation now at its close.

As do all romantic boys (he was but forty-one) he thought upon the name, Saphronia! Somewhere in the world—at Cachinook, Oregon, to be precise—a damsel's heart was beating in unison with his. Saphronia! What beauty was there—beauty in sound and in suggestion.

His impressions, however, were vague to Proudft. The surge of emotion was beyond his cogent comprehension, much more, his expression. At the moment his clearest thought was that he had once known a Saphronia; yet his comment on the memory was "Huh!" For that was the name of his uncle's wife, who could be but the opposite in all things to his 'sis.

Recognizing but a sense of dim wonderment, unconscious of his ecstasy and therefore trebly in its thrall, Proudft continued to study the egg and that which the gods (chuckling Cupid, smiled upon benignantly by

Venus—'tis always so) had caused to be written upon it.

He gazed so ardently, in fact, that young Mrs. McEntee from around the corner was forced to proffer her check and payment twice. Even then, Proudft forgot to give in change the Canadian dime destined for her as the most gullible of his customers.

One of the keenest delights of a condition such as his is the holding of a secret. That, Proudft possessed to the full. He did not hug it to his breast, for fear of breaking it—where would have been joy with the egg crushed? Truly, the source of love was never more fragile; one little jar, and he would have been as other men.

The touch of business, however, left him, for the nonce at least, upon earth again; a grocer who realized that sensible men do not cherish single eggs, gazing on them secretly and intently. But to cast it aside? His cash register, sooner.

Unwonted ingenuity discovered for it hiding places. Liquor alone could have circumvented his taciturnity. Day by day he changed the cache with the caution of a conspirator, wasting from nervousness. Many were his trips to the shrine: the god of sentimentality, in all his æons of existence, never had a devotee more earnest or slyer with a feeling that his worship was somehow culpable.

The egg grew upon him, but Proudft made no opposition. These days stood out supreme, gay and golden, from forty-one years of the grocery plane. To him the egg offered the thrills of a clandestine—almost an illicit—passion. He was dominated by the graceful shell and its message; he cherished it as might a beau a bit of lace. And ever in his mind was the recollection of the Cupid in "overalls." Not that Proudft admitted even to himself the possibility of his playing hero in such a story as the factory belle's. Manly contempt of love forced him to a pretended scorn of such a hint when it forced itself to consideration. Yet, in a corner of his heart, next the compartment wherein lay such holy treasures as the memory of his mother and the wish that peeling down old sprouts were unnecessary to the earning of an honest living—there, unowned, was planted a certainty that sooner or later he would write to Saphronia. Planted and thriving, growing hour by hour, sending its roots deeper with every look at the hidden memento, the egg.

So subtly, though, did the idea flourish, that Proudft felt surprised when eventually he was able to note it mentally with no qualm. Then there came to his aid an array of proverbs and quotations anent the merit of mating, and self-pitying reflections on the cheerlessness of his bachelor's life—the keenness of the latter accentuated by the suddenness with which they had assumed a meaning for him.

In this manner, at last, the time arrived when he could say as he looked at the egg. "Something might hatch out of this." In that hour his affair of the heart sped far onward toward fruition. "Why not?" he argued with the remnants of recalcitrant sobriety that came to the fore, vaguely disturbing his equanimity. "Can't nothin' awful come of it, an'—an'—"

A day and a night he struggled on the actual verge of taking the decisive step, all the forces of human instinct marshaled against convention and superstition. In the end, Destiny (no less) proved the victor.

"Oh, I'll just write anyway," said Proudft, "an' see what happens."

Whereat Destiny laughed joyously, for it was patent that all was over, in the ordinary round, with the cavalier. Destiny it was, most probably, that carried him through the perilous moments of composing the letter. But however dawdling pen might tend to cool his ardor, Proudft persevered. Faith grew with failure; in the end he triumphed, thus:

MISS SAPHRONIA APPOLD,
Cachinook, Ore.
My dear Miss Saphronia—

(He took his style from a manual of letters, with many oaths over its lack of "An Epistle to a Young Lady Who Has Written Her Name upon an Egg.")

Your favor at hand. I found the egg what you had written you're name up on. Now dear miss Saphronia I am a young man hansom and welltodo. and I would like very much to meet a hansom young lady like I feel you to be.

Therefore I have taken the liberty to take my pen in hand to write to you to say that I would like to meet you. If you can come to the city I would like it but if you can't I will go to Cachinook. If you can't can you send you're photo. Am sure you'd like me and I can give a hansom young lady a fine home. I w'd like to here from you pleas.

Yours friendly, P. H. PROUDFT.

P. S. object matromoney.

As he read it for the last time he wondered what roughhewing of his ends he was attempting. It took force of will to seal the letter, to stamp it. Energy sufficient to build a pyramid—or to wrap up one hundred and eighty-six pounds of sugar in six minutes, as he had once done—was called upon to force Proudft to the corner letterbox. Proudft blinked; the box clanked, and Destiny paused in her work to nod approvingly. For a moment the box's little clatter echoed as in an emptiness. A great fear chilled him. He had shot the bolt! It was as if he had dropped a coin in Fate's slot machine and awaited the outcome. Then, in a trice, he was himself again; he reentered the store a conqueror of hearts with an iron in the fire, a man worthy of the Cosmos' attention. He hastened to the egg.

"Ah!" he sighed (perhaps it really sounded more like "Huh!") "Here I've been aworryin' like to kill over writin' an' Saphronia—little dear—out there waitin'

sad eyed, sighin' f'r her answer. . . . I bet she's a pippin. . . . What'll I call her f'r short? Saph don't soun' right an' Phronie is what Uncle Jake used to say. Nix on Phronie. Smart girl, that, t' think o' writin' on an egg." And he laughed a staccato he-he. No doubt of failure assailed him; his mind was too full of tender conceits, of brave thoughts of his own virtues, of plans for the honeymoon (he figured that he could afford seventy-five dollars for that).

The letter-carrier he greeted with all the affability at command. Delivery by delivery Proudft awaited the answer that would become a pivot in his life. Building fantastically, comparing future bliss with a past that now seemed unbearable, plunged as high as ever man was in the air-treading whirl that was his right, he threw from his mind all thought of affairs material. No blemish specked his pristine joy, not even his continued forgetfulness to give the Canadian dime to Mrs. McEntee, nor the acceptance, in a moment of unprecedented abstraction, of a plugged nickel. Thus passed a week, projected into the future, unmarred even by the anxiety of his anticipation of the letter.

There came another afternoon such as that on which he had found the egg, a day whose warmth seemed luxurious in his new estate. Into the drowsy store came Mrs. McEntee. At her side waddled her eldest-born, two years of accumulated, grimy-faced fat; on her arm was a younger, blinking with the perpetual wonder of six months. As he compared her to Saphronia, much to Mrs. McEntee's disadvantage (he had come to judge all women thus), Proudft did up her quarter's worth of eggs—"Fresh." Then he retired to his office. She laid down her money, fumbled, and drew from somewhere about her a letter. She flapped it open.

His note to Saphronia! Proudft saw, doubted, recognized, gasped. Mrs. McEntee giggled coyly.

"Oh, Mr. Proudft," said she, shifting her babe in arms, "did—you really write this?"

"Why, er—why—" Proudft was choked off. Anger leagued with mystification to throttle him. What grinning creature was this that had intercepted his one expression of devotion? Not even a protesting "but" could he force out.

"Well," Mrs. McEntee giggled, "I think it was just too sweet of you! Mr. McEntee, you know, was awful mad—wanted to come 'round here and do all kinds of things, and I just had the hardest time gettin' it out of his head. I told him that you couldn't have known I was married and that little Johnny and Clara were here, y' know. It was awful hard, but I managed him—I always can manage him."

Proudft stared; his struggle for speech was visible. "Why, you," he succeeded in stammering, "why, you—you mean—you're—"

"Why, didn't you know when I showed this?" Her manner was calm to the limit of exasperation. "Why, sure!" She laughed till her younger baby seemed to bounce in her grasp. "Of course! My folks sent me the letter from Cachinook—I lived there, y' know, till Jim came along. He met me while he was paintin' pa's new barn. Jim's a painter. Yes." She wagged her head. "An' just t' think o' gettin' an answer to that foolish egg after all this time! Oh, I was giddy then!"

Once more she laughed; Proudft echoed a nervous cackinnation intended as a sign of composure.

"Why, it's more than three years," she went on. "I remember the day so well: I snickered over that egg till I got the hiccoughs. . . . Three years! An ordinary woman's deep wonder at commonplaces was in her tone. "An' then you wrote. Well, aint that funny? Jus' think, Mr. Proudft, I—I might 'a' been your wife!"

Her laugh at that was the crowning outburst. "An' all this time that egg must 'a' been lyin' in cold storage. Why, I could 'a' stayed an old maid forever!"

She reached for her change. In the daze of ruined hopes, the trader's instinct again tightened its clutch on Proudft; he counted out the coins to the careless housewife. Among them was a Canadian dime and a plugged nickel.

"Well, funny things 'll happen."

As he nodded assent, she led from the store little Johnny.

Dumbly Proudft watched her depart; with abstraction he gazed long at the door and at the heat-shimmered pave beyond. Then from the drawer of his desk he took the egg, holding it gingerly, as something of great worth. Slowly, with a world of tenderness, he bore it through the store till he reached the box marked "Fresh." There, as one who buries the hope and passion of a lifetime, he left the egg, inscription down. He turned to his senior clerk.

"Billy," he said, "never count your chickens till they're hatched." M. B. LEVICK.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1910.

All over the world trolley lines without rails are being introduced. Two have been built in Bremen since last summer to connect the outlying districts with the city street-car lines. The cost of construction and operation is very light.

The total population of the United States, according to the thirteenth census, is, in unofficial figures, 91,954,435, an increase of 21 per cent over the population in 1900.

COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

A "Master of Magic" or "Prince of Scoundrels"?

"Adventurer," "charlatan," "impostor," are some of the adjectives applied by biographical dictionaries to Count Cagliostro. The characterizing phrases of Carlyle are even more decisive: "King of Liars," "Prince of Scoundrels," and so on. And now comes W. R. H. Trowbridge with a volume entitled "Cagliostro: The Splendour and Misery of a Master of Magic" which, he protests, is not an exercise in "whitewashing," but an attempt to revise what he believes to be a "false judgment of history."

Perhaps, however, save for his anti-Balsamo theory, the net result of Mr. Trowbridge's labors is to leave practically unchanged that rhyming portrait of his hero which was attached to a caricature by Gillray and which is still of interest as a succinct outline of a career which was certainly remarkable. The lines were described as "Extracts of the Arabian Count's Memoirs":

"Born, God knows where, supported, God knows how,
From whom descended—difficult to know;
Lord Crop adopts him as a homos friend,
And madly dares his character defend.
This self-dub'd count some few years since became
A Brother Mason in a borrow'd name;
For names like Semple numerous he hears,
And Proteus-like in fifty forms appears.
'Behold in me (he says) Dame Nature's child
Of Soul benevolent and Manners mild,
In me the guiltless Acharat behold,
Who knows the mystery of making Gold;
A feeling heart I hoast, a conscience pure,
I hoast a Balsam every ill to cure,
My Pills and Powders all disease remove,
Renew your vigour and your health improve.'
This cunning part the arch-impostor acts
And thus the weak and credulous attracts.
But now his history is render'd clear
The arrant hypocrite and knave appear;
First as Balsamo he to paint essay'd,
But only daubing he renounc'd the trade;
Then as a Mountebank abroad he stroll'd;
And many a name on Death's black list enroll'd.
Three times he visited the British shore,
And ev'ry time a different name he bore;
The brave Alsations he with ease cajol'd
By hoasting of Egyptian forms of old.
The self-same trick he practis'd at Bourdeaux,
At Strasburg, Lyons and at Paris too.
But fate for Brother Mash reserv'd the task
To strip the vile impostor of his mask.
May all true Masons his plain tale attend!
And Satire's laugh to fraud shall put an end."

That this is an authentic portrait is not accepted by Mr. Trowbridge. Especially does he object to all the biographical dictionaries and encyclopædias which persist in declaring that the real name of Cagliostro was Joseph Balsamo. He examines the evidence for this assertion and then brings forward an argument of his own:

There is, however, another reason for doubting the identity of the two men. It is the most powerful of all, and has hitherto apparently escaped the attention of those who have taken this singular theory of identification for granted.

Nobody that had known Balsamo ever saw Cagliostro. The description of Balsamo's features given by Antonio Braconieri resembles that which others have given of Cagliostro's personal appearance as far as it goes. Unfortunately, it merely proves that both were short, had dark complexions, and peculiarly bright eyes. As for their noses, Braconieri described Balsamo's as being *erased*; it is a much more forcible and unflattering term than has ever been applied to the by no means uncommon shape of Cagliostro's nasal organ. There were many pictures of Cagliostro scattered over Europe at the time of the Necklace Affair. In Palermo, where the interest taken in him was great, few print-sellers' windows, one would imagine, but would have contained his portrait. Braconieri certainly is likely to have seen it; and had the resemblance to Balsamo been undeniable, he would surely have attached the greatest importance to it as a proof of the identity he desired to establish. As a matter of fact, he barely mentions it.

Again, one wonders why nobody who had known Balsamo ever made the least attempt to identify Cagliostro with him either at the time of the trial or when the articles in the *Courier de l'Europe* brought him a second time prominently before the public. Now Balsamo was known to have lived in London in 1771, when his conduct was so suspicious to the police that he deemed it advisable to leave the country. He and his wife accordingly went to Paris, and it was here that, in 1773, the events occurred which brought both prominently under the notice of the authorities. Six years after Balsamo's disappearance from London, Count Cagliostro appeared in that city, and becoming involved with a set of swindlers in a manner that made him appear a fool rather than a knave, spent four months in the king's bench jail. How is it, one asks, that the London police, who "wanted" Giuseppe Balsamo, utterly failed to recognize him in the notorious Cagliostro?

Whether Cagliostro were Balsamo or some one else, he is a slippery subject for a biographer. So Mr. Trowbridge has discovered to his tribulation. He is ever bemoaning the difficulty of placing his hero, and can tell nothing of his doings or whereabouts prior to his appearance in London in July, 1776, when he and his countess engaged a suite of rooms and speedily became the object of much curiosity. An adventurer named Scott, and his female accomplice, soon became constant visitors in the guise of Scottish nobility, and those calls led to trouble:

Having found him so easy to dupe, the crew by whom he was surrounded naturally devoted their attention to increasing the friendship they had formed with him and his wife. Not a day passed but "Lord" Scott and his lady paid the count and countess a visit, and as it was their habit to drop in just before dinner or supper they soon managed to obtain their meals at the expense of the hospitable foreigners.

On one of these occasions the conversation having turned on a lottery in which his guests were interested, Cagliostro was reminded of "a manuscript he had found in the course of his travels which contained many curious cabalistic operations by aid of which the author set forth the possibilities

of calculating winning numbers." But since the matter was not one in which he had hitherto taken any particular interest, he was unwilling to express an opinion as to the value of these calculations, "having long contracted the habit of suspending his judgment on subjects he had not investigated." On being urged, however, he consented to consult the manuscript; whereupon, to test its system, Scott "risked a trifle" and won upwards of a hundred pounds.

But whatever opinion Cagliostro may now have formed as to the value to be attached to these "cabalistic operations," he refused to put them to further test. Gambling would appear to have had no attraction for him. Not only, if we are to believe him, did he risk nothing himself, or benefit in any way by the winning numbers he predicted on this occasion, but never afterwards is there to be found any allusion to gambling in the records that relate to his career. His aversion, however, which others—notably Mirabeau—have also shared, is not necessarily to be regarded as a virtue. There are many who, without objecting to gambling on moral grounds, are unable to find any pleasure in it.

Lady Scott, otherwise Miss Fry, pestered Cagliostro on many subsequent occasions, and the outcome of the business was that the "conspirators" landed the count and his wife in legal proceedings. It is a relief to turn from "this labyrinth of perpetual darkness" to the account of Cagliostro's initiation as a Freemason, which took place in the Soho district of London:

There was a full attendance of members, "Brother" Hardivilliers, an upholsterer, presiding. Out of courtesy to her sex the countess was received first. Her initiation consisted in taking the prescribed oath, after which "she was given a garter on which the device of the lodge—*Union, Silence, Virtue*—was embroidered, and ordered to wear it on going to bed that night."

The ceremony, however, of making the "Colonel of the Third Regiment of Brandenburg" a Freemason was characterized by the horseplay usual on such occasions. By means of a rope attached to the ceiling the "Colonel" was hoisted into the air, and allowed to drop suddenly to the floor—an idiotic species of buffoonery that entailed unintentionally a slight injury to his hand. His eyes were then bandaged, and a loaded pistol having been given him, he was ordered by "Brother" Hardivilliers to blow out his brains. As he not unnaturally manifested a lively repugnance to pull the trigger he was assailed with cries of "coward" by the assembly. "To give him courage" the president made him take the oath. It was as follows:

"I, Joseph Cagliostro, in presence of the great Architect of the Universe and my superiors in this respectable assembly, promise to do all that I am ordered, and bind myself under penalties known only to my superiors to obey them blindly without questioning their motives or seeking to discover the secret of the mysteries in which I shall be initiated either by word, sign, or writing."

The pistol—an unloaded one this time—was again put into his hand. Reassured, but still trembling, he placed the muzzle to his temple and pulled the trigger. At the same time he heard the report of another pistol, received a blow on the head, and tearing the handgrip from his eyes found himself—a Freemason!

That all this semi-mystic tomfoolery was not lost on Cagliostro is obvious from the fact that he founded a cult of his own, the well-known order of Egyptian Masonry. He is said to have derived the idea from some unpublished manuscripts he purchased in London, but it seems more probable it owed its birth to his own inventive brain working on the materials furnished by the experiences of his "initiation":

If it be true that a man's works are the key to his character, nothing reveals that of Cagliostro more clearly than his system of Egyptian Masonry. Never did the welfare of humanity, sublimest of ideals, find more ridiculous expression. But to describe in detail these astonishing *goliathias* of this system for the regeneration of mankind would be as tedious as it is unnecessary, and the following rough outline must serve to illustrate the constitution and ceremonies of the Egyptian Rite.

Both sexes were alike eligible for admission to the Egyptian Rite, the sole conditions being belief in the immortality of the soul and—as regards men—previous admission to some Masonic Lodge. There were, as in ordinary Freemasonry, three grades: apprentice, companion, and master Egyptian. The master Egyptians were called by the names of the Hebrew prophets, while the women of the same grade took those of sibyls.

Cagliostro himself assumed the title of Grand Cophta, which he declared to be that of Enoch, the first Grand Master of Egyptian Masonry. His wife, as Grand Mistress, was known as the Queen of Sheba.

The initiations of the neophytes consisted of being "breathed upon" by the Grand Master or Grand Mistress, according to their sex. This proceeding was accompanied by the swinging of censers and a species of exorcism that served as a preparation for moral regeneration. The Grand Cophta then made a short speech, which he also addressed to the members on their promotion from one grade to the other, ending with the words, "Helios, Mene, Tetragrammaton."

On leaving London Cagliostro went to Mitau, from whence he proceeded to St. Petersburg, where he appears in a new light:

It is in St. Petersburg that he is heard for the first time as a "healer." According, however, to the vague and hostile rumors purporting to emanate from Russia at the time of the Diamond Necklace Affair he was a quack devoid of knowledge or skill.

"A bald major," says the Inquisition-biographer, "entrusted his head to his care, but he could not make a single hair grow. A blind gentleman who consulted him remained blind; while a deaf Italian, into whose ears he dropped some liquid, became still more deaf."

As a few months later Cagliostro was performing the most marvelous cures at Strasburg, and was for years visited by invalids from all over Europe, may we not assume that in this instance malice only published his failures and suppressed his successes?

These rumors, however, were by no means damaging enough to please the Marquis de Luchet, who had no scruples about inventing what he considered "characteristic" anecdotes. The following story drawn from his spurious "Memoires Authentiques" is worth repeating, less as an illustration of his inventive powers than for the sake of nailing a popular lie.

"Death," he writes, "threatened to deprive a Russian lady of an idolized infant aged two. She promised Cagliostro 5000 louis if he saved its life. He undertook to restore it to health in a week if she would suffer him to remove the babe to his house. The distressed mother joyfully accepted the proposal. On the fifth day he informed her there was a marked improvement, and at the end of the week declared that his patient was cured. Three weeks elapsed, however, before he would restore the child to its mother. All St.

Petersburg rang with the news of this marvelous cure, and talked of the mysterious man who was able to cheat death of its prey. But soon it was rumored that the child which was returned to the mother was not the one which had been taken away. The authorities looked into the matter, and Cagliostro was obliged to confess that the babe he restored was substituted for the real one, which had died. Justice demanded the body of the latter, but Cagliostro could not produce it. He had burnt it, he said, to test the theory of reincarnation. Ordered to repay the 5000 louis he had received, he offered bills of exchange on a Prussian banker. As he professed to be a colonel in the service of the King of Prussia, the bills were accepted, but on being presented for payment were dishonored. The matter was therefore brought to the notice of Count von Goertz, the Prussian envoy at St. Petersburg, who obtained an order for his arrest. This is the true explanation of his sudden departure."

Driven from Russia, the "master of magic" eludes his biographer until he suddenly finds him in Strasburg. Here he busied himself in making practical application of the devices which had stirred so much interest in the Russian capital:

According to all reports, from the very day of his arrival in Strasburg he seemed to busy himself solely in doing good, regardless of cost or personal inconvenience. No one, providing he was poor and unfortunate, appealed to him in vain. Hearing that an Italian was in prison for a debt of two hundred livres, Cagliostro obtained his release by paying the money for him, and clothed him into the bargain. Baron von Gleichen, who knew him well, states that he saw him, on being summoned to the bedside of a sick person, "run through a downpour in a very fine coat without stopping to take an umbrella."

Every day he sought out the poor and infirm, whose distress he endeavored to relieve not only with money and medicine, but "with manifestations of sympathy that went to the hearts of the sufferers, and doubled the value of the action." Though his enemies did not hesitate to charge him with the most mercenary motives in administering his charities, they were obliged to admit the fact of them. Meiners, who thoroughly disliked him and considered him both a quack and a charlatan, was honest enough to acknowledge that he gave his services gratis, and even refused to make a profit on the sale of his remedies.

"For some time," says this hostile witness, "it was believed that he shared with his apothecary the profits on the remedies he prescribed to his patients. But as soon as Cagliostro learnt that such suspicions were entertained, he not only changed his apothecary, but obliged the one he chose in his place, as I have been informed by several people, to sell his remedies at so low a price that the fellow made scarcely anything by the sale of them."

"He would take, moreover, neither payment nor present for his labor. If a present was offered him of a sort impossible to refuse without offense, he immediately made a counter present of equal or even of higher value. Indeed, he not only took nothing from his patients, but if they were very poor he supported them for months; at times even lodging them in his own house and feeding them from his own table."

On another occasion he procured a belated paternity for Sarazin, the banker of Bale, who afterwards became one of his most devoted adherents. No illness appeared to baffle him. The graver the malady the more resourceful he became. A woman about to be confined, having been given up by the midwives, who doubted even their ability to save her child, sent for him in her extremity. He answered the summons immediately, as was his custom, and after a slight examination guaranteed her a successful accouchement. What is more to the point, he kept his word.

This case is worthy of note as being the only one on record concerning which Cagliostro gave an explanation of his success.

"He afterwards confessed to me," says Gleichen, "that his promise was rash. But convinced that the child was in perfect health by the pulse of the umbilical cord, and perceiving that the mother only lacked the strength requisite to bring her babe into the world, he had relied on the virtue of a singularly soothing remedy with which he was acquainted. The result, he considered, had been due to luck rather than skill."

The most famous of all his cures was that of the Prince de Soubise, a cousin of Cardinal de Rohan. In this case, however, it was the rank of the patient, even more than the illness of which he was cured, that set the seal to Cagliostro's reputation. The prince, it seems, had been ill for some weeks, and the doctors, after differing widely as to the cause of his malady, had finally pronounced his condition to be desperate. Thereupon the cardinal, who had boundless confidence in Cagliostro's medical skill, immediately carried him off in his carriage to Paris to attend his cousin, simply stating, on arriving at the Hotel de Soubise, that he had brought "a doctor," without mentioning his name, lest the family, influenced by the regular physicians, who regarded him as a quack, should refuse his services. It was, perhaps, a useless precaution, for, as the patient had just been given up by the doctors, the family were willing enough to suffer even a quack to do what he could.

Cagliostro at once requested all who were in the sick-room to leave it. What he did when he found himself alone with the prince was never known, but, after an hour, he called the cardinal and said to him:

"If my prescription is followed, in two days monseigneur will leave his bed and walk about the room. Within a week he will be able to take a drive, and within three to go to court."

When one has consulted on oracle, one can do no better than obey it. The family accordingly confided the prince completely to the care of the unknown doctor, who on the same day paid his patient a second visit. On this occasion he took with him a small vial containing a liquid, ten drops of which he administered to the sick man.

On leaving, he said to the cardinal: "Tomorrow I will give the prince five drops, the day after two, and you will see that he will sit up the same evening."

The result more than fulfilled the prediction. The second day after his visit the Prince de Soubise was in a condition to receive some friends. In the evening he got up and walked about the room. He was in good spirits, and even had sufficient appetite to ask for the wing of a chicken.

Such are some of the marvels chronicled by Mr. Trowbridge apparently in all seriousness, but the reader will be puzzled to explain why, possessing such powers, Cagliostro was not able to do anything for himself. He did escape from the Diamond Necklace affair, and pay another visit to London, but the meshes closed surely around him, and his most potent arts were ineffective to save him from that dungeon at San Leo where he met a mysterious end.

CAGLIOSTRO: THE SPLENDOR AND MISERY OF A MASTER OF MAGIC. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Twenty Years at Hull House.

While the autobiographic note is predominant throughout this moving record of the noble achievements of Hull House, it is in the earlier chapters that Miss Addams takes her reader most into her confidence with reference to her personal life. This is wise, for it allows one to appreciate the kind of environment which is likely to have the best results, and the picture of the wise father with his lofty ideals and sterling character is one of rare charm. Miss Addams finds it difficult to say just when the idea lodged in her mind which was to grow into the famous settlement, but in making that confession she seems to overlook the possible explanation given by that curious course of reading which she marked out for herself, a course in mediaeval history which left her fascinated "by an ideal of mingled learning, piety, and physical labor." There one can surely find the germ of the conviction "that it would be a good thing to rent a house in a part of the city where many primitive and actual needs are found, in which young women who had been given over too exclusively to study might restore a balance of activity along traditional lines and learn of life from life itself." In addition, Miss Addams owed something in the way of suggestion to the London Toynbee Hall. This is no ordered history of Hull House, but, what is far better, a living account of how its activities have shaped themselves through the arising of new needs and the better understanding of conditions. It is a volume of unique inspiration, fascinating in every page, and a worthy monument of that effort after a higher civic and social life which is one of the glories of American endeavor.

Twenty Years at Hull House. By Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Indian Myths and Legends.

Miss Judson has performed a useful service in this volume. It embodies a collection of some of the most interesting folk-lore tales associated with the mountains, valleys, and plains of the Pacific Northwest, and makes available for the general reader material only to be found in ethnological reports and the publications of learned societies. Miss Judson has shown much wisdom in her selection, and her rewriting of some of the stories reveals her ability to enter into the simple processes of the Indian mind. Many of the legends bear upon man's perpetual quest after the secret of creation, the following being an apposite example:

"Silver-Fox and Coyote lived together. Silver-Fox gathered some service-berry sticks and whittled them down, working all night. The shavings were to be made into common people. The finished sticks were to be warriors and chiefs. About sunset the next day he was ready to make them alive. They turned into people. Then Silver-Fox sent them away, some in one direction and some in another. Then he and Coyote had a big feast. But Coyote wanted also to make people, so he did everything he had seen Silver-Fox do. He gathered some service-berry sticks and whittled them down, working all night. About sunset the next day he was ready to make them alive. They turned into people. Then Coyote ran after some of the women and after a long chase caught them. But as soon as he touched them, they turned into shavings."

Rarely has a volume of this kind been so admirably illustrated. The fifty pictures are from photographs of grand scenery or portrait studies of Indians, and they are all of a high order.

Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest. Selected by Katharine Berry Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The Secrets of the Vatican.

Mr. Sladen does well to remind his reader at the outset that the title of his volume has no reference to scandals. He affirms that the present administration of the Vatican, with its plain living and high thinking, "leaves no room for scandal." No, the purpose of the book is to trace the history of the Vatican from its earliest days and to "initiate the British and American public in the sights of the Vatican which visitors do not usually see, and in the routine and institutions of the Papal Court." This programme is fulfilled to the letter, and that the book has already won much favor among Catholics as well as Protestants is proved by this new and cheaper edition. All the numerous and deeply interesting plates of the original edition have been retained, and the text has been corrected so as to include the latest information. Deferring his history to the second part of his study, Mr. Sladen in the first section of his volume gives ample particulars as to life at the Vatican, describes the ceremonies associated with the death and the election of a Pope, and gives an account of his interview with Cardinal Merry del Val and his audience with Pius X. "The present Pope," he writes, "would seem to be a man, with the head of an Irish peasant; strong in simplicity, illuminated by goodness, full of sincerity and sound judgment."

ment. . . . It is not easy to describe the infinite condescension which has given Pius X a majesty of his own. He is the very personification of the meek inheriting the earth. His complete gentleness impressed me more than Leo XIII's strong dramatic sense of fitness."

THE SECRETS OF THE VATICAN. By Douglas Sladen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50 net.

Under Five Reigns.

Encouraged by the warm reception of her "Reminiscences," Lady Dorothy Nevill has delved once more among her letters and recollections for a second volume. Naturally, it is hardly so rich in interest as the first, and now and again incidents are set down as "unnoticed" which are perfectly familiar, but the gossip about old-time society and social manners is so pleasant that the volume is sure to have many readers. There are some timely paragraphs on the peerage which include the following: "When the head of a well-known west country family was raised to the upper house a good deal of surprise was expressed at such a distinction being conferred upon him, for he had not rendered any particular service to his party, having lost practically every election he had contested. Lord Beaconsfield furnished me the key to this enigma. 'Well,' said he, 'we really did not know what to do with him, for he was positively doing us harm. Wherever he stood he was beaten, so at last we thought the best way to get rid of him would be to send him to the upper house.'" Although keeping an open mind in many things, Lady Dorothy Nevill has no liking for the modern hotel. "Any one living in an hotel is like a grapevine in a flower-pot—movable, carried round from place to place, docked at the root, and short at the top. Nowhere can any individual get real root-room, and spread out his branches till they touch the morning and the evening, but in his own house." Among the letters included in the book are familiar epistles from Darwin, Cobden, Disraeli, and Lord Lytton.

UNDER FIVE REIGNS. By Lady Dorothy Nevill. New York: John Lane Company; \$5 net.

Among Friends.

Surely it is no service to Dr. Crothers to characterize him as "the Oliver Wendell Holmes of his day." That pernicious habit of using old skins for new wine is becoming a bane, and no one has more reason to resent it than the author of "Among Friends," who has enough distinctive qualities of his own to stand under his own name. Some of the titles of these new and welcome essays are sufficient to place them in a class by themselves: "The Hundred Worst Books," for example, or "In Praise of Politicians." And wherever a sample is taken the reader is certain to light upon that humorous and suggestive charm which is all Dr. Crothers's own. Thus, in the second essay, the average American lack of appreciation of politicians prompts the explanation: "It is hard to interest the people of Maine and the people of Idaho in the same person or policies. It takes an appreciable length of time for a wave of public opinion to cross the continent. The 'favorite son' of one State may have all the virtues necessary for a national hero, but it is a task of some magnitude and difficulty to advertise his existence to forty or forty-five oblivious commonwealths, especially if their attention is distracted by favorite sons of their own." One of the most delightful essays in the volume is that entitled, "My Missionary Life in Persia." Dr. Crothers never was a missionary in Persia, but he wanted to be a missionary "because I longed to go on missionary journeys." So he made mental choice of Persia, but was thwarted by his grandmother, who seems to have feared he "might develop Oriental traits, alien to the habit of mind of the Chillicothe Presbytery." Hence Dr. Crothers went to Kansas instead, which he found interesting, though in a different way. This same whimsical paper expresses sympathy with the Indians to whom Jonathan Edwards went as a missionary.

AMONG FRIENDS. By Samuel M. Crothers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Florida Trails.

Not for a long time has there come from the press a more delightful book on natural history than Mr. Packard's winter in Florida has enabled him to produce. That he has an intimate and wide knowledge of flora and fauna is well known to his many readers, but rarely has he conveyed his stores of information in so captivating a manner. No matter whether he writes of Southern butterflies, or a wander along the margin of a river, or takes as his theme a frosty morning in Florida, or goes "just fishing," he quickly captures his reader's interest and never allows it to slacken. His little pictures of nature effects are gems of description, and his vignettes of birds and flowers have an attractive quality plus a touch of human feeling. Pelicans remind Mr. Packard of the Hebrew prophets who figure in the mural decorations of the Boston Public Library. "They have a faintly colored top to the head which reminds one of a bald and massive dome of thought, and they draw their beaks back against their necks till they are for all

the world like long beards. Then there is an intellectual solemnity about them that I am sure their character does not belie. Even when they play at leap-frog, clumsily flopping one over another in the pool, they do it in a way that convinces you that they have it all reasoned out and are not entering into it lightly or without due consideration." The volume is fully illustrated from admirable photographs.

FLORIDA TRAILS. By Winthrop Packard. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$3 net.

On the Wool Track.

A year or so ago some one wrote a book on "The Real Australia," but the picture it gave was markedly different from that drawn by Mr. Bean in this lively volume. Yet Mr. Bean claims that his is the "real" Australia, and when it is remembered that the wealth of that southern continent depends to a large extent upon sheep it must be admitted there are good grounds for his contention. For these brightly written chapters tell all about sheep, or, rather, about the men who deal in sheep. They are the outcome of a commission to "write up" the wool lands of Australia, the interior lands which are an unknown country not only to the tourist but to the average Australian himself. Mr. Bean was exceedingly industrious in gathering his material, and has cast it into an eminently readable shape. In the course of his narrative he furnishes his reader with a considerable amount of practical information, but his main concern is to depict the lives and characters of the men engaged on the wool track. This he accomplishes in a vivid manner, and his text is admirably supplemented by some excellent photographs.

ON THE WOOL TRACK. By C. E. W. Bean. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

Education in the United States.

In this pleasantly written book President Thwing traces the chief features of the advances which have been made in educational methods since the Civil War. He describes the progressive movement, organization, and administration, gives a brief history of the development of educational theory, and has chapters on courses of study, the teacher and teaching, the text-book, morals and religion, athletics, material and indirect education, the Carnegie foundation, and other related topics. One of his conclusions is that "American education has not enlarged the field of learning as has the German, but no land has in its education produced greater or finer personalities than America." Again, while doubting whether the best teachers of today are abler than those of a generation ago, he holds that "the rank and file of the staff has improved through fuller knowledge and more constant use of improved methods of teaching." President Thwing has searched far and wide for his facts and embodied them in an informing and suggestive form.

A HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR. By Charles F. Thwing. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

An Englishman in Ireland.

Thanks to the inspiration of an Irish-American who had indulged in much camping and was no stranger to voyages on many rivers, Mr. Scott-James decided to make a canoe trip through the rivers, loughs, and canals of Ireland. This book is the result. It starts at Belfast, traverses the Lagan Canal, Lough Erne, the Shannon, and many another stretch of water, and ends in the lovely valley of the Seven Churches. The book justifies the journey. It looks at Ireland from a novel standpoint, that of its waterways, and gives many interesting glimpses of Irish character. Mr. Scott-James defends his route as the "natural and inspiring one: for, as Shelley says in a letter to his friend Peacock, 'rivers are not like roads, the work of the hands of man; they imitate mind, which wanders at will over pathless deserts, and flows through nature's loveliest recesses, which are inaccessible to anything besides.'" A visit to Lissoy, the "sweet Auburn" of Goldsmith, shows that ruin is fast overtaking the old rectory in which the poet spent his boyhood. Of the rectory "not much was left besides the round doorway, two rectangular windows, and parts of the upper windows. It must have been a pleasant place to grow up in, in the days when the 'modest mansion' still looked out on tended flowers and shrubs, when the grass was kept trim, and the poultry had not yet taken possession of the lawn." There are nine attractive illustrations from photographs by the author.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN IRELAND. By R. Scott-James. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

People and Questions.

An engaging personal note is in evidence in most of these occasional sketches. Thus, Mr. Street tells us in an enthusiastic vein of a quiet day in the country, or of his experiences in a London fog, or what his emotions were when a play of his was acted, and so on. And, no matter what his theme, he can generally give it a twist to link it with universal experience. His day in the country, for example, opened prosperously because

there was "no obstreperous milkman. Milk comes to the cottage from a cow in the next field, with no clattering fuss." In the town how different! "Every house in my street goes to a different shop for milk, and every milkman, yelling defiance, flings a hundred cans on the pavement and kicks them about, and the fury lasts from six to eight." The fog is a revealer of human kindness. "I walked a mile to my abode, and made a point of asking my whereabouts of every one I met. Not one churlish or even hurried answer: politeness, jokes, reminiscences, laughter." And so on through all these delightful essays. Mr. Street was well advised to republish them.

PEOPLE AND QUESTIONS. By G. S. Street. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Humorous comment on the foibles of present-day life is the distinguishing quality of Stephen Leacock's "Literary Lapses" (John Lane Company; \$1.25). The boarding-house, how to make a million dollars, how to avoid getting married, sufferings in a barber's chair, the country hotel—these are some of the topics treated in a touch-and-go manner, and always Mr. Leacock manages to see the laughable thing.

Charles E. Walk's "The Paternoster Ruby" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net) is an unusually absorbing detective story, told by the detective himself in a direct and lively manner. The reader is plunged into the heart of the mystery in the first chapter and kept in suspense to almost the last page. At the same time Mr. Walk is adroit enough to relieve his tense situations by various stages in the development of a delightful love story.

Thomas Seltzer's translation of Wilhelm Ostwald's "Natural Philosophy" (Henry Holt & Co.; \$1 net) makes available for the reader of English an exceedingly suggestive study of the sciences, the aim of which is to guide the student in the acquisition of those comprehensive notions of the external world and the inner life which are necessary to the unifying of knowledge. There is an admirable discussion of the general theory of knowledge, and of logic and mathematics; and these prepare for the sections on the physical and biologic sciences.

Herman H. Horne's "Idealism in Education" (the Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net) is an earnest and suggestive little volume and should be carefully read by all who are interested in the first principles in the making of men and women. It looks toward the day when "the measure of a man will include the physique of the athlete, the reason of the scientist and philosopher, the feeling of the poet, the imagination of the prophet and inventor, and the will of the reformer." Professor Horne believes that the first principles in the making of men and women are "good environment," "good-where," and "good-why."

Whether as a traveling companion or for the arm-chair hour, Florence Ansell and Frank Fraprie's "The Art of the Munich Galleries" (L. C. Page & Co.; \$2 net) is well adapted to attain the end the authors have in view. They are not art critics with a new and revolutionary theory to defend, but pleasant guides who are content to base their judgments on well-established principles. The book describes the contents of the three galleries at Munich, the Old and New Pinakothek, and the Schack, and there are excellent reproductions of upwards of fifty of the most notable pictures. The book is handsome in appearance and has a copious index.

Although intended primarily for students and the use of teachers of reading-circles, Charles A. Ellwood's "Sociology and Modern Social Problems" (American Book Company; \$1) gives such a concise survey of the field that it may be warmly commended to all interested in the problems of the day. Opening with a discussion of the study of society, the book then examines the bearing of the theory of evolution upon social questions, and passes to such topics as the function of the family in social organization, the growth of population, the problem of the negro and the city, and socialism in the light of sociology. Mr. Ellwood contends that "the political and economic objections to socialism are not less weighty than the sociological objections."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Golden Age of Engraving.

Whatever reader follows Mr. Keppel's advice to skip his first chapter will miss one of the most delightful sections of a book packed with fascinating pages. It is a "chiefly personal" chapter, and it gives an alluring account of how the author came to start on the road which led to his becoming America's foremost printseller and authority on engraving. It was all owing to his rash purchase for a hundred dollars of a collection of old prints which a friend was anxious to dispose of before he left the "inhomitable town" of New York for his beloved London. Mr. Keppel soon grew to hate the sight of the prints, but when Mr. Phillips of Philadelphia gave a hundred dollars for just six of them his opinion underwent a radical change. A little later he went to London to collect more of those once despised prints, and so made the acquaintance of Mrs. Noseda, a notable printseller and expert of her day. Mr. Keppel had spent all his money before learning of Mrs. Noseda and her wonderful collection, but the worthy woman informed him that he could draw upon her stock if he had good London references. Calling the next day with three letters of which he was proud, he was astonished to see Mrs. Noseda tear them up without reading and hear her say that he might take anything he wanted and pay her on his visit the following year. This was Mr. Keppel's first real start as a printseller, and he now repays the obligation by an affectionate tribute to his helper.

Among the chapters devoted to the masters and the masterpieces of engraving there are many valuable studies of Reynolds, Cousins, Millet, Whistler, and others. They are all replete with knowledge, and everywhere Mr. Keppel writes in a lively style. Nor should it be forgotten that the volume is richly illustrated.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGRAVING. By Frederick Keppel. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$3.50 net.

The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes.

There ought to be a large audience for this admirable little book. Seeing that the vocation of the boy is "endless imitation," it is not surprising to learn that there are countless thousands of lads who in all parts of the country are trying to emulate on a small scale the air-exploits of their elders, and this is just the manual for their needs. There is an enthusiastic chapter on the new sport, which is followed by careful instructions how to build and fly model aeroplanes. These instructions deal with the glider, the motor, simple monoplane models, the biplane, and combination of the monoplane and biplane forms. The second section of the book is devoted to the history and science of aviation, in which an account is given of the first flying machine, the development of the aeroplane, and the achievements of the brothers Wright. The book is fully illustrated from admirable photographs, and there are many useful diagrams.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF MODEL AEROPLANES. By Francis A. Collins. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

As May Sinclair's "The Creators" is thought by many to be a satire of the affectations of literary folk, it is interesting to have this appreciation of the novelist by a writer friend: "There is no trace of cynicism in her nature. Her point of view is that of a cultured student, and to much learning and reflection she adds a naturally fastidious temperament, but her sympathies are wide. I have never heard her judge or shrink from any one."

"As a boy in Dublin," G. B. Shaw has been confessing, "I belonged not to the nineteenth century, but to the time of Pepys and the eighteenth century. I heard Beethoven played on a piano with a wooden frame, which is a very different thing from Beethoven on an iron-framed piano. My father was a musical genius in his way. He could play on the trombone interminably. In fact he could play any kind of instrument, and I remember him picking up a flute and playing 'Home, Sweet Home' so well that the maid-servant came up, thinking it was a man in the street, to order him away." He added that great composers do not care much for music as a hobby, just as he, although a dramatist, did not go about collecting old folios of Shakespeare.

Among the books announced by Houghton Mifflin Company for this year but which have had to be postponed are: "Copyright," by R. R. Bowker; "Public Ownership of Telephones on the Continent of Europe," by Arthur N. Holcombe; "Socialism," by Oscar D. Skelton; and "Industrial Accidents and Their Compensation," by Gilbert L. Campbell.

Another glimpse into Tolstoy's home life is given by Prince Bariatinsky, who paid a visit to the writer to obtain from him a contribution to his paper: "A footman opened the door and gravely conducted me away from all the reception rooms, up a narrow, winding staircase, to the third floor, and ushered me into Tolstoy's own famous sanctum. I can not well describe my emotion as

I saw him for the first time in that bare little room, with its plain iron bedstead and little writing-table. From the moment of his deep-voiced, hearty welcome, the personality of the man fascinated me, held me spellbound. The most wonderful thing about him was the contrast of his infinite, unaffected good nature with the rugged exterior—the white beard against his rough, dark shirt, the shaggy brow, and, above all, the stern, fixed, piercing look of his eyes—those unforgettable eyes!"

That senseless habit of describing an author as the American This or the English That has rarely been more absurdly illustrated than by the English *Daily Chronicle*, which duhs Lafcadio Hearn as "the American Borrow." Apart from the fact that there is nothing in common between the writings of the two men, Hearn was not an American. But one hardly goes to the *Daily Chronicle* for accuracy in literary information.

Burton E. Stevenson has undertaken to compile for Henry Holt & Co. a collection of American and English verse in which, while standard poems will be prominent, unusual emphasis is to be laid upon the work of contemporary American writers and upon lighter forms of verse. A considerable section of the volume will be given to fugitive poems.

Sven Hedin's new work, "Overland to India," which the Macmillans have almost ready for publication, will describe the author's route through the ancient, desolate, effete Persia, for the explorer diligently avoided paths trodden by the feet of others. The work will be profusely illustrated from photographs and drawings by Dr. Hedin and include a set of carefully prepared maps.

According to a French critic, Maurice Muret, Paul Heyse, who has come into prominence through the Nobel prize, "is too pure and classic a writer to ever become thoroughly popular. He has never known what it was to hold the public. At the theatre where, in Germany as everywhere, literary reputations are made, he never wholly has succeeded. Herr Heyse is a sincere artist in his plays, an honest poet, but both of these qualities make theatrical directors shy of his work."

In her recollections, Mrs. L. B. Walford pays an affectionate tribute to Wolcott Balestier, "the singularly endearing young American" who made so many friends in England some eighteen years ago. There was scarcely a literary man or woman in England whom he did not approach on behalf of the New York publishing house he represented, and few were they who were not drawn into his net. "He had a unique personality," Mrs. Walford writes. "He took the most cold and cautious hearts by storm. His wit, his enthusiasm, his absolute and unqualified self-reliance, untinged as it was by any personal vanity or egotism, inspired us with the same faith." Balestier, it will be remembered, wrote "The Naulaka" in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Rudyard Kipling.

At recent manuscript sales in London some high prices have been obtained. Thus, for some sixteen hundred pages of Meredith's unused versions of some of his novels the sum of £1866 was given after spirited competition between a London and an American buyer. At the same sale the manuscript of Byron's ode to Napoleon, on thirteen pages, realized £320. In a different collection a letter from George Washington changed hands for £57, while a one-page manuscript of Burns' "Wilt thou be my dearie" was knocked down for £41.10.

New Books Received.

THE SILVER THREAD AND OTHER PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Constance d'Arcy Mackay. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.10 net.

Plays which have stood the test of actual production by juvenile players. They are simple in construction and are provided with practical instructions as to costume and scenery.

THE POEMS OF SOPHIE JEWETT. Memorial edition. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.25 net.

An admirable edition with a sympathetic biographical introduction by Louise R. Jewett. The volume includes Miss Jewett's translation of "The Daughter of Jorio."

THE MIRACLE OF RIGHT THOUGHT. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1 net.

Teaches "the divinity of right desire" and inculcates the value of cultivating an optimistic, hopeful attitude.

AT SUNSET. By Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Mrs. Howe was engaged on the preparation of this little volume of her later poems at the time of her death. It includes all the notable odes for public occasions written in her last years, and has an admirable photogravure frontispiece from the portrait by John Elliott.

OH, TO BE RICH AND YOUNG! By Jabez T. Sunderland. Boston: American Unitarian Association; \$1 net.

Brief chapters of an inspiring quality telling of the wealth which all may win, of the beauty all may attain, and how perpetual youth may be secured.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Worthington Chauncey Ford. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By Lindsay Swift. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Two additions to the admirable "Beacon Biographies" which worthily sustain the high reputation

of those well-knit little monographs for concise statement of fact and illuminating interpretation of principles.

PROVENCA. By Ezra Pound. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Poems selected from the "Personae," "Exultations," and "Canzoniere" of the author. They have a distinct poetic quality.

SONGS OF HOME. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Typical Riley verse, with appropriate pictures by Will Vawter.

THE GIRL I LOVED. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A poem of sentiment, attractively bound and adorned with delicate pictures by Howard Chandler Christy.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE. By Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An unusually attractive edition of Scott's famous poem, the illustrations to which are notable for their artistic and romantic qualities.

LOVE AND THE YEAR. By Grace Griswold. New York: Duffield & Co.

Vainly verse dealing mainly with the affections.

THE PIONEERS. By James Oppenheim. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

A poetic drama in two scenes originally produced at Lanier Camp on the banks of the Piscataqua, Maine. The author's ambition is to contribute to a native drama "which shall go straight home to the people of America."

THE TEDDYSEE. By Wallace Irwin. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 75 cents net.

Verse and pictures reprinted from the *Saturday Evening Post*.

IMPORT AND OUTLOOK OF SOCIALISM. By Newton Mann. Boston: James H. West Company; \$1.50 net.

A sketch of the rise of socialism through the Utopian communism of the early part of the last century and a critical examination of the grounds on which the socialist hope is built.

SIGURO SLENBE. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated by William Morton Payne. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.

A new edition of a superb translation which has been out of print for several years.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF AMBROSE BIERCE. Vols. I, II, and III. New York: The Neale Publishing Company.

Another edition of Mr. Bierce's collected works which is to be completed in ten volumes. The price has been fixed at \$25 per set, payable \$2.50 for each volume as published, but no subscription will be taken for less than a complete set. The binding is in cloth, strong and artistic, the paper excellent, and the printing all that could be wished.

LIFE OF JAPAN. By Masuji Miyakawa. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.50 net.

A second and revised edition of a volume which gives an intimate picture of Japanese life and civilization.

THE GILDED WAY. By Victor Mapes. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.50.

A new novel by the author of "Partners Three," dealing with the present day in a dramatic style.

THE SOWING OF SWORDS. By Hannah Parting. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.50.

A vivid story of a woman who entered a Southern home for the purpose of rousing the slaves to insurrection.

A TEXAS PIONEER. By August Santleben. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$2 net.

A direct narrative of early staging and overland freighting days on the frontiers of Texas and Mexico.

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE. By J. B. Polley. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$3.50 net.

Describes the organization of the brigade, the changes made during its term of service, and furnishes full accounts of the battles in which it took part. Numerous portrait illustrations.

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HOBBLE-SKIRTS AND MUSIC.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"The Dollar Princess" comes with the prestige of the Frohman name; that, and the fact that Monday was a holiday, made the opening performance at the Columbia Theatre a big affair, in the matter of attendance. The house was full from pit to dome, the audience very much in the humor to enjoy itself, the comedy gay and sprightly, and sentimental and romantic, the costumes handsome, the gowns of the style of a minute ago, the hobble-skirts playing star rôle, and the music as moving and seductive as "The Merry Widow" waltz.

The people, however, save for Fred Lennox, the tall comedian, and the sole member of the original company, are only so-so. This, however, is not as bad as it sounds, as they are all young, enthusiastic, fresh in their feeling for and enjoyment of the rôles, and, indeed, were no doubt selected from the band of second-rank musical-comedy performers because they are so promising.

The story is rather more coherent than usual, the principal love affair, like the music, evidently owing some of its inspiration to "The Merry Widow." There is a rebellious, stiff-necked young man who loves the dollar princess, but refuses to knuckle to money, even for love. There is a dollar princess, who has grit her teeth in a determination to win said young man; and who has to eat humble pie in order to get him. There is a lot of snappy back-talk between this secretly enamored but openly belligerent pair, and there are any number of deliciously pretty musical numbers, for Leo Fall, as a composer, possesses the qualities of delicacy, good taste, charm, and individuality. There is more than the usual amount of dancing, rather more gracefully done than usual, by the trio of hewitching girls who carry the burden of the principal female rôles.

In the matter of singing, well, that is where the second-rank of the performers comes in. Daphne Glennie, who sings the leading rôle, has only an average voice, but it has that quality in it which causes it in the ensemble numbers to float perceptibly above the others. Miss Glennie is a delicately tinted small-boned blonde who emphasizes her much-prized slenderness to the point of extreme tubularity, by her baby waists, and foldless skirts. She is graceful when dancing, and awkward when she isn't; but hers is that graceful awkwardness that sits as acceptably on her boyishly slim figure as innocence on the brow of girlhood.

Little Miss Clanford, in the rôle of Daisy, catches our favor with her pretty dancing, her coquettish black hair, her dainty rebellions against cloying sentimentalities, and her hobble-skirts. It was difficult to choose between hers and Barbara Babington's hobble-skirts; they were both such impertinent yet discreet bits of flimsiness—the skirts, I mean, not the girls—and the feet that disported beneath them were such minute twinklers that they cast other feet that shall be nameless on the stage into the shade.

All three of these girls are attractive enough to fill secondary rôles with the youth, daintiness, gayety, and sprightly charm that are indispensable to success in musical comedy. It is in vocal endowment that the two lesser lights lack. Barbara Babington being next to inaudible when she sings, and Eileen Clanford is only able to emit a girlish twittering that matches her small size. Miss Babington's great card is an alluring smile which lights up her face to such a degree as entirely to dispel the shade of her drooping hat.

There is a lot of young men in the cast, and their combined efforts amuse sufficiently to keep the audience almost, but not quite satisfied with the comedy element, until the comedian-in-chief comes along, rather late in the play. Him we recognize at once as a genuine comedian, even if we have never seen him before. Fred Lennox acts the rôle of Tartaroff, a lion-tamer, which fact is delicately indicated by his lion-skin vest-front, and the size of his finger-rings. If he had more material supplied him, he would be a banner amuser, as he is not in the least a rule-of-line comedian, and airily tosses off a variety of cleverly funny, head-spinning incongruities that make you feel as if you were experiencing the cheerful inconsequences of an amusing dream. He is so

satisfactory with the comparatively little that is given him to be funny on, that it is a pity he had not more to show the metal that he is made of.

The chorus does not quite live up to its name. The girls are plump, and pleasing, but sedate. Collectively they are deficient in that airy, butterfly charm that wins the admiring indulgence of the workaday world, and sets the society buds to light-footed emulation in their amateur performances. Teddy Buckley, the little scarlet waitress, rises to the dignity of a place on the programme because of the graceful agility of her twinkling feet in the dance, but the rest travel in dozens.

There is a pale-blue-hobble-skirt dance in the first act upon which the audience hangs with fascinated absorption, so deftly do the girls lift their hobble-bands to allow themselves free play in the dance. In fact, there is a very pronounced flavor of hobble-skirt all through the play, and it gradually dawns upon us that in musical comedy the hobble-skirt is on its native heath.

This freakish garment was of course created for the purpose of being stared at, and when we see young and fetching sirens mincing in hobble-skirted prominence along the boulevard, we almost excuse the exhibition, because they are at the silly season of life. Of course if we see it rashly disclosing the too assertive contours of massively mature women, it is another thing. It is always painful to the kind-hearted, and provocative of laughter to the mocker, to see that which should be concealed placed crudely on exhibition.

But who would not approve of such a thoroughly comedy garment in comedy? A garment that leaves a long ripple of smiles in its wake along the street is in its right place amid the gay inconsequences of "The Dollar Princess," and I do not scruple to say that I enjoyed it and its numerous duplications.

When Franklin Farnum, the leading man, first came on he did not make a good impression, and, perhaps rashly, I reached several conclusions; that he was, for instance, 1—too mechanical; 2—too unintelligible; 3—too meaningless in his stage crossings; 4—too unaware of what he was saying; 5—too inexperienced in his dancing; 6—too maladroit in the use of his singing voice; and, 7—too unmagnetic. I couldn't wonder, however, if he were a youth who had been pushed to unusual prominence and was, on the whole, acquitting himself very creditably. Perhaps he was suffering from stage fright, but, at any rate, his more than passable tenor voice eventually became clearer and sweeter, and he began to deliver his lines with more snap. He also improved in ease, but he needs a course of brisk dancing lessons to perfect himself in a graceful art in which at present he lacks grace, in spite of his promising lightness and agility. Mr. Farnum also has a happy smile that is quite plausible.

Messrs. Kearney and Gorman are a pair that are valuable in the smaller scenes of casual comedy, and the taller of the two has quite a little pocket talent for funnysims; may heaven bless him, too, for the distinctness and point with which he utters his lines.

There are any number of songs that will catch the fancy of home choristers. They really made a handsome present to the house of the words and music of "Truly Rural," this ditty having been given so many repetitions as to amount to a singing lesson.

Willner and Greenbaum, who made the book of the play, are to be commended for brisk, bright dialogue, and jingles that wed themselves prettily to charming music; and one must not refrain from a passing word of praise for the beauty of the orchestral score, nor for the murmurous sweetness with which Mr. Eustis's players rendered the love songs.

Vienna once possessed the strictest dramatic censor ever known, in the person of Franz Hoegelin, who held that post in the Austrian capital at the beginning of the last century. Hoegelin published a manual for the guidance of censors. "A pair of lovers should never be allowed to appear on the stage alone. They must always be accompanied by a third person of mature years." Marriages out of one's class were also strictly forbidden by Hoegelin on the stage, and he quotes an instance of a play which he refused to pass because the author made the hero, Count Vlademar, marry a gardener's daughter. "Such misalliances have unfortunately been known to occur in real life, but that is no reason why they should be allowed on the stage," he said.

The manager of the Monte Carlo Opera Company, Mr. Gunsbourg, it is said is not a musician, but sings his songs or his compositions, as he calls them, into a phonograph and then has a musician turn them into musical notation. The *Musical Courier* declares this superior to the method employed by the American one-finger composer who uses the piano keyboard to thrum out his musical ideas and then has a musician who is called an arranger to write them out in musical notation.

DE ANGELIS IN "THE BEAUTY SPOT."

By George L. Shoals.

Even musical comedy may be criticized seriously. It is pertinent to ask what the author has attempted to do, whether it is worth doing, and if he has done it well. Many doubt that any musical comedy is worth doing, but they will have the worst of an argument. If the author has attempted to marry farce or burlesque or genuine comedy to melody, and has gone about it with decent intentions, the result may lack interest and entertainment and incur neglect, but it will not excite positive aversion. A play with interpolated songs, and introducing a chorus, gains no license to be offensive, either in matter or manner. Some musical plays escape the censure of the judicious by a narrow margin; others, and by far the greater number, and the most successful, are free from any taint.

"The Beauty Spot" comes as close to the line as any recent offering of high pretensions. Joseph Herbert wrote the book, and Reginald de Koven the music. Both might have been better employed. Mr. Herbert designed the piece for a male star, and made the leading character a married man who hugs and kisses every girl he meets, but pretends a furious jealousy of the artist for whom his wife has served as a model. The wife affects to dread the public view of the picture which came of her posing, because it displays a mole on her left knee which may be recognized. There is little difficulty in recognizing the librettist's design in this basis for a plot. He intended to present situations as *risqué* as possible without straining the lax conventions of respectable theatres. It would rest with the actors to make the presentation merely spicy or crudely salacious.

It may be said that Jefferson de Angelis, as the central figure, carries the scenes with little of suggestiveness. A comedian of more ordinary talent could not come so near saving the piece. He is bluff and candid, indiscriminately amorous, and imposingly impudent, but there is no equivocation in his manner or his inflections. When De Angelis played Koko in the recent revival of "The Mikado" in New York, with Fritz Scheff, it was said that he made the Lord High Executioner a highly amusing *habitué* of Broadway. In "The Beauty Spot" he makes General Samovar of the Russian Legation in Paris an Arkansas colonel in everything, unless it be a laudable absence of bibulous tendencies and excesses. He can not forego an American joke: When the pretended prince from Borneo—a New Orleans darkey—is said to be "very democratic in his manner," the general rejoins, "Yes, but there are very few Democrats of that color." There is another witticism in the play, but it takes second place for genuine effectiveness.

General Samovar has two topical songs, and some that are not topical. De Angelis sings them better than Ferris Hartman could, but he works in the additional stanzas, the improvised responses to the encore calls as it were, just as Hartman does. He is much such a figure as Arthur Cunningham is as Fracasse in "Wang," but he has not a good substitute for Cunningham's voice. Years ago Mr. de Angelis served his theatrical apprenticeship in San Francisco, and he has not visited the city since his reputation was established in the East until his present engagement at the Savoy Theatre. He will have a warmer welcome should he come again with a better medium for his undoubted ability.

George J. MacFarlane, as Jacques Baccarel, the artist, is a good singer and a fair actor. Viola Gillette, Florence Martin, and Ida Van Tine have the principal feminine rôles. The chorus is abundant and the young women are agile and shapely. Strange to say, the chorus men are real, not wooden decoys, and they move with some grace and more celerity. A good word may be put down for the stage settings and some swiftly manipulated novel effects.

This is nearly all that the show deserves, except a few lines on De Koven's music. There is a good deal of reminiscence in the score, but it is not reminiscent of "Robin Hood." It belongs to another period and a much less worthy mood of inspiration. But after all it is good enough for the play. Of course if Richard Carle had written it he would have made it fit one of his own pieces, he would not have given it to Mr. de Koven. There is one redeeming quality in it—it is not Cohanesque.

"Madame Sherry" will be here in the near future. George Lederer promises to send a real metropolitan cast and production.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The last performances of Jefferson de Angelis in "The Beauty Spot" will take place this Saturday and Sunday evenings, and on Monday night that distinguished actress, and one of America's foremost and most popular stars, Mary Mannering, will begin an engagement limited to six nights in "A Man's World," a play written by Rachel Crothers, who achieved considerable fame as the author of "The Three of Us." The drama is full of realism, the scenes are laid in the New York atmosphere, and give Miss Mannering situations in which she appears to the greatest dramatic effect for varied emotional appeal. The action is concerned with the double standard for men and women, man demanding that woman should live up to the rules that he has laid down for her, and at the same time refusing to follow them himself. The heroine of the play demands the same moral code of conduct for both sexes, and the dramatic complications that ensue from her endeavor cause the strong situations.

"The Dollar Princess," Charles Frohman's splendid musical production now playing a limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre, has fulfilled all the promises made for it and has proved one of the melodious treats of San Francisco's present theatrical season. Crowded houses are the rule at the Columbia, and the sale of seats for next week indicates that the play's popularity is on the increase. It has been a long time since such charming and musically music as that of Leo Fall has been heard in this city. Usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Next week should prove a memorable one in the annals of the Orpheum, for the programme announced for it reaches the highest standard. Alice Lloyd, the English comedienne who on the occasion of her engagement here a year ago created a furor, will return, and her reappearance is sure to be the signal for an ovation, as she is a prime favorite with the San Francisco playgoing public. Miss Lloyd has recently arrived from Europe, and the result of her trip will be evidenced by numerous beautiful and modish costumes and an entirely new repertory of songs specially written for her and protected by an international copyright. Harlan E. Knight and a capable little company, the principal members of which are George Melville and Lillian Volkman, will appear in "The Chalk Line," a comedietta by Una Clayton. It deals with the rugged honesty and rural simplicity of the people of the Maine hills and a feud of long standing. The Four Vanis, marvelous tight-wire walkers, jumpers, and cyclists, and Lew Sully, the celebrated minstrel, will be prominent contributors to the new bill. Next week will most positively be the last of the Road Show, which includes among its most successful features the Rigolotto Brothers, La Pia, Melville and Higgins, and Howard, the clever Scottish ventriloquist.

Following "The Dollar Princess" at the Columbia Theatre will be seen James Forbes's comedy, "The Traveling Salesman," which will be remembered as having met with exceptional success here last season. Henry B. Harris will send a strong company for the presentation of the piece, and the limited engagement should be a profitable one. "The Traveling Salesman" is replete with cleverly conceived laughter-provoking situations, and Manager Harris has seen to it that his company is adequate in every sense to interpret the lines of the author.

"The Girl in the Taxi" will arrive at the Columbia Theatre the latter part of this month.

Charles Frohman is preparing for the transcontinental tour of his company in "The Arcadians." This is the sister production to "The Dollar Princess."

On Sunday night, January 8, that important new American play, "The Nigger," will be presented at the Savoy Theatre by Miss Florence Roberts, Thurlow Bergen, and a strong supporting company.

Kocian, a Master of the Violin.

The first of the great instrumentalists to appear under the Greenbaum management this season will be Jaroslav Kocian, the Bohemian violin virtuoso, who appeared in this city some ten years ago as a "wunderkind" and who has fulfilled the promises of his youth and become one of the world's great masters.

Some four years ago this artist determined to leave the concert stage temporarily and devote his study to another branch of the art, viz., ensemble playing, and accepted a position as first violinist with the Moscow Quartet of Russia. Last season he made his reappearance as a soloist in London, Berlin, and Paris, and everywhere he played the critics acclaimed him truly a "master-player."

Kocian will give three concerts in this city and one in Oakland, the opening date being Sunday, January 15. Complete programmes, dates, and place will be announced next week.

Mme Gerville-Reache.

Mme. Gerville-Reache, the famous contralto, will be the next offering of Manager Greenbaum. This artist is the youngest of all the great operatic stars, being still under the age of thirty. Her voice is the most beautiful true contralto in the world, and her artistry is as fine as her voice. She is equally at home in the songs of France, Germany, and England, and in the operatic repertory. At her opening concert, next Thursday night, at Christian Science Hall, she will sing no less than six great operatic numbers, including arias from Gluck's "Orfeo," Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," Godard's "La Vivandiere," Thomas's "Mignon," and Massenet's "Werther," in addition to songs by Schumann, Schubert, Chaminade, Nevin, Crouch, and other composers.

The other concerts will be given on Sunday afternoon, January 8, and Tuesday night, January 10, with equally great offerings.

The box-office will open next Tuesday, January 3, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained.

The Oakland concert will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Wednesday afternoon, January 11, at 3:30. For this event seats will be ready Monday, January 9.

David Warfield's New Part.

"The Return of Peter Grimm" is the title selected by David Belasco for the play he has written for David Warfield and which he will produce at the Hollis Street Theatre in Boston on January 2. The official announcement says: "The Return of Peter Grimm" promises to be the most remarkable of all Mr. Belasco's dramas. Its subject-matter represents an unusual departure in dramaturgy—that is, putting upon the stage in concrete, dramatic form the great riddle, 'Is there life after death?'"

Under the title line Mr. Belasco has written, "Only one thing really counts—only one thing—love. It is the only thing that tells in the long run; nothing else endures to the end."

Mr. Belasco says he does not advance any theories as to the probability of the main incidents. The announcement says: "He has endeavored to create in the character of Peter Grimm an intensely interesting human type, and the ideas which his people work out in dramatic action represent the best and most mature thought of many of the world's greatest scientists."

The initial idea of the play was first suggested as a dramatic possibility by Cecil de Mille, to whom Mr. Belasco acknowledges his indebtedness. The author was greatly attracted by the subject, and a conversation with Professor James of Harvard strengthened his determination to produce a play on this theme. The works of Professor Hyslop of the American branch of the London Society of Psychical Research have also aided Mr. Belasco.

David Warfield will be Peter Grimm, who returns to earth. The cast will include Marie Bates, Janet Dunbar, Marie Reichardt, John Sainoolis, Thomas Meighan, Joseph Brennan, William Boag, John F. Webber, Percy Helton, and Tony Bevan.

Things are coming pretty smoothly for David Belasco in these times, which are so full of repining for many in the New York footlight district. While the majority of stage producers are complaining—and with very good reason, it may be said—Mr. Belasco's profits are running along at a rate of something very closely resembling \$20,000 a week. Of this "The Concert" alone contributes \$9000; Blanche Bates, in "Nobody's Widow," a sum only second to the one mentioned; the Republic Theatre, where "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is playing, turns in a handsome weekly amount over and above the expenses; the remainder, which is not very much by comparison, coming from the minor Belasco road shows. "The Concert" surely will make more money than most pieces drawing equally large audiences. Outside the money paid to Leo Ditrichstein in salary and royalties, the company expense scarcely can exceed one thousand dollars a week.

Attorneys for Clyde Fitch, the playwright, who died in France some months ago, have filed a settlement of his estate. Mr. Fitch had a beautiful home at Katonah, a few miles above White Plains, New York. His estate is \$212,727.89, and goes to William Goodwin Fitch, the father and only heir.

"Mrs. Von Queer says that in a previous existence she was a stray cat in a mediæval alley." "That's funny. I wonder if she recalls the gentleman in the purple velvet doublet who opened the casement in the castle tower and flung a hoojack at her! That was me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Be sure and have a generous supply of Italian-Swiss Colony wines on hand on New Year's Day when your friends call to extend their best wishes. The Colony's fine old ports and sherries are California's choicest sweet wines.

TO HENRY IRVING.

Another London Memorial of the Famous Actor.

When Henry Irving unveiled that statue of Sarah Siddons which greets the passerby from the pleasant oasis of Paddington Green—a memorial, by the way, which is but a few steps removed from that grave of the great actress by the side of which Mary Anderson and William Winter once paid mutual tribute to her rare gifts—had he any prevision of the day when his own effigy would stand in a London Street? Perhaps not. Fond as he was of repeating Goethe's words, "Self-possession is the art of life," he was singularly free from egotism, and in the closing years of his career he may have feared that, notwithstanding his many triumphs, he would soon be forgotten. Such is nearly always the fate of the stage idol. And inevitably so; he works in a medium which has no permanence; each fall of the curtain is an act of oblivion; and his fame persists just so long as there survive those who can recall the sweep of his hand, the glance of his eye, the tones of his voice.

But Henry Irving is not forgotten yet. The Londoner has many faults, but unfaithfulness to his heroes is not one of them. He takes years of winning, but when he is won he is steadfast. This explains why the one-time actor-manager of the Lyceum Theatre has already been more honored than any member of his profession. There are so many "Sirs" now among theatrical folk—Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir John Hare, Sir Arthur Pinero—that we are in danger of forgetting how recently the crown has taken to decorating "the profession." Yet it is only fifteen years since Irving was knighted, and he was the first actor to receive that honor. Ten years later he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, which was a further and more notable recognition of his worth. Nor is that all. Among the rules which the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have adopted for their guidance are these: "No portrait of any person deceased less than ten years shall be admitted," and "No modern copy of an original portrait shall be admitted." Now either of these rules should have guarded the portals of the National Portrait Gallery as with a flaming sword against that canvas of the great actor which already hangs on its walls, for he has been dead but five years, and the portrait is a copy of Millais's painting. That so conservative a body as the trustees of the gallery should have rescinded two of their own rules in favor of Irving is an eloquent tribute to the esteem in which he is held.

And now London has another tribute in the form of a statue, the cost of which has been defrayed by the subscriptions of actors and actresses and others connected with the theatrical profession. Of course the ideal site for this statue would have been in the immediate vicinity of that Lyceum Theatre which will always be synonymous with Irving's name, but as not a foot of space was available in that narrow and thronged thoroughfare no fault can be found with the position it occupies on Charing Cross Road on the north side of the National Portrait Gallery. This is practically the heart of theatrical London. There are half a dozen of the most notable playhouses within a stone's throw, while even the music-halls have no more typical representatives than the three or four which are but a few hundred yards distant. The statue, which has been executed by Thomas Brock, R. A., is in bronze and stands about nine feet high on a plinth raised about the same distance from the ground. It depicts the actor in his doctor's robes, bareheaded, with his right hand on his hip in a characteristically graceful attitude, while his left hand holds some papers loosely at his side. The pose suggests that he might be returning thanks for one of those honorary degrees he prized so highly, the gift either of Dublin, Cambridge, or Glasgow. Save for the tragedy and comedy masks on the pediment, there is nothing about the statue to suggest its subject's connection with the stage.

But there was no mistaking the theatrical character of the company which gathered for the unveiling ceremony. It is true Mr. Asquith and the lord chamberlain were represented—the latter, perhaps, in grateful recognition that he never had to censor one of Irving's plays—and the inevitable mayor was present as a matter of course; but the stewards were all from behind the footlights, the audience was largely composed of actors and actresses and dramatists, and the two speakers were Sir John Hare and H. B. Irving. To the former was assigned the privilege of unveiling the statue, a ceremony which he prefaced by an eloquent and affectionate tribute to his famous friend and fellow-actor. It was an excellent choice, for Sir John Hare is one of the few survivors of the old brigade, and he was the first to advocate that particular memorial should owe its existence solely to the offerings of that profession which was so deeply indebted to the example, genius, and loyalty of Henry Irving. The burden of his address was Irving the man rather than Irving the actor—the man who, for all his

lofty ambition and iron will, was still simple in his tastes and in his life. "Some cynics," added Sir John, "might suggest that he must have had faults. One, undoubtedly he had. This was extravagance. He did not know the value of money—for himself. But he knew its value to others; to the poor and helpless, and to those he gave with an ever-lavish—perhaps over-lavish—hand. But in the great summing up such a fault may well be counted as a virtue."

For tense interest there was no incident of the simple ceremony which vied with the appearance of H. B. Irving. He was rightly chosen as the mouthpiece of the gratitude of the Irving family, and as he stood beside the statue of his father it was impossible to overlook how strikingly the son is growing into the likeness of the sire. Allowing for the difference of years, and the contrast of inanimate bronze with living flesh, Henry Irving himself might have been speaking for himself once more. Yet he could not have used the words chosen by his son—words which owned the difficulties and anxieties of the actor's last years, but also words of filial testimony to the steadfast courage and calm, continual self-control which impressed those who were closest to him in life. If ever, he said, a man was "master of his fate and captain of his soul" it was his father, and he felt that that quality was worthily portrayed in the noble poise and grave dignity of Mr. Brock's statue. Brief as was Mr. Irving's speech, it inspired more than one of his auditors with the wish that he may yet undertake to write the life of his father. The books he already has to his credit show him to possess high literary gifts, and prompt the wish that some day he may be able to spare enough time from the stage to give the world—what it does not yet possess—an adequate study of Henry Irving's career. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, December 16, 1910.

It is estimated that the sale of Red Cross seals will realize more than half a million this year for the tuberculosis fund.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

SAVINGS UNION BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), northwest corner California and Montgomery Streets; after January 3, 1911. Market Street at Grant Avenue and O'Farrell Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1911. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1, 1911. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1911, will earn interest from January 1st. R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (the German Bank), (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 3572 Mission Street, near Twenty-Second; Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1911. GEORGE TOURNAY, Manager.

BANK OF ITALY (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason Streets; West Branch, 1221 Polk Street, corner Fern Avenue.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 3, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal, from January 1, 1911. Money deposited on or before January 10 will earn interest from January 1. A. PEDRINI, Cashier. L. SCATENA, President.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1911. H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 316 Montgomery Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1910, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 3, 1911. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Market Street at Golden Gate Avenue
San Francisco, Calif.,

will on January 1, 1911, pay the usual interest of four per cent on call money and six per cent on time money, free of taxes and payable any time after January 1st.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary,
EDWARD SWEENEY, President.

VANITY FAIR.

To meet the poetic yearnings of those hachelors who dwell in States where medical tests are a preliminary to marriage licenses, what can he more adequate than this modern love-song:

My dear and only love, I swear
This loving heart of mine,
While life possesses it, shall ne'er
Be any maid's save thine.
And I will haste to Dr. Jones.
The Government G. P.,
And he shall stethoscope its tones,
And make report to thee.

My heart, my soul, my life, my love,
My future and my fate,
I swear, by all the gods above,
To thee are dedicate.
And Dr. Jones shall straight begin
To demonstrate the fact
That mine's a healthy life within
The meaning of the Act.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the coronation ceremonies of George V. One of the items in process of manufacture is an enormous carpet for the nave floor of Westminster Abbey, which is to be of heavy pile and adorned with a large and striking design. At the coronation of Edward VII the seating accommodation consisted of special chairs with rush seats, but at the approaching ceremony the chairs will be upholstered in silk, while there will be hundreds of small stools for the favored guests. Each of these will be branded with a crown, the date, and the word "coronation," and after the function they will be available as souvenirs of the occasion at cost price.

So the Eternal Feminine is dead. That, at any rate, is the verdict of Jean Finot, who as an expert on longevity should have a little mortuary knowledge also. But woman in the abstract still survives. The only change is that she has taken another form, and now aspires to be "an honest 'man'" rather than a "dangerous goddess." This is a prospect upon which M. Finot dwells with ecstasy. "The dawn of a second life is now shining for woman, and that life is to be almost as useful as the first. Love may not play so great a part in that second existence of woman's, but what matters! Having become the goddess and inspirer of the serious life of man, she will easily console herself for being no longer the goddess of his joys. Love, after all, is not the whole of life. It is only one of its ornaments. Moreover, beauty will not desert woman so soon in the future. Beauty will be more faithful to the new woman; or, rather, it will adapt itself to circumstances. It is the beauty of the soul which makes the beauty of beings. A soul of kindness and serenity has its outward signs in an expression of irresistible charm. Having actually entered the earnest life of man, saturated, as it were, with his sorrows and the joys of his struggles, woman will acquire a new beauty. Her beauty will become more ideal. During her second life, woman will have perhaps a different beauty, but man will be happier." Which is no doubt a gospel of comfort for the angular suffragette, but a doctrine which will leave most men cold. There are no signs on the horizon that men are thirsting after this new and more "ideal" beauty; on the contrary—such is the stubbornness of human nature—the masculine partner of humanity may be depended upon to vote every time for the old curved lips, and dimpled cheeks, and wavy hair, and the undulating graces which have made women the goddess of the past. M. Finot has a hard task to convince his fellow-men that the future woman of forty is to be a ravishing creature. Has he forgotten the wit who declared that the only use for a woman of forty was to change her for two of twenty?

But it is not too late for the suffragette to repent. She should not listen to M. Finot, but to an adviser who has a keener appreciation of the situation than the rhapsodizing Frenchman. "Compare the power of the woman who sits, and looks, and exercises her charm in silence and mystery with her who says an inane thing three times over with the intention of being interesting and vivacious, or a foolish thing rather than remain silent; with her who votes and speaks in the councils, even though she speak with the tongue of a man and reveal all knowledge; with her who hawks in public places, and gives her body to the prison, and we shall discover the essential reason why women should be encouraged to do these things, namely, that they shall be induced to tell the truth about themselves and so liberate men in some degree from the power of their charm, that reason may govern life. The women who are not satisfied with the status of wife and mother and are striving to educate themselves into fitting 'companions' for their husband; and sons by attending lectures and reading magazines are unaware of the power of this charm, and are suffering from an exaggerated notion of the kind of companionship for which men are capable. They magnify the masculine intelligence unduly. What piece of work is man! they exclaim in rhapsody, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form how moving, how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god, the beauty of the world! In reality this 'paragon of animals' desires a woman more ardently than he desires a talking hook, agreeing, if he is sensible, with that eminent divine, John Calvin, when he declared, 'The only beauty that can please my heart is one that is gentle, chaste, modest, economical, patient, and finally, careful of her husband's health.'" But instead M. Finot and his like are making it easy for men to forsake women. When the women realize that, what a rumpus there will be!

Apparently it hath not yet entered into the heart of man to conceive what may be done with the plebeian potato and cabbage. Sir Walter Raleigh's lowly vegetable is supposed to have exhausted its possibilities as a food when it has been either boiled, or fried, or steamed, but the Frenchman will assure you there are still 237 ways of preparing the potato. Leaving these for a more convenient season, a ravishing view of what the cabbage is capable of is opened up by an arch-priest of cookery. Herman Senn, the official in question, showed what a luxury the huddle of green leaves may be transformed into. Discarding the heart for purposes of soup, he took half a dozen of the ordinary leaves and first boiled them in salted water to remove impurities and blanch them. After this they were cooked in a light beef broth and then laid out to drain and cool. The next process was to prepare a vinaigrette of chopped gherkins, chopped capers and parsley in wine vinegar, with which the cabbage leaves were sprinkled. Having been given two hours to absorb the flavors of the mixture, they were ready to receive a roll of minced ham, and when dipped in aspic they were ready for consumption. A delicate morsel, no doubt, but an analyst would probably decide that under similar treatment a bit of hoot leather might be made palatable.

To the ordinary man, as Arnold Haultain observes, there seems to be nothing extraordinary in golf—before he tries to play it. He regards it as a game in which the most ordinary man may excel. It evidently does not require immense strength. Heavyweights and lightweights both play it. It does not depend upon mere agility—as does tennis; or stolidity—as does football; or swiftness—as does lacrosse; or deftness—as do billiards. You take a very ordinary looking club and you hit a very commonplace looking ball into a very obvious hole—this is "Golf"—so the ordinary man, before he has learned to play, thinks; and that he shall very soon excel in using that club and putting that ridiculous ball into that absurd hole seems to him the most reasonable thing in the world. Why all this pother about it, all this talk about it? he says to himself, and he listens with a wonderment not unmixed with amusement to the endless hows and whys and wherefores that he hears most earnestly discussed. But when he has begun to try to play a little, what exasperates the ordinary man about golf is that it seems to be a game utterly and absolutely unamenable to reason. You may speculate in stocks; you may lay odds on a horse-race; but the money market and the turf are child's play compared with the uncertainties of golf; and this in spite of the fact that, though you can not control the market, and know your horse only by hearsay, on the links it is on your own individual efforts that you count. And yet, apparently, upon your own individual efforts you never really can count. My opponent today had had a bad night, so he dolefully told me, and expected defeat. What was the result? His record round for the links! No! golf is not amenable to reason. And here we find another factor in the extraordinary fascination of the game. The unknown, says Tacitus, is always wondered at. Well, metaphysics, golf, and the feminine heart will be wondered at long.

For Carlyle to write satirically on clothing was natural; he cared only to have his skin protected from the weather and indecency, and never left his village tailor even when he became famous and rich. But for a woman to deride the pandemonium of fashion is a startling innovation. "Observe its follies," exclaims Mrs. Martin, "the diabolical inventiveness with which it devises each year fashions so ugly that even our coarse taste can not long endure them, but must needs seek a change if only to something less ugly. I see before me a moving picture of woman as she has appeared since I have been observing her. I see her hair go now up, now down, now loose, now tight, now 'hanged,' now 'chignonned,' now 'pumped.' I see her shoulders now rising in tumorous deformity almost hiding his ears, her sleeves, now swelling into balloons, now contracting to skin-tightness in which her arms can no longer bend. I see her waist constricted, her bust thrust up under her chin, her skirt drawn tightly about her hips so that she can neither sit nor walk in comfort. I see her trailing skirts, dragging over dusty streets or flop-

ping damply between her ankles. I see every conceivable absurdity in feathers, flowers, and furbelows which delirium could invent, perched or inclined at every imaginable outrageous angle upon her head, in what she calls a hat." What Mrs. Martin is evidently pining after is the simple wardrobe of Eden, or the sandals, hoods, and flowing robes of the Greeks.

Hard times are ahead for those elysian resorts where the housefly ceases from huzzing and the mosquito is at rest. For the future the testimony of highly colored folders written in the best style of romancing press agents is not to be taken as evidence. The truth is—and it is best to disclose the stern fact at once and get the suspense over—the fly-fighting committee of New York, with Edward Hatch at its head, has decided to publish a "white list" of those summer resorts where flies are few or almost entirely absent, and that list is to be compiled on nothing less suspicious than the sworn testimony of fly-fighters. As a further effort to banish the fly from the face of the earth the committee has in view the offering of prizes to school children for essays on the iniquities of that pernicious insect. A more effectual method would be to set up a tariff in the hodies of dead flies, paying each juvenile executioner say a cent a hundred. Such an inducement would result in a tremendous

mortality. If the schools fail to enlist the murderous instinct of boys and girls the hotels may be relied upon to supply the omission when that white list takes shape.

Musicians are often singularly superstitious. Paderewski once ordered an expensive apartment in London, and paid for it, too, but refused to enter when he found it was No. 13 of a certain street. Massenet has written twenty-one operas and many other compositions, but on all of his manuscripts page 12½ is written, in place of 13.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some sailors, whose appearance bespoke that they had swallowed their wages, passing their former commander in plain clothes, exclaimed, "No pulling off caps now, captain!" To which he replied, "Nor piping to dinner either, Jack!"

A taxicab chauffeur was discharged for reckless driving, and so he became a motor-man on a trolley line. As he was grumbling over his fallen fortunes, a friend said: "Oh, what's the matter with you? Can't you run over people just as much as ever?" "Yes," the ex-chauffeur replied, "but formerly I could pick and choose."

She was a beautiful statuesque blonde who had changed her residence from New York to Philadelphia and secured a position as stenographer in the office of a staid, dignified citizen of good old Quaker descent. On the morning of her first appearance she went straight to the desk of the boss. "I presume," she remarked, "that you begin the day over here the same as they do in New York?" "Oh, yes," replied the boss, without glancing from the letter he was reading. "Well, hurry up and kiss me, then," was the startling rejoinder. "I want to get to work."

A famous actor would never take medicine; and his medical man was often obliged to resort to strategem to impose a dose upon him. There is a play in which the hero is sentenced to drink a cup of poison. The actor in question was playing this character one night, and had given directions to have the cup filled with port wine; but when he came to drink it, what was his horror to find it contained a dose of senna! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down, to show his persecutors he had drained every drop of it. Our hero drank the medicine; but he never forgave his medical man, as was proved at his death, for he died without paying his bill.

Fontenelle had a great liking for asparagus, and preferred it dressed with oil. One day a certain bon vivant abbé came unexpectedly to dinner. The abbé was also very fond of asparagus, but liked his dressed with butter. Fontenelle affirmed that for a friend there was no sacrifice of which he did not feel himself capable, and that half the dish of asparagus he had ordered for himself should be done with butter. While they were talking, waiting for dinner, the poor abbé suddenly fell down in a fit of apoplexy. Upon which Fontenelle instantly sprang up, scampered down to the kitchen with agility, and cried out to his cook, "The whole with oil! the whole with oil, as at first!"

When Verdi's "Macbeth" was given for the first time in Dublin, the long symphony preceding the sleep-walking scene did not altogether please the galleries. The theatre was darkened—everything looked gloomy and mysterious—the music being to match. The curtain rose, and the nurse and doctor were discovered seated at the door of Lady Macbeth's chamber, a bottle of physic and a candle being on the table that was between them. Viadot (who was playing Lady Macbeth) was waited for in the most profound silence—a silence which was broken by a voice from the gallery crying out, "Hurry, now, Mr. Lavey, tell us, is it a boy or a girl?" The inquiry nearly destroyed the effect of the whole scene by the commotion it created.

A little man in the west of England rushed to the river last summer, swearing that he would drown himself. When he had waded in to the depth of his waist, his wife, who had followed him, seized him by the hair, and then, as a local editor described it, "she led him back till he reached a place where the water was about two feet deep, where she pulled him over backwards, and soused him under, and pulled his head up again." "Drown yourself (down he went), leaving me to father the brats! (another plunge) get drunk! (another sause) and start for the river! (another dip). Better use the water instead of rum! (another dip and shake of the head). I'll learn ye to leave me a widow!" After sozzling him to her heart's content, she led him out a wetter if not a better man, and escorted him into the house, and closed the door.

When a former Lord Paget was ambassador at Constantinople, he, with the rest of the gentlemen who were in a public capacity at the same court, determined on one gala day to have each of them a dish dressed after the manner of their respective countries; and Lord Paget, for the honor of England, ordered a piece of roast beef and a plum pudding. The beef was easily cooked, but the court cooks not knowing how to make a plum pudding, he gave them a receipt. "So many eggs, so much milk, so much flour, and a given quantity of raisins; to be beaten up together, and boiled for three hours in five gallons of water." When dinner was served up, first

came the French ambassador's dish, then that of the Spanish ambassador; and next, two fellows bearing a tremendous pan and bawling, "Room for the English ambassador's dish!" "By Jove!" cried his lordship, "I forgot the bag, and these stupid scoundrels have hoiled it without one—and in five gallons of water, too! Never mind; it will be good plum broth, anyhow."

A St. Louis merchant had made use of one of his young clerks in the stead of his regular collector, who was ill. When the young man returned from his rounds, his employer observed that he looked rather down in the mouth. "Have any luck?" asked the merchant. "So-so," replied the young man listlessly. "How about that Jones bill? I suppose you collected that. You said that Mr. Jones was a friend of yours." "Well, sir," said the clerk, "I don't know whether to rejoice or not at my success with Mr. Jones." "What do you mean?" "This, sir: When I went in and said, 'Mr. Jones, I called to speak about a matter—' he interrupted me before I could proceed further with, 'That's all right, my boy; she's yours. Take her and be happy.'"

When Lully, the celebrated composer, was once deemed dangerously ill, his friend sent for a confessor, who, finding his situation critical, and his mind agitated and alarmed, told him that there was only one way by which he could obtain absolution, and that was by burning all that he had composed of his new opera, to show a sincere repentance for his sins he had committed by publishing so many. Remonstrance was vain; Lully burned his music, and the confessor, after performing the holy office, withdrew. Lully soon after grew better, and a nobleman, who was his patron, calling to see him, was informed of the sacrifice which had been made. "And so," said he, "you have burned your opera; and you are really such a blockhead as to believe in the gross absurdities of a monk?" "Stop, my friend, stop," said Lully, whispering in his ear, "I knew very well what I was about; I have another copy."

A rich clothier, being advised to try the Bath waters, requested his physician to recommend him to a doctor who might be relied on, which was accordingly done. Not fancying Bath, he in a few weeks heard something wonderful said of Cheltenham, and told his Bath Æsculapius he would go there if he could give him a letter to a skillful physician of the place, describing the case. This the doctor promised and performed, and had a liberal remuneration for his additional trouble. Our clothier set off early on a fine summer morning, and as his chaise was driving slowly along the road he thought it would be no great breach of confidence to open the doctor's packet, and see the particulars of his own case. This he did with great care, and after unfolding a quantity of blank paper, came to the letter, which was couched in the following words: "Dear sir, the bearer is a fat Wiltshire clothier; make the most of him."

A New Year's Resolution.

Make a resolution to bring home a box of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies often during the new year. Four stores at which to purchase them: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Easter Eggs.

The scientist the question begs—
The mystery's profound—
Why rabbits only lay their eggs
When Easter rolls around.
—New York Telegram.

Remarkable Improvement.

She was shy when she went away
Two months ago precisely.
But kisses now, I have to say,
Real nicely.

She was shy for a city miss;
I look at it astutely
And wonder how she learned to kiss
So cutely.

But she is not inclined to tell,
And I can only ponder.
How do girls learn to kiss so well?
I wonder. —Washington Star.

A Microbe's Serenade.

A lovelorn microbe met by chance
At a swagger bacteroidal dance
A proud bacillan belle, and she
Was first of the animalcule.
Or organism saccharine,
She was the protoplasmic queen.
The microscopical pride and pet
Of the biological smartest set,
And so this infinitesimal swain
Evolved a pleading low refrain:

"O lovely metamorphic germ,
What futile scientific term
Can well describe your many charms?
Come to these embryonic arms
Then bide away to my cellular home,
And be my little diatom!"

His epithelium burned with love,
He swore by molecules above
She'd be his own gregarious mate,
Or else he would disintegrate.
This amorous mite of a parasite
Pursued the germ both day and night
And 'neath her window often played
This Darwin-Huxley serenade—
He'd warble to her every day
This rhizopodical roundelay:

"O most primordial type of spore,
I never met your like before,
And though a microbe has no heart,
From you, sweet germ, I'll never part.
We'll sit beneath some fungus growth
Till dissolution claims us both!"
—George Ade, in New York Sun.

A Postponed Tragedy.

"You have appendicitis," said the doctor man to Jim,
"And I must operate at once, or else your chance is slim."

"You shall not touch a knife to me," was James's firm reply—
"I'll have no operation, and I aint a-going to die."

"Unless I cut," the doctor said, "you'll surely pass away;
You will be dead, believe me, sir, by two o'clock today."

So Jim was scared and yielded. The carving was a shock.
But Jim was very thankful that he lived at two o'clock.

For doctors know their business, and it's very plain to see
That this one saved Jim's life, because he didn't die till three.
—Boston Traveler.

"What ails the chauffeur, doctor?" "Automobiliousness."
—Canadian Courier.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The informality of family reunions rather than pretentious social affairs have marked the passing week. Nearly every family in society participated in the festivities of its own special clan over the Christmas holidays, and the first days of the week were so given to preparation for these events that little of a formal nature was planned. The one notable exception to the general informality was the Greenway Assembly and the numerous dinners that preceded it, which were in great part large and elaborate. Those of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean, and Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker were especially so, with fifty guests at each.

The return home of the younger element in society from their Eastern schools for the holidays has given an impetus for much entertaining for that set, and Mrs. William H. Crocker's ball at the Palace Hotel on New Year's Eve for her son, Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., will be the largest of these affairs.

The formal introduction to society of Miss Evelyn Barron by her mother, Mrs. Edward Barron, at a hall at the Fairmont Hotel Friday night, is also an important event on the social calendar for the week.

The third meeting of the series of the Skating Club assemblies took place Tuesday evening under the direction of Mrs. Carroll Buck, and served to enliven the week for the members of the club.

The wedding of Mrs. Frederick Johnson and Dr. James Ward took place in Milwaukee last week and caused much surprise in local society.

Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker presided at a dinner in the blue room at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday evening, in compliment to his fiancée, Miss Helene Irwin. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ivers, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Lillian Goss, Mr. Gordon Armby, Mr. Arthur Chesbrough, Mr. Stewart Lowrey, Mr. Thornwell Mullaly, and Mr. John Lawson.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar entertained at a dinner on Friday evening in honor of Baroness von Turcke, who is visiting here from Germany. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Echlacks, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chapman, Miss Fernande Pratt, Miss Erna St. Goar, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, and Mr. Frederick St. Goar.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., entertained a large party of friends at a Christmas tea on Sunday afternoon at their home on Pacific Avenue.

The young set enjoyed the Friday Night Dance at Century Hall this week while their elders attended the Greenway Assembly. Among those at the dance were Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Gertrude Davis, Miss Margaret Casey, Miss Caroline Beran, Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Elizabeth Bates, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, Miss Linda Bryan, Miss Dorothy Churchill, Miss Janet Painter, Miss Elaine Hancock, Miss Clara Morrow, Miss Dorothy Parker, Miss Marian Mathews, Mr. Frederick St. Goar, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. Cosmo Morgan, Mr. Herbert Erskine, Mr. Wendell Hammon, Mr. Jerd Sullivan, Mr. Edward Polhemus, Mr. Lingard Payne, Mr. Roy Thompson, Mr. Walter Bentley, Mr. Bliss Hermann, and Mr. Gerald Hermann.

The Neighborhood Dance on Saturday evening was an enjoyable affair at which the following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Edgar de Pue, Miss Elva de Pue, Mrs. William Redding, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Lillian Whitney, Mrs. E. W. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley, Mrs. M. A. Huntington, Miss Marian Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kellam, Mrs. Alpheus Bull, Miss

Edith Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Faymonville, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwaite, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Bullard, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson, Mrs. George Stoney, Miss Anna Beaver, Miss Ethel Beaver, Miss Eleanor Davenport, Mrs. William Ashburner, Mrs. Frank Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. James K. Wilson, Mr. Sherwood Coffin, Mr. Philip Paschell, Mr. William Goldsborough, Mr. George Carrington, Mr. Gaston Roussey, Mr. Robert Porter, Mr. Sidney Van Wyck, and Mr. William Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla entertained a Christmas house party over the week end at their home at San Mateo, and at the dinner at which they presided on Sunday Mrs. Ernest Metcalfe and her son from New York were the guests of honor.

Mrs. Irving P. Moulton was hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. George Bates and Mrs. Eddy. The guests were Mrs. J. J. Spieker, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. Kendricks, Mrs. T. B. Woodward, Mrs. David Session, Mrs. Rideout, Mrs. Alden Anderson, and Mrs. Horatio Baker.

Miss Vera de Sabla was a dinner hostess on Tuesday evening, at which she entertained Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Julia Langhorne, Mr. Carl Wolf, Mr. Christian de Guigne, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Lovell Langstroth, Mr. Eugene de Sabla, Jr., and Mr. Ferdinand Theriot.

At Mrs. Harry Weihe's tea, given for Miss Mildred Baldwin at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday, the following members of the younger set were entertained: Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Marguerite Doe, and Miss Harriett Stone.

Miss Katherine Donohoe entertained at dinner at her home on Pacific Avenue on Wednesday evening. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, Mr. Bernard Ford, Mr. Christian de Guigne, and Mr. Milan Griffith.

Miss Mildred Baldwin was the complimented guest at Miss Marian Miller's dinner, preceding the Thomas hall on Tuesday night. With the hostess on that occasion were Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Marian Miller, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Lovell Langstroth, Mr. Rudolph Bertheau, Mr. Du Val Moore, Mr. Herbert Gallagher, Mr. Bernard Ford, and Mr. Kenneth Moore.

A debutante luncheon was presided over by Miss Mildred Baldwin on Wednesday at her home on Presidio Terrace, complimentary to Miss Florence Williams and Miss Muriel Williams. Her guests were Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Kate Petersoo, Miss Martha Foster, and Miss Marian Miller.

Miss Anna Peters was hostess at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday, which she gave in honor of Miss Harriett Stone. Those who shared her hospitality on this occasion were Mrs. Harry Weihe, Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mrs. Coleridge Ertz, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Mabel Gregory, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Helen Leavitt, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Nichol, Miss Jennie Lee, Miss Lane, and Miss Marian La Tourette.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean entertained at dinner on Friday evening at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Gertrude Thomas. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullen, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fuller, Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Marian La Tourette, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Helen Dean, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Harry Rolfe, Mr. Rudolph Bertheau, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Arthur Fennimore, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Percy King, Mr. John McMillen, Mr. William Berry, Mr. Hillier Deuprey, Mr. Grey Skipwith, Mr. George Willcutt, Mr. A. H. Barklay, Mr. Ralston Curtiss, Mr. John Gallois, Mr. Paul Jones, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Frank Langstroth, Mr. Stanford Gwinn, and Mr. Harry S. Dutton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas introduced their daughter, Gertrude, formally to society on Tuesday evening at a hall at the Fairmont Hotel. They were assisted in receiving their guests by their daughters, Mrs. Latham McMullen and Mrs. Frederick Kimble. Over three hundred guests were present to greet the debutante.

Miss Agnes Tillmann was hostess at a dinner on Friday evening at her home on Washington Street, at which she entertained Mrs. Allan McDonald, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Vera de Sabla, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Maude Wilson, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Janet Coleman, Mr. Raymond Armby, Mr. Talbot Walker, Mr. Platt Kent, Mr. Paul Foster, Mr. Du Val Moore, Mr. John Geary, Mr. Bernard Ford, Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. Robert Kearny, Mr. Effingham Sutton, Mr. John Young, Mr. Melville Bowman, Mr. Harry Evans, Mr. Ernest Richter, Mr. Arthur Brown, Mr. Leonard Abbott, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. Gouster Willis, Mr. Charles Belden, and Mr. C. Gannendia.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun entertained at a dinner in the green room at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday evening. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred

Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. William Fisher, and Mr. Richard Tohio.

Mrs. George Hermann entertained at a dinner on Friday evening at the Fairmont Hotel. Her guests were Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Louise Wallach, Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Erna Hermann, Lieutenant Ord, Lieutenant Emmons, and Lieutenant Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase presided at a dinner at the Monroe on Monday evening in honor of Mrs. William Mizner, who is Mrs. Blanchard's mother.

Mrs. Carroll Buck entertained at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Friday, at which Mme. Tetraxini was the guest of honor. Among her guests were Mrs. James King Steele, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Richard Derby, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Ruben Turner, Mrs. Marie Rose Dean, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Mabel Gregory, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Marcia Fee, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Lurie Collier, and Miss Susie Collier.

That wondrous mansion of stone, marble, and bronze at Fifth Avenue and Seventy-Seventh Street in New York City, which was built by Mr. William A. Clark, until recently United States senator from Montana, at a cost of more than \$7,000,000, has been completed. Within a few weeks the senator and his family will move into their new home. Mrs. Clark and their two children, Andree, seven years old, and Huguette, four years old, will leave Paris in a few days to be present at the house-warming. Senator Clark's residence has been under construction for nearly eight years, and it is said to be the costliest American home ever constructed. The mansion is placed on the tax books this year at a taxable valuation of \$3,500,000. The annual taxes on the massive structure will be \$60,000 a year, or nearly \$200 a day. Furnishings and decorations have been procured for the new mansion at a cost of millions of dollars, and practically all of these have been installed.

Since the death of Tolstoy the "Kreutzer" sonata has been very much in vogue with violinists. Few could understand Tolstoy's psychological attitude toward this composition, but his book had the greatest sale ever achieved by any novel, nearly 8,000,000 copies having been disposed of in the original and the numerous translations in all parts of the world. In the United States its sale was wonderfully enlarged because of its temporary exclusion from the mails by Postmaster-General Wanamaker. It is well known that the prophet of Yasnay Polyana became in later years an enemy and hater of the arts. It is very doubtful if he ever had any real love or appreciation of music; his ideas on the subject expressed at various times would indicate this; furthermore, a real musical connoisseur would never have given Beethoven's most famous sonata for piano and violin such illogical treatment as Tolstoy did in his celebrated novel.

There is said to be in Boston, near the runway from Mt. Vernon to Beacon Street a peculiar club that has its dining, smoking, and drinking rooms far below the street level. There are no waiters, and no checks for what members eat or drink; and there is no house committee for buying wines, liquors, cigars, or cigarettes. Each member from time to time fetches something to drink and smoke and deposits what he furnishes in the stores. Old members report that the supply of eatables and drinkables is never inadequate for the needs of members and their friends. The whisky and brandy are better than anything to be found at other clubs in Boston. There is a story that a railroad president smuggles in brandy from Canada, and that a genuine judge from Kentucky, who has a summer home near Boston, brings in whisky from old Kentucky.

A group of friends of Joseph Raphael have purchased from this artist his painting entitled "La Fête du Bourgmestre Van den Broek," and presented it to the San Francisco Institute of Art. Mr. Raphael, who was at one time a student of the Association's School of Design, but who has spent most of his recent years abroad, exhibited this picture in Paris at the Société des Artistes Français, in 1906, and at the annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, in 1908. The painting, which is quite large (80x87), has received praise from prominent critics both at home and abroad.

Mrs. Louise W. B. Kellogg, wife of the late Dr. Martin Kellogg, who was president of the University of California for a number of years, died in Berkeley December 26. The only surviving relative of the deceased, her sister, Mrs. George D. Mercall, was at the bedside at the time of her death. Mrs. Kellogg was a native of Ellington, Connecticut, where she was born in 1833. After their marriage the couple came to California, when Dr. Kellogg joined the faculty of the University of California, at that time known as California College.

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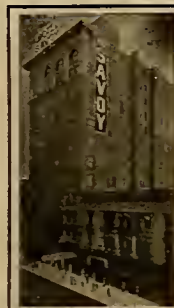
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Marie Bullard has returned from the East, where she has been since last summer, when she went to Chicago to attend the wedding of her brother.

Miss Emily Johnson, who has been abroad for a year, returned to spend the holidays with her parents here.

Miss Rhoda Pickering will leave after the holidays for Mexico, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr.

Mrs. James Lawrence Kaufman (formerly Miss Elsa Draper) spent last week in town as the guest of Miss Frances Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport, who have been visiting Mrs. E. H. Davenport since their arrival from the East, will leave Monday for Seattle, where they will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Whiteside are spending several weeks in the southern part of the State.

Mrs. William Mizner will spend the remainder of the winter season at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Starr, Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Dorothy Mann, Mr. Seth Mann, and Mr. Daulton Mann are in the Yosemite Valley for the holidays. Mrs. Seth Mann left for the East on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond are in Berlin, where they are enjoying the holiday season.

Mrs. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Sidney Cushing, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker will sail from New York on January 28 for Europe. They plan to be gone three months and will spend the greater part of the time in Egypt.

Mrs. William Younger is spending the winter in her apartment in Paris, where she entertains her friends from San Francisco frequently.

Miss Ethel Crocker is the guest of her aunt, the Princess Andre Poniatowski, in Paris.

Miss Jennie Lee has returned from a visit to the East and South and is being cordially greeted by her friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ivers are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin while en route to their Honolulu home, after a trip to Europe. They will remain for the Crocker-Irwin wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Woodward and their son left Tuesday for New York, en route to Europe.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and her son, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, left on Thursday for New York, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Sterling Postley, with her son and accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Edith Cook, and her brother, Mr. Clifford Cook, reached here from Paris Tuesday, and will spend part of the winter here.

General and Mrs. Frederick Funston are expected here next month for a brief visit before sailing for the Philippines in February.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anna Peters went up to their Stockton home on Saturday to spend the holidays. They will return to the Fairmont Hotel for the pre-Lenten festivities.

Miss Hazel Dolph has been the guest of Governor and Mrs. White of New York since her return from Europe.

Mrs. John McMullen and Miss Eliza McMullen spent Christmas in Washington, D. C., but will go to New York after the holidays, where they will visit relatives.

Mrs. John S. Merrill is spending the holidays with a party of friends in the Yosemite.

Mrs. Peter Martin will leave in a few weeks for New York, where she will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs. She will be joined later by Mr. Martin.

Mr. Patrick Calhoun and his four sons arrived from the East on Friday to spend the holidays at the family home here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Sutton and Miss Barbara Sutton sailed for the Orient Tuesday on a trip around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl returned from New York in time to spend Christmas with Mrs. William Kohl.

Mrs. Morton Mitchell reached here from Paris on Friday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have returned from Paris and joined Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Innes Keeney in New York.

Miss Agnes Tobin, who enjoyed a pleasant visit in New York before sailing, has reached London, where she plans to remain for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and Miss Frances Martin are in Canada.

Miss Elizabeth Livermore is enjoying the holiday season in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy) are the guests of Mr.

and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy for the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates are in New York, but expect to return before the middle of January.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter and Miss Marian Walter left last Sunday for Europe, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury will remain with her parents, General and Mrs. Taylor, in Boston, until after the New Year.

Miss Sidney Davis is spending the winter with relatives in Boston, and no date for her return to San Francisco has been mentioned.

Colonel and Mrs. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg spent Christmas at the Presidio at Monterey as the guests of Major and Mrs. McIvor.

Mrs. William Ashe entertained a Christmas house party over the week end at her country home at Glen Ellen.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin came down from Shasta to spend the holidays with Mrs. L. L. Baker.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Sohee, Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Goldman, Mr. Jay W. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. A. Van der Naillen, Jr.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte included Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Blum, Judge Max C. Sloss and family, of San Francisco; Mr. T. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Cleon Auburn, of Berkeley; Miss L. B. Reveal, Miss Helen Reveal, of Claremont; Mr. and Mrs. George Courtney, of Alameda; Mr. A. Wheeler, of Vancouver; Mr. W. de V. le Maistre, of Victoria.

Take care how you pick up a thing that is lost in Berlin (says a Paris paper). The other day one of our deputies going through the Prussian capital on his return from the congress at Frankfurt, noticed a key at the edge of the sidewalk. He picked it up to hand it to a police agent. The representative of the city police refused to take it, saying: "You should take this key to the special bureau of things that are lost." "Very well, where is it?" The agent named the street. "Is it far from here?" "A half-hour, three-quarters of an hour if you don't walk rapidly." The deputy replaced the key on the pavement. "Some one else will pick it up," he said. "Not at all," said the agent, in a commanding tone. "You should have left it where it was, but now you are obliged to go to the bureau. If you don't I'll make a complaint against you and you'll be fined, perhaps given a day in prison. That's the law." The deputy was compelled to obey orders. Since that day he carries his hands in his pockets.

Puccini's income from his operas is estimated at \$50,000 a year. In Italy the most popular of his operas is "La Bohème," which was sung last year some five hundred times. In other European countries and in America, the favorite among his operas is "Madame Butterfly," which was given last year in seventy-three theatres in Germany alone. In France, according to *Comedia*, 833 performances of foreign operas were given between January, 1899, and January, 1910, at the Opéra Comique, and Puccini stood first, his "Bohème," "Tosca," and "Butterfly" having received in that period 390 representations, or nearly one-half the total number.

Harrison Fisher, the New York artist who has made a name by drawing types of beautiful girlhood, recently came to California on a quest which has been successful. He has found his latest ideal face and figure in San Francisco. Miss Maurine Rasmussen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rasmussen, is the type of loveliness the artist has been seeking, according to his announcement. Miss Rasmussen is of Irish and Danish descent, and twenty-five years old. She has studied art and made many sketches and drawings that have found favor. She will go to New York and continue her studies there while she poses for Fisher.

J. P. Morgan has had another honor thrust upon him. A gem has been named Morganite by the New York Academy of Science, in appreciation of the services rendered to science—and the academy—by the financier. Morganite is a species of heryl, and fluoresces an intense cherry red when exposed to X-rays. It is found in the region of Mount Bity, Madagascar, and is, in color, a true pink, warmer than the pale pink topaz and not so vivid. It is found in larger gems than any other pink gem, and is said to be very beautiful.

On the testimony of his wife, Maurice Maeterlinck is "busy now with a new philosophical essay on death. It contains some of the strongest work he has done yet; he has even discovered a new point of view of looking at death." Mme. Maeterlinck is duly conscious of her privilege in being the wife of a genius. "Love and passion pass," she says; "my feeling for Maeterlinck is a secret and a sacred thing. I am proud to think that he has written all his most beautiful things since our marriage."

Frank Worthing, the actor, well known in San Francisco as well as in the East, died suddenly in Detroit December 27. Mr. Worthing was leading man for Grace George at the time of his death.

CURRENT VERSE.

If Love Were Always Laughter.

If love were always laughter
And grief were always tears,
With nothing to come after
To mark the waiting years,
I'd pray a life of love to you,
Sent down from heaven above to you,
And never grief come near to you,
To spread its shadow, dear to you,
If love were always laughter
And grief were always tears.

But grief brings often laughter,
And love, ah, love brings tears!
And both leave ever after
Their blessings on the years;
So I, dear heart, would sue for you,
A mingling of the two for you,
That grief may lend its calm to you,
And love may send its halm to you—
For grief brings often laughter
And love brings often tears.

—Annie Johnston Crim, in *Century Magazine*.

In Old Toledo.

Old Toledo—citadel
Where the outlawed visions dwell
On the mitred crags of Spain—
What grim earthquake heaved you high
Out amid the sands and sky,
Gothic sphinx for Time's disdain?

From your stronghold yet looks down
Dante's challenge in your frown,
Though in dust are scimitars,
Crowns, and eroziers, and by night,
From your Greco, things of blight
Face your alleys from the stars.

Here the sandaled feet have trod
In their anarchy of God,
Reaching at His aureole;
Violence of heaven at heart,
Here they ruled and prayed apart
In seraglios of the soul.

Sultans, kings, and primates gone—
Crescent, Cross, and gonfalon
Welter down a sunset world;
But the chiming of hope and love
Murmur yet on slopes above
Where the poppies are unfurled.

—Thomas Walsh, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Against the Gate of Life.

[A Tribute to Helen Keller.]

As mute against the gate of life you sit,
Longing to open it,
Full oft you must behold, in thought, a maid
With banner white, whose lilies do not fade,
And armor glory lit.

Across the years, darling, you still must see,
In the hush of memory,
Her whom no wrong of Fate could make afraid—
Of all the maidens of the world, *The Maid!*—
In her brave purity.

For she, like you, was singly set apart,
O high and lonely heart!—
And hearkened Voices, silent save to her,
And looked on visions she might not transfer
By any loving art,—

Knew the dread chill of isolation, when
Life darkened to her ken;
Yet could not know, as round her closed the night,
How radiant and far would shine her light,—
A miracle to me!

—Florence Earle Coates, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Life's Inn.

The Wide World stands a-welcoming beside the
sunny way
For page and squire and knight and dame to
halt and ride away;
And crimson sweet the roses flamed that lay upon
my breast,
When all the world was hut an inn, and I a wel-
come guest.

The knights were lion-hearted and their ladies
lily fair.
The silver armor glittered bright upon the road-
way there.
When each far distant turning held the promise
of a guest,
And all the world was hut an inn, and I a wel-
come guest.

No knock was there of Misery nor step of grimy
Toil;
But bold Adventure raised the latch, his palfrey
beaped with spoil,
While Romance flew to hold his rein and wait on
his hehest,
When all the world was hut an inn, and I a wel-
come guest.

And what care I that youth must fade, and love
locks turn to gray?
Forsenth, at every inn there lies some reckoning
to pay!
I've warmed my heart beside their fire, partaken
of their best,
When all the world was hut an inn, and I a wel-
come guest.

So why should I complain and curse in spiteful
accents shrill
Because another draws his rein, my wonted place
to fill?
But ere Old Age the taper takes, to light me to
my rest,
I'll draw his chair and drink his health, and make
him welcome guest.

—Martha Haskell Clark, in *Smart Set*.

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"Are you an experienced aviator?" "Well, sir, I have been at it six weeks and I am all here."—*Life*.

Blabb—Why do large women so often marry small men? Crabb—They can't intimidate the big ones.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Has the doctor a large practice?" "So large that when people have nothing the matter with them he tells them so."—*Pittsburg Post*.

"Thrifty, is she?" "Thrifty? I won't go into a long discourse. I merely tell you that she hanks money in December."—*Washington Herald*.

"Do you prefer beauty or brains?" "Does not the fact that I have proposed to you repeatedly prove that I prefer both?"—*Houston Post*.

"Mamma, is a honeymoon a vacation?" "It may be, my dear; and it may be the beginning of a long period of servitude."—*Yaungstown Telegram*.

"Was your chafing dish party a success?" "Great. We spoiled all the food early in the evening and then went to a regular restaurant."—*Washington Star*.

"What kind of Christmas presents does Balder give?" "Excellent. Why, some of those he gave ten years ago are still going the rounds as bridge prizes."—*Life*.

"What party does that member of the legislature belong to?" "I don't know," replied the lobbyist. "I'm one of several parties who are bidding for him."—*Washington Star*.

"Yes, it was George's idea to give me a silver spoon for every birthday." "How many has he given you?" "Why, twenty-two." "Why did he stop?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Carr—That fellow, Motorton, is a pretty decent sort, isn't he? Chugley—One in a thousand! Why, he never allows his victims to wait for an ambulance—always utilizes his own car.—*Puck*.

"I'm thinking of getting married." "Then you will be. Congratulations." "But how much will it cost us to live?" "That's simple. Add about \$5 a week to what you get."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Mr. Ghout—All my money can not give me health, doctor. Dr. Bolus—No, perhaps not; but it is of inestimable value nevertheless. It gives your physician great confidence.—*New York Evening Post*.

"Now, my boy, you say you do not know what the head of a regiment is called? Your papa is a soldier, isn't he?" "Yes, ma'am." "Well, who makes him mind?" "Mamma."—*Baltimore American*.

"I am to meet the duke at the dock." "But he has never seen you, girl." "For means of identification he is to wear a red carnation and I am to carry \$1,000,000 in my left hand."—*Washington Herald*.

"How did you make your neighbor keep his chickens in his own yard?" "I went out every night and hid a bunch of eggs on my lawn. Then I let him see me gathering them in the morning."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Mrs. Crawford—Your husband seems to be a confirmed pessimist. Mrs. Crabshaw—Indeed he is, my dear. He isn't satisfied with his Christmas present even when he buys it himself.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"I'm going to wake 'em up when I get into office," said the enthusiastic young politician. "Well, son," replied Senator Sorghum, "an alarm clock may be useful, but it isn't very popular."—*Washington Star*.

"What is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?" asked a young lady of her fiancé. "Firmness," was his gallant reply, "is a noble characteristic of women; obstinacy is a lamentable defect in men."—*Stray Stories*.

"Does your wife want to go to the polls and vote?" "No, sir," replied Mr. Meekton. "If Henrietta casts a vote it'll be important enough to have the polls brought around to the house when she sends for 'em."—*Washington Star*.

Seymour—Young Tiger looks like a cautious man. Ashley—He is cautious. He's so cautious that he wouldn't ask the prettiest girl in all the world to let him see her home unless he had learned how far away she lived.—*Chicago News*.

Ruffan Wrats—Is they anything in this yere socialism, d'ye reckon? Saymald Story (having had an unusually generous handout)—Not fur us, ole scout. We're gittin' our share right along, 'thout havin' t' work fur it.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Look out, Hi," shouted the farmer's wife, as the big halloo soared over the farm, with the trailing anchor. "Them thar arnyauts will hook yeou up like a fish if yeou don't watch out." "Gosh, Mandy!" gasped the old farmer, as he dropped his rake. "Yeou don't think they'd try to do sech a thing purposely,

do yeou?" "Wouldn't trust them, Hi. That tall chap looking down here with the spyglass is one of them thar Indiana writer folks, and he's working on a book called 'The Uplifting of the Farmer.' Reckon yeou better keep yeour eye on that anchor."—*Chicago News*.

"You know Mrs. Van Gilder's family portrait gallery that she started last year?" "Yes." "Well, that great criminal detective officer who guarded the wedding presents when Frostie Van Gilder married the oldest De Graft boy told me that he recognized seven of the portraits, and they had all done time—whatever that means."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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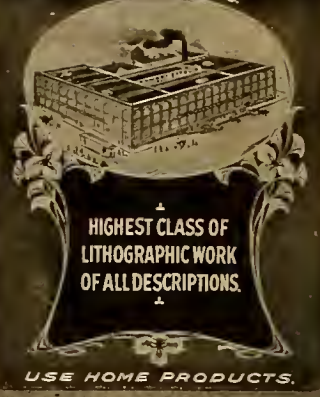
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